

# Tribune Editorials

## A Death Trap

On Friday afternoon, we stood near a level crossing on the C.N.R. line and Slater's Road at Vandorf in Whitchurch Township. Two days before, one man had been killed and another badly injured at the same site. Five years ago, another life was snuffed out at the same location. It's a death trap.

Following the fatality in 1962, an inquest jury recommended that whistle sign posts be erected both north and south of the crossing. There is no indication that these suggested safety pre-

cautions were ever carried out. For one driver, it's now too late.

Within the space of five minutes, two trucks and a small foreign-built car crossed over the tracks. For the occupant of the Volkswagen, it was almost fatality number three. Seconds after the auto mounted the rather sharp incline and cleared the line, a south-bound freight roared through at an estimated 60 miles per hour. It's bell was ringing but no whistle sounded. It's a death trap.

## He Could Have, But He Didn't

The Markham Cenotaph fund-raising banquet at the Inn on the Park, was an outstanding success. The close to 600 persons who attended, were loud in their praise of the entire evening's program. For the chairman, Mr. Paul Mingay, it must have been with a sense of personal satisfaction, that he looked out on the sea of faces gathered in the huge banquet hall. It was only right and proper that his efforts during preceding weeks were rewarded by such enthusiasm from the citizens of the community.

The guest speaker for the occasion, Rear Admiral W. M. Landymore, was as outstanding in his remarks as in his record of service to his country. He

held the attention of his audience for almost an hour and was accorded a standing ovation at the conclusion of his address.

It was what he said and not how he said it that impressed us most. We had expected that he might dwell extensively on his war experiences. But he didn't. We had expected that he might discharge a few volleys of verbal artillery at the government forces in the Defence Department. But he didn't. Instead, he concentrated his remarks on the very central theme of the fund-raising campaign—The Cenotaph. That is why we aid 600 others, were all the more pleased to be present.

## A Solution To A Problem

Dog control has become a perennial problem here in Stouffville but, like councils in most communities, the members are reluctant to spend great sums of money to resolve it. Personally, we don't blame them. It's a most extravagant waste of funds caused by a few irresponsible people who insist on keeping a pet only to let it run at will on everybody's property but its own.

The current rabies scare has forced the council to take action of some kind. It is timely, that the Toronto Humane Society, has elected to consider

the erection of an animal shelter near Oak Ridges. General Manager, Tom Hughes, has approached both Whitchurch and Stouffville with a recommendation that could settle the issue once and for all. The cost to Whitchurch is 35 cents per capita. We feel it a bargain. The price to Stouffville has not been announced.

If the fee is within reason, we feel that the council here would be wise to accept the offer. Certainly something would be an improvement over nothing at all.

## The NDP Leadership Question

According to the most recent political polls, the New Democratic Party of Canada now has support second only to the Liberals. After the 1965 election the figures showed, Liberals 40%, PC's 33% and NDP 18%. Today the figures are 37%, 25% and 28% in that order.

This suggests the Liberals have lost 3% and the Conservatives 8%, to the NDP. The reason, without a doubt, is the question of leadership in the two ma-

or parties.

What would the NDP do in an election today? This is difficult to answer, but undoubtedly the proportion of seats won would run much behind the proportion of vote. Perhaps the reason for this is again the question of leadership. Have the New Democrats thought about reviewing the record of T. C. Douglas? He took over the Party at its founding convention six years ago.



### EDITOR'S MAIL

#### Keep Pets Under Control

By OUR READERS

February 27, 1967.

Dear Sir, I have naturally been following with much interest these past few weeks in your Editor's Mail, letters and comments concerning the "Death of a Dog."

My interest has, of course, been admittedly abetted by the fact that I am a brother of Councillor Spang and was born and raised on the farm he now operates. At the outset, however, let me point out that I am not the slightest bit interested in "taking sides" in this issue, but it does seem to me that a great many literal shots have been taken at my brother without giving sufficient thought as to why he took the shots at the dog!

