

Tribune Editorials

THE GULLIBLE PUBLIC

Never again do we want to hear anyone complain about the price of a ten-cent newspaper, a fifteen cent cup of coffee or a twenty-seven cent quart of milk — not after visiting one booth at Markham Fair on Saturday.

The super salesman for a firm he called 'National Distributors', fast-talked his audience into spending hundreds of hard-earned dollars in a matter of minutes.

We're not suggesting that there was anything illegal about his business. The man merely sold himself and the rest came as easy as if he had personally picked the people's pockets.

One man paid \$100 for an electric sewing machine that we later learned would wholesale for \$31. Another lady paid cash for a carving set and didn't even ask to see the merchandise. He sold electric shavers (\$15) by the dozens.

The most ridiculous part of the

whole program came when he requested donations of \$1.00. Sixteen people handed him \$16 and he tucked it in his coat. "I'm going to give it to my favourite charity and since charity begins at home, that's just where it's going — home," he said, and everybody laughed. He then handed each of the donors a ball-point pen.

To round out his routine, he produced a half-dozen boxes and, without revealing their contents, called for bids of \$5.00 each. The purchaser had to promise that he wouldn't open the container until after he had crawled under the bed covers and turned out the light. All seemed agreeable to the terms and the show ended on that note. A few minutes later, he was back again with the same line of talk, the same sort of merchandise and a similar assortment of gullible listeners.

It takes all kinds to make a world and there's a sucker born every minute.

FARM AVERAGE EARNING UP

The picture of the Canadian farmer as a depressed and oppressed victim of today's economics, is not borne out by the latest report of the Bureau of Statistics. This report shows gross revenue to be up 13.4% in a single year. In the same period expenses rose 6%. The report further reveals that contrary to the idea of the general public, grain sales have not been the big factor. Biggest cash contributors to the increase have been hogs, dairy products and others.

The farmer will argue that despite the fact he is getting more, he started with his increases much further down the scale so that his increases are not as great as they appear. When we say the average too, this is deceiving. It's

one thing to tell a worker that the average Canadian wage is \$80 a week and another to believe it when you're only earning \$50.

The need seems to be to level out the increased prosperity through all branches of farming. The big wheat farmer in the West certainly isn't suffering so the complaints come largely from the East, a reversal from a few years ago.

However, the farmer, all things considered, is obviously not as badly off as he would like to have the rest of the country believe, nor is he as well-to-do as some city dwellers claim. The Bureau's figures would suggest the balance is slightly weighted on the side of the first argument rather than the latter.

CAN IT REALLY BE THIS BAD?

From reading papers and magazines, listening to radio, watching television, one must have a most indomitable spirit not to be overcome by some sense of gloom. What about this world our children are going to inherit. It's not a pretty picture if one is to believe all he reads, sees and hears.

There'll not be enough food to go around. There'll be more people than there are places to put them or jobs to keep them busy. No pure water — perhaps not enough of any kind. This goes for air too. No room to drive cars — or even park them. Our natural beauty

SIMPLE SKILLS IMPORTANT

In its brief to the inter-provincial conference on education held in Montreal last week, Air Canada complained that it was common for high school graduates hired by the corporation to be unable to spell or to compose understandable sentences. There was also criticism of a widespread inability in graduates to do simple arithmetical calculations.

This, of course, is intolerable. Such simple skills should be a prerequisite of graduation from any high school worthy of its provincial grants. Nonetheless, having looked over the communications of a great many senior businessmen and

captains of industry, we cannot say that the weaknesses complained of are limited to high school graduates. Indeed, universities and institutions of tertiary learning are increasingly running classes in the English language for businessmen.

Unintelligible prose is by no means the production solely of the young. Read Hansard almost any day of the week, listen to elected representatives, the radio, read company reports, and school text-books (particularly those dealing with arithmetic); there will be found some of the choicest unintelligibility of our age.



