

# Editorial . . .

## A Rather Shallow Argument

At a regular council meeting in the Twp. of Pickering on Monday evening of last week, deputy-reeve Mrs. Jean McPherson indicated rather assuredly that she will oppose a motion by the reeve, Clifford Laycox, calling for assessment control throughout the whole of Ontario County.

The deputy-reeve argued that Pickering might still wish to withdraw from County assessment at some future date and this move would not be possible if all municipalities were included in the program.

We feel that this alone, is a pretty shallow argument and her present stand only contradicts her thinking on the assessment subject back in 1964.

At that time, it was reeve Laycox who suggested that Pickering should withdraw from County assessment but he was opposed by his deputy who said, quote — "Now that we're in, I feel we should give it a

chance". As far as we can learn, Mrs. McPherson is not asking now that Pickering revert back to the old assessment system but she is opposed to others joining in the system that Pickering itself has adopted. It just doesn't make sense.

Although we personally had some apprehension concerning County assessment control, we haven't heard a single complaint from anyone in Pickering since the move was made. This indeed is a sharp turn of events when one recalls the troubles that erupted under the old assessment scheme.

The reeve has produced facts and figures that would suggest that a county-wide assessment program would prove best for Pickering. The deputy has produced no basis for argument on this point. She, instead, seems to feel that, although submerged, there is always a chance for escape by sticking your foot through the hatch.

## For Services Rendered—Only A Handful Remembered

Clouds of dust, rutted roads, increased assessments and heavy taxation will assure the council of any municipality a standing-room audience. Resident ratepayers have no trouble in remembering this kind of problem and, if it is not solved with some haste, they often do not forget.

On Thursday evening at Vandorf, the council of the Twp. of Whitchurch was the host at a gathering of a different nature. Ratepayers were invited to express their appreciation to former Reeves who had served the municipality faithfully in past years. Only a handful of residents could take the time to attend. Many of those who were present were relatives or close friends of the eight men who were honoured.

The program, ably chaired by Reeve Ross Farquharson, was well

## No Wonder Eye-Witnesses Are Scarce

Twenty-five years ago, standard wages in Stouffville were gauged above or below a basis of five dollars per day. Insofar as the Magistrate's Court is concerned, that day is still with us, regardless of the fact that the standard wage has now risen closer to the fifteen dollar per day mark.

Persons who are employed on a salary basis are not too often affected but we recently learned of one lad who appeared as a witness on a certain case and lost over \$40 in wages. This is neither fair nor reasonable.

The main loser through this

## Handling The School Religion Problem

The question of religious instruction in public schools in Ontario is a real "old chestnut" but a most controversial one which keeps cropping up. The latest move by the government is a good one. Education Minister Davis has secured the services of a former lieutenant-governor, J. Keiller Mackay, to head a special committee to study the issue.

Present methods vary widely from community to community, and for the most part stresses the Christian interpretation. However, there are complaints that this is offensive

## Supervision Saves Lives

According to the 1964 drowning statistics compiled by the Canadian Red Cross, more than 170 children under 12 years of age drowned because parents and guardians failed to supervise them when they were near the water.

Most of these children were completely unaware of the dangers that might cause them to drown — a loose rock, a patch of slippery mud, thin ice, or just plain youthful curiosity. These dangers are apparent to adults but not to young children.

For years, the Red Cross has been advising us to supervise our children whenever they go near the water. Yet, the toll of child drown-

behind-the-times financing is not necessarily the witness, but rather the police. Almost any officer will admit privately that it is becoming increasingly difficult to obtain persons to come forward and testify of their own free will. Considering the loss of wages involved for many, plus the admitted inconvenience, this problem is understandable.

The entire problem boils down to one single question. Is justice worth more than \$5.00 per day? If the powers-that-be believe it is not, then the present trend to be deaf, dumb and blind on the part of the witness will no doubt continue.

## Religion Problem

to the Jewish faith and to some parents who do not hold to any religious faith.

The investigating committee is to conduct an objective study and is expected to have representatives with special training in this particular field. The Minister is going to expect recommendations for change and reform.

We think it is a mistake to try to make public school religious instruction seem to have missionary implications for any particular religion. This can be left to the churches, the Sunday Schools and the home.

ings continues. It's appalling that so many parents are negligent in their responsibility to their children's safety. It's shocking that so many young, innocent lives become victims of this negligence.

