

# Tribune Editorials

## A Pretty Thin Line

At a recent meeting of Stouffville Council, it was noted by one of the members that billiard parlours here could not operate on Sundays without approval by a vote of the people.

We are not too concerned with this kind of recreation because, to our knowledge, ladies do not frequent the billiard premises here. But we do think that the bowling alley should be allowed to operate on the Sabbath during set afternoon and evening hours.

Where do we draw the line? The arena is a going concern on Sundays all

winter. The swimming pool operates on Sundays in the summer. One can watch a baseball game, play tennis or even roll a few lawn bowling balls. Is the law being broken or is there no law?

Last Sunday evening, around nine o'clock, we counted no less than fifteen young people, standing in groups along the Main Street, both boys and girls. They had nothing to do because, unless they wished to attend church, there was nothing to do. If a vote is required to make Sunday recreation right, then let's have it.

## Soil Farmer's Cause

Labor and New Democratic radicals soiled the Ontario farmers' cause last week when they headed noisy demonstrations at Queen's Park. The public is quick to react to such behaviour, and common comment along this writer's Main St. was, "I told you so." The farmers in a rash moment allowed themselves to be used by the NDP for political capital.

This contention is certainly backed by the fact that Donald C. MacDonald, Ontario NDP Leader could find no fault

with the actions of the demonstrators.

In Mr. MacDonald's eyes, Labor can do no wrong, not so far as NDP policy is concerned. Demonstrations and even violence can always be excused, even contravention of the laws of the land. While the Liberal and Conservative parties have stumbled politically over the last few years, the NDP party has failed to capitalize to a great extent due in part to such exhibitions as the one at Queen's Park last week which its leader condoned.

## A Bugle Corps For Stouffville

A move has been made towards the formation of a drum and bugle band in Stouffville. The committee has a long way to go before the project becomes a reality but at least the initial step has been taken and we're confident the executive will see it through.

As we've stated many times before, a marching band is a marvellous thing for any community. Not only does it enhance the prestige of a town at home but it can do wonderful things abroad. Many villages, hardly worth marking on a road map, have made their own mark through a band organization.

The ability to play, be it a drum or

a bugle, is of prime importance of course. But parade uniforms are important too. We hope that when the corps is formed, the boys and girls will be properly outfitted in regalia that will do both the band members and the town proud.

Those persons who have attended the band competitions at Markham Fair will readily appreciate the two-fold importance of ability and dress. With the ingenuity of a committee of four, the co-operation of prospective players and the assistance of local townsfolk, the hopes of a few will be appreciated by many.

## Your Chances Are Getting Better

Despite what many people think, and we include ourselves, your chances of reaching the age when you can collect on the new Canada Pension Plan are getting better. The actuarial chances are now recorded as better than seven out of ten. Even after this age most will live another fourteen years.

With this thought in mind, retirement plans are virtually important to

everyone. These plans now cover millions of Canadians and involve billions of dollars.

There has, undoubtedly, been widespread confusion throughout the country about these Plans which is unfortunate. Next to the wages paid, pensions now form the largest single item in the remuneration paid to an individual.

## Canadians Now On Quota

Did you know that it is not as easy to go to the United States as it once was — to stay that is. But even before the latest restrictions came into being fewer Canadians were moving to the States. For the first time the United States Congress has imposed a quota of those entering from the Western Hemisphere, including Canada. The total number to be

allowed is 120,000 a year.

The unexpected natural drop in the number of Canadians wishing to move south has upset U.S. authorities and some Congressmen have acknowledged a mistake and proposed eliminating the quota in so far as Canadians are concerned. However, the administration has so far declined to rescind its decision.

