

# Editorial . . .

## Sometimes Hard To Stay Awake

Ever notice how many of your friends doze off in church or at public meetings? Perhaps it's a little more liveliness that is needed. We noticed just recently that a member of the appointed council to govern the Northwest Territories fell asleep at the council session. The suggestion has been made that the council should be elected and not appointed and such things wouldn't happen. We can assure the promoter of this idea that this is not the case.

There can always be the excuse of poor ventilation, too many late nights or some illness. However, in most cases these are not the answer. We well remember a former reeve of

Uxbridge Township who fell asleep at council meetings, not once, but a number of times. Many people with no affliction fall asleep in church. You've perhaps read too of one of Britain's leading seamen who used to fall asleep during meetings of the Churchill war cabinet.

One sure way to keep them awake is to provide a program that has enough provocative content to fully engage their interest. We must admit that council routine, at any level of government, can be deadly dull stuff. The wonder is, that in most cases, not one councillor falls asleep but that the majority manage to remain awake.

## Gravel Pits Cause Concern In Uxbridge

Although few ratepayers braved the elements to attend the Uxbridge Township nomination meeting at Goodwood last week, it was obvious from the questions raised, that gravel land purchases in the municipality, are a chief cause of concern.

Perhaps it is unfair to paint all council members with the same brush, but it would appear that at least some are rather hesitant to impose any hard and fast restrictions on this kind of industry. It would appear too, that they are unwilling to 'step on the toes' of present property owners who could well be sitting on a

gravel 'nest egg' merely waiting out the time for it to hatch.

We feel that it is time for both the Council and the Planning Board in Uxbridge to meet this problem head on. Except by mutual agreement between both parties, it is unlikely that anything can be done with the active pits now operating. But what of the future?

Other municipalities have taken steps to impose controls on the gravel pit industry and the problem was far less serious than presently experienced in Uxbridge. But the move, although it hurt a few, benefitted many.

## Town Deserves Something Better

Construction work will very likely begin next year on a new residential subdivision in the west end of Stouffville. The plan is to erect about 120 homes over a three-year period. It has been recommended that some rather 'exclusive' homes be built in this area. The minimum floor area would be 1,250 square feet.

What's so 'exclusive' about a 1,250 square foot house? We would suggest that many houses erected

here in the past have been below standard assessment requirements to support the cost of services demanded. An increase of 100 square feet is merely a drop in the bucket.

We feel that there would be sufficient demand to warrant the erection of better-type dwellings. We feel that the council and planning board have every right to submit this requirement. We would suggest, however, that they set their sights a little higher.

## Students Give Their Blood

The response by more than 90 Markham Dist. High School students to a Red Cross Blood Donor Clinic conducted in Markham Village last week was indeed a fine gesture on the part of these young people. Due to the students' enthusiastic response, the clinic was the second largest ever held there.

The Stouffville Legion has sponsored similar appeals here. The response has been rather disappointing. Perhaps the Markham student blood donor program should be adopted in Stouffville. We are quite sure that Principal Wm. Duxbury would be quite willing to co-operate in such a worthwhile venture.

## Young Canada Book Week Important

Most of us in this country can read, an ability which we treat quite casually, yet it is one of the finest arts that Young Canada can acquire. We have just concluded Young Canada Book Week, another time when we point up the importance of our library.

There is an immeasurable importance to young people in the books they can read. Their entire lives and careers can be affected. They all have skills and they must keep them adequate and up-to-date. Books can do this for them. They will find that books are indispensable and the use of them will pay handsome dividends.

However, we know that young people today, and older people too, like to be shown, to have proof. The

proof of the statements above is available in any Canadian community such as ours. Wherever good library facilities are provided they are quickly used to the limit of their capacity.

Think of our library here in Stouffville. There has been a continual demand for more and more services. The actual building of an entirely new and larger building was even considered, and no doubt is still considered by the Library Board as the ultimate solution to their crowded situation.

The circulation of our library runs into the thousands, much of it to young people who have realized how much an adequate library has to offer in the way of fact and fiction, with some fun and games thrown in.

