

Tribune Editorials

Individual Rights Enquiry

While it is not known definitely which direction the security investigation now ordered by the federal government will take, if Mr. Pearson's statement to the House is any indication, it is the intention that the probe be directed towards individual rights.

This is something that has troubled a great many people for a long time and the Spencer case has only brought the question to a head. Here is a man, so far as has been reported, who has been charged with nothing, found guilty of nothing, but one who may spend the rest of his life under police surveillance. It will be up to Justice Wells to determine whether this course had any justifi-

fication in safeguarding the nation.

In war-time things were different. We had the Official Secrets Act which in some instances placed the whole burden of proof on the individual. Many of those detained under this Act were found innocent but had no recourse against the government. Now this Act has been revoked.

It could be to guard against a return of these practices that Mr. Pearson has set up the enquiry. He laboured this point again and again in his speech.

This enquiry will decide whether the measures used were adequate and safeguarded the rights of the individual.

Small Tax Increase Justified

While Stouffville municipal taxes will advance by 3.6 mills this year, council has done well to hold the line as close as they have. Residents should not forget that for the two years previous there was no increase while expenses mounted and neighbouring tax rates continued to climb.

No one likes tax increases but like all businesses, the municipality can absorb just so much before something has to give. Reeve Laushway has explained that the increase on the average homeowner will be about \$14 which is not an exorbitant amount.

All municipalities in York County have been hit this year with a 3.33 jump in the county rate bringing the total contribution made by Stouffville, up to \$69,531.62. The two other Boards from

which most expenses come, managed to keep their requirements within bounds, the high school taking a 1.62 rise offset by a drop of 2.4 mills for the public school.

Council is constantly bombarded with requests for increased expenses in numerous departments. Residents request that this and that service be provided, all costing money. The members of council, in their wisdom, must determine, which, if any of these requests are justified. They must "saw" their way on a middle, of the road course between those things which are necessary for the good of the community and its people as a whole and those which are only window-dressing and of particular concern to only a few. We think they have done very well.

Some Facts and Figures Needed

The panel discussion, sponsored by the Stouffville Home and School Association and held in the Masonic Hall last week, certainly generated a good deal of interest and discussion although few solutions to our present-day 'teenage' problems.

Do we need a Community Centre program? How much will it cost?

Do we require a Recreational Director? How much will it cost?

It's all very fine to express a desire

to have this kind of organization, but we've got to stop and think for a minute — can we afford it? As councillor Lonergan put it it's a question of dollars and cents.

We feel that the town council should carry the ball from here and investigate these issues. Once the concrete facts and figures are obtained, then we'll know where we're going. Right now, we're just guessing with nothing on paper to back it up.

Community Co-operation

A committee, comprising thirty-four community-minded men and women from the Markham and Stouffville area, have joined forces in a determined effort to acquire 35 acres of land as a site for a proposed hospital in Markham Village.

These people are to be commended for their foresight. We do not feel that the price of \$128,000 or about \$3,600 per acre is any "steal" but we would consider the location to be an excellent one for such a project.

Since the pending proposition was first published in The Tribune, two weeks ago, there have been many enquiries from local citizens, wishing to assist in some minor capacity in the campaign. They are a little confused and personally, so are we. Does the

committee plan to 'go it alone' in the acquisition of this land or is there an immediate need for outside financial support? Up to now, we have not been able to answer these questions and have merely referred these folks to persons we know on the executive.

With so little time in which to act, we would presume that the hospital committee is attempting to acquire sufficient funds to 'hold' the land and once this is achieved, the support of the public will be truly appreciated.

The project has certainly generated a good deal of interest throughout the district with all comments, we have heard, favouring both the site and the proposed hospital building that should follow.



"How about chucking prospecting and learning to drive an Air Canada truck?"



SUGAR AND SPICE

March Madness

By BILL SMILEY

I have a profound respect for poet T. S. Eliot. But one of his lines, that which says, "April is the cruellest month," is pure poppycock. He had obviously never spent a March in these parts.

April is no bargain, but March is a month no honest taxpayer should have to put up with. At its best, it is 31 days of pure drear; at its worst, a century of bleak horror.

Raw east winds that chap the hands, chill the bones, redden the nose, deaden the soul. Third bout of la grippe in three months. Holes in your over-shoes. Faces of friends become hateful. Tailpipe and muffler gone on the car. Eave-troughs sagging. Spirits flagging. Spring is merely a word in the dictionary. Winter is a monster, clawing your shoulder.

If you're anything like me, you're hanging on by your teeth. This is fairly easy, because your nose has been running, and you're keeping a stiff upper lip. It's frozen. And your teeth are exposed.

It's a wonder we don't all turn as mad as March hares, and cut our collective throats, if only to add a bit of color to relieve grim, grey March.

