

# Editorial . . .

## Let's Face It - They'll All Go Up

As we've said before, for just a moment before we applaud all the national welfare plans Ottawa politicians can dream up, remember that the cost will be heavy and will most certainly increase, not decline.

A good illustration can be found in the new rates of the Ontario Hospital Plan. Monthly payments for single employees are rising from \$2.10 to \$3.25 and for married men

from \$4.20 to \$6.50. Think of this, a boost of 54%. Remember too, that this boost is well above any salary increases over the period of operation involved.

Social services run by the government are not like a firm contract with a private industry. About the only thing that is certain is that the original price will not prevail for very long.

## To Quit Is Not The Answer

Under a threat of resignation, the demands of the Park Board in the community of Bay Ridges, Pickering Township will be aired. This saw-off agreement was reached last week at a regular meeting of the council.

We personally take a pretty dim view of this type of practice and from the comments of some councillors, the "do as we want or else" ultimatum went over like a lead balloon.

Quitting never solved anything and if these members were really and truly interested in the good of their community, they would not even have considered such a move. In suggesting such action, they are only acting

like spanked kids who threaten to leave home unless cuddled and coaxed by remorseful parents.

The Bay Ridges Park Board or any other organization of this type should know that no individual or group of individuals is so kingly important that it cannot be replaced. Looking at it in this light, by quitting, they are only hurting themselves.

We have seen this lever used time and time again and unfortunately it usually is quite effective. Sometime, somewhere, someone will call this bluff and the shoe will be shoved onto the other foot.

## Members Of Parliament On The Spot

A problem that has waxed hot and cold at Ottawa, and one which affects a big part of the local population as well as all other parts of the country, is that of tobacco. One of the big complicating factors, just as in the liquor industry, is the problem of revenue. Returns from the sale of Canadian tobacco provided \$410,000,000 in tax revenue last year. Incidentally this is 7% of all tax revenue. In addition, members on both sides of the Commons represent large tobacco-growing areas.

The logical stand for the government, if tobacco is a major health problem, would be to pass up all the revenue. But to accept this position

would be most uncomfortable financially. It would also raise the problem of what happens to the people and farms ruined by an end to tobacco production.

We must appreciate the moral dilemma in which members find themselves. Morally, the answer may be easy to decide, but in application it is extremely difficult.

An amount of \$400,000 has been set up for research, but the search for a tobacco without noxious irritants sounds like looking for a bottle of booze without alcohol. However somewhere along the line Parliament and people will have to put a price on national health.

## Penalizing The Energetic

While the actual format of the proposed Canada-wide pension fund remains clouded, some features are emerging and some of them we certainly don't like. One has been the lack of any "pay-off" to survivors, should the person paying the pension die before the beginning of payment. That is, a man could pay in for a good number of years, and should he die a year before it was his turn to collect, all his payments would go down the drain so far as he or his heirs are concerned.

Another bad feature that has come to light is the intention to penalize pensioners who earn money beyond a nominal amount after retirement. This handicapping of the more energetic would have amazed our forefathers who would think that to be denied the fruits of their labor

was unthinkable. Under such an arrangement idleness commands a premium.

Under any private pension plan a man draws his full pension regardless of what other income he may receive. Since he has paid his legitimate share into the plan this is only right and proper. What the government's idea is in such an arrangement, we don't know, since they will continue to share in any excess earnings through income tax.

To tell a pensioner he must remain idle, or pay a financial penalty when his qualifications and circumstances permit him to be usefully busy, is not only ridiculous, but unfair.

Pensions are not a privilege. When a man has paid his share into the fund, it is his right to expect return, regardless of other activities.

## Council Has Good Cause For Chagrin

Stouffville municipal council has good cause for being very displeased with the most recent plans revealed for the work of the Metro Conservation Authority. It was admitted by Edward Sutier, Metro representative, last week that the new ten-year conservation program had omitted Stouffville in error.

It was pointed out to the representative that the town was never omitted when it came to collecting the grant, and despite the number of years that Stouffville has paid into the fund, no work has ever been done here.

