

Tribune Editorials

The Truth And It Hurts

A storekeeper received the following letter over the counter and we pass it on to you for thoughtful consideration. Dear Sirs: "In reply to your request to send a cheque, I wish to inform you that the present condition of my bank account makes it ordinarily impossible. My shattered financial condition is due to union laws, provincial laws, town laws, mothers-in-law and outlaws.

Through these laws I am compelled to pay a business tax, super tax, gas tax, excise tax, tariff tax, railway tax, petrol tax and amusement tax of which I have none. Even my brains are taxed. I am required to get a business license, track license and a dog license. I am required to contribute to every society and organization which the genius of man is capable of bringing to life; to women's relief, the unemployment relief and the gold digger's relief. Also to every hospital and charitable organization in the country.

For my own safety I am required to carry life insurance, property insurance, liability insurance, burglar insurance, accident insurance, business insurance, unemployment insurance, old age insurance and fire insurance.

My business is so governed that I do not know today, nor can I find out, who owns it. I am inspected, suspected, disrespected, rejected, examined and re-examined, informed, required, summoned, fined, commanded and compelled until I provide an inexhaustible supply of money for every known desire or hope of the human race.

Simply because I refuse to donate something or other, I am talked about, lied about, held up, held down and robbed until I'm ruined.

I can tell you honestly that except for the miracle that happened, I could not enclose this cheque. The wolf that comes to my door so many times nowadays had pups in my kitchen. I sold them and here is the money.

On The Defensive

Opposition Leader, John Diefenbaker is playing an unfamiliar role and playing it badly. He's on the defensive in the current Munsinger Inquiry and beating his wings in the wind like a wounded duck.

Previously, it had been John Diefenbaker, the accuser. And we all know what an incomparable and eloquent adversary he represented on such occasions. But now things are different and so is Mr. Diefenbaker. So different, in fact, that he announced last week that he would boycott the Hearings and

followed through on his threat.

Regardless of whether we are interested or just plain bored by it all, we feel that the Conservative Leader has let his Party down and retreated in the face of pending embarrassment.

Mr. Diefenbaker has always been a fighter and whether right or wrong, we always felt that he was truly sincere. His handling of the Munsinger affair may again have been all right. But to boycott the Inquiry makes him look all wrong.