It takes only a few seconds for a child to drown. That's why the Red Cross recommends constant supervision, never let a child out of sight when he's near the water.

Last week was Red Cross Water Safety Week in Canada. From this week on throughout the summer, aquatic activities will increase. NOW is the time for every parent to resolve that no child of his will go unsupervised this summer.

## Putting A Tiger On The Tank



By John Addison  
"Sail On, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!  
Humanity, with all its hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!"

It has been a century since Longfellow wrote this verse in a poem entitled "The Building of the Ship," and it has been a century since a small number of sparsely populated provinces decided to form a union and build the Dominion of Canada.

Any true union must include the both concepts of fear and of hope — hope for the future well-being of the union; and fear, which spurs man on to his greatest accomplishments — fear also that the union may at any time dissolve; and yet hope that such a consequence may never be realized. United we stand, divided we fall — so runs the old axiom.

Today, in the twentieth century, we see the necessity for unity being manifest everywhere — in the United Nations, in the European Common Market, at the Commonwealth Conferences, in the Kennedy Round of tariff negotiations, and also here at home, at our federal-provincial conferences.

The reason for this lies in the simple fact that the whole is greater than the parts. This is particularly true in economic policies, where, for example, selling water power in British Columbia will ultimately affect the economy of the nation as a whole. Thus, a balance must be striven for — a balance which would allow regions or provinces to negotiate freely and develop themselves and yet to insure that the economy and well-being of Canada as a whole is not upset by any specific regional policy. Such a balance is not easy to attain, and yet it is essential for the maintenance of our Canadian Confederation.

Last week in Parliament, Mr. Pearson outlined the agenda for the federal-provincial conference which is slated for mid-July. Mr. Pearson, perhaps more than any other man in Canada, realizes the importance of the ideas I have outlined. He realizes the importance of strong central government, but he also realizes the importance of the provinces to develop within themselves.

I am personally looking forward to this upcoming federal-provincial conference with mixed feelings of both fear and hope. My fear is that the provinces may lose sight of the true purpose of their mission, that they may become too involved with their own problems and forget the greater national issues — issues which affect every man in every province of this nation. If this should happen, then the magnificent accomplishment of confederation will have suffered a severe setback, and this nation will be moving backward instead of forward.

But I also look forward to this conference with hope — and trust. Firstly, I hope that the provinces will realize that they are merely parts of a nation

## SUGAR AND SPICE by Bill Smiley

### A SENTIMENTAL ENDING

This is a time of year when a school teacher has mixed emotions. One of the strongest — let us be honest — is relief. As end of term nears, the overwhelming certainty that you are going to have a stroke, or start running straight up the wall, or burst into tears in front of the class, begins to fade.

But there are other feelings involved, and the combination of emotions results in a bitter-sweet contradiction: you're glad it's over, but you hate to see it end.

This is stronger, I think, for the teacher of a class which is graduating. Whether it's from public school or high school, that last class is a bit of a crusher, sentimentally.

Some of these kids you have taught for four years. They are almost like members of your family: irritating and lovable; friendly and sullen; pretty and homely; real people, not statistics.

Here is Janet, the girl who was such a gawk in Grade 10. She was angular and awkward; she always had a cold; she wore braces on her teeth; she despised boys; she wanted to be a missionary in Africa.

And look at her now, grinning up at you on the last day with those two pearly rows. She's built like Bardot; she has poise and she loves boys; and she's off to take a course in modeling.

There's Jim, in the back seat as usual. In Grade 11 he was, by popular agreement of his teachers, the most obnoxious kid in school. Surly, selfish, slovenly. Favorite question: "Whadda we hafta learn all this junk for?"

And look at him now: surly, selfish, slovenly. Obnoxious. But you've discovered he's human. Once in a while he cracks a smile at your wildest joke. And you've discovered he has brains. All he needs is a strong-minded young woman to turn him into a good citizen.

And there's Nancy, who was a real rip a couple of years ago, and is going off to Teachers' College, solemn as a clam. And there's Bert, who wants to be a doctor, and hasn't a hope, but will make some woman a fine husband. And there's Ken, who broke the high jump record, and Ron, who broke his leg skiing, and Sylvia, who broke the heart of every teenage male in the school just by walking around and looking so beautiful.