Mr. Sutier asked council to pass a resolution approving of the program, but it was not unexpected that council declined the invitation, for the time being at least. The representative had to admit that no work could be done in an area not in the new plan as the government would not pay any grant.

Original plans called for development of an area just northeast of the high school, and the construction of a dam. The stream as it meanders through town was to be protected with proper banks and retaining walls and some of the sharp bends were to be eliminated. All this work had been tentatively included in a ten-year program proposed several years ago.

Now it appears that work has all gone by the board, and the stream will continue to remain a flood hazard for some time to come. The Authority has been spending thousands all around us, to which we have been contributing each year. To do some work in this municipality would seem only fair and just. However to be told that you have been left off the program through error is a little too much to take lying down, and it is to be hoped that council will move quickly and sharply to have these plans revised.

"There's crazy laundry marks all over my party dress!"



# Sugar & Spice

by Bill Smiley

## WISE WORDS FROM WILL.

Everybody is writing about Shakespeare these days. The only sour note in the fanfare of acclaim marking his 400th anniversary is a deep, rumbling sound that has many people baffled.

A few romantics claim it is the ghostly applause of nearly four centuries of playgoers, echoing down the years. A few realists assert that it is the mutinous mumbling of 20 generations of students who had to memorize chunks from his works.

Personally, I think the discordant note is caused by the rapid rotation in his grave of the bones of The Bard, a shrewd businessman, as he agonizes over all those royalties he is not collecting.

Otherwise, things are going swimmingly as the critics and professors of English peer and peck and poke among the magnificent debris, and the inane argument about who really wrote his plays waxes once more with futile fury.

But I'm not concerned with that. There are enough people plodding about through his works, tramping poetry underfoot as they search for clues to prove that he was really Bacon or Marlowe or the Earl of Something.

Let's look for a moment at the real Will Shakespeare. We find him in the hundreds of brief passages that have come ringing down the years with their universal truths. He had to put them in the mouths of others, of course, but the man himself is there, warm, alive, grinning, scowling, scolding, exulting.

What could be more human, for example, than his pride in his own success? When the opening night performance of Hamlet showed that the play was a smash, he deftly inserted in the last scene, and on the spur of the moment, the joyful line, "A hit, a very palpable hit!"

We can see his amused tolerance of his wife's lack of muscle in another famous line. She'd been spring cleaning and had slipped a disc while trying to move an old trunk full of sonnets. "Frailty, thy name is woman," quipped Will.

We can sympathize with his honest rage (this was before dry-cleaning) as he scrubbed the gravy-stain on his new silk breeches and bellowed, "Out, damned spot! Out, I say!"

What man's heart does not warm to The Bard's forthright suggestion, in Henry VI, Part 2, "The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers."

Is there a housewife living who has not echoed, at some time, Shakespeare's immortal comment when his wife came home from the butcher with a stringy roast, "This is the most unkindest out of all?"

Many a man has wished he had the gift, and the nerve, that Will displayed the night he got home from the pub, tiddly and tardy, and was confronted by his wife, her sister, and his mother-in-law. Did he say he was sorry, and would never do it again? Not he. He roared, "How now, you secret, black and midnight hags!"

He knew men, as witness, " 'Tis ever common that men are merriest when they are from home." He knew women, too. "There was never yet a fair woman but she made mouths in a glass."

As this piece of research ends, I can hear a multitude of English teachers saying, in unison, "For this relief much thanks."

# The Unobtrusive Revolutionaries

By Alvin Gamble, Unionville  
Not long ago in York County — most of us in the mid period of life remember it clearly — when one was asked, "How many children in the family?" a common reply was "So many living, so many dead."

It was not the least bit unusual that at least some children in a family would die before reaching adult life. Indeed, a fair number died at birth. Motherhood itself was a mortal risk and it was common for Mother's Day sermons to contain an exhortation to "honor the one who almost gave her life when you were born."

We also recall vividly the terror that gripped our village and parents of school children, when homes were placarded with the dread quarantine signs of Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever. We remember seeing people with legs bowed outward by rickets. Pathetic malformations in growth and physical development inspired numerous charitable people to form societies to aid the many "crippled" and "incurable." It was not uncommon to hear of friends being hospitalized by the debilitating effects of Yellow Jaundice. When a man or woman reached 60 they automatically became "old" to everyone. And most died not long after.

