

Editorial . . .

Definition of "Emergency" Overloads Is Not Clear

Last week, it was learned that Ontario Provincial Police had been instructed by Crown Attorney Bruce Affleck of Oshawa to ignore gravel overloads in Pickering Township because certain drivers employed by the municipality had been issued special permits for "emergency" jobs only.

The township engineer, Paul Poulsson criticized the official's action and further criticism was heaped on the C.A. by some members of Pickering council.

We feel that perhaps Mr. Affleck's ruling was rather hasty. We feel that in all fairness to the township, he might have contacted the engineer personally and discussed the matter with him before making his move. However, the definition of "emergency" overloads could mean many things to many people. Comparable "emergencies" are no doubt experienced by hundreds of truck owners every half-load season but the council has always been hesitant to bow to pressure. What's fair for one is fair for another, and the township, we believe, is setting itself up as an exception to a rather rigid rule.

Admittedly, the private trucker has a pretty tough time scratching

out a living while half-load restrictions are enforced. Some even refuse to put their vehicles on the road because they just don't pay their way. To them, the earning of their daily bread and butter could be considered an "emergency".

Firms working to complete a contract on schedule would like nothing more than to receive special treatment in order that they might save time and money. To them, this is an "emergency".

Looking at the problem from another angle, it would appear that the Ontario Provincial Police in Whitby had not been informed that certain Pickering trucks working on certain Pickering jobs carried special permits that made them immune to the over-load law.

It would appear that at least one officer, when faced with one of these "special" situations, became so incensed that he reported the incident to his superiors and this resulted in the Crown Attorney's ruling.

Either Pickering must enforce their half-load restrictions to the letter of the law or deal with each and every "emergency" request on a merit basis. It could mean a flood of applications.

Is Local Government To Fade Away?

There appear to be moves on every hand to gradually do away with local government. The small section school boards have gone into township boards and now even this unit is being made larger into county boards. It has been suggested a number of times from Queen's Park that local planning boards give way to larger planning boards. Most recently is a move to do away with the small local police forces.

The Select Committee on Municipal Affairs has recommended the dispensing of local village, town and township councils. There seems to be some idea in Queen's Park that local councils and boards interfere with regional planning and progress.

Undoubtedly from time to time, we do get councils and boards which are not progressive, but it is doubtful if a county or regional government will spend the time and effort on behalf of local services for the ratepayers which they now get from

their fellow citizens — and in Stouffville's case for practically no remuneration.

In the past couple of decades the provincial government has gradually lessened the power of local councils to the extent that they can do very little which concerns the spending of money without getting approval from the appropriate government department. This is because the government has inaugurated a series of grants, which immediately gives it the power to control the purse strings.

It is a well known fact that the farther one gets away from local government the more costly it becomes, and the less personal services are offered.

We still believe that good local government is much to be desired over larger forms of government and if there are many citizens who feel this way they should pass along their feelings to the provincial government. We'd like to hear from them by letter as well.

Story Behind The Scene

In The Tribune issue of April 15th, we suggested editorially that an 18 year old Willowdale boy was jailed for a period of five days because he was charged as a second offender under the Liquor Control Act. We argued that the arresting officer could have overlooked the second offence, as is often done, and given the magistrate the alternative of levying a fine.

We still question the deterrent effect that a jail sentence has on an eighteen year old's drinking habits but it should be pointed out that police officers don't make the laws but only enforce them.

With respect to this particular case, some rather important facts

Liquor Vote Will Come Here

Last week the chairman of the Ontario Liquor Licence Board, Judge W. T. Robb, suggested that serving liquor with meals on Sunday in public establishments will be made legal. He qualified his statement by the words "in the not too distant future," which gives the idea that this may be a trial balloon.

Such tactics for trying to feel out the pulse of the public have not been too well used for some time, since a number of the measures obviously had the support of the majority of Ontario residents for some time.

Judge Robb stated that this was only a personal opinion, but in most cases in the past what the judge

have come to light that didn't appear in the initial story and on which the editorial was based.

We have since learned that the youth in question initially faced three separate charges including — consuming while under the age of 21 years; purchasing liquor illegally as a minor and supplying liquor to minors.

A conviction on all three offenses could have resulted in a jail sentence of 60 days. On advice from the Crown Attorney, two of the three charges were withdrawn. Instead of a possible two months behind bars, the lad served five days. So, in fact, the constable was not too tough but rather did the boy a favour.

Things soon becomes what the province does.

The idea of a glass of wine with a Sunday meal is not likely to raise the cry of widespread intoxication and it could mean an improvement in provincial meal standards.

