

# Tribune Editorials

## Old Policy Proved False

How can one serve the best interests of Stouffville and work in Toronto? This has been a common question among many resident ratepayers here and prior to last December, no one was willing to give the 'newcomer' a fair trial. There has always been a hidden fear that the town would literally 'fall apart at the seams' if the councillor around the corner was not available on a 24-hour call basis to solve every problem personally.

Last December, this age-old policy was dealt a stunning blow. Stouffville taxpayers took a closer look at the Nomination board and discovered to their admitted dismay that three comparative 'strangers' had moved into the 'inner circle' of municipal politics, unopposed.

The next two years would be tough ones indeed.

With four months or one-sixth of their term already completed, the town is still in one piece. The new members have taken a genuine interest in local affairs and have given as much personal attention to town problems as ever before. They seldom miss a meeting, either regular or in committee and have entered into discussion with much enthusiasm. Those who have been present, will surely agree.

The three new councillors have two years in which to prove their worth. To date, we have been surprisingly impressed. We hope, that come December, 1967, we can say the same thing. We hope the voters can too.

## Drivers Main Cause Of Accidents

Regardless of all the pressure being brought against car manufacturers today for safety gadgets on their vehicles, the "nut" behind the wheel, not the one in the wheel is the chief reason for accidents. By complaining about dangerous door handles, steering wheels and etc. these safety cranks are only passing the buck. We realize that people are hurt by banging their heads against such parts, but the fact remains that if the drivers were handling the cars properly this wouldn't happen.

We heartily agree with Walter Famme, chairman of the automobile committee of the Ontario Insurance Agents' Association who says that the Department of Transport has been incre-

dibly lax in chasing these dangerous driving risks off the road. Hundreds of them are known but they continue to be allowed to prowl the roads.

Insurance companies are forced by law to insure anyone the Department of Transport allows to have a license. The mystery is how some of these people ever get that authority.

It would appear that those concerned with safety have "given up" on trying to correct the chief cause of accidents, the drivers, and are going to bang away at the car builders to try and get something akin to a small tank that people can ram into each other and not be too seriously hurt.

## May 24 Traditional Fireworks Day

In Stouffville as in other parts of the country, families will celebrate the May 24th public holiday by private fireworks displays for their children. The actual holiday will be celebrated on Monday, May 23rd this year.

May 25th, 1874 at St. Catharines, was the scene of the first Canadian fireworks display. The event had been advertised for weeks as part of the celebrations of Queen Victoria's 54th birthday. A charge of 25c was made and the grounds were police patrolled.

Before firing your display, a few elementary precautions should be taken that safety may be maintained.

(1) Remember that younger children will always be fascinated by fireworks and make a good audience, but they should NOT participate in the actual firing of the pieces. Older children should be taught to participate under adult supervision.

(2) One person should be in charge of the display.

(3) With the single exception of sparklers NO firework is designed to be held in the hand when lit.

(4) Read the printed instructions contained in each box of fireworks, and plan the order of firing in order to

build up to the most spectacular display. Keep in mind that the firing location should be clear of overhead obstructions, trees or wiring.

(5) Assemble buckets or boxes of sand or a wheelbarrow filled with earth to be used as your firing base.

(6) Items such as roman candles and other long pieces should be buried at least halfway down in the sand in your container and set at a 10 degree angle from spectators.

(7) If containers of sand are not available, dig holes in the ground deep enough to bury the firework piece halfway up the barrel. Stamp the ground firmly around each piece before firing.

(8) Put a few gallons of water in a large container, such as a metal garbage can, for disposal of used firework pieces. Keep garden hose available to sprinkle used fireworks.

(9) In the unlikely event that a piece does not go off, do not attempt to relight it. Dispose of it in water.

(10) A glowing cigarette or cigar makes a good substitute for punk as an igniter. Hold same at arm's length, apply to the wick and stand clear immediately.