## Only 121 Days Away

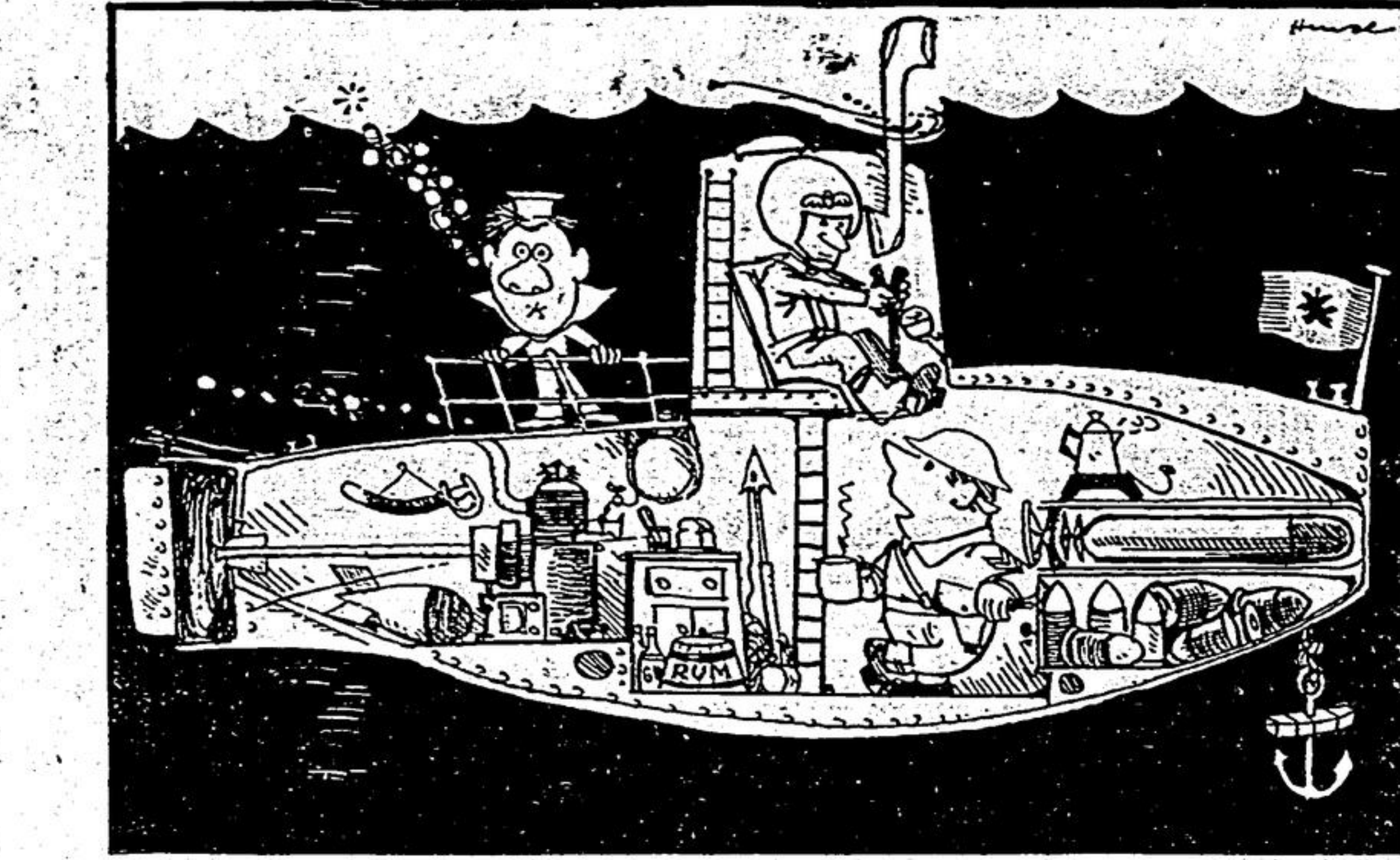
It's hard to think of Santa Claus and Christmas in August. But few pre-announced programs in Stouffville have aroused more interest than the Kinsmen's plan to reorganize a Main Street parade here.

Parade chairman, Paul Leman is already on the move and if enthusiasm by one individual means success, then Santa is due for a royal reception on December 3.

Just to keep the public posted, the parade date is only 121 days away.

## Together

Rev. A. C. Forrest, editor of the United Church Observer, made this interesting comment recently in one of his newspaper columns: "In the small summer resort town where I attend church while holidaying, there have been marked changes in church attendance. The town people tell me that during the last few decades the Anglicans have grown more like the Roman Catholics, the United more like the Anglicans, the Baptists more like the United, the Pentecostals more like the Baptists and now the Roman Catholics are getting more like everybody."



"You mean the guy with the flat hat? He's on the patio."

# RAMBLING AROUND

## MACEDONIA FOR A DAY

On Sunday afternoon, a section of Uxbridge Township, fronting on County Road 1A and situated between concessions 5 and 6, was transformed into a picnic area for an estimated 25,000 men, women and children of Macedonian origin, now living in Toronto.

The theme of the reunion was 'unity' but, according to reports, the visitors failed to gain a united welcome from many of the Uxbridge natives whose properties border the picnic grounds.

Unfortunately for deputy-recvee, Bob Nesbitt, the holiday weekend turned out to be anything but a holiday. Living only a stone's throw from the picnic property, he bore the brunt of the complaints. As deputy-recvee of all the people, he was anxious to act on their behalf but how does one individual cope with 25,000.

We attended the reunion to see first-hand if the complaints were really legitimate. We found nothing really out of order. In fact, for a crowd of such enormous size, the conduct of the people was surprisingly good. Yes, they were trespassing, but on what? Mostly dried-out pasture land hardly fit for horses or cattle. Yes, they were drinking but disturbing no one. Yes, we saw some people gambling but they took no money of mine.

We talked with the visitors and found them exceptionally friendly folk. Many were bilingual, speaking both their native language and English fluently. Their dress was quite conservative although many of the younger fry wore both slacks and shorts. Certainly nothing brazen or obscene about this group.