# G.T.R. Days Were Busy And Exciting

The days of the Grand Trunk railway through Stouffville and Markham, reaching back to the late 1800's were busy and exciting. In more recent years there were always two passenger trains each way each day, but earlier there were even more. Stouffville was the busiest shipping point on the line between Toronto and Lindsay, particularly for vegetables. Today the highways and trucks have changed all that.

As a small lad this writer can recall the days when a shipment of western horses would arrive in town and what an exciting place were the stock yards

located near the present Co-op Feed Mill. When this station was known as Stouffville Junction and a branch line ran to Sutton, there was an engine turn-table immediately east of the present high school property. Stouffville also provided a watering place for the engines. The Town water was supplied at a nominal sum. The old wooden tower was demolished in 1930's.

Three of the early station masters were the late J. R. Hodgins, Mr. Gus Mowat, now retired here and the late Robt. Johnson.

Train times were busy times

around the station, and there were always those who made it a point to be on hand just to see the train come in. This was a busy line both for passengers and freight.

One of the best-remembered trains on the line was Train No. 91, commonly known as "The Flyer." It operated from Toronto to Peterborough and changed crews at Lindsay. Back in First World War Days Joe Kelcher and William Chambers were engineers with Charlie Golden and Robert Barr, firemen.

The train consisted of one baggage car, a coach and a parlour car, in charge of a porter who

served light lunches. The 'Flyer' 56 lb. rail, cedar ties and light travelled the 94 miles from ballast. There were a great Peterborough to Toronto in 3 many curves, particularly between hours and ten minutes, making between Uxbridge and Stouffville 12 stops. At Markham the baggage car would be loaded to capacity with cans of milk which took ten to twelve minutes. This train ran before the big northern type locomotives came into service on this line. The track was composed of

Honk! Honk! Honkity Honk!



# SUGAR AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley

## THE DEADLIEST OF WARS

There's a war in progress right now that will produce more casualties than the two great world wars. It makes the current cold war look like a Sunday School picnic. It is being fought in the home, in the schools, and in the streets, in every country in the world.

The war I'm talking about is the war between youth and age. There has been no declaration of war, no single incident which has provoked hostilities. But the fighting has begun, and it's going to be a long, cruel destructive one before it ends, a war like no other the human race has seen.

The tragic thing is that it is not based on hate, but on something closer to love, a complete lack of understanding with a wistful desire for it, on both sides. It is not international or inter-racial war, but civil war, which makes it double frightening.

In the front lines are not the children and the elderly, Thank goodness for that. No. The opposing forces are the young adults, from about 15 to 25, on one side, and the no-longer-youthful adults, from 35 to 55 on the other.

What, you may ask, about those between, from 25 to 35? They don't even know the war is on. Busy producing and raising kids, they are blissfully unaware that they are producing reinforcements for the enemy they must face soon.

The war was inevitable. For 5,000 years, the majors managed to keep the minors under their thumbs. Through a combination of guile, economic pressure and sheer numbers (infant mortality was high), the elders kept the young in check.

They convinced them that age and wisdom were synonymous. They assured them that older men made better politicians, preachers, and generals. They kept the young from multiplying by feeding them cheerfully into the furnaces of whatever war was in progress at the time. While the old boys stayed home and looked after the store.

They refused to retire and let the young move up. They urged security rather than seeking. They preached compromise rather than courage. They tried to smother every flame of idealism with the cold water of what they called "reality."

Oh, the odd one broke through the blanket. Alexander the Great and William Pitt the younger, and Napoleon. But most of them died young.

And now, sad to relate, Dad, you and I are reaping the bitter rice. Young people think exactly what I thought when I was a young person: that every living soul over 40 is inevitably opposed to anything that is fun, frightening or fattening.

Five thousand years of growing resentment is bursting forth in all directions. Thanks to medical advances, they now outnumber us. Thanks to economic prosperity, they live better than we ever did. Thanks to the cowardly and conformist world we created for them, they despise us. The hour has come, for them.