A Saving By Spending

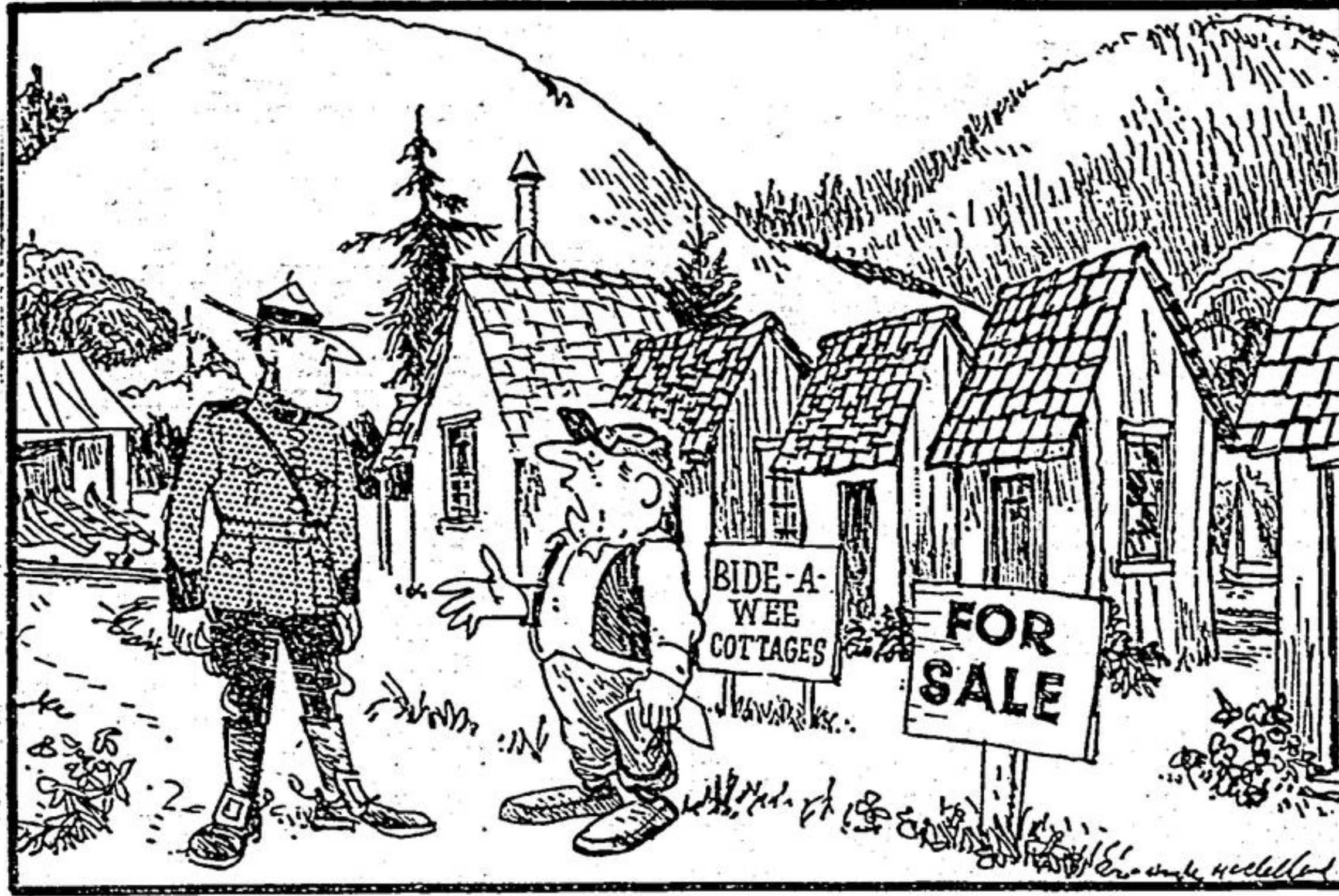
The north section of the Ninth Line within the limits of Stouffville, will be paved this spring.

This was the decision of Council last week and we feel that it is a wise move.

The ninth concession, between Stouffville and Musselman's Lake is a busy road, especially during the summer vacation period. In addition to

auto traffic, gravel trucks, also use it instantly following the withdrawal of half-load restrictions. Nothing but a paved surface can stand up under this kind of abuse.

With the completion of this project and with Whitchurch continually extending its paving program northward, the perennial Ninth Line road problem will eventually be eliminated.



"How did Mr. Gordon know I had an offer from a Texan?"



SUGAR AND SPICE

Perfect High School

By BILL SMILEY

Virtually everybody these days is upset about our educational system. The public schools are not teaching the urchins to read, write and figger. The high schools are massive, seething factories turning out illiterates. The colleges are septic tanks of sex, marijuana and LSD.

Most of this is sure poppycock, of course, but a critical society is a healthy one, according to Hugh Dunitz, that great Welsh bard and beatnik of the eleventh century. This makes Canadians about the healthiest critters in the hemisphere.

Columnists aver that high schools are run like military camps, producing lock-step conformists who haven't learned to think. This is patent baloney. They think one helluva lot more than did these same columnists, when they came out of Hayfork Centre with not much more than a burning desire to get away from said centre, a lousy basic education, and a shiny blue serge suit.

Lots of parents, and some teachers, are of the opposite opinion: that there is far too much freedom of speech, dress and action, too many frills, not enough good hard work and good hard punishment. These comments come from parents who worked one-quarter as hard in school as their kids do, and teachers who atrophied some years ago.