Today these problems are so rare as to be nearly medical curiosities or are the fate of a frontier people far removed from us. If any of these once-common diseases appears in a community today, its outbreak makes headline news and legislators are goaded to do something. More often than not, people of sixty today are just beginning a vigorous phase of living. When a child dies it is an isolated tragedy. Motherhood is a normal, beautiful family experience.

Without really being aware of it, a revolution has taken place in our way of life bringing us richer years, more years, and greater fulfillment of our (continued on page 9)

# Roamin' Around . . .

The 2,000 square foot minimum home requirement in force throughout much of Pickering Township has put down on residential construction in that municipality. However, the homes that are being erected, small in number as they may be, are ultra-fine structures and a credit to the area where they are located. An example of this type of high-class build-up may be seen on the Greenwood Road, north of the Conservation Park.

Gravel truck drivers often come in for unfair criticism in this community and few, if any, are ever commended for acts of courtesy. On Thursday afternoon of last week, we saw one heavily loaded transport from Sunderland (Hancock Haulage) come to a complete halt on Main Street in Stouffville to permit a small girl to cross the highway. This incident did not occur at either of the two courtesy walks in town but on the open road. So you see, they're not all such a bad bunch of guys as many of us would like to believe.

A Metro lady resident is seeking permission to use water from the tap in the town park as she is allergic to the flouridated supply on tap in her area. The amount in quarts, gallons or truck loads is not stipulated. What next?

The first hole-in-one golf shot to be reported in this area occurred last week at the Whitevale course. Harvey Fenton of Pickering hit the target. Pretty early in the season for that kind of accuracy.

Power lawn-mowers, like colour TV sets appear to be coming down in price. Crest Hardware have some dandy models on display for around the \$90 mark that would likely have cost much more a few seasons ago. If we men could only talk our wives into doing this weekly chore, life in general would be a whole lot easier.

The largest reported trout catch in Stouffville goes to local rod and reel expert, Dr. Neil Smith of O'Brien Ave. The size could not immediately be determined since a yardstick was not readily available to take its measure. Dr. Smith is so proud of his specimen, and rightly so, that he plans to have it mounted and hung in his recreation quarters, henceforth to be known as the Smith's "big game" room.

The Mayfair Restaurant building on Main Street is for sale. Bruce Timbers is the contact representative for the Shea Real Estate firm. There is no finer location in town and a few structural changes in front could make this premise, much more attractive. It still looks too much like the bank that it once was.

Time spent in Second Division Court proceedings at Markham in recent months is worth more to the plaintiff than the amount of some claims. The sooner these courts are handled in a manner comparable to a higher court of law, the better it will be for all concerned. Pretty soon, lawyers will refuse to accept such cases since there's more money to be made in the quiet, comfortable confines of their respective offices.

Who was one of the first students at the Stouffville High School on Saturday morning to assist in the clean-up of the auditorium following the May Queen Prom on Friday? None other than the "queen" herself, grade 12 student, Bernadine Terwerds, minus her crown and gown, she rolled up her sleeves and went to work in removing the colourful decorations that she had helped to erect only a few short hours before. Principal, Mr. Duxbury was also on hand to assist with the mop-up operations, a fine kind of co-operation we would say.

Speaking of the May Prom, the basketball foot-work of staff P. T. Instructor, Jas. Rehili is nothing as compared to his style on the dance floor. In a Mexican number, his routine would have made Arthur Murray look like flat-foot Fluzzy. It's nice to see the staff personnel join in these social functions at the school.

With all the publicity and ballyhoo of opening day baseball in Toronto, a mere 10,389 fans turned out last Wednesday to see the game. It's pretty difficult to sell the public on a sport so painfully slow as compared to hockey and football. Most spectators become so weary by the 7th inning that they must be awakened to join in the "stretch."