I would like to refer back to the year 1928, while on this same farm, I was obliged, at my late father's command, to destroy the best and most valuable colt he dog that we ever owned. On this same day, our closest neighbor, the late S. H. Freiz, likewise destroyed his dog. And why were these dogs destroyed? Because they were found together ravaging our own flock of sheep! Now these men considered the act of destroying their dogs forthwith to lie in the public interest in keeping in harmony with Township bylaws and tantamount to the cause of justice. Many virtues such as these seem to be almost forgotten today though they shouldn't be.

As a life member of the Naturalists and an inveterate outdoorsman it is axiomatic or self-evident to me that the number of dogs roaming at large is

steadily on the increase. Seldom does one wander through the woods and fields without seeing a small band of dogs straying at large. A check of Township records would astound the average ratepayer with the recorded number of stray dogs impounded, to say nothing of the damage to flocks of sheep etc. with the resultant high cost to the taxpayer. Furthermore it would reveal that certain breeds of dogs—and the Malemute is no exception—are noted for their rapacious tactics where farmer's animals are concerned.

I admit it is a sad thing to see a fine specimen of a dog destroyed, but it is also a gory sight to see, as I have on many occasions, a flock of sheep or poultry that have been the victims of straying, bloodthirsty dogs. Since the dog that was shot was a very valued pet, is that not further reason why the owner should have kept it under his watchful eye within his own confines? A farmer is subject to the vagaries of many things including stray dogs and he has to keep constant watch for many such things, and what other tactics can he employ but those of a so-called "vigilante" in tracking down an avaricious predator.

In conclusion Sir, I submit that if dog owners would themselves keep a little closer vigilance on their pets, it would release a great deal of friction and discord for both the urban and rural dweller.

Yours truly,  
Harry M. Spang,  
Brougham, Ont.



"We've been integrated with the armed forces and I hear railwaymen are next!"

## SUGAR AND SPICE

### Canvassers Gripe Me

By BILL SMILEY



I don't know whether it's the weather but certain species proliferate in this country with the rapidity of rabbits. One is the chairman of committees. There's one for every snowbank in the nation. Another is the guest speaker. There's one at the bottom of every barrel. And another is the canvasser. In some smaller communities, there are more canvassers than non-canvassers.

A canvasser is a weak-willed person who can be talked into asking other people for money for a "Good Cause," or even, more popularly, a "Worthy Cause." The number of Worthy Causes in this country is only exceeded by the number of backboneless birds of both sexes who allow themselves to be put on the list of canvassers.

And I know whereof I speak. In my day I have canvassed for the blind, the retarded, the resort owners, the Red Cross, the Salvation Army and eleven-teen other Worthy Causes. About the

only thing I haven't done is sell cookies for the Girl Guides.

And I've hated every minute of it. The trouble is that the average Canadian citizen heartily detests the handing over of cash for an intangible. At heart he's a generous soul. He knows the Red Cross does good work, that something should be done for the blind and that we need a school for retarded children. But he can't eat them, smoke them, drink them, or even attach them to his car. Therefore, the fellow who will fling down a ten in the liquor store as though he grew the lettuce, will dourly, head shaking, peel off a couple of thin one-spots for the Sally Ann. The housewife, who buys her weeds by the carton, will spend 20 minutes looking for two quarters for the Cancer Society.

And I know just how they feel. I'm the same.

Some day, somebody is going to rap at my door for a Bad Cause: a free crotch a day for alcoholics; a clinic for potential pool players; a home for unweaned fathers. And I'm going to hand over \$20 cash without quivering an eyelid.

This preamble, as you have probably gathered, is because I got suckered once again into canvassing for a Good Cause.

This time, it's a community swimming pool. A year-round pool, already. There's a "good-sized" lake within the town limits. We live on the shore of the biggest fresh-water bay in the world. Lakes, with miles of safe, sand beaches. But the kids have to be able to swim in the winter.

Next summer, I'll probably be canvassing for a summer ski hill, with artificial snow. For the kids.

Maybe it was sheer audacity of this

campaign that grabbed me. This is no picking up \$800 for the blind, or \$500 for the crippled children. They want over a quarter of a million. The resultant campaign is a combination of The Night of the Long Knives and the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre.

What it amounts to is \$30 for every man, woman and child in town. Non-realistic, you say? Nonsense. All it takes is enough canvassers, and they will cove the citizenry into coughing up.