And you can't blame them much. We are against sex and liquor for minors, but think they're dandy for majors. We're against smoking, and puff our way straight into the oxygen tent. We tell them to be honest, and cheat on our income tax. We tell them to practise Christian charity, and rip our neighbours up the back.

We urge them to be mature, and we bicker and squabble in front of them, over trifles. We tell them they have no initiative, and refuse to let them do anything that is not safe, sensible and sanitary.

We throw up our hands in horror at their likes in dress and in music, at their poplar heroes, at their natural desires. When they are polite, we grow pompous. When they are insolent, we grow furious.

Yep, the war is on. Don't worry. I'm not a traitor. I'll stick with the majors. I've always been a sucker for lost causes. And I have never yet left a sinking ship.

## Next, Shopping Cart Laws?

The abuse of shopping carts is certainly flagrant. The cost must be in the thousands of dollars annually. And the food-buyer must ultimately pay the bill.

The carts are broken up by children, stolen by householders to transport and burn garbage, the wheels are removed for toy wagons — one resident dismantled two of the carts to build a cage for his dog! And the carts are said to cost about \$40 each.

But it's silly for councils to talk about passing a bylaw to deal with the matter. Let civic authorities call in representatives of all merchants who use shopping carts, and persuade them to agree on a common policy of preventing shopping carts being taken off their lots.

Then no merchant could take a competitive advantage over another or be afraid of losing business to another whose policy on the removal of carts was more lenient. But we have too many laws now.

Don't forget that your roses bushes need winter protection, warn horticulturists with the Ontario Department of Agriculture. Draw up as much soil as possible around the bases of the plants and add to it from other available sources so that the stems are well protected. As soon as the ground is frozen, an additional covering of straw or leaves should be added. Place cedar boughs or twiggy branches on top of this mulch to hold it down and to help collect snow.

Did you have visitors this week. If so, The Tribune would like to hear about it. In Stouffville call 640-2100 and in Markham call 294-0517.

## Requirements For Office

(By Eric W. Baker)

Last week we recognized two simple minimum requirements for public office:

- (a) Experience in dealing with public opinion.
- (b) Success in private business experience.

This week we mention two further, often misunderstood qualifications relating to character and policy making.

"Wrong" in public life is readily understood and is usually related to benefiting the politician or his friends at public expense. But "right" is not so easily known. A man it not "right" merely because he means well.

There may be many ways of serving the community interest and only hindsight can truly identify the best. So there is need for fact-finding, understanding, cooperation, tolerance and compromise.

Compromise is not as bad as some people believe. In fact one of the more sophisticated tools of public administration — called benefit-cost analysis — is really a mathematical exercise in economic compromise. This technique should be better known and oftener used.

And in the area of policy making a recent poll shows some public misunderstanding. No less authority than Herbert Hoover, in his report on govern-

# Roamin' Around . . .

On Friday evening, we saw a grown man cry — at least tears were evident in his eyes. The reason for the damp bags under his bi-focals was a scene on the stage of the Legion Hall in a musical comedy "Fanny The Frivolous Flapper" presented by the Stouffville Players. The sight of Wilf McWhinnie sheathed in a gold lame cape, a woman's hat and a pair of high heels with facial features hidden behind an ostrich fan and talcum powder, is enough to bring tears to the eyes of any man. And it did, plus a few women too. Add to this masculine camouflage, an operatic voice in a tremulous of High "C" and you have a picture story of the night's feature attraction. We may be all wrong but when we attend a performance of this kind where the participants could be your neighbour across the street or the girl around the corner, we expect to see just that — local amateur talent. And no one can do comedies better than the folks you know. A slip here and there only adds to the merriment of the show. Leave the drama to the so-called professionals at the O'Keefe and the Royal Alex. The entire "Flapper" cast did a tremendous job. Doreen Northover certainly rose above the ranks of the amateur with her 'roaring twenty' dance routine and Herbert Otto, who appears to excel in just about everything, handled his part with semi-pro poise and self-assurance. The costumes worn by the seven models were nothing short of dazzling and we understand that many, were made by the wearers themselves. Although certainly no vocal critic, we always enjoy the songs as done by Jean Hammond. We would suggest that Frank Steele would have been much more effective on stage in a singing role than behind the scenes as a Director. His voice and platform professionalism is, in our estimation, without equal here. We hate to see this kind of talent buried under a bushel. With reference to the two earlier plays, "The Pen Of My Aunt" and "Under Fire", we almost decline to pass comment. What can one say about a story when there isn't one. We thought that the performers did exceptionally well with what they had to work with, which perhaps represents 'talent' in its truest form. Frank Mellon was outstanding as the German corporal and Jewel Stoyan was superb in her role as the still young but quite mature Queen Victoria. As we said before — leave the dead-pan drama to the O'Keefe. At least if it 'flops' down there, one can enjoy a \$5.00 sleep in a plush-bottomed seat.

