

# Editorial . . .

## Doing A Good Job

Members of Stouffville municipal council were each presented at the meeting last week, with a copy of the 1964 statistics of the local police department. It was possibly the best document covering local police work for a full twelve months that has ever been prepared. We know that some of the figures covering the number of calls and incidents attended to by the three-man force would be quite an eye-opener to Stouffville residents.

The policeman's lot is not always an easy one and while many hours go by with routine duties, they must be compared to the fire brigade. They're not wanted every minute of the day, but when they are required, it's usually in a hurry. Some of their work even in a small town such as this can be dangerous. Only a few weeks ago, one of our officers, gun in hand, kept two armed robbery suspects pinned down until help could arrive. A job like this, in the dead of night, and alone, is no tea-party. Incidents like this are not regular, but can happen at any time.

## Families Grow — and Grow — and Grow

When we take our daily walk along Stouffville's Main St. we always enjoy a pleasant thrill from the number of people who pleasantly greet us. But nevertheless, after more than forty years residence here, the number of friendly faces to whom we can attach a name, is growing smaller. The reason — largely because the little people of yesterday are the big people of today, and added to these are the hundreds of new home owners who one sees very infrequently. This former group grows up so rapidly and changes so quickly and so much that we can't keep track of it.

Did you ever stop to think of the similarity between this human family growth and the tax family growth. In case of the human family it gradually comes to the point where its numbers do not increase. The family members grow up, reach adult size and perhaps even shrink a little as the years go by.

No so with the tax family. Not only do the children keep increasing

## The Church Should Be Filled

Jan. 23rd to Jan. 30th has been designated as Minor Hockey Week across Canada. The President of the Minor Hockey Executive in Stouffville, Wilf. Morley and his assistants have drawn up a full program of events, the most important of which is a special evening service in the Baptist Church on Sunday, Jan. 24th.

Rev. Gordon Gooderham of the Baptist congregation has that rather enviable faculty of being able to talk a boy's language. Down at the arena, he is able to give leadership to his atom team. From the pulpit, he can impart Christian teaching that a young lad can understand.

We attended the minor hockey

## More Talent Is Available

The Stouffville Lions Club will sponsor its 5th annual Music Festival next month. The final date for entries is Friday, Jan. 15th.

This program was first held in 1961. It was well supported in 1962 but since that time, the entry list has continued to diminish. Public interest too, has shown a decline. This should not be.

The Lions Music Festival gives local and district young people a marvellous opportunity to display their vocal and instrumental talent either

We're proud of the personnel on the local force and we think our citizens are too. A fourth man is to be added to the department shortly and time for careful selection is being taken so that the calibre of our officers can be maintained at the fine level it is today. The addition is necessary so that each officer may enjoy reasonable time off without having to have one of the other members of the force doing double duty.

Not only have these men made a name for themselves locally as being congenial, helpful, and alert, but their reputation in police court is equally good. Stouffville's share of fines collected this year is far above any half dozen years previously, and this is due in no small part to the excellent manner in which the local officers have presented their evidence in court regarding various offenders whom they have apprehended.

While no special mention was made at the council meeting regarding the operation of the police department, we would like to draw attention to the fine work they are doing.

in number, but they never stop growing. Remember the gasoline tax? Once it was just a little boy at three cents. Now it's got to be a big fellow at eleven cents, or is it more. It has grown so fast we don't recognize it anymore. It's the same with income tax. Believe it or not, back in 1925, if you made \$1200 taxable income, your contribution was \$14 — and today, \$175. Remember too, you had a \$3,000 exemption in 1925. Not so today, only \$2,000. Today too, socialist-minded politicians are grabbing off our hard-earned dollars so fast with promises of "to-morrow's benefits", that we can hardly keep up with today's grocery bills.

Despite all promises to the contrary to keep matters within bounds, the explosion of the civil servant family is running a close second with the general population explosion. Every new move government makes, further increases this family to check up on us. And who is going to pay for all this — there's only one source, you and I.

service last year and the pastor's message on that occasion remains as real in our memory as if it had been spoken last week. Unfortunately, far too few hockey boys and their parents could find the time to attend. Many of the local hockey promoters were also among the missing. It should have been standing room only. Instead several of the pews were noticeably empty.

Here is an excellent opportunity for the parents to show their interest and enthusiasm, not only in the town's minor hockey program, but more important, in their own sons' Christian education and upbringing. Don't Send Your Boy To Church — Take Him.

as individuals or in choral groups. The first two years provided ample proof that there is much talent available among boys and girls in this area. The ability should be made public.