Here in Stouffville it will mean little except to those who make it a habit of eating out on Sunday. This municipality is soon to become a "dry" island as more and more outlets are established in our neighboring communities. It is not unlikely however, that should the shopping centre presently mooted for the west end of town and the extensive housing development also predicted for this area, proceed, council will be pressed for a LCBO vote in town.

"Want mommy to show you a full scale?"



MENNONITE VIEWPOINT

The Christian Can Have Victory Over Tension

So you are a tense Christian! Well! If it's any comfort to you, you're not alone.

We let things bother us, and build up inside us. Finally we boil over, or suppress it and let it get us down. That's natural, isn't it? But aren't Christians to live on a higher plane than the natural?

Let's look at the favoured few who seem to have learned the secret of 'victory over extreme tension.' They are not just 'easy going,' nor have they

adopted a 'don't care attitude.' They not only live at peace in the midst of difficulties and problems of life, they also are along the way. What is the secret?

St. Paul gives the recipe very plainly: "We know that to those who love God, everything that happens fits into a pattern for good." This verse sums up precisely the Christian's basis of confidence and the possibility of freedom from tension. "In

quietness and confidence shall be thy strength." When we trust the Lord completely, to work out every trying circumstance to our ultimate good, we need not lose our serenity when things go against us. God is in complete control, even when He allows things that vex and discomfit us.

If we would deal successfully with tension, we must have a daily, hourly, vital contact with the Lord, trusting Him who has promised to keep us from anything greater than we can bear.

SUGAR AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley

UNTOUCHED BY PROGRESS

Despite the change in society in the past 20 years, swift, vast, relentless, frightening, there is one social unit that has proved impervious and oblivious to the march of "progress." While it may have changed its terms of reference slightly, otherwise it has altered almost not at all since man first crawled out of the ooze. I am talking about the family.

I became aware of this during a panel discussion by my high school students. The topic was "Early Marriages." (You'll be glad to know they are 100 per cent. against them!) One panelist referred to the glossy, saccharine, phoney version of marriage presented on TV and movie screens. She said it gave teenagers a false idea of marriage. A boy promptly snorted, "Nobody's taken in by those. We all come from homes with married people in them. Marriage isn't like that at all."

Everyone agreed. And how right they were. Those cute, comfortable and contrived families we see on the screen are about as much like the real thing as a ketchup-splattered Hollywood war is like a real war, with real blood, real bodies, real terror.

Oh, I know. There are broken homes and teenage delinquents and all that jazz. But don't you think there were any such in Rome 2,000 years ago, or Athens 3,000 years ago? It's just that they get a better play in the papers these days. Family life always has been, and still is, a fascinating combination of fun and frustration, comfort and chaos.

Sixty-eight thousand years ago, this week, some crazy, hairy woman waded through the guck and boies to the back of the cave, took a look around, went back to the fire, kicked her happy, recumbent, husband and burred, "Come on, Buster, we're going to clean this place up."

And the day before yesterday, my wife took me by the hand, led me down cellar, and burred, "Come on Buster, we're going to clean this place up." The only difference, in 68,000 years, was that the first guy merely had to carry some bones and hides outside. I had to make eight trips to the dump, and then whitewash the cave.

Three thousand years ago, Socrates told his wife, Xanthippe, that he was going to a symposium. "You mean you're gonna get stoned with all them bums down at the legion hall," she snarked. (This was right after the Persian Wars, and the veterans were in pretty high regard, the only outfit in town that could get a license.)

The other night my wife said, "And where in the hell do you think you're going? Pray?" "I," I replied with some dignity, "am going to a symposium."

"You mean you're going to get sloshed with all those alcoholics in your investment club?" she amended. See? The grammar and diction have improved. But me and old Socrates got the same lunch when we got home: hot tongue and cold shoulder.

Two thousand years ago, Macaronious Chesius, a Roman senator, toppled into bed at three a.m., after writing a brilliant speech for delivery in the senate on the morrow. At 6.15 a.m. he was vaulted into wakefulness by these sounds: his son practising on the bucina (a war-horn that sounds like a lady moose in labor) his daughter chanting, "Eye-eye and eye-eye makes eye-vee" (II and II makes IV); and his wife, who couldn't sleep, cracking walnuts on the head of a Greek slave kneeling on her side of the bed.

This morning after making essays till three a.m., I was hurled into the world at 6.15 by these sounds: my daughter practising on her French horn, which sounds like a French lady moose in labor; my son chanting Latin conjugations; and my wife who couldn't sleep, chewing (not sucking) life-savers about three inches from my left ear. (Don't ask me where she got the life-savers, or Mac's wife got those walnuts, at that hour.)