EDITOR'S MAIL

Yes, Prices Have Changes

By OUR READERS

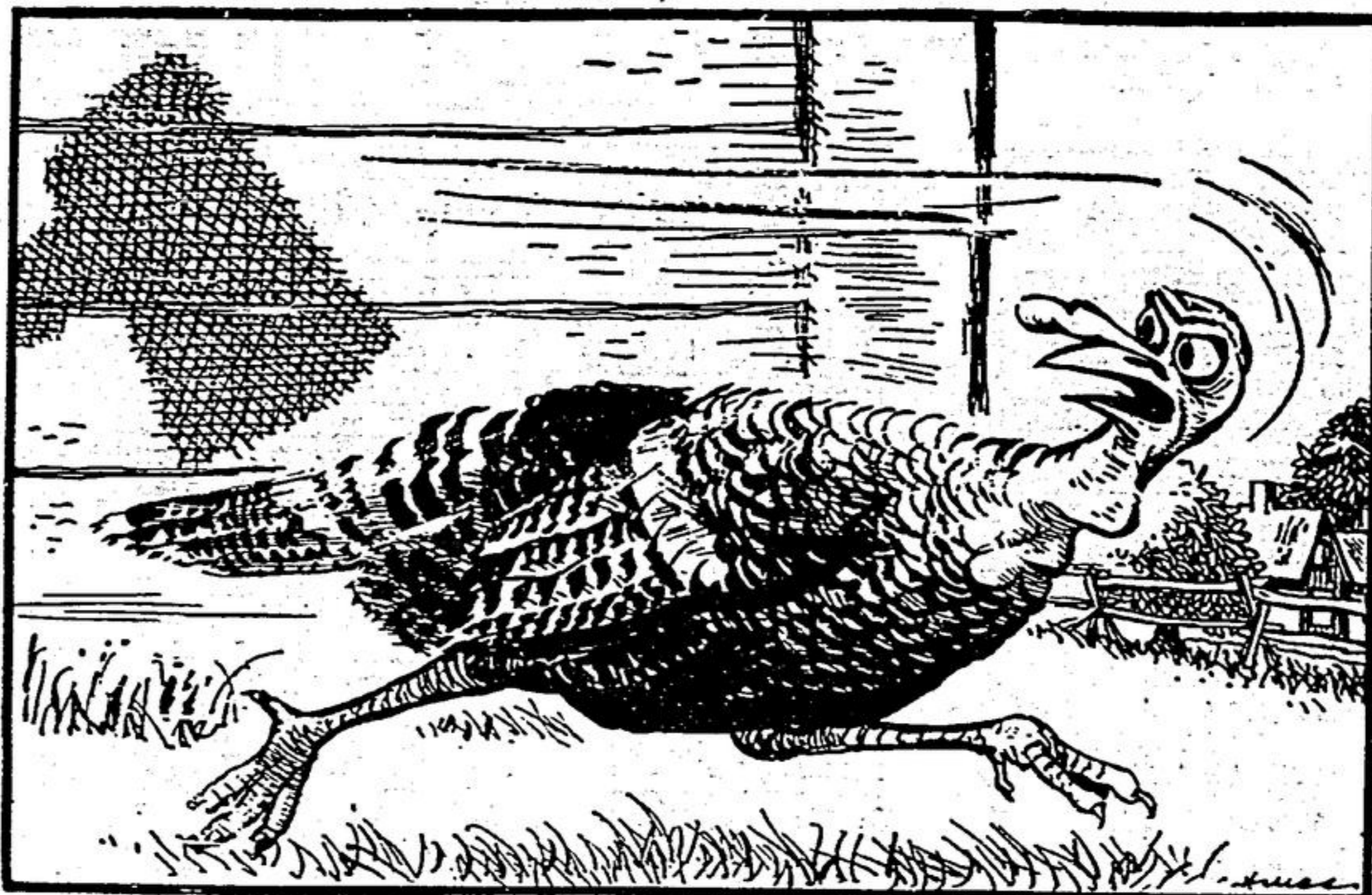
September 20, 1966. Dear Sir: I subscribe to The Telegram but during the recent railway strike, second class mail was held up. As a result, when the strike was over, I received 14 papers all at one time. Among them, was a copy of The Tribune, dated September 1 and I read it carefully right through. I found it very interesting — enclosed, find ten cents.

In looking over the paper, I see you cover both the Markham and Uxbridge areas. This reminds me of the time when I lived in Scarborough Junction (1892-99) and I was the correspondent for the Markham Economist (I think that was the name).

My how that place (Scarborough) has grown since those days. I can recall how three Detroit real estate men who

bought land from a farmer there for about \$50 an acre. They made a 'killing'. They ran free trains from Toronto after the place was laid out in lots. It was an inducement to build. The first five who built homes within a year, had the purchase price of their lots returned. My dad had a large 8-room brick house, a block from the station. It is still in excellent condition. I visited the property last year while attending the C.N.E. I had several lots, purchased at tax sales for as low as fifty cents. The tax, if I remember correctly, was \$17 a year. I sold one of the properties for \$200. Now, the area is completely built up and the sale price of land is \$100 and over per foot.

In those days, the Grand Trunk ran



"Thanksgiving — For whom?"



SUGAR AND SPICE

Long Hair—Yummy!

