

Editorial . . .

Their Actions Will Be Watched

The Townships of Uxbridge and Pickering have already set the dates for the nomination and election; if necessary, of trustees to fill the positions on the new public school area boards. Their term of office will begin on January 1st, 1965. Similar nominations will be held in Markham and Whitchurch Twps.

The new members will be placed in a rather unenviable position. We term the post unenviable because you may be sure that the eyes of John Q. Ratepayer will be focussed on the board's every move.

Many people are rather skeptical about this program, especially in the Twp. of Uxbridge where the plan was tested for several years and then

tossed out in favour of the old-fashioned sectional system.

Although these trustees will bear the brunt of verbal abuse if the program proves inoperative, we feel that the initial responsibility must rest with the electorate in the selecting of practical and efficient personnel to do the job.

The trustees who will comprise the new area boards will be conducting business that will effect dozens of homes, hundreds of children and thousands of dollars. The importance of their positions cannot be overstressed. Any organization is only as good as the men and women who will run it. Picking the names at random out of a hat will not do.

Legitimate Salesmen

During the past week, students of Stouffville Dist. High School have been out canvassing door to door for magazine subscriptions throughout the town and community. The drive has become an annual event at the school and we feel that it is an excellent project for the sales staff and a handy service to the home-owner.

We have had the pleasure of meeting personally with several of these boys and girls and in each case, their manner has been most pleasant

and their business ethics most efficient.

Front porch salesmen or saleswomen, especially of the magazine variety have never received the warmest welcome at our home and on several occasions, we have advised our readers to do the same. However, with the students from Stouffville High we know, that when we sign our name on the dotted line, we'll receive exactly what we order and not a year's supply of something else under a buy now—pay later plan.

Council Must Not Become Rubber Stamp

Municipal councils must not become rubber stamps for school boards. Some months ago there was a strong move underway to enlarge the powers of municipal council with regard to the approving of school budgets. Regardless of one's high regard for education and its needs, some curbs must be kept on those who merely plan the programs and have no responsibility for the collection of the funds to do the job.

Stouffville council last week gave approval to an expanded program at the high school here with only vague information from two members of the school board as to what the change could do to the local tax rate. We are not suggesting that the idea behind the stepped-up educational program is wrong but we do believe that the

taxpayers would want some better answers on the cost of the program, than what council will be able to provide from the bit of information provided by the board. It might be said for the board, that it offered to provide more information but council did not believe it necessary. We say it's always necessary.

Council has its own program of public works and administration to consider and should not lose sight of this fact when handing out "blank cheques" to other town departments. This is the first time we have ever seen a council approve of an expansion of school facilities without a specific amount of money detailed. Such action is setting a dangerous precedence and one which we would not think would sit well with the taxpaying public.

Days Of The Plow Horse Have Run Out

We have just completed another season of plowing matches, including the big International at Peterborough. Significant is the fact that the number of horse-drawn entries is getting less and less. We note too that in one recent match in Huron County, not a single entry was made in the horse-drawn class. The days of the plow horse seem to be numbered, and it's a pity. Some of the romance of the plowing match will have passed with the passing of the horse outfits. It's another case of the picturesque giving way to the practical.

It has been said that the last moment of glory for the four-footed

animal was the First World War. The first British contingent to arrive in France had 30,000 horses. These animals which have borne man's burdens since the days of the cave men, have given way to motor propelled vehicles. Their decline began with the First War and has continued ever since. It's difficult for many older Canadians to think of a farm without a horse but the day is here.

Horses will stay with us, for racing purposes, for riding and for show. But the days when the plowman walked a weary furrow behind an honest horse, its flanks steaming in the nippy autumn air, have gone for good.

Is Spectatoritis Hurting Us?

How long is it since you sat down on an evening with a group of friends and just discussed the affairs of the day, municipal affairs, the nation's affairs? We venture a guess that it's been some time. We sometimes reflect on the value of an old-fashioned evening when friends and neighbors sit around and chat by the fireside—no radio, no TV.

You should try it some time. Leave the television screen dark and inactive in the corner and just talk. You can find that such an evening can be quite stimulating and challenging.