The highlight of the whole affair was the crowning of Miss Macedonia. It's too bad that each and every complainant couldn't have met and talked with her personally. She'd have surely cooled out a few of the hot-heads.

In case a protest delegation is in the formation stage to appear before a meeting of Uxbridge Council on August 8, we'll tell you in advance that the Macedonians of Toronto are planning to purchase their own private property in Metro so that the Sunday sleep of rural residents will no longer be disturbed.

Several months ago, we criticized the continued use of an age-old truck as part of the Claremont Fire Brigade. We take it all back. The Tomerville Trolley as we once called it, can go places that engines twice its size and power would be foolish to tackle. This 'Leapin' Lena' won her stripes in our opinion, at the scene of a grass fire in Uxbridge Township on Friday afternoon. With Jack Ward at the controls, it romped over hill and dale with all the agility of a four-wheeled caterpillar. Its performance even surprised some of the firemen. So, Mr. Chief and associates of Claremont we'll bow to your recommendation that seeing is believing. If and when this G. M. masterpiece is ready for retirement, we would suggest that it be given a platform position on the grounds of the Brougham Museum.

Harry Ratcliff of Stouffville provided us with this clipped advertisement dated May 30, 1918. It reads as follows: Replace your buggy with a Ford. Your neighbours and farmers in every section of the Dominion are abandoning their old buggies and selling their driving horses and buying Fords. Touring — \$595; Sedan — \$970; Runabout — \$575; Chassis — \$535; Coupe — \$770; 1 ton truck — \$750. G. A. M. Davidson, dealer, Unionville. That was 48 years ago.

The next time you're in Unionville, take a tour of the new Varley Village Subdivision. We predict that, when completed, it will be one of the finest residential areas in the district. The price range of houses is from \$22,900 to \$29,995. They seem to be selling fast with more than 100 now occupied.

## SUGAR AND SPICE

# Surprise! On Return

By BILL SMILEY



There's nothing more pleasant than getting back to your own home after a holiday. Unless, of course, you've been spending a month in a posh resort, and your own home is that unpainted two-room shack behind the town dump.

This week, we were looking forward to it more than ever. It had been hotter than Hades, and our house, surrounded by oaks and maples, is always cool. It had been a long drive, and we were tired. And while we were away, with the co-operation of our friendly banker we'd had the trim painted.

When we pulled off the highway and headed down our own street, we were practically purring with anticipation. A long, cold drink under the oaks. A leisurely inspection of the paint job. A quiet evening of idiot box or reading. Luvably.

As we drew up to the house, my wife squealed with delight. It looked splendid, with the shutters and trim white than white against the rosy brick and deep-green ivy. I agreed but couldn't help noticing that the grass was shin-high, and that an oak branch, thicker than a man's head and thirty feet long, had been blown down and straddled the fence, or what was left of it.

However, after three hours of dodging suicidal maniacs on the highway, all I wanted to do was fall into a chair and nuzzle a cold one.

As soon as I opened the door, my wife shrieked, "Bill, there's a terrible smell in here."

"Nonsense!" My standard reply. For one thing, my wife has a nose like a bloodhound. This faculty is allied with a vivid imagination. She frequently smells things that I swear are non-existent. She has even said my column stinks, on occasion. Imagine.

But this time, "Dad, she's right," Kim backed her up. "Yich! It's horrible. And look at the flies, everywhere, Yich!"

"All right, all right," I sighed, as only a father and husband can sigh. "Don't get excited, it's probably just dampness from the cellar, because the house has been closed."

The old lady was distracted for a moment by the pile of mail inside the front door. She pawed through it, looking for a letter from her first-born. She found it. As I staggered upstairs with the suitcases, she shouted excerpts from the letter, interspersed with comments on the horrible smell.

I came down and headed for the refrigerator. Wiped my forehead, licked my lips and opened the door. Even with my three per cent, I was knocked flat on my back on the floor. I hadn't smelled anything like it since the fields of Normandy, 1944. Pure putrefaction.

Two inches of blood on the bottom of the fridge. Streamers of what looked like coagulated intestines hanging from the shelves. I opened the freezing compartment.

Six steaks, bought when they were on special at 89 cents. A five-pound roast. A two-pound bag of chicken livers. Hamburg, pork chops, frozen vegetables and orange juice from burst

## LOOKING BACKWARD

34 Years Ago

There was one of the largest crowds ever assembled in Stouffville for the civic holiday street dance.

Fourteen of Jas. Brodie's sheep pasturing at Lemonville were destroyed by raiding dogs.

Stouffville Horticultural Society has decided to have a two-day fair this year.

There are a lot of "tramps" on the road today despite the fine weather. Maybe our council could put some of them to work helping our street cleaner Al Pryne clean the pavement as he appears nearly swamped.