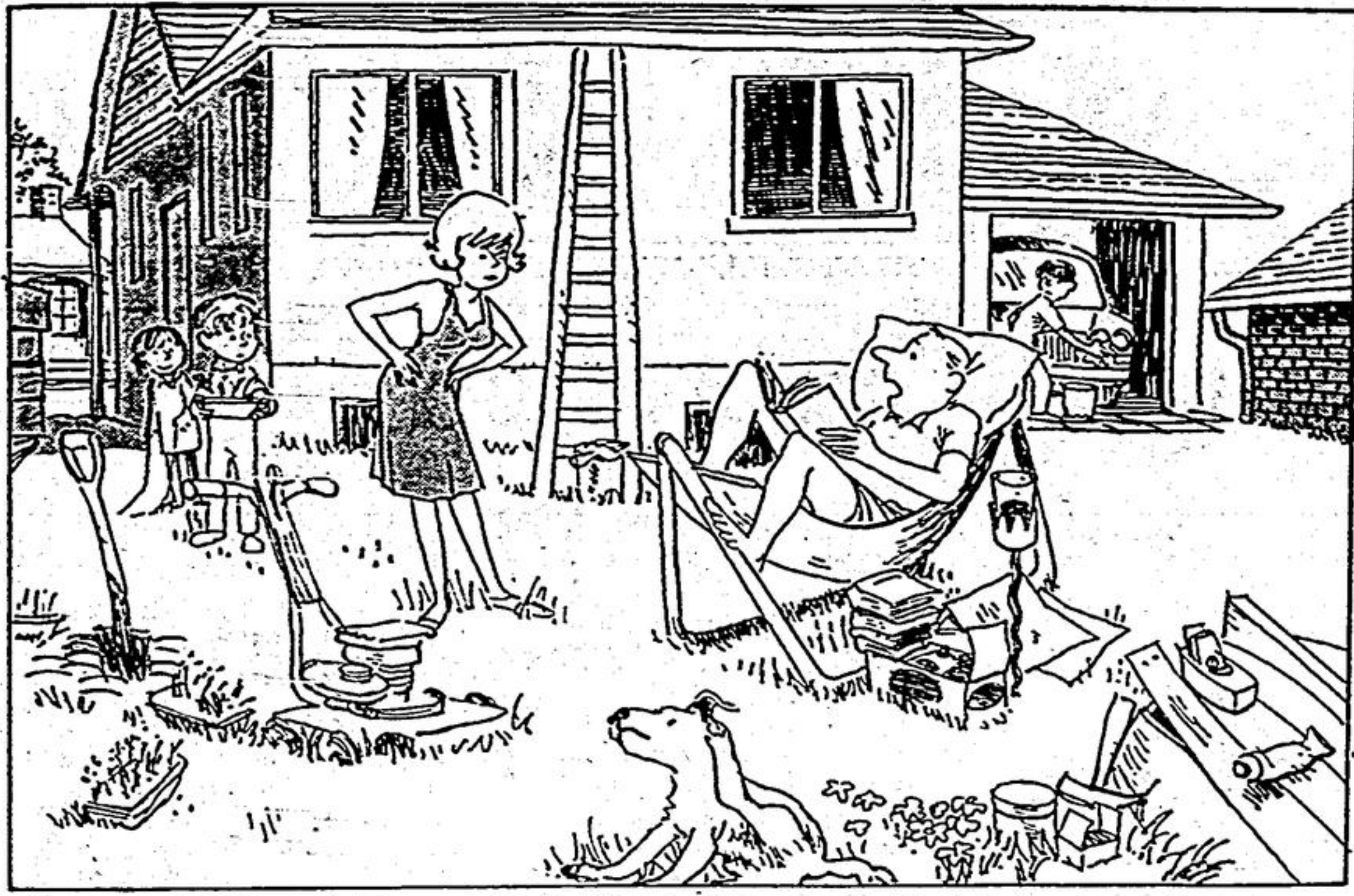
## Just A Pleasant Sound

We note that Finance Minister Mitchell Sharp, in speaking in the House last week, put the war on poverty right at the top of government interest and action. He repeated himself later on at one of the many conferences on the subject.

