

Editorial . . .

Pulpit Message Arouses Concern

The report in last week's issue of The Tribune, submitted by a member of the Anglican denomination and touching on remarks by Christ Church rector Rev. John L. Ball concerning racial problems in the southern United States, has aroused the indignation of many local townfolk and prompted several to submit letters to this newspaper this week.

We must admit that Rev. Ball makes one point that we must heartily endorse. He suggests that Canadians should not interfere in issues that have developed into a major problem within some areas of the U.S.A. Here and here only, we agree.

How would we as Canadians like it if Americans came streaming across the border and became both physically and verbally involved in our current Quebec controversy? We'd promptly tell them to mind their own internal affairs.

There are many persons, particularly in the city of Toronto who appear to enjoy involvement in exhibitions of protest. They will grab a sign and parade up and down the sidewalk at the slightest provocation. Their demonstrations have become so common that their sincerity of purpose has lost all sense of value and

meaning. We therefore are strangely suspicious, that this is the same type of personnel that is ready, at a moment's notice, to become involved in another country's affairs. Let's make sure our own coat-tails are clean before we start meddling in another's problems.

After this particular point, we must part thinking company with the rector. He is alleged to have said that should the negro be permitted to vote, it would result, in some states, in negro domination over the whites. In closing he concluded by saying that it would be far more Christian to help the negro improve his living conditions than to agitate for his right to vote.

How naive can anyone be? We feel that the real reason the negro's living conditions are so low is because he has not the right to vote or many other equal rights and privileges for that matter. Surely the pastor does not suggest that such a practice should be allowed to continue. Surely he doesn't condone the tin-god dictatorship government that has been established within the State of Alabama by Governor Wallace and his cohorts. If that's Christianity, then count us out.

Assured Of Success

For the second time within one year, the N.H.L. "Oldtimers" have been the invited guests at the Markham Arena and for the second time in succession, they have performed before a standing-room audience.

On each of these occasions, the Markham Minor Hockey Association has come out as the financial winner, to the tune in total to close to \$2,000.

Every season here in Stouffville, we scrimp and scrounge for money to support our minor clubs and, if it wasn't for the financial backing of the Lions Club, it is unlikely if the program could be continued. It ap-

pears that no one is willing to take the gamble, if it is such, and invite these former pros here for a one-night stand. Naturally, they have a basic fee for their services, but past performances have proven that this sum is "peanuts" as compared with the profits received.

This community is fortunate in having the manager of the N.H.L. "Oldtimers" residing right in Markham and it would take only a five minute phone call to John Lunau to set the plans in motion. It's too late for this year, but another season soon rolls around.

Doesn't Sound Sensible

After May 3rd of this year, a new ruling, under the jurisdiction of the Department of Municipal Affairs, will make it mandatory that a public hearing be held in connection with all divisions of land in Stouffville, presently under subdivision control.

Prior to the hearing, adjoining owners will be notified and they may

appear to present objections. There is nothing wrong with this procedure, but it appears rather ridiculous to hold a hearing before a 3-man committee of adjustment when no objections are received.

This move would seem to be only so much more government red tape and a foolish waste of taxpayers' money.

We're Reminded Of Our Indians

Canadian indignation which has swelled up over events in the southern States concerning the negroes, has reminded us of minorities in Canada, the Indians and the Eskimos. Their lot has fallen far short of what it should be.

Some ten years ago, the then Minister of Citizenship Mr. Pickers-gill made the statement that he was looking forward to the day when Indian reservations would disappear. He was certainly taking a long look. Government is still looking, the reservations still persist, and the Indians are still on them, much in the same state as before.

It may be news to some people that the Canada Pension Plan does not provide coverage for either Indians or Eskimos. Somewhat unlike the American coloured man, the Indian and Eskimo minorities have always lacked leaders who could make their complaints known. We know the tendency is always to oil the squeaky wheel.

