

Editorial . . .

Many Questions Remain Unanswered

What is the real story behind the accusation back in September, 1964, that called for the resignation of town reeve Win Timbers?

The Stouffville electorate will go to the polls on Monday, Dec. 6th, not really knowing the true answer to the charges that stirred up such a storm of controversy in council fifteen months ago.

If people are quick to forget such matters, then their memories were certainly refreshed at the nomination meeting here on Thursday night.

We were disturbed fifteen months ago and we were disturbed again last week when the reeve, given every opportunity to defend himself, declined to do so.

Did the reeve, as a member of the Planning Board, learn the price of a property site and then, as a rep-

resentative of a real estate firm, attempt to arrange his own sale, at a \$500 profit? It has not been denied. Did the reeve, acting solely as a licensed realtor, sign a bill of sale on this land? The document has never been produced. Did the reeve anticipate a commission on the land sale if and when it was finalized? He claims that no commission was ever paid.

We find it hard to believe that a man of Mr. Timbers' experience and integrity would permit himself to become involved in "under the table" activity as has been alleged on two separate occasions.

In like manner, we can see no reason why councillor Parsons would level such accusations if they were not based on fact.

At this late stage of the game, it now boils down to a decision of the people. We'll all be a little wiser come Monday night.

An Excellent Piece Of Work

One of the most excellent pieces of work done in this town in many years, is being performed by the ladies of the Stouffville Legion Auxiliary in their Friendship Club for the aged folks in town. Only a week ago these people were given the opportunity of attending the local dramas staged at the Legion Hall.

The Club has been operated for a year now with just a summer layoff. This is something that has been done in many Ontario centres under the

sponsorship of the local churches in most centres. However, here it remained for the Legion ladies to come up with the assistance.

The people whom they are helping are quite elderly. In some cases they have few relatives or friends to turn to and this bit of sunshine brought into their lives in their declining years, is most appreciated. The ladies of the Legion Auxiliary are to be highly commended for this most worthwhile project.

Let's Hear From Mr. Trustee

We would suggest that any one of the two Public School Area Boards in Markham Township has an annual budget in excess of that spent by any department within the jurisdiction of Council and yet, at the Nomination Meeting in Buttonville on Friday night, not a single trustee provided the electorate with a resume of the year's activities.

Public school business is big business now. It is also important business.

With respect to Area 2, just completed its first year of operation, we would think that the members would surely have something to say.

It is the people who are really

to blame for this apathetic attitude. We noticed a number head for the door as soon as the public school subject was raised.

Education costs are something like the weather — everyone complains about it, but no one does anything about it.

The completed term of 1965 has been a major transition period for school systems in rural Markham. Buildings were closed, extended bus services were organized, staff personnel was increased, specialist courses were established plus countless other changes. But still, no comment. If the ratepayers don't demand anything more than that, then they deserve to pay through the nose.

Keep Dignity In Press Meetings

One of the first things to take place following the recent federal election has been declaration by the Prime Minister that there will be no more "circus" meetings with the press in the halls of the Parliament Buildings. Many who watch the TV news broadcasts are amazed at the manner in which the leading members of Parliament and the Prime Minister and Cabinet Ministers in particular, are jostled about as they leave the various meetings.

While there has been some grumbling from the press gallery, the boys who cover the federal scene will be a lot better off with a proper press conference such a Prime Minister Pearson says will now be held. Previous-

ly only the few who managed to fight their way to the front got any statements at all, but under the new system all will have an equal chance. Regular meetings in dignified circumstances should be a gain, at least in order and audibility.

Mr. Pearson has been trying for two years to end these informal encounters in the hall. There is the possibility that if his intention is to step down before another election, he cares little whether the press corps likes the idea or not.

Nevertheless the most fruitful contacts will remain the private ones between respected and responsible journalists and ministers, where there is trust, integrity and good judgment.

The Grey Cup Shambles

After witnessing the Grey Cup drinking spree preceding the actual game on Saturday, we wonder what city wants such a "shambles" within the borders. A well-known city news columnist has billed it as Canada's "biggest drunk" and how true are his words.

The bill for cleaning up the mess will run into the thousands, and we must repeat, "who needs it." The Royal York Hotel, and all other city hotels were just as bad, presented almost riot scenes the night before the game. Dozens of special trains pulling into the Union Station constantly presented the same picture. Many of those who were whooping it up conducted themselves little better

than pigs.

