

Deserve Council's Confidence

The use of township-owned automobiles by heads of departments for transportation to and from their place of employment, has been questioned by some members of Council in Pickering.

We feel that the keeping of these cars at the employees' homes during off hours could prove a benefit to both the municipality and its taxpayers. To a lesser degree, it would also serve as a convenience to the drivers.

There has been some suggestion that this transportation privilege has been abused. Residents have apparently reported seeing the cars on unauthorized sorties around the township. This, in our opinion is kid's stuff, far below the level of a municipality of 25,000 who

expect service in one way or another on a round-the-clock basis.

For far too long, the honesty of township personnel, particularly heads of departments, has been questioned. It has led to ill-feeling, dissatisfaction and even resignations.

We feel that men who can be trusted to hold positions of responsibility in Pickering Township as we know it today, can surely be granted the right to supervise the activity of a little 4-wheeled runabout between dusk and dawn. And so Ma Perkins sees it parked in front of the neighborhood Supermarket on a Friday evening, so what? Perhaps the store is having trouble with its waterworks.

A Community Effort

A sub-committee of the Stouffville Centennial Committee has launched a financial campaign to raise \$15,000 for the town's centennial Civic Square. Even before this campaign was conceived, a number of residents had expressed a desire to have a share in this community project.

It gives an opportunity for all citizens, including a number who now reside elsewhere to identify themselves with a definite centennial program in the home town.

The completion of the Square will be a proud moment for Stouffvilleites, and particularly so as it is hoped that most will have contributed, and will certainly feel a sense of worthwhile accomplishment.

Council can likewise feel satisfaction that the citizens have shown such interest to rally financially behind the project and eliminated the need for an increased tax levy.

There is some urgency concerning the raising of the fund as it must be known prior to budget time in March, how the Square is to be financed. Both bank branches in Stouffville are ready to receive your contribution which will be officially recorded for future generations. The committee asks that citizens be as generous as possible and as prompt as is convenient. No contribution is considered too small and it is hoped that every resident will accept the appeal as a personal obligation of a Stouffville citizen.

Province Sports And Trade Pay

We have always maintained that commerce would be one of the big factors in bringing together Russia and the western world. Tourist trade was also cited. Now we may add to this sports with consumer purchasing thrown in.

The recently completed tour of the Soviet hockey team gives evidence that consumer purchasing has a strong urge for the Russians.

It has come to light that the Russian team was more than 600 lbs. overweight when it arrived in Canada. The bill for the overweight luggage was paid for by the Canadian Amateur Hockey

Association. However, when the Russians flew home they were 2,000 pounds overweight.

Somewhere along the line the hockey tourists accumulated a ton of extra luggage.

They definitely showed great desire for the products of our western economy, and understandably so, as at home many of these articles are unobtainable or in short supply.

The CAHA declined to pay the overweight charges on the return trip and this must have upped the cost unless the Soviet customs officials proved lenient.

Some Prize!

A story with fascination and amusement has just come out of Ottawa which can be enjoyed by every taxpayer in the nation. It seems that Minister of National Revenue, E. J. Benson recently launched the new income tax form with a cocktail party for the press. The form has been devised to eliminate the confusion at income tax time by coloring the tax form, leaving white spaces where the taxpayer must provide information.

At this particular party there was a prize. The winner was a news agency

reporter. His prize — a promise that Mr. Benson would fill out the reporter's income tax form for him when the time comes. Some Prize!

The prize would have been really something had the opportunity been given to fill out Mr. Benson's tax form and to argue with him about the amount of this and that he could allow, and what the expense was for, and where did the money come from. Here would have been a prize worth winning.



EDITOR'S MAIL

Catchcatcher For Pickering

By OUR READERS

Dear Sir: I have a complaint. Pickering Township has a dogcatcher and a lovely way to put them in.

Recently, I wrote to the Clerk, requesting him to send the officer into the Balsam area and collect all the stray cats in the community.

We feed them, since we don't want them to starve but we are afraid that they may become infected with rabies. There have been several incidents of rabies in wild animals here.