One Toronto radio announcer joked that the small-car warnings were out on Hwy. 401 on Saturday. We noticed several of the "bugs" weaving from side to side during the wind gusts that hit the area in the afternoon. Some, pulling trailers or carrying canoes were forced to pull off the pavement due to the intensity of the blasts.

With the first big picnic scheduled for the Stouffville Park on Saturday, May 30th, it is to be hoped that someone will agree to take over the refreshment booth prior to that date. A big Cuboree is planned for that day and everyone knows how much those young lads can consume.

Want to hire a "slave" for a day? Well you can on Saturday, May 16th. Student members of the Inter-School Christian Fellowship in Stouffville will be available for both inside and outside activities such as baby-sitting, car-washing, cutting grass, etc. The project is called "Slave Day" and the proceeds will be used to send the I.S.C.F. President to camp. For further information, call Karen Krelek at 640-2698. These kids deserve a lot of credit.

Rae Sargent of Stouffville may replace his taxi with a motor scooter, that is, with the permission of Mrs. Sargent. She is the winner of a new Honda motor-bike from the Coca-Cola Co. because she took the time and trouble to check the number under the caps.

Wally Kiernan of Kiernan's Drugs in the Markham Plaza will give away two "Beate" tickets to some lucky winner on Saturday, May 23rd. Anyone making a purchase of over 25¢ is eligible. A rather timely giveaway award we would say.

We were pleased to learn last week that Mr. Geo. Haskett of Newmarket was one of 13 persons singled out for awards in honour of his contribution to minor sports in that community and the entire North York area. He was presented with a certificate of merit by Hon. Wm. Davis, Minister of Education. Premier John Robarts attended the ceremony. We feel that the accomplishments of this willing worker have been overlooked for too long and the recognition is justly deserved.

The \$3.00 per dozen of roses project, sponsored by the Kiwanis Club of Markham for Mother's Day brought a demand that exceeded all expectations. The organization was hooked solid for orders one week in advance and many requests had to be turned down.

# By the way . . .

ANNE ROSS

Something is terribly wrong. The tragic death last week of a 22 year old, 4th year student at the University of Toronto, from an overdose of barbituates after three weeks crammed with study and examinations, should shock us all into an awareness of the pressures facing our young people who feel driven to using such lethal "crutches" to meet the demands made upon them by a load too heavy to bear. This young man was an Honours student, a former Queen's Scout — obviously well equipped for university training, but he must have found himself physically inadequate to the grind, and so resorted to drugs.

A survey conducted by the Student Service Commission among University of Toronto students last winter showed that 3 in ten were using drugs; that 37% of male students used tranquilizers or pep pills when under pressure and that 13% continued their use; that 36% of the university's female students use such drugs.

