

Editorial . . .

A Brighter Side

Every week, The Tribune reports incidents out of Magistrate's Court in which persons, many of them young boys, are involved. Last week, it was indeed refreshing to receive and to read about a 13 year old Unionville lad who will be honoured for bravery in the rescue of a Boxer dog from the icy waters of a deep pond.

Someone in that community apparently reported the heroic act of Richard "Rick" Blundell to the Ontario Humane Society and they were quick to investigate the story and make the subsequent award.

The part that disturbs us is that if this organization had not seen fit to make a presentation to this boy,

What Will It Mean?

Recently, both editorially and in news reports, we have been extolling the good fortune of the Pickering Twp. location for the new nuclear-powered hydro generating station.

Last week, a Clarendon district resident took the time and trouble to question Pickering's so-called "good fortune" and asked the following questions: Can we expect that this installation will carry its share of the municipal tax load in exactly the same relationship to its assessed value in private industry? Will it pay full rate for its services and if not, how much will it pay in taxes and for services?

We haven't the answers and we wonder if those within the ranks of

his action might have gone unnoticed and unpublicized. By the same token, if a lad, 16 years old or older is involved in a minor crime before the courts, his act becomes common knowledge throughout the community in a matter of days.

We would far sooner write about feats of heroism than incidents of crime any day and the public in general can assist in this end. All it takes is a simple telephone call.

Pages of crime reports roll out of the courts every day of the week. At Unionville, a boy risks his life to save a dog. It happened in February, 1964 and was publicized in March, 1965 — and only by a stroke of at that.

council have the figures on paper?

We put through a long-distance telephone call to the Ontario Hydro Office at Willowdale and we were asked to submit a duplicate copy of the letter and an official reply would be returned for publication. We would suggest, however, that Ontario Hydro will NOT pay its share in direct taxation in relationship to its assessed value in private industry. What the per centage will be is still to be revealed but we will pass on the information when it comes through. With the average ratepayer, it's still a question of dollars and cents and our thanks to Mr. W. G. Duncan of Clarendon R.R.2 for bringing out this point.

We Can Do Better

Last year, the Stouffville Lions Club mailed out a total of 2,500 envelopes in connection with their annual appeal for funds for Crippled Children. The total return from this mailing was \$1,230.65 or an average of 49c.

The round figure of over twelve hundred dollars may look fine and dandy but the 49c amount makes us look pretty small.

How does Stouffville compare with other towns in the district? Well, the Markham-Unionville Lions Club collected \$2,595.60 for a 70c average per mailing. Agincourt Lions, \$2,800. or 56c; Woodbridge Rotary, \$1,633.86 or 91c; and Port Hope, \$4,003.75 or 70c.

The Service Is Worth The Cost

Although the exact cost to date of completing test drills for a new water service in town has not been revealed, it is now likely past the \$3,000 mark.

Some members of the local Public Utilities Commission have expressed concern over this rising figure with no results to show for the money spent.

We feel that there is yet no cause for alarm. The ultimate goal of this project is to locate a well to supply a town of plus 3,500 people. It would only be by sheer good fortune that we would come on such a "strike" on the first, second or even third attempt.

Some municipalities spent many thousands of dollars in search of water but it was only a drop in the bucket to the service that is now available to them.

It may be that the P.U.C. will have to forsake the convenience of a local well site and go farther afield for their supply. Whatever the decision, no one will oppose money spent in this kind of program, even if results are not immediately evident.

Should Receive Council Support

A majority vote of the 7-member centennial committee has recommended the construction of a new park entrance on the site of the former Anglican Church property in town.

The issue was finalized Friday afternoon after nearly two hours of discussion. The recommendation will now be brought before council for its approval. We hope that this body will give the project the green light. Prior to the committee's vote on

the park entrance program, the pros and cons of the issue were considered most thoroughly. Members stated their views honestly and voted, we believe, in the best interests of the town and its residents. Excluding the chairman, it was 4-2 in favour of the park entrance. A museum is not included.

We feel that the centennial committee is to be commended for its interest and enthusiasm and we hope that its efforts have not been in vain.



Tribune Publisher Visits Grave Of Sir Winston Churchill

(By C. H. Nolan)

I visited the grave of Sir Winston Churchill. To me, the most striking impression, after having seen on TV the grandeur and pomp of the state funeral given Britain's greatest son, was the simplicity of the great man's final resting place at Bladon. Impressive, too, was the fact that even yet, some weeks now since the burial, people were still lining up at the narrow little gateway into the Bladon church yard.

The trip was made by taking a train from London to Oxford and then to Bladon by bus. Unfortunately, we missed the Bladon bus and had to go by the Woodstock line and hike by foot from the main highway to the village. A five-minute walk said the bus man, but I'll swear even a good miller couldn't do it in less than twenty. There was plenty of pedestrian company making the same pilgrimage.