There were fist fights on the trains, more in the hotels and lobbies were blood and glass spattered. Hundreds of young hooligans, many in their teens charged about upsetting everything in sight, including people, and at the same time downing their whiskey and disposing of the empties with a crash anywhere and everywhere.

The City of Ottawa, or at least some promoters, are endeavouring to talk up a bid to get this "big drunk" into the nation's capital in 1967. In our opinion this would be a mistake. The promoters may think this an excellent way to celebrate the centennial but this writer emphatically does not.



"Good gracious, I must've got my dates mixed"

SUGAR AND SPICE by Bill Smiley



THOSE BUSY YEARS

My wife had just given Kim a five-minute blast because she wasn't working hard enough. This is almost a daily occurrence at our house. The results are usually the same: rebellion, hot words, rising voices, tears, sulks, and me wishing I were out in the boonocks.

This time, for some inexplicable reason, the Old Girl softened, after the daughter stalked off in a cold fury. "Poor kid, she does have a lot to do." Then she began to remember her own high school days, and to compare. The results were sobering, almost frightening.

When mother was in school, there were about 150 students. Classes began at 9. Teachers moved to the classrooms, at end of each period. There was a 15-minute recess morning and afternoon, in which the kids wandered the corridors at will, or fooled around outside, in good weather. There was an hour and a half for lunch. School ended at four p.m. That's five hours of class time.

In daughter's school, there are about 1,200 students. Classes begin at 9. She moves between periods, harassed and hurried and heckled by teachers telling her to move faster. There is a 30-minute lunch break. Half of this the kids spend in a line-up, trying to buy milk or eats. In the other half they gulp what they get. Rush back to classes. School ends at 3.15. That's five and three-quarter hours of class time.

After school, according to her own evidence, mother went down to the town library, picked up a nickel's worth of licorice all-sorts on the way. The early winter dusk crept to the window and looked in. And it saw a dark-haired youngster in the snug reading-room, rapt in the world of Anne of Green Gables, munching licorice.

About 5.30, her dad would tap on the window. She'd go out and snuggle down in the cutter, under the buffalo robe. And they'd jingle the two miles home, through the frosty night, in that most delightful of vehicles. Home was warmth, and the smell of supper, and a mother who spent all her time being a mother.

Compare the kid. After school there's orchestra practice or volleyball practice or French Club or Drama Club or year-book staff meeting. She staggers home, eight blocks, in the dark, with enough books to fill a wheelbarrow.

Not a whiff of dinner. Shh! Mom has music pupils today. Tip-toe upstairs. Dump books. Flop on bed. Revive slightly over chapter of James Bond. Strum ukelele and sing sad folk song. Father, beer in hand, appears at door.

"Listen, kid, better get at your homework! You can't loaf your life away."

"But, Dad, I just got . . ."

"Don't bug me, kid. I hafta write a column (or mark papers, or set an exam). Get to work. Never mind. It's too late. Better get down and get the hamburgers ready. And when are you going to get your practising done?"

Go downstairs. Morosely make hamburgers. Mom emerges from piano lessons. "Kim, how much practising have you done, you lazy little bum?"

"Mom, how could I practise? You were using the piano and anyway, I just got . . ."

"Never mind the excuses. I don't see why you couldn't help with the ironing, when you know I'm busy. And stop stabbing that bun with the butcher knife!"

Evening. Three hours homework and two hours practising ahead. Father off curling. Mother muttering over the dishes about kids no matter how much you do for them they don't appreciate it and you'll never get anywhere with that attitude and when I was your age I didn't have any of the opportunities you have.

It's a wonder more of them don't creep down to the basement in the night, get the axe, and do their parents in. They probably would, if they weren't so utterly whacked.

THE ETERNAL FLAME

(A Ballad)

Way down in Dallas, Texas, In Ninteen Sixty Three, On November Twenty Second, Occurred a tragedy.

There was a great ovation, And people waved their hands, As passed the great procession, Behind resounding bands.

A young and valiant leader, In all affairs of state, A diplomat and hero, Did meet a tragic fate.

"There never was a welcome, So warm, so glad, so free!" Thus said the President's Lady To John F. Kennedy.

Precautions were neglected, For love seemed all around, But while the crowd was cheering, There came a startling sound!

When suddenly from a window, A top a building high, A gun was aimed and fired, The President had to die!