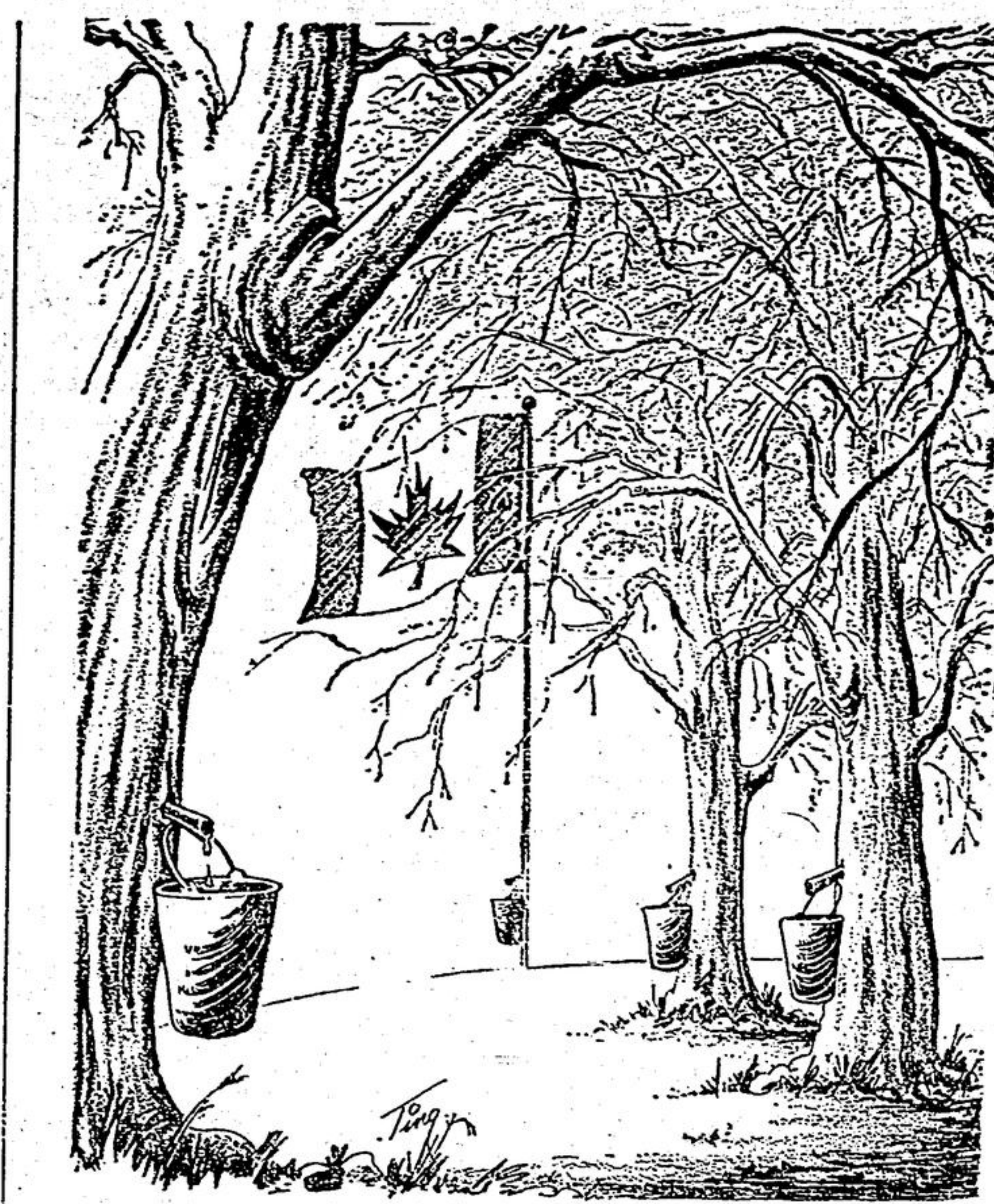
It seems apparent that until they can muster some high-powered indignation and someone to voice it, they will have to get along with an occasional polite platitude about the evils of this system in which they are entangled.

advertising agency before investing in the secondhand motorcycle which got him his job in London. Ting has two sons, one 11 and the other born last year.

Editor's Mail

RR 4, Stouffville, Ont.
The Editor,
Stouffville Tribune,
Stouffville, Ont.
Dear Mr. Thomas,
One hopes that the reported statements of the Anglican Reverend Ball's sermon on the southern negro were mistakenly taken out of context. Just imagine — some of those Southern states actually governed by "black men" just because they form a large majority! Obviously, then, they would insist that their white neighbours join them in "living like swine" as Rev. Ball put it. And they might even discriminate against the poor Ku Klux Klan!
If this is an expression of Christianity, we are glad to be heathens.
Keith and Joy Horton.

The professor was accosted on a dimly lit street by a holdup man. The robber said, "Stick 'em down."
"You mean, 'stick them up,'" answered the victim.
"Oh, so that's it!" replied the crook. "No wonder I haven't been making any money."
Memo to motorists: Drive carefully—don't insist on your rites.