It's a tiny little village and the only thing that didn't appear centuries old was a new tarvia walk leading by the graveside.

On the one church door was a tiny slot and a small simple sign asking for contributions to a fund for restoration of the old church.

The grave itself was most simple, no marker yet of any kind, a few flowers and one wreath of the 5th Hussars, Sir Winston's old regiment.

It was a sunny day and across the fields through the haze, one could see Blenheim Palace, the birth place of Mr. Churchill.

Back to London again and a walk over the funeral route from Westminster Hall at the Parliament Buildings, along Fleet St. and up Ludgate Hill to St. Paul's. On Ludgate Hill is one of the few bombed out areas still in evidence.

It was a unique experience to stand in St. Paul's under the great dome where only a few short weeks ago stood royalty, the heads of many States at Sir Winston's funeral. Four thousand were crowded into the Cathedral for the service.

Now it was all quiet again, history's moment was over. In a corner stood the great ebony wood candle holders used the last time at Wellington's funeral. The small table from which Dwight Eisenhower and Prime Minister Menzies paid their tributes before a battery of microphones, had been cleared away.

It was a wonderful experience to stand in these revered places and let the whole scene pass again in the mind's eye.

The attack has been accelerated greatly in recent years by the adoption of modern equipment which enables the Commission's linemen to do the job nearly five times as fast as before. A jet stream of air and clean water is blown under high pressure to wash contamination from power line insulators. This work is carried out on live power lines without service interruption to customers.

The major attack by Hydro work forces is on road salt spray that collects on power line insulators during winter. This has become more acute in recent years with construction of the overhead sections of the Gardiner Expressway, because transmission lines parallel this main artery. When insulators become coated with salt of other grime the frequently arc in wet weather and cause power outages.

The novel idea of using a combination of air and pure water under pressure was the answer to Hydro's problem of speeding insulator cleanup work. Such a stream does not conduct electricity. So linemen can direct the stream at a pressure of 1,000 pounds per square inch on to insulators of power line conductors of 27,000 up to 230,000 voltages without danger. The introduction of a standard five-ton truck equipped with a 700 gallon tank and a hydraulic lift, insulated bucket also has aided greatly in speeding up the work.

Cover Many Municipalities Now insulator washing crews travel along the streets of Metro Toronto also other municipalities such as Oshawa, Whitby, Ajax, Bowmanville, Aurora, Newmarket, Richmond Hill, Brampton, Woodbridge, Toronto Township, Oakville and Georgetown where there are 27,600 volt transmission lines, washing down the power line insulators in a regular program. They also cruise along and wash down the power line conductors on transmission lines of higher voltages like those along the Gardiner Expressway, on Yonge Street (#17 Hwy.), on #2 Highway, and #7 Highway as well as at transformer stations and at high tension cable junctions. Their attack is against the grime on insulators from factories, cement and chemical trucks and buses, also exhaust grease and oil slicks from apartment buildings, and especially in winter the salt spray that drifts up in clouds often as high as forty feet from roadways that have been treated to remove ice.

Hydro Continually Attacks Power Line Insulator Contamination

A continuous drive to eradicate contamination on power line insulators is being speedily and effectively carried out by Ontario Hydro line forces in Metro Toronto and nearby municipalities of Central Region.

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SUGAR AND SPICE by Bill Smiley

DON'T KNOCK THE TEENS

A columnist on a big city daily recently fired a salvo at high school students. The intrepid journalist gave them both barrels, with no holds-barren, as an Irishman might put it.

He had been speaking to groups of high school students from middle and upper-income homes. He took a very dim view of the kids, suggesting that they haven't learned manners, have no sense of adventure, are terribly sheltered, terribly staid, terribly sad, and empty.

I'm sorry he received this impression of today's youth. It is not at all the one I have received in five years as a high school teacher, and several years as a parent of teenagers.

In the same column, he managed to convey the idea that he was none of those things of which he accused the students, that he was, in fact, a hell of a fella who had lived life to the full.

Let's face the charges, one by one. Bad manners. My personal experience is that their manners, on the whole, are better than those of their parents. They can be cruel, when they are thoughtless, but generally they are more sensitive to the feelings of others than are adults.

No sense of adventure? He's all wet. One of my students headed across the continent on a bicycle. Others plan to go to Africa or Asia for the Peace Corps. Another swiped his old man's car, picked up two sidekicks, and took off for Mexico. My own son ran away last summer and hitch-hiked to Quebec, after I'd expressly forbidden such a jaunt.