There is no one closer to these children than their school teachers and, working in co-operation with the parents, they can encourage these young folk to take part.

Last spring, the total entry list numbered only 165. This district can do better than that. Let's try.

"If they make it retroactive, I'll tell 'em what to do!"



## SUGAR AND SPICE by Bill Smiley



### AND WHERE DID IT GET YOU?

Well, here it is mid-January, and another year has slipped down the drain.

It's rather depressing to look back over the 12 months and realize that neither civilization nor yourself has improved one iota, despite the frantic scrambling of the pair of you, throughout the year.

Not that I'm admitting for a moment that 1964 was a complete failure. There were some things from which I derived a good deal of satisfaction. For one thing, I remained alive. With the traffic the way it is, and the tension cutting swaths through the ranks of chaps my age, just staying alive these days is quite a feat.

In the second place, I hung onto my job. This may seem like a trivial boast. But what with computers, it's like staying alive. Ask the fellow who hasn't managed to do either. Or both. What it meant was that I was able to continue keeping in high style a woman I never met until I was 25, and two kids who think money grows on fathers.

Keeping my job also meant that I was able to keep up my payments, no mean accomplishment in this age. In fact, I would be content to have my epitaph read: "He was a good man. He kept up his payments."

As a matter of fact, I did a little better. Not only did I meet all my interest payments, but I reduced the mortgage on my house by \$28.64, leaving a mere balance due of \$12,971.36. This was somewhat offset by the borrowing of a couple of G's from my friendly banker, in order to replace the family transportation, which was rotting on the vine, but you can't win them all.

I'm not trying to brag. There were a lot of things in 1964 that I'd do differently another time. That if, I'd ever got around to doing them. But since I didn't, they probably weren't worth doing in the first place. Figure that one out, if you can find an Irishman to help you.

I have already drawn up a program for 1965 that is perhaps the most positive plan, in a negative sort of way, that I've ever come up with. It's composed of all the things I'm NOT going to do this year.

For one thing, I'm not going to worry so much. My reckoning shows that I spent 20 to 30 minutes worrying last year about trifling things, like my son running away from home, my daughter going out on her first date, and my wife reporting cancer in a new location weekly. That's enough to put a fellow in the hospital. I aim to cut that down to a maximum of ten minutes this year. And I'll be worry about something worthwhile, like my golf slice and trout that got away.

Another thing I'm not going to do this year is lose so many arguments with the Old Battleaxe. Last year, I must have lost about 97 per cent. of them. I don't know just how I'll go about it, but I'm determined to cut that figure to the bone — maybe right back to 95 per cent.

Once again, I'm not going to buy my wife a mink coat; I'm not going to build that patio that I didn't build last summer; I'm neither going to start getting to bed early nor getting up early; I'm not going to stop smoking because it might kill me, nor drinking ditto; I'm not going to pay my income tax with anything milder than rage; I'm not going to pay any attention to all the silly people in the world who tell what I'm not supposed to do.

In short, the next year will be much like every other year. And good enough for me. But perhaps we could all join heartily in repeating a little slogan for the coming year. It goes: "Let's stay alive in '65."

## Teachers Seek Stronger Voice

Ontario's 21,000 secondary school teachers have reiterated their desire for a more positive voice in education matters and at the same time have urged their members to strive toward the highest possible standards of education.

The 400 delegates to the annual assembly of the Ontario Secondary School Teachers' Federation held at the Royal York Hotel, Dec. 23-30 asked the federation executive to appoint an "Ontario Secondary Education Commission of five members to initiate, stimulate, direct and co-ordinate OSSTF activities in the field of educational studies", and to spend up to \$150,000 on the program in the forthcoming year.

The program is intended to place the federation in the forefront of educational leadership in Ontario. Educational studies are planned on such topics as community colleges, the Grade 13 revisions, team teaching and audio-visual aids.

Among the delegates at the assembly were: Alex Andrew, Whitby; Norman Brunne, Uxbridge; Douglas Kettle, Pickering; Ray Litt, Port Perry; E. P. Rogers, Pickering; M. Sissons, Oshawa; J. Chard, Whitby; J. Carson, Oshawa.

Teachers were told that it was their responsibility to continue upgrading their qualifications. Speakers stressed that the former goals of salary and tenure of office were now of lesser importance than professional influence and teaching ability.