I thought perhaps if the dogcatcher should see this letter in your newspaper, it could result in some action.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Richard Day.

Jan. 24, 1967.
Dear Sir: Well, Stouffville finally de-

ecided what they plan to do for Canada's Centennial. GOOD.

Now, just one tiny question, WHEN??

When do we get this plan off the drawing board and into action? Is it going to take as long for this project to materialize as it did to conceive the idea?

If that is the case, we still have to say to the rest of this nation, HEY, wait for us!!!

Sincerely,
Jean O'Neill,
Stouffville, Ont.

Editor's Note The Council has called for demolition work to begin on the old firehall building not later than March 15. The members hope that the Civic Square project may be completed by July 1 of this year.

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"I know bagpipes have been recognized officially as a musical instrument — But must you practise where my dogs can hear them?"

ROAMING AROUND

The Boy Next Door

We attended the 1967 edition of Ice Follies at Maple Leaf Gardens, Toronto on Saturday. We came away, knowing that we had received one of the best bargain values in entertainment ever offered. From the opening to the end, it was a magnificent performance, overshadowing, in our opinion, the famous Ice Capades that come to Toronto every fall.

Donald Jackson, who once skated here in Stouffville, headlined the show and was accorded an outstanding ovation. He deserved it. His two numbers, that concluded all too soon, were superb.

In spite of his success, he's the same friendly, approachable lad of days past. A kind of boy next door. He leaves one with that impression. Best of all, however, he's a true-blue Canadian, a fact that tends to stir some sense of pride among the natives in this, our centennial year.

If you haven't taken the kids out to the Bruce Mill Conservation Area, west of Stouffville on a weekend yet this winter, you don't know what they're missing. We dropped in for an hour on Sunday afternoon and the place was alive with men, women and mostly children. The toboggan is king and they come in all weights and sizes. The aluminum models appear the most popular although there are plenty of the standard wood variety. Although it's great fun for the young fry, it can be pretty rough on Pop. We came out of the sixty minute fray with a sprained back, a pair of housemaids' knees and minus the seat in a new pair of pants. The last catastrophe was far from least.

It was Warden Floyd Perkins of Richmond Hill who referred to today's modern education trends as "moving out of the little red schoolhouses into the big red budgets".

Speaking of school, thirty pupils from the Grade 8 class of Don Mills Junior High, walked all the way from the Don Mills Shopping Plaza to the Toronto City Hall on Jan. 28, leaving at 9:45 a.m. and arriving at their destination by 1 p.m. They were dressed in old-fashioned costumes. They covered a distance of 10 1/2 miles and received \$50 that will go to reduce the \$1,000 cost of a school centennial mural. Two members of the staff are known in Stouffville, Mrs. Frank Hannah (Marg Barry) and Tom McCreight.

We have learned that Frank Burkholder is not the only centennial rug artist in Stouffville. Bert Lickorish is also working on a centennial masterpiece and hopes to have it completed this year.

The number of centennial beard-growers in Stouffville and district has reached 115. The latest recruits to fuzzy faced fame are — John Clark, Loretta Cresc., Stouffville; William Gammon, RR 3, Stouffville; Joe Herold, Main Street; Donald Hope, RR 3, Stouffville; Dave White, North Street; A. J. Wood, RR 2, Markham; Chic. Minaker, Boyer St.; Ivan Grove, RR 2, Markham; Marvin Clark, RR 2, Stouffville; Bill Storry, RR 2, Stouffville; Jack Palmer, RR 2, Stouffville; Ed Polachok, RR 2, Stouffville; Ken Hamm, Glad Park Ave.; Sam Halsted, Stouffer St.; Peter Stover, RR 3, Stouffville; Doug Hoover, RR 1, Unionville; Paul Middleton, Burkholder St.; John Grimas, Stouffer St.; Dave Toole, Stouffer St.; Raymond Donn, Boyer St.; Bob Wagg, Church St.; Donald Erickson, Main St., and Bruce Forfar, Stouffville, RR 3.