From every direction come walls of alarm that students will try anything: hot cars, drinks, drugs, sex. And this man says they've no sense of adventure! What they have is too much of it!

Terribly sheltered, he says. Nonsense. We try to shelter them from the sordid, the harmful, the evil, as we see them. But the only teenager who is sheltered in this age is a kid who lives in a trapper's shack in the wilderness with two maiden aunts, and is kept chained to his bed until he's 20. They're a lot less sheltered than I was at that age, and a lot better able to cope with reality, as a result.

Terribly staid, he says. Poppycock. They're conformists, I'll admit, as far as fads and fashions go. But I scarcely think I'd call those writhing, screaming masses at a Beatle show staid. They're almost as unstead as their old ladies were, swooning over Sinatra. Or their grannies, wailing over Bing Crosby.

Terribly sad, he says. Baloney. Admitted, they can be deeply touched, because the hearts are not yet hardened. They can be terribly sad, sometimes. But they can be wildly exultant, too. How long is it since you've been truly joyful, Jack? The kids are much more human, emotionally, than adults, because they have not learned those grown-up horrors: the control, the stiff upper lip, the smothering of the flame.

And he claims they are empty. Empty of what? Dishonesty, greed, self-delusion, cruelty, selfishness, ruthlessness? I'm afraid he's right. But they are full of a lot of things that have pretty well gone out of style with adults: pity, love, joy, fun, unselfishness, honesty, idealism, loyalty.

Don't worry, I'm not soft on teenagers. I have two of my own, and sometimes they drive me right up the wall, across the ceiling, and down the other side. I teach about 140 of them daily, and there are days when I could go into class with a Tommy gun and mow them all down. But they're people. And if I have to associate with people, I think I'd as soon associate with them as with any other class of the species.

Roamin' Around . . .

Recently we visited the site of a much-publicized, multi-family tenement house in the nearby community of Altona. We wished to learn first-hand of the conditions there that prompted the filing of rather critical reports by Dr. R. J. St. John, Medical Officer of Health in Uxbridge and Mr. Walter Smith, Fire Chief of Stouffville. We talked with one lady resident in the building and although she did not request that her name be kept confidential, we feel that in all fairness she should remain anonymous. If conditions in the building are below par at the present time (and we feel they are) then one can visualize the plight of the tenants when 10 adults and 33 children once occupied the premises. As of last week, only three families, including 15 children are still in the structure. One girl, only 15 years old, recently became a mother, thus adding to the child population. From what we could learn, the rent fee ranges between \$40 and \$50 per month, depending on whether the tenant or the owner pays the hydro. The furnace, once a sawdust-burner has been converted to oil and improvements have been made in the electrical system. The building is still only served by two toilets — one upstairs and another on a lower floor. "If you think that's bad now," said the lady, "you ought to have seen it when we had 43 here. We had to stand in line." How does such a problem get its start in a semi-rural community? Large families, no work, welfare and low rent in that order, sets the stage for a situation that, sooner or later must be looked into by authorities. Sometimes, such a check comes too late. A fire in this house, with no upstairs exterior exit and 33 children would have been a tragedy. Who is to blame? — the parents, the owner, the township or the public in general. Unfortunately, parents of nine children have difficulty in finding accommodation of any kind, let alone decent quarters that come within the means of a monthly welfare cheque. The owner, in this case, is not happy with the situation but he is hesitant to turn any family out on the road. Often, the tenants fall behind in their rent and, under these conditions, it is difficult to keep his premises in a good state of repair. "He's just too easy," said the lady informant, "that's where he's run into trouble." The Uxbridge Twp. Council has, under recommendations from health and fire authorities, set certain standards for the owner to follow, but they too are only another link in a revolving circle of unfortunate circumstances. The public in general is quite unsympathetic and even apathetic; quick to criticize but unwilling to help. What is the answer? There is no real remedy. Our main concern is for the children involved and where conditions warrant, we feel that an authority higher than that at the municipal level, should be consulted.

A sure sign of spring is when the dogs begin running in packs in Clarendon.