Reports from these meetings show that not all present agreed with Mr. Sharp, and certainly we don't. This new term "war on poverty," has very quickly become a wonderful football, being

bounced back and forth in government. The only catchers seem to be the many so-called thinkers or theorists of our time.

As far as action on the matter there is little. Just try and get the wheels rolling to relieve the situation whether it be among the Indians, or the destitute areas of some of our cities and it seems there is much sand, not grease in those wheels.



"Of course I know it's the first holiday weekend of the summer."



### SUGAR AND SPICE

## Two Ways Of Life

By BILL SMILEY

It seems to me that, despite the inroads made by easy communications and transportation, the ancient mistrust between rural dweller and city dweller is still very much alive. Each feels that the other is out to skin him at the first opportunity. Each expresses it in scorn for the other's way of life.

"I wooden live in the siddy if ya gimme the whole lousy mess on a silver platter," snorts your smalltown neighbor.

This statement, echoed from coast to coast, is usually followed by a bitter diatribe against 'city living.' High rents, crippling taxes, heavy traffic, smog and unfriendliness come under the gun. Cost of living draws comments like, "Costs ya a buck every time ya blow yer nose."

And what does the smug suburbanite think of the country? "Ya, I KNOW it's nice in the summer up north there, but wuddaya do all WINTER in that dump?" There's no use in pointing out that you do exactly what he does: work play, bring up your family, try to pay your bills, and get so soon old, so late smart.

On most matters, I take a stand. But in the denunciation of the other fellow's mode of life, I take two stands.

The first is gentle agreement with my smalltown friends. I go along with the belligerent argument that the city is no place to live; that I'd hate to battle that traffic everyday; that living is cheaper in a smaller centre; that our air is a lot cleaner; that it's wonderful to live within five minutes of fishing, curling, golf and friends.

And when I'm listening to some old buddy who lives in the city, and loves it, I nod sagely when he declares the city is an exciting place to live; that it's wonderful to take in all the shows and concerts; that it's grand to go out for an exotic meal in a fascinating place, with go-go girls and stuff; that the small town doesn't provide the same cultural opportunities for your kids.

Privately, I chuckle at both points of view. Both are full of contradictions.

The city fellow claims there's no privacy in a small town. Every old biddy in town knows your business. The smalltown chap explodes, "Privacy! How can you have privacy in the city when you're stuffed into a crowded apartment building, or living on a two-by-four lot beside people you don't like who have horrible kids?"

The smalltown fellow raves about the mythical "rat-race" in the city. And goes out and roars around in service clubs and fraternal organizations and athletic clubs and church groups at a rate no city rat could stand for a month.

The myths multiply. The city stands for culture. And in a city of a million, theatres are half empty, concerts play to small crowds, good restaurants go broke, a few hundred attend art exhibi-

### REMEMBER WHEN

Saturday night was the 'big' night in town and stores were always open Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday as long as there was anyone around to do business.

The first addition was built on the Summitview School. The excavation was made by a nearby farmer, the late Sandy Jones with a team of horses and a turnpike shovel.

Plans were laid in the winter for the Old Boys & Old Girls Reunion to be held in conjunction with Canada's Diamond Jubilee in 1927, the biggest celebration ever held in town. There was an Old Boys & Old Girls Association operating for many years and they held numerous dances and get-togethers back in the twenties.

The Baptist Church which stood on Main St. opposite Baker Avenue was demolished and a new church built at the O'Brien Ave. corner. There was also a Church of Christ now the corner residence of Harry Stouffer on Second St. This church passed from existence here.

ditions.

The small town stands for recreation and good living. And in a small town, one-tenth of two per cent of the population is revelling in that fishing and hunting and so on that's at the front door. The rest are doing what the city folk do: drink, chase women or men, or sit around and watch the slop on the moron machine.