By BILL SMILEY

What do you think of long hair on boys? I imagine your answer will depend on your age and sex.

If you're a 13-year-old girl, you'll probably roll your eyes toward heaven and ejaculate, "Yummy?", or something of the sort.

If you're a male junior executive in the late twenties, you'll probably sneer, "Revolution!", while secretly wishing you were 10 years younger and could have a go at it yourself.

If you're a young swinger, late-teens, early-twenties, your reaction is probably, "The Greatest!" This group, female, are fan-followers. Fifteen years ago, they wouldn't even look at anybody who didn't have a crew cut.

Males whose forties are fading along with their own hair will probably grumble, "What they need is a year in the army!"

Females of the same vintage are

a suburban train several times a day from 'Little York', now known as East Toronto. The population then, was about 1,000. My train ticket for an entire year was \$15.60 until I was 18, then \$31.20. I could ride as often as I wished. Just showed my ticket. I frequently made two round trips per day. Three who qualified for a rebate on the purchase price were Mr. Trinnell (his brick house is still there) and a Mr. Newlands (house still there too).

My father sold his house for about \$1,500 and I think a recent buyer paid over \$11,000 for it.

Donald George Stephenson, reeve of Scarborough for many years, lived at the Junction about where the Everest store is now located. The station was burned down about three years ago. Many is the hour that I have sat there waiting for the 'Montreal Express' when it was late.

I had my hotel reservations made to attend the C.N.E. this year but at the last moment I had to cancel them due to an accident. I first attended the Exhibition in 1882. The Toronto Telegram sponsored a dinner for me at the Royal York at which the Premier and the Mayor and the General Manager of the C.N.E. were present. I received a lifetime pass, the first and only one ever issued. I have been told that I have the longest attendance record of anyone at the Exhibition. I have also been taking The Telegram since 1880 and still receive it daily. I am the longest and oldest subscriber they have. Back in the '80's, it was a single sheet of 4 pages. It sold for 1 cent. I made a nickel for every dozen that I sold — a small fortune for a six year old in those days.

For 4 years (1889-1904) I lived in a six-room brick house. I could have purchased it for \$1,000 on my terms. My rent was \$10 per month. It was then only two minutes walk from Yonge Street. When down two years ago, to see the same house, then rent was \$135 per month and the price paid by the present owner was \$13,000. Please pardon this lengthy epistle. I only wished to tell you that I received a copy of your paper.

A. Gowler, (age 91)
Yates Hotel,
Victoria, B.C.

Dear Editor:

Your newspaper is to be congratulated on the excellent coverage given History in Action day in Brougham held on Sept. 17, both before and after the event.

Every picture was enjoyed, not only because of its fine photographic quality, but because of its local interest.

The thought expressed in your article of a bond established between the north and south parts of Pickering Township by this event was appreciated by the Museum Board, for it is indeed true that many assisted from the south part of the township, and from other adjacent municipalities, as well as from the north.

Elsa Storry,
Secretary,
Pickering Township
Museum Board.

quite likely to coo. "It's sorta cute, really!", as long as their own young male is clean-cut and beardless.

If you're over 50, you probably look with mild amusement, or mild disgust, on the current crops of sheep-dogs, male. You know it doesn't amount to much. You remember the flat-chested flapper, the rumble seat, the coonskin coat and a lot of other items that appalled the oldies of the era.

Personally, I don't agree with any of the above reactions except the last one, though I haven't yet reached that age group. Or that fine plain of tolerance.

To go back over them. Long hair is seldom yummy. And it is seldom revolting, though it can be. It is not the greatest. Greatest anything. A year in the army solves nothing. And all sorts of things are sorta cute: monkeys, baby alligators, infant pigs.

But let's get down to the principals and the principles in this world-shaking debate. Many high-school principals react just like the 13-year-old girls above. They roll their eyes to heaven, when the subject of long hair comes up. But they don't ejaculate, "Yummy!" At least that isn't what it sounds like.

Creep up behind a principal and say, even quietly, "Haircuts." I guarantee he'll jump a foot and a half and turn on you with a decided tic below his left eyeball.

A principal confronted by a few shaggies feels exactly like an inspecting brigadier in the army, who arrives at "C" Platoon and finds that six of the

bodies stiffly at attention are wearing white sneakers instead of spit 'n polish black boots.

And what about the principles? This is what the culprits purport to defend: individualism; freedom of expression; non-conformity. You name it. It's all the rage these days. And the muddled kids are aided and abetted by parents, "liberal" thinkers and misguided editors.

After that comes the emotional hog-wash. Einstein, Sir John A. Macdonald, Jesus, would all have to get a haircut if they went to high school today.