Editor's Mail

82, O'Brien Ave.,
Stouffville, Ont.
April 3, 1965.
The Editor,
The Stouffville Tribune,
Stouffville, Ontario,
Dear Sir:

It must have been a source of great comfort to many so-called Christians to read, or to hear, the opinions expressed about our black brothers in the south by a local member of the clergy, as reported in last week's issue. Opinions expressed in a sermon, too!

Many of the negroes, in the American south live like swine, he is reported to have said. How blessed are we here in the Canadian north, where only a few white swine live like human beings.

Yours very truly,
Allan Sangster.

31 March 1965,
85 Cliffcrest Drive,
Scarboro, Ontario.

Dear Sir, —
I would like to thank you very much for your assistance in advertising our Annual Model Railway Show, we had a lot of people from Stouffville, who saw it in your paper, also from as far away as Ottawa and Niagara Falls.

We had a total of one thousand and twenty-eight people at our 'open house' and raised five hundred and fourteen dollars for the Scarborough Medical Surgical Research Foundation. This makes a total of four thousand and forty-three dollars that we have raised for charity with our Model Railway. Thanks again,
Dorothy Sproule.

85 Maytree Ave.,
April 2, 1965.

The Tribune,
Stouffville, Ont.
Dear Sir:

This winter, and in past winters, also the picking up of mail and the mailing of letters has been a hazardous undertaking at the Stouffville Post Office, especially for older persons, since they have to walk down a sloping sidewalk, sometimes partially blocked by automobiles, and climb a number of steps to reach the door or the mail chute.

Perhaps the Post Office Department would give consideration to the following:
FIRST: Move the mail chute to the Main St. wall between the entrance doorways so that mail can be deposited from the Main St. sidewalk.

SECOND: An opening be cut in the Main St. wall (where the stamp vending machine is now) and doors installed, so that the mail boxes can be reached directly from the Main St. sidewalk. The main post office counter area can be closed off also by doors after business hours.

This is not a criticism of the caretaking staff at the Post Office who does an excellent job of keeping the snow and ice cleared from the sidewalks and steps, but it is obviously impossible to keep the steps and sidewalk areas cleared of snow and ice every minute of the 24 hours.

Respectfully,
R. P. MacKay.

SUGAR AND SPICE by Bill Smiley

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT

Watching the world lately, I find it hard to believe that mankind has progressed very far since the day Cain clobbered Abel and began a fad that has never lost its popularity — murdering one's brother.

Whether it's Alabama, Hamburg or Havana, Quito or Quebec, the pattern is the same: clubs swinging, women screaming, skulls cracking, blood spurting.

Hammering one's fellow citizen with a billy-club is one of the leading outdoor sports of this generation.

It's difficult to believe that all the hatred and viciousness among men is based on colour, or religion. The Pakistanians and Indians loathe each other. They're the same colour, different religions. The Viet Nams and the Viet Congs murder each other with mutual relish. Same colour, same religion.

In South Africa, whites kick blacks around. In North Africa, blacks kick whites around. In both cases, religion is immaterial.

In South America, the rich kick the poor around, and they all go to the same church. In North America, wives kick their husbands around. Same colour; same religion; different sex.

If it isn't racial or religious or sexual, what then is the basis for all the pounding of other people? Is it simply fear that if you don't smash the other fellow's skull first, he will kick you in the groin?

Or is it something more simple and primitive, just a savage joy in the letting of blood, in pain and cruelty?

It's hard to know. An anthropologist will say one thing, a psychologist another. And a good bartender could probably come as close to the truth as either.

It is my experience that the tensions of race, creed and colour are completely artificial. It is only when they are fanned by ignorance, fear or malice that they burst into flame. Ignored, they dissolve and vanish.

The other day, I was supervising an examination. For something to do, I looked down a couple of rows of students and checked off their national origins. They were Swiss, Polish, Dutch, German, Italian, Norwegian, Anglo-Saxon. There were Jews and Roman Catholics and Protestants of all denominations.

They didn't even look as they should have. A red-headed German and a red-headed Jew. A couple of swarthy, black-haired Mediterranean types called Smith and Jones.

And I happen to know there is no hatred, no tension over race or religion or pigmentation, in this group. There is only the normal clash of personalities, based entirely on individual likes and dislikes.

In 1943 I trained at an R.A.F. station in England. On my course were pilots from half a dozen European countries, from Canada and the U.S., from Africa and Australia, from Trinidad and India, and from all over the British Isles.

Colour ranged from silver-blond Norwegian, through coffee-hued Maori Indian from New Zealand to coal-black West Indian. Religion ran the gamut from agnostic to fervent R.C., from Baptist to Moslem. We were like brothers.