The kids themselves, depending on home background, their own personalities, and their talent, or lack of it, look on school as a pail or a ball. Some think of it rather like having a ball in a jail.

School boards beef about the cost of everything, and the administration beefs about the shortage of everything and the teachers beef about the paper jungle and the custodians beef about the salaries and the hours and the teachers and the administration and the school board.

You might think, from all this nagging, that there are some slight imperfections in our high schools. And you might be right. But it's not as bad as it sounds.

What I can't understand is that I haven't been approached for a definition of the perfect high school. It's probably just an oversight, and because I'm not a pushy type. But who is better qualified? I've been to high school myself, I work in the blasted factory every day, and I have a daughter who comes home every day and moans, "Do I ever hate school!"

Well, here goes. Don't panic, now. The changes would be slight and inexpensive. I think we'd all enjoy life more, students, parents and teachers.

First of all, let's cut out the muttered, mumbled morning prayer. I believe in prayer and practise it quite often (usually when I'm in a jam). But it's almost sacrilege in the way it's delivered. The R.C.'s whizz through it and leave out the last part. The Jews and atheists are silent. The teacher winds up leading three or four dogged Protestants who aren't always sure of the

LOOKING BACKWARD

Bethesda, April 28, 1932

We read about the wonderful taffy pulls of the good old days but few of the present generation of young folk ever had the opportunity to witness one of these joyous events. The young folks of Bethesda accepted the invitation to visit Charlie Atkinson's sugar bush. All the young people of the countryside and every school child was on hand. That taffy pull will live in the memory of those young folk. The fun of making was only surpassed by the joy of eating.

May 3, 1934

The lads are arriving home from Toronto, following their university year. Bruce Rowbotham and Sam Foote completed their (engineering) year on Friday, while John Button finished his year this week. Wes Roadway also finished his year at Pharmacy last week and is in the store again for the summer season. Norman Baker, taking a medical course, will be later in completing the term.

words.

Next, out goes The Queen. While I am a royalist, and have the utmost respect for Queen Elizabeth, I see no reason 30-odd teen-agers should be submitted, every morning, to a pompous and bad piece of music, the words of which have no more relation to their world than does the horse and buggy.

How would you like to go to the factory, or the office, and stand at attention while a taperecorded band blares out one of these awful tunes, before you get down to serious business, like waiting for the coffee break?

In place of these, I would suggest

a warm-up period. We're all pretty dang doggy first thing in the morning. The class cut-up would be master of ceremonies. Witty sayings, announcements, brief weather report. Some Beatles and Bob Dylan and the Rolling Stones. An original poem or song from the students. If a girl has Go-Go boots, let her demonstrate a new dance. Probably on the teacher's desk.

By this time everybody is friendly, warmed-up. The real learning atmosphere has been created. But unfortunately, I have run out of space. Read next week's column for a further thrilling instalment on The Perfect High School.



THIS WEEK & NEXT

The Union Of Canadians

By RAY ARGYLE

The task facing Canada is to weld a variety of distinct ethnic groups and regional blocs into a united nation.

To achieve this Canada needs inspired leadership able to generate among Canadians a sense of national purpose which will outweigh — but not obliterate — ethnic and regional loyalties.

The realization of this goal would ensure Canada's status as a unique and wonderful country with an identity and culture separate from the United States despite the inroads of American economic influence.

But the glittering prospect of a country rich in diversity but secure in national purpose will remain but a tarnished hope unless Canadians find a way of coping with the expansive provincialism of the past decade.

Because Canada has lived in crisis most of this century, it is only in recent years that the underlying sores of disunity have erupted into common view. The 1914-18 "war to end wars," the brief honeymoon of the now distant 20s, the great depression and the second world war with its aftermath of cold war all combined to suppress divisions in our unity.