Can you imagine Christ in a crew cut? He was a conformist in the things that didn't matter, an individualist in things that did.

Sir John and Einstein had other things on their minds, and didn't have time to worry about hair-cuts. But I'll bet they didn't spend several hours a day combing and admiring their locks.

Guess I sound like an old fuff. But I know how the kids suffer when the sacrilegious scissors start their desecration.

I still have a psychic scar because the Germans made me shave a magnificent beard in prison camp. And I'll never forget the wave of anguish that swept me the day I stood before a mirror and saw half of my fine, handle-bar, fighter-pilot's moustache shaved. But there was no going back.

You do look pretty silly in half a handle-bar. But let's hear your opinions on boys' long hair. Write your editor.



THIS WEEK & NEXT

Two Top Tories Tangle

By RAY ARGYLE

The latest effort of disgruntled Conservatives to force John Diefenbaker into retirement is a vivid illustration of the virtual captivity in which Canadian political leaders hold their parties.

In both the Conservative and Liberal parties, there is widespread dissatisfaction with the present leadership. The bitter, confidence-crunching vendetta which Mr. Diefenbaker and Prime Minister Pearson have fought over the past 10 years has disrupted parliamentary government in Canada. Voters in massive numbers have become disenchanted with both men.

Yet both hang on. They hang on because there is no effective machinery in either party to gracefully retire a leader when his time is done.

Even the New Democratic party, which considers itself the most democratically organized of the Canadian parties, merely reaffirms the leadership at its annual conventions. It would take a wholesale revolt of party delegates, for example, to discharge Tommy Douglas.

In contrast with the American system, where a fresh start is made at every presidential nominating convention, there is no natural or automatic procedure for settling the leadership question in Canada.

It is this question of system which makes doubly difficult the task of party president Dalton Camp in his campaign to oust Mr. Diefenbaker.

As president of the PC Association, Mr. Camp can do nothing more than ask the party's annual meeting next month in Ottawa to call for a leadership convention. Having done that, a convention will then only be called if the national executive decides this should be done.

To achieve even this much — and there is no certainty that Mr. Diefenbaker would not win a leadership convention if one were held — Mr. Camp must first be re-elected to his own position.

Supporters of Mr. Diefenbaker, who are in the majority in the caucus, are already campaigning for Camp's ouster. Diefenbaker loyalist Erik Nielsen of the Yukon is seen as a possible candidate

to oppose Camp.

Despite the fact Camp has listed such allies as former justice minister David Fulton and other MPs such as Heath McQuarrie, Gordon Alken, Patrick Nowlen and Thomas Bell, the anti-Dief forces will have to chart their way through a maze of political shoals.

But cracks are appearing in the Diefenbaker fortress — the West. Winnipeg MP Bud Sherman and Alberta's acid-tongued Eldon Woolliams say the November meeting should deal with the leadership question. B.C. Tories have called for a secret ballot, and more anti-Dief sentiment has surfaced in the Maritimes.

If Camp can win re-election as party president, it is assumed he will regard this as authority to call a leadership convention. Under such circumstances, the Tory national executive will have little choice but to go along.

The difference between the current challenge to Diefenbaker and past unsuccessful efforts to remove him is that the November meeting will not see any direct confrontation between party rebels and Mr. Diefenbaker personally.

In this sense, Dalton Camp has probably a better chance of wearing down the Diefenbaker loyalists than previous challengers. They had to go up against the leader personally in emotion-charged, tear-laden scenes in the party caucus. In that environment, Diefenbaker remains virtually unconquerable.

If Dalton Camp's strategy is therefore well-founded, the same cannot be said for his timing. In many respects, Mr. Diefenbaker is now in a stronger position than at any time since 1958. He regrouped his forces in the 1965 election, prevented the Liberals from gaining a majority, and has since benefited from the often inept performance of the Liberal government.

ADAMING AROUND

Markham Fair

How to lose a son or daughter in two quick turns of the head — that's Markham Fair.

How to win a 1st on a pumpkin pie but last on a pumpkin — that's Markham Fair.

How to talk a boy out of a ride on the ferris wheel when he's packed full of cotton candy — that's Markham Fair.

How to grab an unruly pig when it's greased from nose to tail — that's Markham Fair.

The 111th annual rural exhibition has now been written into the record books and, in spite of chilly weather and a Saturday afternoon shower, the entire show was a tremendous success. One can only touch on a few of the features that attracted the interest of the thousands who attended.