When we drive to the city, as we do almost every Saturday for the daughter's music lesson, the whole business is brought into perspective for me, on the unlikely site of a four-lane highway.

Down to the city, on one stream

pour the thousands of smalltown folk going in for a day to shop, take in a show, suck up some fast culture.

Up from the city, in the other stream pour the thousands of people going north for the skiing or the fishing or the swimming or the scenery.

They don't even wave to each other. If it's so great at home, why don't they stay there?

And do you know what they say when they get home after the weekend? "Boy, it's nice to be home. It was a great weekend, but I sure wooden wanna live in the (city-country)." Please underline the right word.



### THIS WEEK & NEXT

## The Canadian Outlook

By RAY ARGYLE

After enduring nearly a century, the Canadian Confederation is being tested from within by the political nationalism of our French-speaking co-founders and from without by the economic dominance of our American neighbors.

It would be typically Canadian and not wholly inaccurate to say it has been ever thus and therefore to accept whatever the tide of events may bring. But the fierce dialogue of the past few years between English and French Canada, and the mounting counter-attack against U.S. control of the Canadian economy suggests how deadly serious the struggle has become for the future of Canada.

The greater burden for Canada will probably come from without. Solutions and compromises can always be found for internal political differences. The politics of economics are more cruel because they are shaped by forces even the most knowledgeable economists do not always understand.

The question which will dominate the Canadian outlook for the rest of the century will be whether the country can retain its political and cultural independence while its economy is controlled from the United States.

The problem is not entirely unique to this generation of Canadians.

Fear of American domination was a chief reason for the British colonies uniting in 1867. They had purposefully rejected the American experiment. The British colonists saw in Confederation a way of keeping their ties with their homeland. The French of Quebec saw it as their only hope for autonomy, knowing they would face a hopeless future as a separate ethnic group under the flag of the United States.

With the withering of the British ties in English Canada, only the French co-founders of Confederation seem today to have the emotional commitment essential to fostering nationalism.

Canadians should recognize that the nationalism still being preached in many lands is rapidly being overshadowed by continentalism. By combining modern technology and vast land masses rich in human and natural resources, there have emerged three great super-powers, the United States, the Soviet Union and China. And each has been able to spread its influence over its immediate neighbors.

The continentalism of the United States has already absorbed the Canadian academic and cultural communities into its orbit. The drain of our intellectual and creative talent to the U.S. and the overpowering presence of the American mass media in this country is a recognized fact.

It should be no surprise, then, that our economy has been likewise taken over, with something like two-thirds of Canadian industry under American ownership.

Whether this is good for Canada is the question. There are many who believe it is not. Former finance minister Gordon, who would use restrictive gov-

ernment measures against foreign companies, has become the chief advocate of economic nationalism. His new book, a Choice for Canada, makes his stand clear.

Mr. Gordon's own Liberal party has always been the most pragmatic of the Canadian parties in its acceptance of American industrial partnership. The Conservative party, out of deep attachment to Britain, has traditionally resisted U.S. influence. The parties of the left, most recently the New Democrats, have found themselves ideologically closer to the Tories than the Liberals.

Canada's high prosperity of post-war years has coincided with a period of record U.S. investment in Canada. Because this has brought such high living standards, it is unlikely Canadians would be willing to pay the price of lowering those standards to achieve economic independence. Our task must be to strengthen our own segments of our economy, using free trade agreements to secure easier entry into U.S. markets, while supporting those aspects of our culture which make Canada unique.



### EDITOR'S MAIL

## Why Help The Enemy?

By OUR READERS

The Canadian Federation of Agriculture by resolution at its annual convention asked the government to recognize Communist China and seat it in the U.N. with Nationalist China.

Who doesn't recognize Red China? Communists the world over recognize her as an ally. Others recognize her as a menace. However her policies have been brazenly stated — Marxist domination of the world.