There's a sale of Goodyear tires at the Brathwaite Hardware Store, just \$6.70.

Stouffville school building is getting its semi-annual coat of paint.

cans. All clinging together in a soggy, stinking corpse.

I'd prefer to draw a veil over the next few hours of domestic discord. But I'll give just the skeleton. Half an hour of howling and mutual recriminations disclosed that we were both to blame. She had decided to defrost the fridge the day we left, ten days before. I had insisted we didn't have time. Finally, she had agreed. But she turned off the freezing unit and forgot to turn it on again, in the confusion of getting ready to go.

A trip to the town dump with two garbage cans and 400 flies. Two hours of scrubbing the thing out with soda, vinegar and good salt tears. Net result,

zero. All doors and windows open all night but it was still like sleeping in a slaughterhouse.

Call next day to friendly insurance agent. No dice. We weren't covered for stupidity. Visit to friendly appliance dealer whose eyes lit up even as his head wagged dolefully. "You'll never get rid of the smell." Dealer related various horror stories from past experience.

Net loss fridge, \$300; food, \$50. Plus our planned trip to the coast.

Oh, well. We couldn't afford that trip anyway. But we'd probably have gone. Now, we really can't afford it. So look at the money we've saved. Or something.



## THIS WEEK & NEXT

# Canada's Restless Summer

By RAY ARGYLE

Mid-summer hung like a shimmering veil over the nation this week, and Canadians went about their daily affairs conscious that this "quiet time" of year would soon give way to the bustle of fall.

But for the moment, fall seemed light years away. For this has been a long, hot summer for most Canadians and there seemed little respite from mercury-melting temperatures whether in the backyard or one the beach.

On The Beach. To Canadians in this summer of 1966, that phrase has none of the ominous portents of Nevil Shute's novel of a few years ago which foretold the end of the world in nuclear fire.

Vietnam, for all the escalation brought by U.S. bombing and Hanoi's expressed willingness to "fight, fight, fight," seemed further away than ever.

If Canadians' thoughts were turned to anything other than their private affairs this week, it was to purely domestic matters: The kind of matters which concern Canadians but are of little moment to the world at large.

For senior high school students whose summer jobs earn them money which eases their dependence on Dad, July and August give them an escape into the adult world. But youngsters not of working age might be better off — and happier — back in the classroom during at least some of these hot weeks. The long summer vacation, it must be remembered, is a relic of our wholly agricultural past when child labor was needed on the family farm, and "book learnin'" was something to be confined to the unproductive winter months.

How all that has changed! Manual farm chores for children have become fewer and farm prosperity today hinges on machinery and fertilizer, plus rain.

This summer's near-drought in Eastern Canada put new wrinkles in the worried brows of Ontario and Quebec farmers. But the West, still lush from heavy spring rains, looked forward to a mammoth 700 million bushel wheat crop which could even reach 1963's record of 723 million bushels.

Ontario farmers were indeed restive, and to express their displeasure at milk prices and other grievances they sent hundreds of slow-moving tractors onto the province's highways. The Ontario Farmers' Union made it clear that milk prices (despite two increases in the past nine months, weren't the only thing they were unhappy about. They also wanted a rebate on education tax paid by farmers, and universal medicare.

But for most Canadians, the most unsettling news of the summer was on the prices front, where the cost of living continues to climb and a spate of strikes threatened to push prices higher if many more unionists gained substantial wage boosts. But who could blame the unionists? And labor economists were able to cite, with considerable evidence, that wages were not al-

ways the main factor in determining price levels.

Along with rising prices, definite signs were beginning to emerge of a slowdown in major consumer purchases. New cars were the first to feel the pinch. Just as the Dominion Bureau of Statistics was reporting that car sales in Canada reached a record 830,000 units in 1965, auto makers were reporting declining sales throughout this spring and summer.

The case of Gerda Munsinger was back in the news with the release of Mr. Justice Spence's report on what the RCMP had somewhat intemperately described as a "classic case" of security risk. But even the Spence report didn't stir the excitement which had been expected, and the Seven Days escapade became an almost forgotten chapter in the continuing serial of CBC hi-jinks.

The only major political squabble of mid-summer blew up over the intergration of the Canadian Forces. The revolt of the admirals caused a brief sensation but with our usual apathy toward things military, most Canadians (except perhaps residents of military or port towns) couldn't care less. One cartoonist depicted an unhappy admiral being soothed by his wife with the comment, "Don't worry, Dear. There's always the bathtub to play in." What better way to spend a hot day?



## Gormley Triplets At Age Four Years

What a difference 12 years makes. This photo of the Harvey triplets Gormley was taken in 1953. Brenda, Barbara and Bonnie were then only 4. They are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Harvey, Gormley R.R.1.

# The Tribune

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