"Twas thought a troubled Oswald,

Of strange mentality, For psychopathic reasons, Shot President Kennedy.

The States were plunged in mourning,

The world was shocked and grieved,

And many prayers were uttered, For those who were bereaved.

Caroline, "John John", and "Jackie",

The President's gracious wife, Were left to mourn a loved one, A sad and lonely life.

Then by the catafalque, Where he in state did lay, Passed miles and miles of mourners,

Their last respects to pay.

Ambassadors and Princes, Prime Ministers and Queens, Came to attend the funeral, The largest ever seen.

And now the President's resting In quiet Arlington,

Among the other warriors, Whose fighting days are done.

But still his light is burning, With an Eternal Flame, And, while it keeps on glowing, We'll not forget his name.

E. A. Brown.

express tolerance to their neighbours by voting for Sunday activities they do not expect to use themselves.

(2) Those who prefer a quiet Sabbath.

(3) Those who look forward to future Community Centre activities with Sunday programs.

(4) Those worried about the increase in Sunday traffic.

This last point is linked to the origin of the ballot question, asked for by a Don Mills Road landowner planning a Drive-In Theatre. While Sunday operation would improve the economics of his Theatre it would also overload a highway where traffic is now bumper to bumper every Sunday evening in good weather.

Markham's special position between Toronto and Lake Simcoe puts most of its roads — gravel as well as paved — under heavy week-end pressure, and this should be recognized in municipal policy and planning.

As there does not appear to be

Roamin' Around . . .

Nomination meetings are over in this particular area for this year, or two years, depending on the municipality. Where no acclamations were accorded, the selecting of candidates is now up to the voters. A couple of weeks ago, we climbed out on the proverbial limb and made a few predictions here in Stouffville. Our average was about 50-50, that is, half right and half wrong. The decision by P.U.C. Chairman, Walter Atkinson to retire, caught us away off base and most of the ratepayers too, from the comments we've heard. Chairman Atkinson has been dedicated to his work and, without doubt, one of the most conscientious municipal servants to come our way in several years. Although we personally did not agree with all of his policies, we always respected his opinion. The withdrawal of Ken Betz from the election race was also a surprise and a bit of a disappointment. We didn't expect him to contest the deputy-reeve's post but we felt that his experience as a councillor would have been an asset to the town. It is apparent that school board activities are of interest to many. The position also provides candidates with a stepping-stone opportunity to other offices in the future. The Stouffville nomination audience fell short of our expectations, far different from the full-house scenes at Vandorf (Whitchurch Twp.); Buttonville (Markham Twp.) and Brougham (Pickering Twp.). In Markham, most of the concern seemed to be centred around road conditions where the budget has fallen into the "red." In Whitchurch, it was 'garbage night' with complaints galore about the ground level dump on Hwy. 48 and on the C.F.R.B. side-road. Over in Pickering, the accusations were mostly between the candidates with the people sitting back and enjoying every minute of it. Their election is on Saturday. Stouffville, Whitchurch and Markham folk go to the polls on Monday.

About the most humorous occurrence at any of the district nominations, came out of the meeting at Buttonville in Markham Township. A candidate in Ward 1 by the name of Laurie Rose failed to win the enthusiasm of too many Liberals but brought a chuckle from the majority of Conservatives in the crowd when he rose to address the packed hall. "I'm no lawyer or engineer," he said, "I'm no Diefenbaker or . . . (pause) (pause) . . . or what's his name." There was a long moment of dead silence. Then in a whisper, a prompter, (councillor Chas. Hoover) suggested that it might be Lester Pearson. "That's the guy, Lester Pearson," he repeated.

A good many people are acquainted with Bud Smith, proprietor of the Lazy Lake summer resort centre north of Stouffville and operator of the well-known Donkey Baseball program. Last summer, a group of motorcyclists from a Metro club roared up to the entrance of his premises, expecting to gain admission. Mr. Smith, after sizing up the situation and fearing for problems that could result, turned them away. They departed without argument. Last week Mr. Smith's son, Jim was involved in a serious accident near Palo Alto, California. His car rammed into the rear of a parked truck. The aorta artery was severed in the crash. A group of motorcycle riders were among the first to arrive on the scene. They acted immediately. While a couple directed traffic, others rendered first aid. Jim was whisked off to hospital where a team of surgeons were waiting. An emergency operation was performed and Jim is now on the road to recovery. The motorcycle chaps moved on and no one knows their names or where they live. "They saved my son's life," said the thankful father, "the next time, I'll think twice before I turn them away."