Stouffville deputy-clerk, Ken Aida may be the first to pay the supreme sacrifice for shaving prior to the July 1 deadline. Herb Kring is already readying a display window for the purpose. Ken claims it was his civic duty to come clean since so many residents were over-paying their taxes to establish a fund for his benefit.

Sunoco dealer, Mickey Hunt nearly met a similar fate but not by his own hand. A group of his Kinsmen friends corralled him following the Kin dance January 27 and threatened to erase his facial masterpiece. Fortunately for Mickey and perhaps for his club mates the razor used was without a blade.

A Richmond Hill girl, Peggy Anderson, received considerable publicity recently for her achievement in an Air Rally held from the port at Buttonville. The 17 year old placed third. Finishing in second place was Stouffville's own Dr. Donald Smith accompanied by Dr. Peter Levers of Newmarket. The two had to employ all their aeronautical skills to get back on course after they became lost somewhere between Muselman's Lake and Lake Nipissing.

Doug and Wayne Feasby combined on Saturday to do Kevin Acton's Star paper route while he was out of town. They used a sleigh pulled by a Husky type dog named "Thunder". They completed the rounds in good time in spite of several upsets along the way.

SUGAR AND SPICE

More On Education

By BILL SMILEY



This was supposed to be part two of a series on education in this country. Last week, I complained about: obsolescence; the lack of everything but pupils; the unfairness of the fundraising for education; the lack of any national standards; and the rigidity of practically everything in the system. Not bad for a start.

In all the years I wrote this column before I began peddling pedagogy, nobody tried to suppress my opinions here. Many disagreed violently. Others threatened to cancel their subscriptions. Some said I was vulgar. And one reverend gentleman even offered to thrash me within an inch of my life. I reminded him that my big brother was a six-foot-two, 210-pound engineer, and I never heard another word.

The first hint that I should tone it down came from a representative of the mighty teachers' federation. Said they'd had several letters from members urging that I be drummed out of

the service because I was destroying the teacher's image by mentioning here such human horrors as sex and drink, and by using the odd epithet.

He asked me heavily what I would do in his position. I replied lightly that I'd do what I always do with letters from cranks and bigots — chuck 'em in the wastebasket. He was annoyed. Pinned down, he admitted there were two such letters. And I was annoyed.

Second subtle suggestion was from an inspector. A lady. She passed the word that the Deputy Minister, no less, was concerned about my column and its contents.

I turned indigo and snarled, "You mean the Department is trying to tell me what I can say and can't say in my column?"

"Nonononono!", she blurted, visions of headlines dancing in her head. "It's merely hoped that you'll use your own good judgment."

Next time, it was another inspector. At the time, a now-defunct newspaper for teachers was running my column. The paper was happy; the fan mail was heavy. But, whispered this inspector, he thought he should tell me, for my own sake, that I was getting in wrong with the federation.

"Waddaya tokkin about!" I enquired in my best Head of English Department manner. And got no answer that I could pin down.

I seem to be down on inspectors this week. And so I am. We got the word the English inspectors were coming. I alerted my 15-odd birds in the English department.

Next morning, the English staff

would have gladdened your eye. Gals all in their best dresses, hair fresh-done. Men with their shoes shined. And every single one glowing with virtue after working till one a.m. preparing the sort of unrealistic but model lessons that inspectors expect.

Nine a.m. Word comes that they wouldn't be there. Snowing and blowing. Any of us would have struck off for anywhere. But these city-natured drivers are terrified by a bit of wind and snow.

So we shot off all those terrific lessons on the kids. Mine laughed heartily when they saw my desk cleaned off. It was the first time they've seen me below the breast-bone in months.

And tomorrow we have to do it all over again, because the inspectors are still coming, if they can make it. May they go into a big snow-bank and sit there for four hours. If they do struggle through, it will be an anti-climax. The girls' dresses are crushed and their hair coming down. And I sure as hell am not going to shine my shoes two days in a row.

Just another of the evils of our system: A teacher is given a record of merit by an inspector, who sees him maybe once a year, for one or two lessons. The self-confident showman, who may be a lazy bum normally, whips up a flashy lesson for inspection, and scores high. The self-conscious teacher, who normally does a terrific job, becomes nervous and makes a botch of things, and scores low.