My first night out was a typical. Six calls to make. First place, nobody home. Second place, no such address. Third place, a response. A chap on shift work tottered down, in his pyjamas and snarled the party I was seeking lived next door. Called on him. "Wouldn't give you a plugged nickel," he said, "but my wife said she'd give two bucks."

At the fifth place, I rang and rang. No answer. I looked in the window. The householder was lying on the chesterfield. There was an empty glass beside him. I threw snow at the window. No response. I kicked the door four times. I left.

But I struck it rich at the last place. Caught both husband and wife at home. A very modest home. Gave my sales pitch with fervor, enthusiasm and sincerity. They admitted they had five kids, agreed they would use the pool, and looking a bit troubled, but game, pledged \$50 a year, for three years.

Returned triumphant, to make my report. "Oh, yes, good old Jimmy," chortled an oldtimer on canvassing. "He pledges for everything, from church to paying his taxes. Has been on welfare for two years. Can't hold a job more than a week."

## On Growing A Beard

We had an explosion at our house the other day.

All poor Daddy had to say is that "I'm goin' to join the centennial race."

To grow a beard upon my face! Growing a beard is the fashion today now!

Alas! Poor Dad has to sleep in the hay now.

Things round here don't seem so gay. Since we had that explosion the other day.

We had an explosion at our house the other day—

Mom blew her lid, that is to say, As dough doth rise because of the yeast, Her temper did show, to say the least. Words came fast and they didn't sound so sweet,

There were two or three that I won't repeat.

She cried and hollered all over the place, It almost made Dad shave his face. The thunder heard by you and your spouse

Was, no doubt, the explosion at our house.

He tried to reason with her as best he could "In every dark cloud there is some good"

As he spoke these words he tried to sound grave "Think of the money we will save, We won't have any maternity bill, And you won't have to swallow another pink pill, No more blades to buy for my safty razor, With the money we save, I'll buy an electric shaver. This case is closed as far as I'm concerned."

But Mom thinks different, from what I've learned.

"You've lost your stall at the kitchen table—

Banished from the bedroom, you'll sleep in the stable, I'm ashamed of you, you are a disgrace, I'll never go with you to any place."

So that's what the noise was all about. The day that the window panes fell out. Oh, the suffering one must embrace. To grow a beard upon one's face. But Dad's still sticking to his gun. And I really believe he is having fun.

He'll never have a better reason. This being our centennial season So his is growing his fuzzi and he started early

To get plenty of growth, be it brown, red, or curly. Just yesterday Dad pulled me idly by And with a glint showing in his eye He told me he'd won a good half of the battle,

He didn't have to sleep with any more cattle. That my mother's heart was beginning to yearn, For her husband and his fuzzy face to return.

Now mark my word, you wait and see, She'll want to sit upon his knee When the judges at the end of the race (I wonder if Mrs. Lincoln peered When Abraham grew his bushy beard?)

Allan Carson,  
Claremont, RR 2.

THIS WEEK & NEXT

## No Tears Please

By RAY ARGYLE



In the new math of teacher wage demands, the cost of operating schools is already the biggest single factor in local and provincial taxes, accounting for half of all government spending done outside of Ottawa.

Balancing the need for bigger and better schools against limited tax resources has posed recurring problems for provincial planners. And local councils, following as they must the lead of school boards in setting spending (and taxing) levels, have had to content themselves with only what they feel the taxpayer can still afford after the cost of schools is taken care of.

None of this fiscal jumble, however, is preventing the growth of a new militancy among Canada's teachers.

Paced by the demands of traditionally lowly-paid Quebec teachers, and urged on by their better-paid Toronto counterparts who are themselves asking for 25 per cent. wage increase this year, Canada's teachers have suddenly emerged as the country's most aggressive labor bloc.

Teachers' associations, which for years have carefully nurtured an air of genteel refinement, have suddenly taken on all the earmarks of militant unionism.

Rising living costs which have affected every segment of the community are one reason, of course. Toronto's elementary teachers, for example, claim that at starting salaries of \$4,100 a year, rising to an average of \$6,500, they are paid less than floor sweepers in some factories.

Another reason, however, is the growing public awareness that our education system, for all its shortcomings, needs yet heavier financing to attract better teachers and assure adequate schooling for Canada's young.