Editor's Mail

Stouffville, RR 4, April 22, 1965.

The Editor, The Tribune, Stouffville, Ont. Dear Sir,

In last week's issue of The Tribune, I read with considerable disgust a theft charge being dismissed because the name of the property-owner was spelled differently in the two places where it appeared.

This is not the kind of justice that a taxpayer and property-owner appreciates.

I liked the manner in which your article illustrates the situation. In your report, you spelled the magistrate's name as Pearce in another. So now, the worthy gentleman will not have the faintest idea about whom you are talking about — or will he?

Yours truly, H. D. Whitehead.

116 Ninth Line, Stouffville, Ont., April 20, 1965.

Dear "Roamin' Around"

In regard to the item that appeared in your column re lack of teen interest in the upcoming Beatles show at Maple Leaf Gardens, let us assure you that reaction here has indeed been enthusiastic.

Whom did you contact — Grandma Moses? We can think of at least 20 from Stouffville who are more than interested in a who sent a way for tickets as soon as they could get the money.

Sincerely, Sandra Pipher and Linda Davis.

Dear Beetle Fans,

You will note in the issue of April 22nd, I retracted my earlier comment after learning that Beetle interest is still very much alive here. The girls I contacted earlier apparently had not yet been bitten by the "Beetle Bug."

R. A.

Jehovah's Witness Convention in Aurora

Mr. V. Overall, Stouffville and District Overseer for Jehovah's Witnesses has officially announced the location for their Spring Convention.

The Dr. G. W. Williams Secondary School, Aurora will be the centre of activity for some four hundred ministers during the weekend of May 7, 8 and 9. The week-end program will be centered around the need to be teachers in order to fully accomplish the Christian Ministry. (2 Tim. 4:5)

The Convention will be brought to a climax at 3 p.m. on Sunday May 9, when the Area Supervisor for Jehovah's Witnesses in this part of Canada will deliver the timely Bible discourse, "The Moral Break-down — What Can Be Done About It?"

All are welcome; a collection will not be taken, all you need is your Bible.

Roamin' Around . . .

We were pleased last week to converse for a few minutes with Mr. Leslie Grove, well-known resident west of Stouffville who will mark his 79th birthday in June. Mr. Grove has established a Bible-reading record that will likely never be broken. He has read through both the Old and New Testaments a total of 177 times and expects to make it an even 200 by the time he is 80. He can quote passage after passage by memory. Mr. Grove takes issue with the controversial Gordon Sinclair and on many occasions has submitted his arguments to Gordon, always to receive a reply in return, sometimes extended to five paragraphs or confined to five lines. In addition to a strong stand on religion, Mr. Grove also possesses a keen insight into world affairs.

A bicycle built for two has been a common sight on the town streets during the past Easter vacation period. This one appears to be built for two boys. It would attract a good deal more attention if the gender was evenly divided.

By now, most local rod and reel artists have their favourite trout stream already stalked out. The season opens on Saturday, May 1st at midnight.

Speaking of the United Church, there appears to be a great deal of current congregational confusion over the prospects of a new church building up Edward Street or a proposed renovation program for the present structure on Church St. Although not too closely connected with this project, there appears to be a wide difference of opinion on this issue and with each passing week, the problem seems no closer to a final solution.

We would suggest that Road Superintendent "Sandy" Davis of Whitchurch Twp. has an east-west thoroughfare under his jurisdiction that, prior to last week, did not exist. Well anyway, three Stouffville lads, Bob Vagg, Ron Wallace and Mike Cadieux and two unidentified girl companions, decided to turn an old Indian trail near Musselman's Lake into a road, with disastrous results. Their car became bogged down in a mixture of ice, snow and mud. Hopelessly marooned, the adventuresome group had to walk all the way back to the 9th conc. and down to Bloomington before some Good Samaritan picked them up. Two tow trucks and ten dollars later, the four-wheeled "mudder" was hauled back onto dry land, mechanically none-the-worse for its cross-country safari. As for its occupants, there was no problem that Aida Cleaners and a few corn plasters couldn't repair.

While on the subject of Musselman's, we noticed a For Sale sign at the entrance to Shadow Lake, once the popular girl's camp operated several years ago by the T Eaton Co.

Tribune Publisher, C. H. Nolan spent a portion of Friday night in the police station at Richmond Hill. Not that he was accosted by the boys in blue or anything like that. He went there on his own free will. You see, he failed to check the reading on his gas gauge before it was too late and when the needle flopped over and died on the "empty" mark, he decided to seek police assistance. That's one advantage of a Volkswagen over a Buick, you can always fall back on that auxiliary tank when the need arises.