Why help the avowed enemy by frantically shipping food and other supplies to assist her. Political expediency may ignore principles and material greed blind us to our folly, but our government should look beyond the present to the fast changing future.

Some say we should "feed our enemies," but those who most work for cooperation with Red China do not consider

her an enemy. They are ideological buddies.

Andrew Glen,  
Locust Hill

## Council Take Heed

It's to be hoped that our town council takes heed from that terrible accident in Newmarket last week when, two children were killed at one of those unmarked crossings like the one we have on Main St.

There should be some way of letting motorists know it's there and at least they'd have a chance to stop.

Soon all the weekend drivers will be zooming through on their way to the lakes and they won't know anything about it. Can't something be done?

Mrs. S. Smith



Although the Model 'T' parked near Jacob Barkey's blacksmith shop at Mongolia is no more modern in design than the buggy behind, the horse eyes it rather suspiciously. And for good reason too, for the motor car was soon to challenge 'Dobbin's' right to rule the road.

# ROAMING AROUND

## A Tragic Similarity

Suddenly, without warning, a young, ambitious police officer is killed while on duty. How do you break the tragic news to his parents or next-of-kin. Many of us would shudder at the thought. In most cases, the unenviable task is assumed by the Chief, a most difficult role, regardless of circumstances.

It was just about ten years ago, August 18, 1956, that constable Lewis Durant died instantly when hit by a car on the Don Mills Road in Markham Township.

On May 15, 1966, constable Edward Holdsworth met his death by electrocution, also on the Don Mills Road in Whitchurch Township. We attended the scene of both fatalities.

Following the death of constable Durant, it was the late Police Chief Clarence Wideman who broke the sad news. On Sunday, it was Police Chief Fred Mason who performed this difficult duty.

Both accidents occurred less than ten miles and ten years apart. Both men were about the same age, single and planning to be married. Both had served their departments for the same number of years and were killed on the same road in adjoining municipalities.

This Friday night will mark the final draw in the Stouffville Kin-Vestment '66. The winner this week will receive \$1,000. The draw will take place in the I.G.A. Foodliner Store at 8 p.m. Recent winners of \$50 prizes have been — Gordon McDowell, Hal Dafeo, Ross Madill, David Hadden and Ken Roberts. The draw is sponsored by the Stouffville Kinmen Club.

A sign inscribed on a kennel in front of the Harry Brown home, Fairview Avenue, Stouffville reads: 'Beware Of The Dog'. But it's not likely that too many unwanted callers will ever be frightened away by the warning: 'We have yet to see the dog but the kennel entrance would accommodate nothing larger than a well-fed field mouse.'

Word has it that the Harold Coakwell farm at R.R. 1, Markham has been sold for more than a quarter million dollars.

So you think everything's a bed of roses within the confines of the Stouffville Council Chambers. Try listening at the keyhole of the committee room door some night and we'll guarantee a real surprise. Too bad some of the conversations aren't carried over into the regular meetings. It would make interesting reading.

There were a lot of moist Kleenex in the spectator's row at the Stouffville United Church on Saturday afternoon, when Elaine Forsyth, everybody's favourite girl became Mrs. Ronald Stover. Mr. and Mrs. Forsyth would do well to write a book on the subject of 'Bringing Up Daughter'. It would be a best seller.

The next time you drive along the Don Mills Road at Buttonville, take a look at the flag flying from a pole on the Stanley Brewer property. It's very similar to the new Canadian flag with one exception—the Maple Leaf is green instead of red. Well it wasn't purchased over the counter at Woolworth's or a personal gift from Prime Minister Pearson—Mrs. Brewer made it herself. It took her only two hours. "I don't really like it," admitted Mr. Brewer, "but you don't fight City Hall or mother." If there was any argument in the family over the green-leaved pennant, it is now apparent that Mrs. Brewer won. "I still wear the pants and the Mrs. flies the flags," he concluded unconvincingly.

# The Tribune

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