On my 21st birthday, having sprained an ankle badly in a rugby game, I couldn't walk to my own birthday party. I was carried to the pub on the shoulders of a magnificent turbaned Sikh from India, a Polish count, an Australian dairy farmer, and the scion of a fine old Belgian family. It was my finest hour, when my brothers deposited me gently at the bar.

And it helped convince me that race, religion and colour have very little to do with man's inhumanity . . . or humanity . . . to man.

Roamin' Around . . .

On Saturday, we were among the more than 1,500 persons who attended the auction sale on the property of Carmar Wesley, 14th Ave., Markham Twp. It was, without a doubt, the largest crowd we have ever seen at a farm auction and cars were double parked for a distance of at least one mile from the sale site. The throng of cash customers or just plain sight-seers was so concentrated out in the area of the implements that it was only after an hour of looking that we finally found the auctioneer and Ken Prentice is not a man that easily hidden from view. We couldn't tell if he was selling seed drills or milk stools but since we had no need for either commodity, it didn't really matter. The sale was well-handled by the two auctioneer brothers with Clarke taking care of the household articles; Ken disposing of the implements and the two combining their vocal talents on the huge herd of beef cattle. The ground under foot did not lend itself to high-heeled shoes and toe rubbers and ours are still marooned in the mire if they weren't tossed into the auction ring. Comments from the crowd indicated that prices were exceptionally good. Throughout the entire afternoon, the main topic of conversation centred around the condition of the owner, Mr. Wesley, still confined to the Scarboro General Hospital. He was badly injured more than three months ago when his fish-hut was struck by a car out on Lake Temagami near Haileybury. He is making a good recovery, however, and will likely be released from hospital in about three weeks time. A tape recording was made of the cattle sale and later played in his hospital room. Mr. and Mrs. Wesley will take up residence in the former Geo. Hoover home on No. 48 Hwy., north of Markham Village. A significant factor in the success of the sale on Saturday was the marvellous co-operation of neighbours in the community and also members of the Markham-Unionville Lions Club. Things could not have been more efficiently organized if the owner had done it himself. As one man put it — "He's been a good neighbour to us and it was only right that we should return the favour." It couldn't have been shown in a more appropriate way.

Many people feel that the death penalty here in Canada should be retained. We think it's a barbaric custom, regardless of recent editorial comment in this newspaper that spoke against its abolition. In a recent report from the Justice Department in Ottawa, it was revealed that in two particular hangings, one accused man took ten minutes to die while another lasted fifteen minutes on the end of the rope. A rather consoling thought isn't it?

Mr. Willis Taylor of Goodwood is the first owner of a brand new car from Sanders' Rambler agency. He has purchased the Ambassador model that, fully equipped, carries a price tag of about \$3,700.

One of the brightest night spots in town is the new factory addition at the Stouffville Machine & Tool Works. The structure is hidden from Main but its lighting display can be fully appreciated from a point on Mill Street.

Were you a victim of an April Fool's joke? One chap in town was instructed to place an urgent call through to Toronto 487-2274 and ask personally for Mr. Wolf. He later learned that he was talking to the caretaker at Riverdale Zoo.

The Minstrel Mania Show, sponsored by the Couples' Club of the Stouffville United Church, will be held on the evening of April 30th and May 1st in the auditorium of the Stouffville Dist. High School. Tickets are now on sale.

Has Markham Township's much publicized drag-strip project folded? We noticed recently that the large sign on the site had been removed and replaced by a smaller. For Sale notice. The property is on conc. 9, south of 17th Ave.

What some fellows won't do to win a lucky draw prize. Mickey Hunt, local Sunoco dealer has entered a sports car contest sponsored by Imperial Oil.

Town realtor, Harold Wood was almost forced to go out shopping for some property for himself on Saturday afternoon when his own office on Main Street caught fire.

Congratulations to Bing Ing, son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Ing of Markham's Grill who received his Canadian citizenship papers last week.

Unconfirmed reports are circulating in the Pickering area that councillor Bill Newman may be a candidate for the Conservatives in the new Provincial Riding that was created recently in the district that now excludes the city of Oshawa. It has been reported also, without foundation, that ex-councillor, Ross Deakin, may also toss his hat in the P.C. ring.

It must be quite obvious by now that the blinker light, erected at Coppins' Corners on the Brock Road in Uxbridge Township is not a practical solution to the accident problem at that intersection. Collisions continue to occur there with regularity.