But cheer up, chaps, all is not lost. I have a little therapeutic theory that works wonders. It is the only thing that saves me, in March, from running out into the snow, in bare feet and long underwear, babbling, "T. S. Eliot is mad, mad I tell you, mad!"

I first discovered this theory when I had trouble sleeping. After a long evening of too much work, too many fags, and too much coffee, I'd crawl into bed, and lie there as rigid as a rake, toes curled tightly, eyes burning brightly, no more chance of getting to sleep than getting to heaven.

One such night, I remembered. "Listen, Buster," I told myself. "Fifteen years ago tonight, you were lying on the floor of a box-car, freezing, hand and feet tied with wire, on your way to a 'prison camp.'"

"And here you are lying in a soft bed, in a warm house, with a warm woman beside you and warm blankets over you, and no night-fighters shooting up the place, and no guards wandering in to give you a kick. So what if you don't sleep a wink? In 14 seconds I was asleep. It works every time.

Now, the same technique applies when it comes to saving my sanity in March.

When the miseries of March have me reduced to one great bellow of frustration, I put it to work. "Old Buddy," I say to myself, "just go back 300 years. Let yourself go, now. Not three miles from here, they were eking out their March: half-frozen, half-starved, half-blind."

And I think about them — the Indians, nearing the bitter end of a bitter winter, in their long-houses. Men, women, children, dogs, pell-mell in a seventeenth-century Nissen hut made of boughs and bark and skins.

Two or three hundred human beings crawling over each other in about the space you and your family occupy. Cold. Hungry. Stench unbelievable. Smoke from cooking fires indescribable.

The last of the meat gone. The maize reduced to a few handfuls. Spruce tea and moss stew on the menu. Hunting impossible because of the slush. Flabby breasts and swollen bellies. And always the cold.

No refrigerators stocked with steaks and roasts and milk and eggs. No shelves of canned goods. No supermarket a few blocks away. No heat, no light. No bathroom. No books. No television. And always the cold.

I listen to my wife, who is not fighting with Mrs. Abenaki about who gets the fire next, to make dog soup. And my March madness is gone. Try it.



THIS WEEK & NEXT

The Ottawa Vendetta

By RAY ARGYLE

Any lingering hopes Canadians had that this Parliament would be more effective than the last vanished in a spate of sex and spy charges last week.

The ludicrous atmosphere into which the House of Commons was plunged resembled nothing less than a gang of angry schoolboys squabbling over a package of chewing gum.

The situation was serious, nonetheless, because it raised two important questions:

Have there been dangerous breaches of national security, either in the case of Vancouver postal worker Victor Spencer, or in the sex-tinged case of Gerda Munsinger?

And is the political rivalry between Prime Minister Pearson and Opposition leader Diefenbaker still so bitter that emotion rather than reason must dominate Parliament?

The answers could be found in the manner in which the two current inquiries — one into the Spencer case and the other into national security and counter-espionage in general — came into being.

It is known Mr. Pearson had privately favored the holding of such inquiries. He had been unable to sell his cabinet on the idea. But in Parliament, faced with mounting Opposition pressure, he reversed his field, as he has done in many other cases recently.

The need of the inquiries cannot be questioned. But the turmoil into which Parliament has to be thrown over every issue of national concern illustrates anew the bitterness of the Diefenbaker-Pearson confrontations.

The spectacle of the prime minister of the land telephoning an accused spy suspect and asking him if he really did want an inquiry into his case would be admirable if it was not ridiculous.

Spencer dismissed from his job without a hearing, had earlier made it clear that he did indeed wish an inquiry. No comment can be made here

on Spencer's guilt or innocence. But the government's strange foot-dragging on granting the man an on-camera hearing — where evidence would be in secret and national security would not be affected — might be routine for Ghana or Russia, but not for Canada.

The lesson the government apparently has yet to learn in dealing with national security is that people must either be charged and prosecuted to the full extent of the law, or left alone in peace. Half measures... accusations without prosecution... smack more of back alley gossip mongering than of government by responsible parliamentarians.

The Munsinger case — which Tory Dalton Camp called, with considerable justification, "the mudslinger case," fits into the same category.

Justice Minister Lucien Cardin brought the case to light when, stung by Opposition charges over Ottawa's handling of the Spencer affair, he said in effect that you Tories really don't have anything to talk about.

He then let it be known that Miss Munsinger was alleged to have had an affair with a Conservative cabinet minister in 1961. It is said that Miss Munsinger was an employee of a Communist embassy and that while enjoying the freedom of Canada, engaged in a little free love. Enraged, Mr. Diefenbaker charged the government with trying to "blackmail" him into silence.

The point here again is that if there was any criminal offense, the government — either of John Diefenbaker or of Lester Pearson — should have laid charges. But neither did. Yet Mr. Cardin used the case in defending his department in 1966, five years after the alleged affair.

But whatever transpires across the aisles of the House of Commons, the country last week had another reminder that the personal vendetta between the leaders of the two major parties would continue to make a burlesque of Parliament.