The report of the Salary Committee, in fact, avoided specific financial objectives, instead telling teachers that the way to higher pay brackets was through improvement of qualifications. A key phrase of the report of the committee's acting chairman, James Russell of Barton Secondary School, Hamilton, was "quality salaries for quality teachers." School boards, he added, were "most anxious to pay for quality teaching; but they also have the right to demand quality. Thus, no teacher can in these times afford to stop learning and improving his competence."

The teachers were warned that unless they sought to achieve a true professionalism, which meant control of their own destinies and standards, they would stand in jeopardy of increasing state control of education. The statement was made by Harry Dawson, past president of the National Union of Teachers of England and Wales, speaking at the annual dinner.

Mr. Dawson showed that there was a good deal of similarity between problems of teachers in his country and Canada in that both bodies were asking for a much more influential voice in such education matters as curriculum, examinations and teaching standards. Doctors, lawyers and other learned professions had attained control over their own affairs, he said, and therefore had arrived at an enviable status. This was a realistic objective for teachers — but at the same time one which placed a good deal of responsibility on every teacher.

"We should," he stated, "deliberately set down for ourselves the over-all and long-term aim of achieving professional self-government." The federation was asked to petition the Minister of Education to ensure that a "wide representation" of teachers be consulted on major chances of educational policy.

extend best wishes for 1965. Sincerely, Faye C. D'Callagher, Convener, Christmas Gift Project, 1964, York County Branch, CMHA, Box 492, Stouffville, Ontario.

# Roamin' Around . . .

We paid an all too brief visit to the site of the Stouffville Stockyards Ltd., on Saturday afternoon. Although this place is within walking distance of town, we would bet that many local folk have yet to attend one of these weekend auctions. You should. If you think for a minute that all there is to see are cows, pigs and chickens, then you're in for a big surprise. There's everything there from nanny goats priced at \$18 down to baskets of bananas for 50 cents. The crowd on Saturday was tremendous, many coming more than 100 miles. Parking space in the huge lot was at a premium. It's amazing the things that people will buy, especially if they feel they are getting a bargain. Men were carrying chickens away by the bags full. A chap displaying a small glass-cutter was attracting plenty of attention. One middle-aged woman said that she brought in a rabbit to sell, then traded it for a dog and sold the dog. With no place to house a litter of pigs or a full-grown steer, we spent little time in the auction stands. This, for the farmers, is the main centre of attraction. This, indeed, is where buyers and seller meet. One could write a book on a single afternoon's highlights at this market centre. It would make interesting reading. But why read about it when you can see it for yourself. There's no admission charge to enter and it doesn't cost anything to look. But a word of warning to Pa. Don't turn Ma loose in the market with the monthly milk cheque or she may come home with an \$18 nanny or far worse, a pair of rabbits.

Councillor Ken Betz presented each member on the local board of control and the clerk with a beautiful coloured photo at the inaugural meeting on Thursday night. The picture was taken inside the council chamber by Ted Cadieux. If the '65 property committee budget can stand it, a framed enlargement would look well in the council room to preserve the identity of the town fathers.

The Metro Toronto and Region Conservation Authority is promoting a program of winter picnicking in the two local parks at Clarendon and Greenwood. One advantage of such an off-season outing would be the acceptable absence of flies and mosquitos.

If you're the kind of driver who takes advantage of gasoline price wars, it pays to check the per gallon rate on the pumps before you tell the attendant to filter up. Recently, on the Don Mills Road, between Buttonville and Gormley there was a price spread of nine cents on the gallon on the same day.

One could hardly blame Daws. Hare of Burkholder St. if he rubbed his eyes a little when he looked out his kitchen window. There, large as life (so the story goes) was a real live cow standing on his front lawn. To make the tale even more unusual, the wayward bovine had actually come home to roost. For you see, the animal was one of a herd of 92 that had escaped from the Ray Grant farm down the 9th of Markham. It was formerly the Hare property before it was purchased by Mr. Grant. One neighbour reported that Daws, in all the excitement, reached for a rope and a stool, at the same time.

The wreck of the late-model Chrysler that over-shot the intersection at the corner of conc. 10, Markham and 16th Ave. on New Year's Eve, has been the centre of attraction at Williamson's Esso Station, No. 7 and 48 Hwys., in Markham Village. What was once a smart-looking car, was in a matter of seconds, transformed into a pile of twisted junk. We hope some of the young chaps will take a lesson from what they observed and ease up on that heavy accelerator foot.

The flower store, operated by Graham Hudson on Main St. in Stouffville during Christmas week, will remain open on a permanent basis. Mr. Hudson plans to display a shoppers "special" at a price every thoughtful husband can well afford. We can think of no better way to keep on the right side of your wife and it's certainly a lot cheaper than a mink coat or an automatic dish-washer.