If we indicated, in last week's column, that we had dubious thoughts concerning the art of water "switching", we would like to dispel that idea from our readers' minds here and now. On Saturday, we watched such a man apply the skill of his trade and the result was downright amazing. Wm. Pegg, Baker Avenue is a water "diviner". He used a v-shaped branch from any fruit tree or willow and is equally successful with a wire or live raspberry cane. He has "switched" for water all the way from Unionville to Whitby and is currently attempting to find an adequate source of supply for Stouffville. The fee for this service runs from \$3 to \$10 depending on the distance travelled and the time spent on the job. He's been doing it now for 20 years. Mr. Pegg suggests that there is a lively stream running right under their Baker Avenue home and to prove it, he walked down the hallway with a branch held tightly in both hands. At one distinct spot, the twig turned sharply downward. As proof that this was no optical illusion, we held onto the branch and we walked in unison across the house. In spite of extreme pressure, the twig turned from a horizontal to a vertical position. "Some still don't believe in it, but it's been proven correct," he said. He said that he can guarantee that there is water available but cannot always stipulate the quantity or the underground level. Mr. Pegg struck an artesian well near Goodwood and found another source at Audley that cut through the centre of a farm barnyard between two dry wells. He noted that quite often, a man will purchase a ten-acre residential lot and then, as a sort of after-thought, begin to wonder if there is sufficient well water available. He said, that in the majority of cases, he has been able to detect an adequate supply. When Mr. Pegg wasn't looking, we tested our skill with the apple branch all alone and, believe it or not, we could feel a definite downward pull. We haven't quite reached the stage of "switching" perfection to sign a permanent contract with the P.U.C.

We think that the management of the girl's hockey team in Stouffville is missing out on a good thing when they don't file a club and a "queen" entry in the annual tournament at Alliston. We see where Ajax sent Linda McCord to the competition and Uxbridge put forward Cheryl Paradine. Stouffville had some real cute kids in their lineup this season who could match (—) for (—) or however they're judged, with any in the business. It's a fine promotion, one that receives country-wide publicity and Stouffville should be included.

Any who bypassed last Wednesday night's N.H.L. telecast and watched C.B.C. "Festival" on channel 6 would have caught a fine performance by a local resident, Mrs. Ted Roderman, Stouffville, RR. 3. The title of the play was "Two Terrible Women" and Mrs. Roderman played the lead female role. She resides on the Tenth Line, north of Main Street.

Mr. Wm. Petty of Cherrywood has established quite a record in that community. He's been operating the same garage on the same site for the past 48 years, starting away back in 1917.

The Richmond Hill radio station had the "scoop" of the year when on a recent bulletin announcement, they broadcasted a report straight from Ottawa concerning the exact day when Opposition Leader, John Diefenbaker would step down from office. As we all know, he's still very much the "top dog" in the Federal Conservative ranks and from his recent speech in Toronto, he apparently intends to stay.

In this same regard, they say that everyone has a double. We don't know if Gord. Housser, Ninth Line South ever strums a guitar, but he's the spitting image of Geb. Jones, of Grand Ol' Opry country music fame.

The Stouffville Sales Arena was doing a bustling business on Saturday with large crowds in attendance. One farmer told us that he arrived with a load of 40 Bantams and had them all sold only a few feet inside the gate.

We've purchased our ticket to the Stouffville Player's performance, "Doctor In The House", to be presented on April 8th and 9th in the Veteran's Hall. We hope to write a critic's report on this 3-act comedy and then go into summer hibernation.

Residents will lose one hour's sleep on Sunday, April 25th when daylight saving time goes into effect at 2 a.m. With the fire truck parked in front of the Bacon home on Church Street, Saturday, smoke pouring out of the doors and windows and men, clad in rubber coats running breathlessly in and out of the structure, one spectator arrived on the scene and asked — "What's the trouble?"

The Sunday School bus service to the Baptist Church in town every Sunday morning is working out very well according to the Pastor, Rev. Gordon Gooderham. At the present time, about 40 children are using it and the total Sunday School attendance has increased by about twenty boys and girls.

We took a peek inside the former "Raxlin Store" on Main Street where a major renovation job is currently in progress. Mr. Herb Kring, certainly one of this town's most enterprising merchants, has acquired the property and plans to transform it into a most modern place of business.

The Christian and Religion

A MENNONITE VIEWPOINT We can be religious but not Christian.

The term "religion" can include all of the world's faiths. Aside from this, fact all too many people who profess to be Christian are religious, but not Christian.

The apostle James says, "If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain;" this suggests a form of religion where the life is not changed is not enough.

Religion alone may reform us. It may make us morally advance or regress. It may make us active workers in the church.

The Bible, in the parable of the good Samaritan, gives us an example of dead religion. The priest and the Levite reveal a religion that has lost its purpose and meaning. The good Samaritan represents the saving and transforming power which is available in Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

It is only as we allow Christ to perform in us the work of regeneration, and as we experience the spiritual new birth, and as we make him Lord of our lives, that we can be transformed and become truly Christians.

For Office Supplies — It's The TRIBUNE

The Stouffville Tribune ESTABLISHED 1918

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

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

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Issued every Thursday at Stouffville, Ont.

In Canada \$4.00

Elsewhere \$6.00

C. H. NOLAN, Publisher JAS. THOMAS, Editor JAS. MCKEAN, Advertising