A quarter century ago, the art of conversation was vital. Today,

one turns the dial to a TV show, puts his feet up, and with his cup of coffee by his side, lets it go at that. The trouble with us, we're all just spectators. We are not in on the act.

Will the chat in the living room ever return to the Canadian home? If it doesn't, how can Canadian citizenship and Canadian consciousness ever develop among the population? Listening may be an admirable trait, but when there are only a dozen talkers for a million listeners, speech can be starved into extinction. Going even a little farther, one might visualize the time when man could lose his mental strength for self-expression.

Accept New Curriculum

One or more congregations in 87% of the thirty-one charges of York Presbytery of the United Church of Canada has adopted

the New Curriculum, the Rev. Gordon Weir told the Oct. meeting of the Presbytery. Breaking that figure down, Mr. Weir states, 91% of the United Church scholars will be studying the New Curriculum. These figures are about the same for all the presbyteries across Canada. The New Curriculum comprises new teaching materials for all departments of the Sunday Church School. It has been the centre of some controversy.

The Stouffville Tribune

ESTABLISHED 1918

Member of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association and the Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association.

Published as second-class mail, Postoffice Dept., Ottawa.

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Issued every Thursday at Stouffville, Ont.

In Canada \$3.50 Elsewhere \$5.50

G. H. NOLAN, Publisher JAS. THOMAS, Editor JAS. McKEAN, Advertising



"Well, Peter Piper picked a peck of Pearson pennants"

Sugar & Spice

by Bill Smiley

HERE'S TRUTH WILDER THAN FICTION

I've decided to write a book. Not because I want to. Not because I have a message. Not because I think anybody will buy it. But because a fellow has dared me to.

He was a publisher. I told him hundreds of people — nay, thousands — had asked me when I was going to produce a book made up of my columns. This was a big, fat lie, of course. I think the total of the queries was between twelve and thirteen.

He was nice about it. If a little steely-eyed. He agreed that there'd be a big sale, if I bought the 1,000 copies I promised to buy, to give away to my friends. (They'd be getting about 120 copies each, at that rate, but they could give them away to THEIR friends.)

He agreed that the whole thing was a great idea. For some other publisher. But he sort of took the steam out of my self-esteem when he came out with the logical statement, "If a book is worth publishing, it's worth writing."

This is the sort of thing publishers sit around thinking up, when they're not worrying about some of us great writers getting away from them. Which they don't seem to spend an excess or time doing. Unfortunately, writers can't flash back with, "If a book is worth writing, it's worth publishing." Mainly because it isn't true.

What's the book going to be about? Well, that's still on the secret list, because I don't know. But after looking over a few shelves of books at the local library, I know that publishers will print almost any kind of garbage.

So, if it's garbage they want, I'm going to make up the biggest literary garbage pail that has ever been set before the public. It's going to be crammed with sex, violence, delinquent teenagers, corrupt politicians, dope fiends, alcoholics, doctors, cowboys, how to raise prize zinnias, favorite recipes, and all the other ingredients of the most successful books.

It will be autobiographical, of course. At first, I thought that might be a little difficult, as I've led rather a sheltered life. Then I realized that all I had to do was decorate things a little. Gild the Billy so to speak.

Thus, instead of going to high school and being on the football team and going steady, in the book I'll be the leader of a group of teenage terrorists who get their kicks out of setting fire to nursing homes, under the influence of heroin.

Instead of joining the air force and becoming an officer and a fighter pilot and having a hall most of the time, in the book I'll be an army private, intellectual and embittered, under the whip of a sadistic captain.

Instead of spending a year in a sanatorium, loafing, laughing, playing chess and reading, in the book I'll spend a year in a mental institution with a gang of perverts, alkie, junkies and a doctor straight out of Edgar Allan Poe.

Instead of becoming a weekly editor, writing about sewers and such, in the book I'll be an advertising executive with three mistresses, no morals and an unlimited expense account.

Instead of becoming a docile English teacher peddling metaphors and similes, in the book I'll be a famous television personality with great talent and no scruples, who poisons the minds of his listeners with cleverly disguised racial prejudice and completely undisguised commercials about armpits.