ROAMING AROUND

From March 13 to 19 is set aside as National Health Week and although we do not wish to bore you with a long list of figures concerning the most prevalent diseases across Canada, we would like to point out a few facts concerning cancer which, whether we wish to admit it or not, has reached near epidemic proportions. Did you know, that right here in Canada, there are 69 cancer deaths every day or almost 3 every hour of the day and night? Did you know that 45,000 new cases are diagnosed every year and that, in 1963, it claimed 25,077 lives? Pretty startling isn't it. With the exception of heart disease, it causes more deaths in Canada than any other affliction. The five-year survival rate is now 50 percent — an increase of from 7 to 10 percent in the last ten years. The major reason for the increase is the result of health education which has led to the discovery of the disease during its early stages. For males, cancer deaths are on the increase, due almost entirely to lung infection. This information has been provided by the Health League of Canada. People have never been more cancer conscious than they are today but still, the sales of cigarettes continue to climb.

That infamous one-way bridge at the north end of Unionville could yet become a landmark in that community and even all of Markham Township. There is talk that the structure should be retained, strengthened and covered to make it unique not only in Markham but in Ontario. To accomplish this plan, a by-pass road would have to be constructed around the site and such a project would not be completed overnight. Just how long present day motorists can be expected to endure this hazard is still a question.

Speaking of roads and without casting any aspersions on the work of Road Superintendent, Stan Slack and his men, we completed one of the most perilous trips in many a month last week into the west central regions of Uxbridge Township. Dipping and diving like a 3-legged mountain goat, we ventured north from Stouffville over to Glasgow and continued east to conc. 4. The road resembled a tank-training area. Fortunately, the ground was frozen and we could ride up on top. Others had not been so fortunate.

While Hamilton is be-moaning the fact that more than 600 employees at the Studebaker plant in that city will be looking for jobs, due to the reported shutdown of the factory there, we feel that another aspect to this issue has been overlooked. What about the owners of the 18,000 auto units produced in 1965 plus lesser numbers in 1966? Their investment of from \$2,000 to \$3,000 won't be worth a plugged nickel on a trade-in if the firm folds up entirely.

High school kids take warning. Last week, while down in Markham, we were approached by an unshaven, long-haired lad in his early twenties. "Do you know of any jobs around?" he asked. "I'm out of work." "How much education have you?" we enquired. "Just finished grade 8, that's all," he answered.

It's a sure sign of spring when the Hondas at the Stouffville Dist. High School begin to crowd the cars for parking space.

Stouffville is gaining recognition as one of the largest truck sales' towns of its size in Ontario. Patrick Motors enjoyed a record year in '65 and all things point to a repeat in '66. Have you noticed the lineup of Internationals at Glover Motors in the eastend? We have learned that there are more on the way. At the present time, they have 6 big diesels in stock, carrying a price tag of about \$20,000 apiece. Two are already sold. Delivery will be received this month of twenty more, direct from the plant at Chatham. Several of these are also sold.

Want to find out if you have any rattles in that new car? Just take it over the made-to-order 'test track' on Main Street in Stouffville between O'Brien Avenue and Edward Street. The C.N.R. has already been notified on at least two occasions to repair this crossing but to date, nothing has been done. The town still keeps receiving regular bills for its share of the maintenance although we would consider it more of a detriment than a benefit.



Here's a bucketful of curiosity. These two little kittens kept getting under foot as the owner did her spring planting in the front garden. Finally they were sentenced to bucket confinement, but still, you can't keep a kitten from looking.



EDITOR'S MAIL

Rule Or Be Ruled?

By OUR READERS

You enabled us to inform the public that February was Heart Month in Canada and also what the Ontario Heart Foundation is doing in the field of research.

A short, but nevertheless, sincere note to thank you for your co-operation and assistance to the Ontario Heart Foundation during our 1966 Heart Found Campaign. The coverage we received from your paper surpassed all expectations, and it is due to

this fact that our Heart Fund was successful.

We have always enjoyed the association with all press representatives and it is a pleasure to look forward to this throughout the year.

Once again, a sincere "heart" felt thanks for your assistance and co-operation during February.

Ontario Heart Foundation.

Has today's church as many faults as its critics claim it possesses? In one aspect it does. Often dictatorial attitudes and obedience to rules, rather than obedience to Jesus Christ are emphasized.

We must not assume the church should have no influence on persons' lives, nor err in thinking that the

church is the final authority in all matters. Christ is this authority.

No group of Christians is blameless. Often what had once been a sound Biblical doctrine has deteriorated until it has become another denominational dogma. Should it be surprising, then to see people rejecting Christianity in favour of

other ideologies and religions, attractively presented by their proponents? Is it the church's duty to say or show, to tell or do? In the final analysis, should the church rule its members, or should the Church obey Christ?

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