The Salvation Army will begin their month-long campaign in the Uxbridge-Markham-Stouffville area on May 1st. The local convener is Mrs. Gordon Smith, Albert St. South. A door-to-door canvass will be carried out and we would ask that you make the representative welcome when he or she calls. The objective is \$3,244.

We would ask that lads please refrain from using the town park for a golf driving range. If this practice continues, someone is sure to get hit on the head by a ball, an accident that could cause serious injury. There is no scarcity of regular courses in this area.

Work is proceeding on the erection of an aircraft repair depot on the east side of Hwy. 48, south of Dickson's Hill. A crawler tractor has been employed to transport materials in from the road since the ground is still too soft to accommodate other types of vehicles.

On Saturday, Patrick Motors had five trucks parked in front of their showroom on Main St. West, valued at \$64,200. Four of them were sold including a cab-over-engine at \$15,000; a tandem at \$12,000; a tractor at \$10,000 and a 3/4-ton pickup at \$2,200. A tentative buyer had also been contacted concerning a huge diesel unit, valued at \$25,000. All were G.M.C. models.

Several excellent farm auction sales are scheduled for the month of May in this area. The first is on Saturday, May 1st on the property of Jas. Penny, lot 17, conc. 7, Markham Twp. On Saturday, May 15th, an equally large sale will be held on the Don Hunter farm, Kennedy Road at 19th Ave., in Markham Twp. Included in the dispersal will be 20 ponies that would make ideal gifts for young girls and boys. On the same day, another auction is slated on the property of Roddick Bros., 1/4 mile south of No. 7 Hwy. on the Don Mills Road, Down Brougham way, auctioneer Alvin Farmer will wield the gavel at a big sale on the farm of Allen Ellicott, lot 17, conc. 5, Pickering Twp. This auction is on Friday, May 21st.

The big circus comes to town on Saturday, May 7th but according to reports, the promoters will move in with their equipment several days prior to the official opening since Stouffville is the first stop-off point in a cross-Canada tour. Our only fear is that their multi-tonned elephant "Bimbo" may not be able to read the load-limit sign on the bridge leading to the park and take an unexpected plunge into the stream.

A study of family relationships in the village of Claremont would, undoubtedly produce a tree that contains a branch connection with over 75 per cent of its residents. The whole community is literally one big family circle. It sure doesn't pay to be too quick to criticize anyone in the town for as sure as your name is Ward, Cooper, Redshaw, Norton, Evans, Benson or Jones, you'll be talking about someone's uncle, nephew or cousin.

You are assured of a fine night of entertainment at the United Church Couples Club show in the high school auditorium on Friday and Saturday nights. We were treated to a brief preview last week and believe me, the Rockettes of New York fame have nothing on some of our high-stepping girl talent here. Don't take our word for it. Pick up your reserved ticket and see for yourself. We will comment further next week.

On Saturday morning, we watched the making of maple syrup. This outdoor industry was in its final stages on the property of Ray Atkinson, conc. 5, Whitchurch, near Bethesda. It has not been a good season, according to the operator, with a late start in March and poor weather throughout much of April. The 500 hard maple trees will produce about 70 gallons of syrup or less than half the quantity obtained in peak production periods. Ray is ably assisted by his school teacher wife, Nellie and his ambitious 13 year old nephew, Ricky Heise. Ray set his price at \$6.00 per gallon and customer orders will take every drop. "I'll never get rich on it," he said. The sap is gathered into a large container, located atop a rubber-tired wagon and pulled by the farm tractor. "Horses were best for the job," he said, "but that's about all we were using them for." When the frost begins to leave the ground, there's always a chance that the tractor may bog down in the mud. All the processing is done in the sap house or "sugar shack" as Nellie calls it. The evaporator is about 50 years old and the huge firepot is stoked with both wood and tires. The smell of smoke, steam and boiling sap is something, no writer could ever describe. All at once we felt like a true outdoorsman although we wouldn't know a leafless maple from an elm. Why do the Atkinsons work so hard for so little? "I like it," admitted Ray, "it's a kind of hobby with me." "Do you like maple syrup,?" we asked. Nellie honestly admitted that they don't eat a lot of it. They keep back about two quarts for themselves. "Some people drink it down like water," said Ray, "I don't know how they do it." In mid-season, if the sap flow is heavy, Ray becomes a kind of maple syrup hermit. Nellie packs him a lunch and his "sugar shack" becomes a home away from home. But he knows how to produce a good product as many a local family will agree.

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