Suddenly, in the mid-50s, the Canadian political and social status quo began to crumble. In a revolution which has affected every phase of Canadian life from political parties to schools, churches and trade unions, hardly a voice has been heard calling for the strengthening of Canada as a national entity.

French Canadian discontent which led to the Royal Commission on bilingualism and biculturalism was matched by claims of other ethnic blocs that they were the significant second language groups in their own regions.

The fact that English and French were the co-founders of the "union of Canadians" has never meant that every citizen should be bilingual. It does mean, however, that every Canadian should have the opportunity of a full life in either of the two cultures.

While other ethnic groups do not have the legalistic language rights of English and French, they have rejected the American melting pot policy of complete assimilation. The Canada which has emerged 100 years after Confederation is a pseudo-nation inhabited by a multiplicity of national groups.

The pseudo-nations which now make up Canada are founded in language, religious and regional differences. The French Catholic of Quebec sees the world through eyes different from the British Protestant of the prairies or B.C. His outlook is as different from these groups as is the outlook of the affluent, urbanized Toronto businessman from that of the tough, fatalistic Cape Breton coal miner.

The process by which the provincial governments have reclaimed authority vested so long in Ottawa is a reflection not only of these conditions but also of the lack of strong leadership at the federal level.

ROAMING AROUND

Four PFFFT'S For \$1.00

The Stouffville Council is talking about a revised bylaw for 1967 to control the sale of fireworks to children and also impose restrictions on their use. Perhaps the town fathers should go a step further and control the sale of fireworks to adults as well. The purchase price of same has become almost prohibitive. We're not suggesting for one minute that the merchant is making a big profit on this one-year spending spree. We're saying, however, that the customer doesn't receive value for his money. A single rocket can cost \$1. Four pfffts and it is gone. This year, we splurged for \$3.50 and the whole order could have been stuffed into two pockets. Still, we were going to put on a real show for the kids. By the time it was dark enough it was also time for bed. Five minutes and four packages of matches later, it was all over. One missile took off from Rupert Avenue and put on a dazzling display for the folks on Glad Park. Another veered off in a horizontal direction and crash-landed somewhere near Fairview. To top off the disappointment, we had to clean up the mess that was left.

Someone asked Roger Todd, winner of the Stouffville Kinsmen's \$1,000 sweepstake prize on Friday night, if he intended to open up a new account in the Credit Union Office. His father is the Manager at the Bank of Commerce.

One of the meanest tricks we've heard of in many a day occurred to Bill Brown of Victoria Street, Stouffville, an employee at Coffee and Bartley Motors. He took his mother to Oshawa last week and parked his nearly-new car in a local shopping plaza, currently involved in some kind of labour troubles. When he returned, he found that acid had been poured over the side, peeling the paint off the body. The damage has been estimated at about \$150.

Before someone is killed or seriously injured, we would suggest that ALL workers at the site of the bridge-construction project south of Clarendon on the Brock Road, use protective headgear. If there isn't a law to enforce this requirement, there should be. We saw one chap working right under the shovel boom with nothing on his head at all. It only takes one accident to take a life.

Terry Wise of Markham, the second pursuer on the ill-fated luxury liner Yarmouth Castle, has returned home following another cross-country trip. We talked to him briefly on Saturday. He recalled that while walking down a street in London, England one day, he bumped into Lynda Nolan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nolan of Stouffville. It's a small world.

Let's see, it was only ten days ago that the ground was covered with snow and yet, on Sunday afternoon, there were people swimming on the Cedar Beach side of Musselman's Lake.

Did you know that the Stouffville Lions Club, that has, over the years, done such a wonderful work in this community, has only two charter members? They are — Dr. Neil Smith and Andy Williams.