How does it sound? You like it? Oh, You don't? Well, in that case, I'll just have to write a dull, insipid book about dull, insipid old things that really happened.

Boy, are you ever going to be bored reading about the time the two nine-year-old girls cornered me in the treehouse and kissed me. Or the time I fell in love with the Brazilian girl in the dead of a Canadian winter. Or the time the Old Battleaxe chased me through the snow in her dressing gown, trying to hit me with a phone she'd yanked off the wall. Or the time I was beaten up by four old men. . . .

REPORT from Parliament



By John Addison

The Queen has returned to her home, Canadians, in the most exciting and colourful season of the year, enjoyed, I am sure, her presence in our country. We have all read and heard the many superlative adjectives describing Her Majesty and her Prince Consort, at the State Reception in Ottawa on Monday. I could only agree with all of these expressions and add one other. Queen Elizabeth II as Queen of Canada and the Commonwealth, is the living symbol of democratic freedom.

Confederation, one hundred years ago, was in essence the only answer for the preservation of our Canadian identity. When the Fathers of Confederation met at Charlottetown, the Maritime Premiers had very little thought of forming a union with Upper and Lower Canada. It was only when the Fenian raids by the Americans became so persistent that the likes of Macdonald and Cartier and others decided amongst themselves we had all best unite and hang together else we might well hang separately on gallows provided by the Fenians from next door. One hundred years later the same threats no longer exist. The Queen, in her address to the Quebec Legislature, suggested that the times we live in today may require changes in our Constitution agreed to one hundred years ago. Everyone in Canada accepts this principle. The danger, as I see it today, is that we are inward-looking in our philosophy and chiefly concerned with our own internal problems. Any nation that aspires to greatness certainly must be based upon a sound foundation which I believe we

Roamin' Around . . .

On Saturday, two Stouffville druggists, Cliff Alken and John Houston took time out from their busy dispensary chores to discuss, in down-to-earth terms, their policy in regard to the sale of birth-control pills and other related medications and materials. Their frankness on this often hush-hush subject amazed this writer and revealed many facts that we did not know. If this item tends to go against any reader's grain of thought, then we can only ask that he or she should read no further. Both John and Cliff stated, in no uncertain terms, that birth control pills for women are sold only under a physician's prescription. Mr. Houston said that they were among his most requested products and Mr. Alken agreed that such sales at his store were extensive and on the increase. He noted, however, that although they had been tried, their side effects, if any, had not, in his own personal opinion, been proven harmless. Both agreed, that if taken according to directions (1 pill per day from the 5th to 25th) the user could be 99 per cent sure of effective control.

In many parts of the world, their use is becoming an absolute necessity," said Mr. Alken, "the trouble is, the ones who should use them, don't." He noted too, that where parents are interested in planned family life, they are the answer.

Where does the druggist draw the line, or does he? Mr. Houston says that he would refuse such a sale to any boy classed as a minor (under 16 years). He said that he is aware that a law of prohibition on such merchandise exists but the loopholes in it are so open that it stands for nothing. He pointed out that in the United States, one can purchase such supplies from public vending machines.

Mr. Alken said that such sales to minors are definitely out in his store and he would even attempt to discourage a purchase by anyone in his teens. "Which is the lesser of two evils," he said, "to refuse such a sale or see a couple forced into an unhappy marriage." He said that he always makes a point to check and see if the purchaser is wearing a wedding ring but he admitted that this was no fool-proof method. He said that only rarely is he confronted with the problem of uncertainty.

Speaking on the legal aspects of the issue, Mr. Alken charged that, like any law, if it cannot be enforced, it should be abolished or changed. He said that in most cases, it is still "whisper" conversation between the customer and himself. "People still think of it as personal and confidential," he said. He noted that he has at least one lady customer who handles the orders for her husband and is not overly bashful about it either.

We are like the majority, still a little unsure about where the legal line on this controversial issue should be drawn. We have never heard such a case argued in court but if any solicitor has a personal view on the subject, we would be pleased to publish it in this column.