Anyone who may have driven along the Kennedy Road down Milliken way this fall could have seen the form of a huge animal located on the front lawn of the George Jennings property. What kind of beast is it? Some have called it a buffalo. Others say it's a moose. To others, it's a Clydesdale horse with horns. To satisfy our curiosity, we contacted Mr. Jennings to learn first-hand, the true identity of this conversation piece. We're all wrong — it's not a buffalo, a moose or a horse — it's a muskox, a native of the Arctic North. How did it get all the way down to Milliken? Well, it seems that it was acquired by a taxidermist who had a shop somewhere on No. 27 Highway. One Halloween night a group of mischievous young lads broke into his store and lugged the 1,500 pound prize outside. They placed it on the road. A collision followed and when police had sorted through the debris of muskox remains and auto parts they found that the car had suffered the worst of the impact. When the animal's owner could not be found, it was put up for sale. Donald Jennings, also of Milliken, bought the beast for \$1.00 plus carrying charges. That was three years ago. Since that time, it has been the subject of hundreds of photographs and questions. Mr. Jennings admits that it's facial appearance is rather confusing since it's head is equipped with a pair of moose antlers. One of the original muskox horns was broken off in the highway crash and could not be replaced. The animal is now in hibernation in the Jennings' barn but come next summer, it will once again take its place in full view of passing motorists and camera bugs.

any current benefit to Markham Township residents in changing its Sunday regulations Markham Citizens' Committee is suggesting we vote "no" at this time. When Highway 404 is opened the matter could be considered. The majority of the Citizens' Committee are also saying "no" to the two year term.

Now that winter is here with short daylight periods, most house plants should be placed in the brightest locations. All philodendrons, English Ivy, sansevieria, dracaena, and the rubber plant are shade tolerant, and will survive in diffused light or in a north window. When grown in windows, plants tend to bend toward the light. To counteract this phenomenon (phototropism), horticulturists with the Ontario Department of Agriculture advise giving the pots a quarter turn every second day.

Clerk Ralph Corner has arranged a meeting of the local resident ministers in town for this week for the purpose of distributing funds derived from the Williamson Fund to the deservng of the municipality.

House Plants and Light

Light is an essential factor for plant growth, but the amount and intensity of light that individual plants need varies greatly. During the long days of spring and summer when the sun is very hot and bright, many plants such as African violets and chenerarias may need to be shaded during part of the day.

1966 Sees Markham Village In 93rd Year

Markham Village will begin this year, there were two grist mills, its 93rd year of municipal history. On the 1st of November 1873, a woolen factory, oatmeal mill, tory on Jan. 1st, 1966. On the barley mill and distillery; there 20th day of November ninety. was also a foundry, two tanneries two years ago, the village was a brewery, a temperance hall incorporated. The first reeve to and four churches. hold office was James Speight. Actual settlement in Markham and his councillors were, Cap- tain Thomas A. Milne, John ham was believed to have come Jerman, Henry Tane and Hugh menced almost as early a date McGill. Henry Corson was the as in the Town of York. Plo- town's first clerk-treasurer; neers followed the banks of the John D. Smith was named police. Rouge River north. Inspector; Levi Jones was Markham Village, even in its license inspector and John high years had an excellent Doherty, assessor. early school and the first princi- As far back as 1851, Markham pal was Dr. Dion C. Sullivan, ham Village had eight to nine L.L.B.'s. The attendance in the be- hundred inhabitants. At that ginning was about seventy.

EDITOR'S MAIL

377 Elm Road, Stouffville, Ont.

Dear Editor,

A stop sign has been erected at the corner of Westlawn Cresc. and Rupert Ave.

I feel that there is a necessity for a stop sign at this location.

The stop sign was installed to slow down traffic and make this a safer corner. However, the stop sign stops traffic on Westlawn Cresc. which has an 'S' bend right after the stop sign, while Rupert Ave. is a straight through street from

the 9th Line to the Home for the Aged.

Would it not be better to stop the traffic on the straight-away street or even make them both stop streets?

Your Truly Charles W. Jones.

QUESTIONS FOR MARKHAM

(By Eric W. Baker)

This year Township electors are voting on Sunday commercial activities. Early discussion identifies four viewpoints:

(1) Those who wish to

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