I don't really hate inspectors. They've changed. They are no longer the old horrors, but a pretty decent, helpful lot. But the system is punk.

More next week, maybe.

THIS WEEK & NEXT



The Banking Issue

By RAY ARGYLE

The Government's firmness in dealing with the take-over of the Mercantile Bank by the Rockefeller interests suggests a new chapter may be opening in U.S.-Canadian relations.

For the first time, the Canadian Government has been able to resist U.S. intrusion into a key branch of the Canadian economy.

The Mercantile story goes back to 1963 when New York's First National City Bank decided to buy up the Dutch-owned Mercantile Bank. It was Canada's smallest chartered bank, but would provide the springboard from which to jump into Canadian banking in a big way.

As First National chairman James Rockefeller told the story to a committee of Parliament, it was only after his group had bought Mercantile that Ottawa threatened to restrict the bank's operations.

However, a memorandum written by Robert MacFadden, president of First National, mentioned the Canadians had been assured that the U.S. bankers would "come back . . . when the deal is firm . . . to clear with the minister of finance."

This seems to destroy the Rockefeller contention that the Americans didn't get fair warning from Finance Minister Walter Gordon.

When the Bank Act came up for revision, Mr. Gordon designed legislation which would specifically curb Mercantile's growth.

This was done by restricting banks to assets 20 times their share capital. As Mercantile's share capital is only \$10 million, it would be limited to holding of 200 million if this revision becomes law. Mercantile's assets are already, in fact, greater than \$200 million.

An ironic sidelight to the argument is that both First National and the Dutch interests which then owned Mercantile, agreed their deal would be

subject to the approval of the governments concerned. Approval of both the U.S. and Dutch governments was sought and obtained — but no one bothered to seek the approval of the Canadian government!

Now, First National is stuck with a small bank in Canada which has no prospect of expanding.

This is not, of course, the first time trouble has flared between the U.S. and Canada in the past few years.

Prime Minister Pearson recently earned bitter vitrol from President Johnson for suggesting the U.S. stop bombing North Vietnam. External Affairs minister Martin's clear call for admission of Red China to the United Nations did not enhance our popularity with Washington.

And there was the nuclear arms dispute between the Liberal and Conservative parties in which Washington clearly backed the Liberals, contributing to the defeat of John Diefenbaker in 1963.

But in the current episode, the U.S., for the first time, has threatened to retaliate against Canada. Washington was abuzz with plans to amend U.S. banking legislation which would have curbed the operations of Canadian banks in the U.S. Since then, Ottawa has offered American banks the same type of agency deal here which Canadian banks have in the U.S. Under this system, the banks cannot accept local deposits or engage in check-cashing.

It must be remembered that while Canada needs American investment, the U.S. also needs the goodwill and co-operation of Canada. Twenty million Canadians are the equal in both population and productivity of America's richest state, California. Canada is America's best market, the source of much-needed raw materials, and a lucrative investment opportunity. The U.S. needs Canada every bit as much we need the United States.

A Curler's Wife's Lament

Ar'n't you sorry for me? I'm a curler's wife, And as you will see, It's a lonely life!

He comes back from work, Grabs a "wee bite" And I don't see the "Jerk" The rest of the night.

For after the game Whilst having a beer, They all try to name The shots that were near!

He wouldn't come back Were it not for "the fix" That he must hit the sack Our alarm sounds at six!

And it's night after night From October to May, They continue to fight In this queer Scottish way!

One man throws a rock, Another, yells "sweep" If the "fight" wasn't "mock", It would sure, make you "creep".

The rocks reach the house And when all's said and done, Half the men "grouse" And the others count one!

When he reaches our place He jumps into bed With a look on his face That says he is "dead"

He talks away in his sleep, Nothing of interest of course (All that he does is yell "sweep") Besides he snores like a horse

So that's why I'm rooting for Spring Nice weather so you can go out Besides with Him on the ring There's no one at whom I can shout!

Hugh Mennell,
Unionville, Ont.