The Ontario Municipal Board has arranged to hold a hearing at Brougham on the proposed new \$300,000 municipal building for the Township of Pickering. There are two interesting aspects to this decision. The first is that the two complaints over the project should come from the urban areas of the municipality where the site has been selected. The second concerns the time — 11 a.m. Now can't you just see the average interested, working ratepayer attending a meeting at that hour.

Last week, we were pleased to have two representatives from the congregation of the Stouffville United Missionary Church call at our door. First impressions on hearing the bell ring were that the callers would comprise a pair of magazine salesmen working their way through university but we were all wrong. We must admit that in the five years that we have resided in Stouffville, it is the first time that any church, other than our own particular denomination, has ever submitted such a warm invitation to attend and by George if we weren't such a dyed in the wool —, we might have accepted.

Without taking anything away from the cheerleader group of Stouffville Dist. High School, a pretty attractive octette, we felt the red cuppies in our Scotch blood do a couple of handspings at the sight of the girl gymnasts from Woodbridge High last week. You see, the visiting lassies were regaled in the plaid of our native Highland over 'ome and the only thing missing was a tune on the pipes.

Horseback riding is increasing in popularity, especially among the teen girl set. Marsha Wagg of Orchard Park Ave. has a fine Welsh Mountain pony called "Bubbles" that she rides with justifiable pride. Since the Wagg garage cannot contain a Buick, an Austin and a horse, Marsha's pet has been relegated to the confines of Brillinger's barn. It seems to be doing pretty well on a diet of cabbage and cauliflower.

The Brock Road re-construction project between Brougham and Pickering Village has been completed and an excellent highway it is too. We still miss the trees that once lined this route and to date, we have seen no move to replace them. Like many new roads throughout Ontario, tree-planting programs appear to be a thing of the past. It's too bad.

Do we think that the police in the city of Quebec acted too harshly in their dealings with the Separatists during the Queen's visit to that Province? No we don't. We only wish that they had banded a few of their hard heads together a little sooner and tossed them in the cooler before Her Majesty arrived on the disgraceful scene.

When it comes to lucky draw prizes, Mrs. L. E. O'Neill doesn't limit the give-aways to balloons and paper hats. Gifts valued at \$230 in total will be won by lucky customers on Saturday, Oct. 24th. It may pay you to fill out a form.

Following the partial collapse of the barn on the farm owned by Mrs. Scott Brown and Son, west of Markham Village several weeks ago, we would have thought that the entire structure would have to be torn down. We now understand that much of the repair work has already been completed and it wasn't necessary to remove the portion that was left standing.

have, but then in order to further social welfare measures it must exploit resources outside of its own borders. If nationalism and provincial autonomy become extreme, we well might become isolationists in our approach to world problems.

Last week in Ottawa I saw Mr. Leonard W. Brockington, older now in years and having contributed so much to the land he loves. In a moving editorial which he wrote for the Globe and Mail, speaking about Canada he concluded by saying: "I am proud to be a citizen of Canada, a land too wide for intolerance or narrow racialism, a land where the prevailing wind is the wind of freedom. And, for one like myself, the Commonwealth stands above all for this human brotherhood."

We are all citizens of one one city — The World."

REMINDERS ABOUT YOUR ONTARIO HOSPITAL INSURANCE



KEEP INSURED! When you reach your 19th birthday you are no longer covered by your parents' certificate. Register separately within thirty days to keep insured. Forms are available at hospitals, banks and Commission offices.

CHANGING JOBS? KEEP INSURED! If you change jobs, follow carefully the instructions on the back of the Certificate of Payment, Form 104, which your group is required to give you.

GETTING MARRIED? KEEP INSURED! When you marry, the family premium must be paid to cover husband, wife and eligible dependants. Tell your group OR, if you pay direct, tell the Commission.

ONTARIO HOSPITAL SERVICES COMMISSION 2195 YONGE STREET, TORONTO 7, ONTARIO

ALWAYS KEEP YOUR HOSPITAL INSURANCE CERTIFICATE HANDY