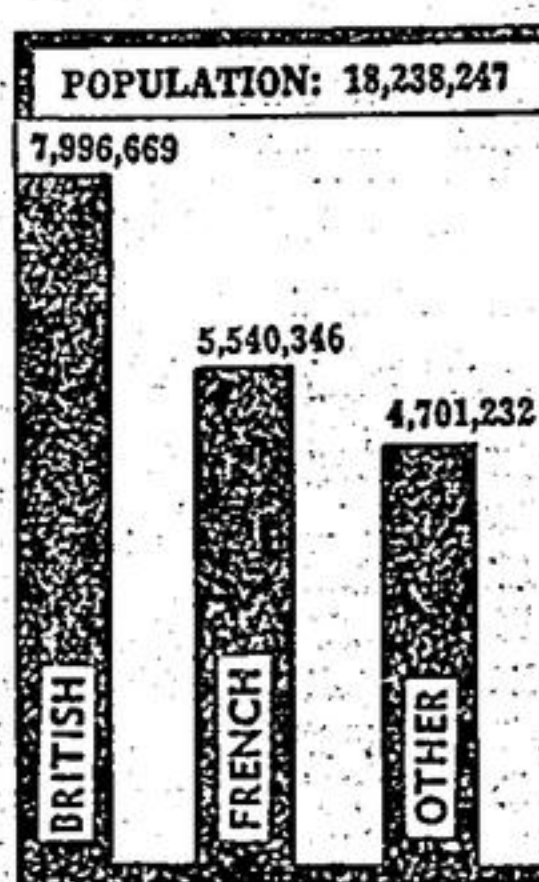
It may sound strange but it's true. Some of the costliest lot sites and some of the finest and most expensive homes in Markham Village are located within a stone's-throw of their municipal sewage treatment plant on Rouge Street.

CANADA'S CENTURY

A news background special on the Centennial of Confederation

From Britain And France Came Creation And Crisis

(First Of A Series) By WALT McDAYTER The birth of Canada as a nation was unique in that it was a child born with two umbilical cords. To this day the cords have not been severed, but still stretch taut across the Atlantic to our two motherlands, Britain and France. Canada owes much to other countries as well, but it is these two who provided us with most of our population, and gave us our language, laws, institutions and culture. Yet, if it is the French and English who did most to create Canada, it is also the growing friction between them that is now the biggest threat to our continued existence as a nation. The split between French and English Canada has never been wider, and never has the cry in Quebec for separatism been louder. Many no longer speak of Canada as a nation, but as two nations-in-one.



According to the 1961 census, about 75 per cent. of Canada's population can be traced to either British or French descent. but the line of separatism between English and French had been there too long, and could not then be erased. In 1867, French-Canadians agreed to Confederation on condition that their French heritage would be preserved, and their separate identity protected. And so, even in union, the seeds of separatism were planted.

But despite the ever-present controversy over separatism, 100 years have passed and Canada will soon celebrate the centennial of Confederation.

Many didn't think we'd make it. The New York Tribune predicted in 1867, "When the experiment of the Dominion shall have failed . . . as fall it must . . . a process of peaceful absorption will give Canada her proper place in the great North American Republic."

But Canada has not failed! It has survived as a nation, and there are few Canadians who wouldn't bet a beaver pelt that it will continue to do so. Toronto Telegram News Service — CLIP AND SAVE —



No single battle has affected Canada more than the battle on the Plains of Abraham, when in 1759 French and English forces clashed in a war to win a continent. Picture shows Wolfe leading the victorious British against Montcalm's gallant French troops.



Now A Goldfish Factory

Residents of Stouffville, both young and old, will recognize this building. It's the Goldfish Supply Company plant on Albert Street, South. This photo shows much the same building when it served as the location of the Stouffville Vinegar Works in the early 1900's.

The Tribune

Established 1888

C. H. NOLAN, Publisher
JIM THOMAS, Editor
NOEL EDEY, Advertising

Published every Thursday by the Stouffville Tribune Limited at 54 Main St., Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 640-2101. Single copies 10c, subscriptions \$4.00 per year in Canada, \$6.00 elsewhere. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation, Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association and Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Dept., Ottawa.