High School students are continuing to press for a town Coke shop where they can gather after school and on weekends to dance and listen to records. We feel that this would be a fine thing if adequate supervision could be maintained.

Local residents who viewed the movie version of Peyton Place must surely have wondered if similar situations could and do happen right here in Stouffville. We say yes, not only here, but in every town and village across Canada. Right now, we are in the process of digging into facts surrounding a most sordid case in Markham, one that, if proven to be true, would, by comparison, make Peyton Place sound like a story out of a Sunday School paper. Actually, there's nothing too secret about this whole affair since we understand it has already been before the courts. So far, those persons closest to the information aren't saying too much and you can hardly blame them.

Was your hydro bill exceptionally high? We've heard so many complaints during the past week that we're now convinced that we are not the only ones who burn the midnight oil — excuse me — hydro. Our bill exceeded \$29.00 (net) the highest ever and we only added one new batch of diapers to the dryer.

Gordon Crowder, Stouffville's most energetic town employee, is to receive an hourly rate this summer that will even exceed the minimum wage act stipulation. Now what do you know about that. He will keep the local Main Street table-top clean for \$1.75 per hour. He had requested an even two dollars but settled for 25 cents less. The town never looked as neat until he took over this chore and we appreciate the service he performs. Now, on a windy day, you can at least find your way across the road without a guide line.

Parents of public school children in Uxbridge have, by a majority vote, approved the adoption of uniforms. In a follow-up to this survey, the Home and School Association has approved in principle the use of uniforms in relation to school colours but no parent is obligated to make this purchase. We feel that it's an excellent idea and one that should be considered here, both for public and high school wear.

"Penny" Cooper is dead. This dog, owned by Mrs. Charles Cooper of Clarendon, came as close to talking as any animal we have ever seen and indeed, it was smarter than many humans. "Penny" was a close companion of the late Chas. Cooper and never seemed quite the same following his death.

It was standing-room only at Markham's first spring figure skating carnival on Saturday night and persons we talked to were thrilled with the program. Stouffville's own Karen Lewis was given a rousing ovation both before and after her solo number. The audience was most responsive throughout the entire performance and the club executive can rest assured that their efforts were truly appreciated. One thousand reserved seat tickets were available and these were sold several days prior to the show. We have always maintained that there is nothing like local talent to attract attention.

The protection afforded by seat belts has an ardent supporter in Duncan Giles of Stouffville. He was the driver of the '65 Corvair that was involved in a serious accident on Hwy. 48, south of Ringwood last week. The belts held him behind the wheel in spite of the impact and he suffered only a broken nose and minor concussion.

Tribune Cartoonist Wins National Award

Merle Randolph Tingley, or "Ting" to the Stouffville Tribune cartoon followers has doodled himself into a giant winner's circle this time. The National Headliners Club in the United States has awarded Ting first prize for "consistently outstanding editorial cartoons" (no circulation limitation) in its annual Headliner competition. He is the only Canadian winner in the competition, which annually draws entries from throughout the U.S. and Canada in newspaper, magazine, syndicate, radio and television categories. The awards will be presented at the Headliners Frolic, April 24 in Atlantic City, N.J. Ting plans to be there for the event. It is his 10th award since he started his career in 1947. Six are in cartoon competitions, the other four for his "Dear Boss" columns — light-hearted letters he's written back to the office while entertaining Canadian troops in Korea, the Middle East, The Congo and Cyprus. Ting has a well-known collaborator in his cartoons, which appears in other Canadian newspapers. He is "Luke Worm," an abashed looking worm which has become a trademark by sneaking into most of the cartoons.

Ting is the third Canadian to win a Headliner award. In was in October, 1947, that Ting arrived in London, Ontario broke and hungry after traveling across Canada on a second-hand motorcycle looking for a job as a newspaper cartoonist. He applied at The London Free Press and got the job by telling a little white fib — insisting he knew whatever there was to know about retouching photos, when he didn't. After that, the job was never in doubt. Ting's other cartoon awards include: National Newspaper award, 1955; National Safety Council safety award, 1955; World Newspaper Forum award 1960; American People to People award, 1960; and a Canadian Highway Safety award. His winning entry in the Headliners competition consisted of a dozen cartoons on the international scene. There were 26 winners and two special citations in the 31st annual competition. Merle Randolph Tingley was born in Montreal in 1921. He became a draftsman after graduating from a Montreal high school. He was appointed cartoonist for the Canadian Army's overseas newspaper, The Maple Leaf, during his five-year stint. After the war, he spent six frustrating months lettering for an

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