"Would six year old Jane please meet her aunt Sally at the main gate." That was the voice of 19 year old Gerry Cosburn, one of the busiest girls on the grounds. In addition to a multitude of announcements, she aided in the ultimate recovery of 45 children who had strayed from their parents. Gerry, along with Marian Rutherford, 15, were in charge of the lost and found department.

What would a Fair be like without a clown, and Fil, the best in the business for 40 years, was there. He had the kids and adults too doubled up with laughter. In real life, he is Pat Mahoney of Borden Street, Toronto.

The Band Concert on Friday night, a project promoted almost personally by Walter Gould, attracted the largest crowd ever. The Markham Collegettes carved another notch in their drumsticks when they topped all competitors to win the Gould Trophy award. They were truly at their best and had to be, for the competition was extremely keen.

In the show horse class, Heber Down of Brooklin continued to lead the way. Closer to home, Murray Grove, Stouffville, RR 1, had his Belgian team on display. Together, they tip the scales at over two tons.

The most spectacular feat of the Friday show was the horse-pulling contest, a new Fair attraction this year. Lugging a dead weight of 5,200 pounds for a distance of 30 feet, 9 inches was a team owned by Stirling Laffin of Smith Falls. Second was a pair of blacks driven by Murray Cowen of Haliburton. Other entries were from Belleville and Little Britain.

Crime was almost nil, according to Police Chief Fred White. No pick-pockets were reported and only one liquor charge was laid. Chief White praised the work of the Security Guard and the co-operation of the O.P.P. The dance, in the evening, was a most orderly crowd. A half-dozen were feeling no pain but all remained mobile.

Olive Shadlock deserves much credit for her work in promoting the entries for 18 year olds and under. It was unique this year that a brother and sister should take championship awards. Nancy Bell, 18 and Brother, Bob, 17 of Milliken were winners. Tied with Nancy for 1st was Muriel Scott, 17, of Vandorf.

A quick run-down of some of the most prominent prize-winners include the following — (Apples — John Murison, Markham. (Pears) — J. K. Cowan, Mongolia; John Murison, Markham. (Grapes) — Mrs. Clarence Hood, Stouffville; J. K. Cowan, Mongolia. (Plums) — Ivan Norton, Goodwood. (Potatoes) — Ivan Norton, Goodwood; Harold Norton, Claremont; (Mangles) — Harold Norton, Claremont. (Squash) — Ivan Norton, Goodwood. (Pumpkin) — Kenneth Graham, Locust Hill. (Table Squash) — Tom Shadlock, Milliken; Stella Pike, Locust Hill. (Sunflowers) — J. K. Cowan, Mongolia. (Parsnips) — Stan Feasby, Goodwood. (Cabbage) — Frank Hendy, Claremont. (Cauliflower) — Frank Hendy, Claremont. (Onions) — Richard Colwell, Claremont; Stan Feasby, Goodwood. (Watermelon) — Mrs. Gordon Jones, Markham. (Musk-melon) — R. C. Pralet, Locust Hill. (Citron) — Frank Hendy, Claremont. (Corn) — John Murison, Markham; Stan Feasby, Goodwood. (Brussel Sprouts) — Stan Feasby, Goodwood. (Carrots) — Ivan Norton, Goodwood. (Beets) — J. K. Cowan, Mongolia. (Mixed Hay) — Harry Warriner, Markham. (Glads) — Ivan Norton, Goodwood; Mrs. Earl Cook, Stouffville. (Dahlia) — Maude Feasby, Goodwood. (Rubber Plant) — Mrs. P. Best, Agincourt. (Women's Institute) — Unionville 1st; Buttonville, 2nd. Prominent winners in poultry were — Jack Owen, Claremont; R. H. Thompson, Markham and Albert H. Smith, Richmond Hill. First prize ribbons for pigeons went to Jim Avery, Claremont and Jim Parkinson, Unionville. (Rabbits) — Donald Gayman, Unionville. (Guinea Pigs) — Terri-Jane Saunders, Stouffville. (Picture in copper) — David Norton, Markham. (Picture in aluminum) — Lou LeBlanc, Markham. (Oil Painting) — Edna Reid, Markham. (Baking) — Stella Pike, Locust Hill; Mrs. Clarence Hood, Stouffville; Mrs. Marjorie Walker, Unionville; Mary Wilson, Markham; Kaye Sutherland, Markham; Mrs. Samuel Naples, Port Perry and Mrs. G. Brown, Oshawa. (Flowers) — Mrs. George Starr, Markham; Maude Feasby, Goodwood; Mrs. Stan Clarkson, Gormley; Mrs. D. E. Pralet, Locust Hill and Mrs. R. Walter, Markham.

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