There were no New Year's arrivals at the Briarcliff but on Christmas Day, a baby was born to Mr. and Mrs. David Taylor of Altona.

The local dairy report that they were completely sold out of their egg-nog drink over Christmas. We don't know the formula that is used in this mixture but regardless of the ingredients, it's real great stuff and we only wish it was available for fifty-two weeks of the year.

The Des. Kerr family east of Altona have a pet duck "Harvey" that just loves to go tobogganing with the kids. "Harvey" will park his feathered form on the sleigh and take off down the steepest hills. "Harvey's" name is a little deceiving because he is actually a she.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. can render some assistance to town Postmaster, Jack Sanders if he or she will identify himself or herself as the sender of a card to Miss Lois Davis (?) at the University Hospital, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. The party is unknown and the card has been returned.

In the same connection, a card has been received at the Post Office in Markham from a Hubert Bowen of Torrance, California. This obviously elderly gentleman is seeking information about a family named McGary. He writes — "My people came from there (Markham) about 100 years ago. I must find relatives if possible." The card is addressed to the Postmaster at Markham and passed on to Mr. Sanders here in town. Anyone with any knowledge of this family should contact either of these men.

It is said that the girl who sleeps with rollers in her hair spends approximately 2,920 hours a year being uncomfortable. The report doesn't mention anything about the discomfort caused the poor husband who gets an unexpected poke in the eye every time he turns over.

District ambulance service, or lack of it, was the subject of discussion this week within a committee of Markham Township Council. At least with this matter in the discussion stage, it is possible that some concrete local legislation may be enacted.

Ron May of Goodwood possesses that rare quality in an athlete known as "intestinal fortitude." Last fall, after undergoing major surgery in hospital, he came back to play a hero's role in Goodwood's bid for the Clarendon Community Softball Title. Last week, he showed this same competitive desire again. While playing for Uxbridge against Aurora on Monday night, he suffered a 6-stitch cut in his head. He was released from hospital and returned to finish out the game. He scored 2 goals. On the following Thursday night, he played against Newmarket and scored two more goals. What a coach wouldn't give for a team-full of players like that.

We have no complaint concerning high-pressured salesmanship of newspapers on the Main Street each Saturday morning but we wish someone would be responsible for the left-overs that are blown from one end of the town to the other.

This little edict, attributed to Walt Todd, Manager of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce in town and supposedly written for his employees' benefit, is rather good. It reads as follows: **EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY** — We are asking that somewhere between starting and quitting time, and without infringing too much on the time devoted to lunch period, coffee breaks, rest period, story-telling, ticket-selling, horse-selection, vacation-planning, the rehashing of yesterday's T.V. programs, football games and the World Series, that each employee would try to find some time that can be set aside and be known hereafter as "The Work Period." Signed, W. Todd, Manager.

The next time you take a drive through any of the neighbouring townships, including Uxbridge, Whitchurch, Markham and Pickering, take note of the number of For Sale signs posted on dozens and dozens of properties. It would tend to convince this writer that farming just isn't a paying proposition anymore or at least the land is more valuable in the form of real estate than in the growing of grain.

Six new homes are now under construction in the new Varley Village Development at Unionville. In total, the number of houses could run close to the 1,000 mark. It is reported that a shopping plaza is also proposed for the area.

The Main Street in Stouffville is a veritable lover's lane on a Sunday afternoon with a kind of 2 for 1 deal behind the wheel. Last Sunday, we saw a switch with the girl handling the controls and her companion packed in like a veritable sardine. As if women drivers don't have enough problems.

For Office Supplies — It's The TRIBUNE Main St. Stouffville

## Liberal Meeting

A Liberal meeting will be held on Monday, Jan. 18, at the home of Mrs. Grace Norton, Glad Park Ave. at 8:15 p.m. Guest speaker will be Mr. John Addison, M.P., North York.

## Editor's Mail

To the Editor The Tribune, Stouffville, Ontario.

Dear Sir:

York County Branch of the Canadian Mental Health Association wishes to thank you and the people of Stouffville and area for the warm response to our appeal for Christmas gifts. This need for gifts by the Mental Health Association was well presented in the Tribune and the citizens of the Stouffville area were most generous. As a result of your aid and their generosity no patient was overlooked this past Christmas. We can indeed assure you that hope, encouragement and cheer were brought to many. May I again say thanks for your efforts on our behalf and

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