And Kevin, the football hero, who is about to flunk and go to work in the supermarket; and Peter, who has rolled his car over twice and gets in fights on weekends, and has narrowly avoided jail; and John, the poet, who is still trying to get people to form a picket line because the principal won't let him grow a beard.

I've been teaching for five years now. And I haven't many illusions. I am not "dedicated." I don't go around talking about the joy of "seeing young minds flower." Heck, anything will flower if you throw enough fertilizer around.

But there's a special satisfaction in teaching teenagers, even though it's tougher than working in a salt mine. There is a sense of reality that I don't think I could find in another profession.

You are not dealing with torts and trials, like the lawyer; not symptoms and cures, like the doctor; nor surveys and stresses, like the engineer; nor goods and services, like the businessman. You are dealing in raw humanity, when you tangle with teenagers.

Sorry for being sentimental this week. But today my home form gave me my present for the year, half-a-dollar a whack, and I'm still a bit misty-eyed. It's a desk set with two pens, my name inscribed, and a thermometer in it that doesn't work. That's better than last year, when I got a shirt that didn't fit, and the year before, when I got talcum powder, shaving lotion and other assorted male stinkum that I never use.

and that it is their duty to not only nurture themselves, but, recalling Longfellow's verse, to keep this state sailing strong and great. Also, I have trust in Mr. Pearson's sense of duty and love for this nation — trust that he will not allow it to be set back, but that he will keep the ship on course through any storms which may arise. In the world today, strong central government is a necessity, and we are fortunate to be blessed with such an experienced pilot as our Prime Minister.

Included on the agenda at this conference will be the programs of far-reaching national importance. The first item deals with social security and the conference will discuss the ways in which federal-provincial action can most effectively contribute to programs that will provide health services to Canadians on a comprehensive basis.

# Roamin' Around . . .

The centennial anniversary of the Whitevale Public School in Pickering Twp., was celebrated on Saturday afternoon and the committee in charge is to be commended for the excellence of the entire program. The parade in itself was a most colourful affair, one of the best we have seen for long, long time. It stretched for a good half-mile. There's nothing like a band to stir up a little excitement. There were three of them on hand in the procession including the Markham Collegettes in sparkling new uniforms. Some of the parade participants, especially the wee tads looked a little leg weary when they reached their final destination but remained in rank and file to the ultimate end. John Luiza was there with his historic 1932 Rugby fire engine, quite a contrast to the brand new '65 machine displayed by the No. 4 department in Pickering Twp. Markham Village reeve, Mr. Alma Walker was a frontseat passenger and we later learned that Madam Reeve was once a pupil at Whitevale when her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Maynard lived in the community. The oldest teacher in attendance at the reunion was Margaret McCallum, now of Brampton. She refused to reveal her age. "Too many have guessed it already," she said. In the list of former pupils, Mrs. Violet Postill of Green River was tops. 84. Mr. Howard Turner, now of Ajax was the oldest gentleman at 79. Mrs. Norman Lynde kept the program moving and the platform guests were most considerate in keeping their remarks short and to the point. Michael Starr, M.P., who, I'll Dr. Dymond, is always a most willing participant in any community function, was present at the gathering. He agreed to sign autographs for the Whitevale pupils, between hand shakes with many well-wishers. Reeve Cliff Laycox spoke briefly while the remaining guests were recognized through formal introductions. The centennial program was covered by channel 6 and channel 9 television and those residents in the area who weren't still kicking up their heels at the village street dance at night, possibly caught a glimpse of their selves on the T.V. screen. All in all, it was a fine afternoon and we were pleased to count ourselves among the many who took the time to attend.

On Thursday morning of last week, an elderly Toronto woman was instantly killed in a truck-car accident on Hwy. 48, south of Markham. We happened to be one of the first to arrive at the scene and never, have we seen such fast action by fire, police and ambulance officials. To prove this point we kept a time check on the individual calls, and the response was as follows: The fire siren in Markham first sounded at 9:42. By 9:46 the brigade was at the scene and this included a mid-route slowdown to pick up a volunteer on Main Street Markham Twp. police at Buttonville received the call at 9:42 and Sgt. Evan Kelley rolled his cruiser up to the accident scene at 9:48. The call to Markham Village police was received at 9:50. Constable Morris Shaw was there by 9:55. The Markham ambulance was summoned at 9:56. They arrived minutes later at 10 o'clock. We believe in giving credit where credit is due and last Thursday morning we saw four separate service units working in the closest kind of co-operation.