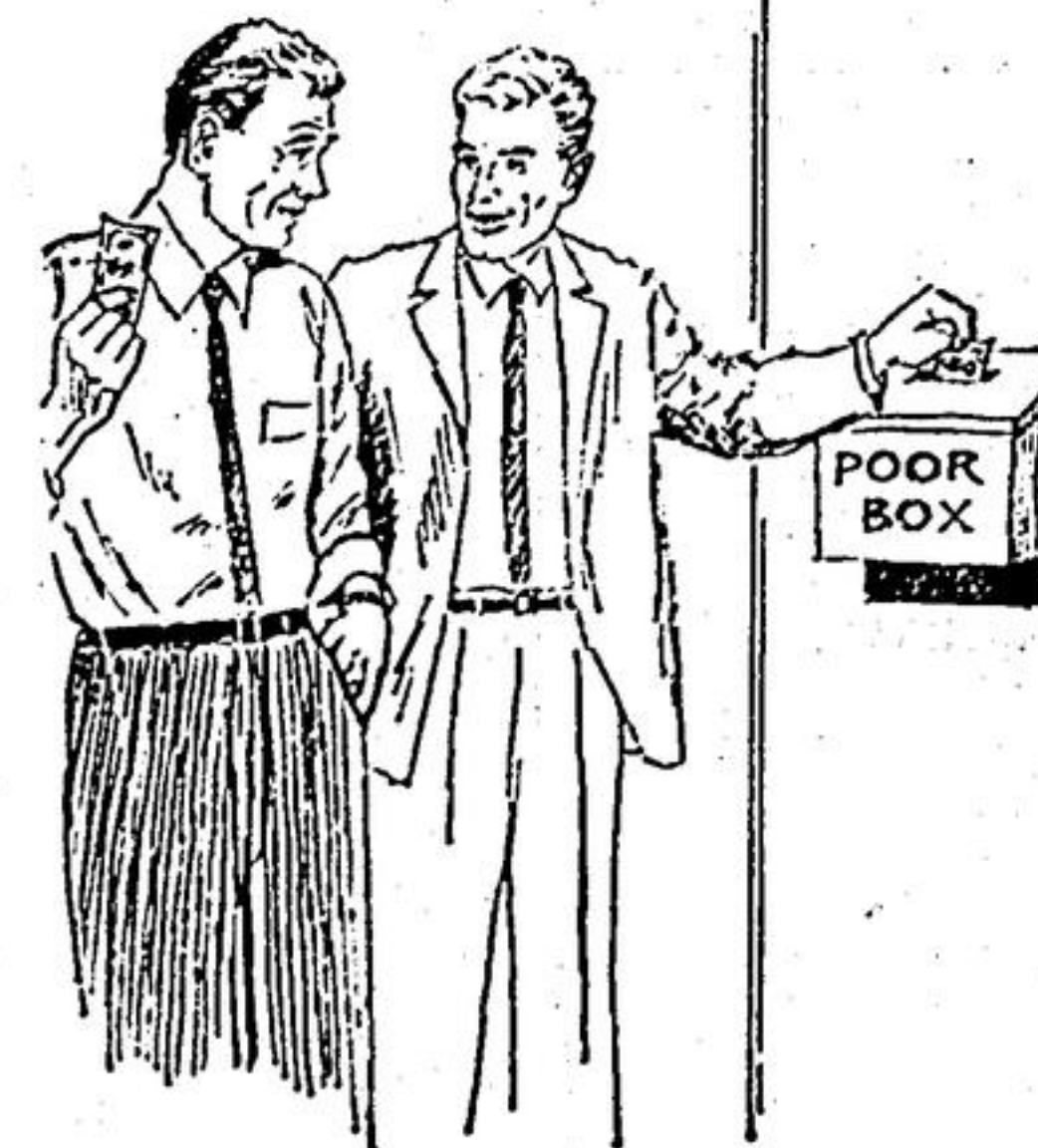
Just stop and think. These statistics refer to the habits of our YOUNG people — the cream of our youth — at the apex of their physical and mental alertness. But they require dope pills to keep them going!

But this is university, you say, and the course is tough. So addiction to drugs is the answer? Not in my books! We have high hopes for our daughter who is in her first year of High School, but we would rather see the end of her academic education right now, than visualize a future of pressures so great she would have to depend on tranquilizers to see her through to a University degree. Are the courses too heavy? Are we expecting too much of our students? Do they waste too much time until examinations loom and cramming is imperative? What is the answer? And, if we find it, what are we going to do about it?

Just so there's no impression that the writer is pushing the panic button over a situation that many feel is remote to us here — it is no secret that far too many of the students at Stouffville High rely on steady doses of barbituates so they can maintain the pace of High School activities and studies. Something is very wrong somewhere.

# The Cheerful Giver

He hath dispersed abroad; he hath given to the poor.  
His righteousness remains forever.  
—Psalms 112:9



We have all heard the expression that "God loves a cheerful giver." Some of us think it refers only to the money we give to worthy causes.

No matter how rich or poor we may be as individuals, each of us has much to give. We can give hope, happiness and a helping hand to someone in need.

We can give to children the great example of a good Christian life. We can give to friends and associates a measure of good faith in the conduct of our business and social activities.

We can give happiness, sometimes, at the cost of nothing more than a smile. We can give hope, sometimes, at the cost of nothing more than a friendly word.

Whenever we give, whatever we give, we unflinchingly get something in return—happiness and hope for ourselves.

Read your BIBLE daily  
and  
GO TO CHURCH  
SUNDAY

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