The local boys are all back from their jaunts into the north country for deer. The most humorous story is told by Mickey Hunt and Lloyd Houghton and reluctantly supported by John Foulds. It seems that Mr. Foulds borrowed a high-powered 30-30 from Dr. Ron Smith with the idea of lining up a 3 in 1 shot to conserve on ammunition. He toted this piece of heavy artillery through swamp and swale for an entire day but didn't bag as much as a salted-tailed partridge. On his return to camp, he discovered to his dismay, that someone had removed the firing pin.

You can't keep a good man down. Mr. Ernie Button of O'Brien Avenue, now 89, attended the hunting camp near Bobcaygeon last week, a trip he's been taking now for over 60 years. Frank Baker, 87, father of Norm Baker, Rose Avenue was also there. His job is to keep the camp fire burning and the kettle boiling.

St. Mark's Separate School has made the first move here in Stouffville in the school uniform program. Orders (girls only) are being accepted. The tunics will be green with white short-sleeved blouses. Perhaps the two public schools will follow this lead.

Did you know that all the electrical appliances in the girls' occupational and home economics rooms at the Stouffville Dist. High School are supplied by Ontario Hydro at no charge? The equipment is all top name brands and is replaced when required. It may be a good selling point for Hydro but it's also a distinct advantage to the school board.

Barbara Smith is a nice name but it also has its disadvantages. This year, at Toronto Teachers' College, there are no less than three Barbara Smith's. One is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Smith, Tenth Line South in Stouffville. To avoid class confusion, she is called by her second name — Jean. Another is called Barbara-Ann and the third is just plain Barbara. Two of the Barbara Smiths expect to be practice teaching in this area in a few weeks' time.

Look for a big change this week in the newspaper down Picking way. The Picking "News" and the Ajax "Advertiser" have been combined into one. The ultimate plan is to cover the area all the way from Whitby through to the West Rouge. The tabloid sheet will be printed in Toronto and the opening "special" has a goal of 36 pages.

An honest pat on the back this week to Wm. "Billy Voss of Claremont. He discovered quite a sizeable sum of money on the sidewalk in the village on Thursday and could just as easily have pocketed it without anyone knowing the difference. But no — 'honest' Bill took it immediately to the local Bank and turned it over to the Manager there.

ment, pointed out why it is not wrong for a politician to seek advice from friends and supporters, as well as from experts.

For one thing, a politician should never become a captive of any one person, bureaucrat or consultant.

For another thing, if he is defeated because he did follow poor advice, the poor adviser (supporter or employee) should go out of the picture too. So policy making civil servants need not be part of the permanent staff.

However, despite all comment on qualifications, many candidates will be judged by the degree to which they demonstrate their sincere interest in you — the voter. And that is good too.

## Plant Spring Bulbs Now for Winter Bloom Indoors

Home gardeners with a desire for beautiful flowers can have spring bulbs in bloom during winter if they start now.

Bulbs such as tulips, hyacinths, crocuses, and narcissi can easily be brought into bloom during the winter months, advise horticulturists with the Ontario Department of Agriculture. It is wise to buy other see it.

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