At the present time, the Bruce property west of Stouffville in Markham Twp. is in the process of a major construction program by the Metro and Region Authority. For a lot of time, a sign on the premises read Sherick's Mill. We often wondered where the name Sherick originated. Well this week we received a letter in the mail from a Mr. Oliver Sherick now of Richmond Hill, and he very kindly explains this fact. Mr. Sherick's great grandfather, Casper Sherick came from Pennsylvania and settled on that site in 1804 or 161 years ago. In his note, Mr. Sherick also tells us that he has a hen pheasant out in his backyard that is hatching sixteen eggs.

The Elmer Safety Elephant flag was raised on Thursday afternoon at the Bloomington School. We can think of an area in the whole of this community that could find a more real need for a student safety program. Anyone who has visited this district during the day-time hours will know exactly what we mean.

Persons using the 10th conc. south of Stouffville during the past few months may have wondered what kind of maintenance program, if any, has been put into practice there. Road Foreman, Elgin Wagg informs us that no less than 400 tons of gravel has been dumped on this section this Spring and a grader has been on it sometimes twice a week. It's been a rough season on gravel roads all over as officials in the neighbouring municipalities will readily agree.

Did you ever hear of a dump truck dumping itself? We this apparently happened last week in Whitchurch when both the gravel load and its box broke free. We understand that the cab and chassis, although looking a trifle naked, remained on its wheels.

The population signs at either end of Stouffville have been changed to now read 3,700.

How did K. Ross Davis, local tobacconist, inherit the surname "Shiner." It happened this way. It was more than 20 years ago, that Mr. Davis, then a young lad of about 16, received the contract (at \$1.25 per week) to clean the front windows of a general store owned by Cunliffe and Peters of the site of the present Carload Groceteria. Mr. Bill Hagerman then an employee at Sam Warriner's store dubbed him "Shiner" Davis since it was a common sight to see him washing and cleaning the windows almost every day. The name has stuck with him ever since.

It now looks like a pretty safe bet that we'll not have to take a bite out of the proverbial straw hat. It was advertised last January that Markham Township's much-publicized drag-strip on the 9th conc. would be ready for operation in June. We've still got thirteen days to go. Since there's been a sign of a bulldozer in the area, we'll put the salt and pepper back in the cupboard and hope for the best.

Bob Jewett of Milliken sank a hole-in-one at the Whitevale Course on Monday of last week during a tournament held by the Unionville Curling Club. The perfect drive traveled 165 yards.

One of the most talented instrumentalists in this area is a pretty 11 year old Beverley Bell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Bell, conc. 9, Pickering. Beverley, a winner of many awards in district music festivals, is not hiding her ability under a bushel. She has entertained at several local functions including the recent Historical Society gathering in Brough an earlier this month. She plays the good old songs that an audience enjoys hearing over and over again.

We understand that work has been started on the construction of an addition on the Dickson's Hill United Missionary Church. We have also been told that a similar project has been proposed for the United Missionary Church at Altona. We think that this is a wonderful sign in such a confused and troubled religious time.

Although not a member on any official board of the Stouffville United Church, we have learned on good authority that plans for the immediate erection of a new building, on Edward St., have been postponed for the present until a more certain yes or no feeling of the congregation members can be obtained, possibly in a door-to-door canvass.

Bill Crothers, who quickened the pulse of over 19,000 fans at Varsity Stadium on Thursday evening with his amazing victory over New Zealand's Peter Snell, was back at his phish-mac's stand in Klernan's Drug Store in Markham on Friday as usual. We happened to be in the store when the Te carrier tossed a bundle of papers on the counter. On the top page was a beautiful action shot of Bill bursting across the first-place finish line. Someone holding a paper high holler — "Hey look, Bill, it's you." He flashed an appreciative smile and went on pouring out a prescription for someone's achy and pains. Throughout the day, people poured into the store and although many wouldn't know the difference between a \$80 and sack race, they offered their congratulations to the local hero. P. T. Instructor, Jim Rehill of Stouffville District High School termed the feat the greatest individual sports thrill he had ever witnessed. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Rehill others who attended the Meet from Stouffville included Mr. and Mrs. Gus Almstedt; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dykstra; Bob, Russell and Roger Stover.

## The Stouffville Tribune

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