The most traumatic educational experience is that which has gripped Quebec since the return to power of the Union Nationale government.

Released from religious direction by the Liberal government of Jean Lesage, the Quebec education system was moving toward non-denominational, public control direction for the first time in its history. The meaning was clear: that to

meet the challenge of a technical age, Quebec's school system would have to throw off its classical wraps.

Quebec's new government did not resist the move in principle because even the most conservative of Premier Daniel Johnson's followers recognized the need for an upgrading of the province's education system. But the approach was cautious and fearful; it was determined that costs must be kept down, that taxes, which have hit business even harder than wage-earners, must be kept down.

It was for this reason the Quebec government sided, in effect, with the school boards in the strike of Catholic school teachers. By enacting Bill 25, which forced teachers to return to work under existing conditions, until July, 1968, the government took much more drastic action than was required to settle the walk-out. It was obviously too good a chance to be missed.

An interesting comparison could be made between public funds available for meeting education costs, and the interest rates charged on consumer loans and credit sales.

A Parliamentary committee on consumer prices recently hit out at interest rates charged low income consumers.

Consumer credit hit the seven billion dollar mark in 1965. On most of this business, according to the committee, excessive interest rates have been charged.

Government-backed, low interest loans for families with annual incomes of \$4,000 or less were recommended by the committee.

It is idle to speculate on what share of our education bills could be covered if the money spent on consumer credit interest charges was diverted to the cost of running schools.

But one can nevertheless draw a parallel between funds required for public-supported endeavors, and money lost to public benefit through private gain.

A society that is able to afford vast sums on non-productive interest charges which are really only higher prices in disguise, should not cry too much when the taxman cometh.

# ROAMING AROUND

## Stouffville That Once Was

Twenty years is not really a long period of time in the life of a town, but financially speaking, Stouffville has changed a great deal. Eye-opening proof of this fact is contained in a financial statement, located by Mr. K. R. Davis and dated 1946. The reeve of that day was A. V. Nolan. Council members included—E. A. Button, Ross Brown, Jack Smits and Hugh Boyd. The tax rate was then 32.5 mills and it raised \$23,514. Today, it is 84.8 mills and the total requisition is \$398,327. The public school rate was 4.3 mills to raise \$3,078.00. Now it is 16.5 mills to raise \$76,327.00. The high school rate was 2 mills for an expenditure of \$1,409.00 (maintenance) and \$2,072 (debentures). In 1966 it was 16.8 mills for \$80,342.00. The library rate was 1 mill for \$700. Last year it was .86 mill for \$4,000. In 1946, the sum of \$1,401.00 was set aside for street lighting. In 1966, the figure was \$4,800. Employee salaries 20 years ago were—K. R. Davis, Tax Collector \$175.00 per year; George Storey, Clerk-Treasurer, \$33.33 per month; Ira Ruskell, Police Constable, \$40 per month; High school teachers' salaries \$8,783.00 per year and Public School teachers' salaries—\$6,738.00 per year. The Fire Chief was Del Jennings and he received \$50 per year. Yes, financially, times have surely changed and so has Stouffville.

It's little wonder that board members of the Whitchurch Public School Area, are showing a keen interest in test-hole drillings for gravel on the George Rodanz farm at concession 7 and the Vandorf Sideroad. The selected site for the township's new senior school is only a stone's throw to the north.

In past years, the very mention of the Ontario Good Road's Convention was often greeted by smiles of good-natured approval from members of municipal councils. For the men, or many of them, it was the social event of the year. A time to eat, drink and be merry. A place to put pleasure before business. But now, all is changed. Apparently someone came up with the bright idea to include the wives in on the three-day gathering, forcing Mr. councilman to be on his best behavior at all times. The latest Convention was held at the Royal York last week and was said to be one of the most successful on record. Never underestimate the power of a woman.

A colored photo of high-jumper, Susan Nigh, concession 7, Markham, is featured in the current issue of T.V. Guide.

From the number of '66 licence plates we saw on Stouffville cars on Tuesday we can only conclude that many had to walk to work on Wednesday.

As if Easter examinations aren't tough enough, Stouffville High School students must also compete with bulldozers and the like during the construction of another new addition. A set of ear-plugs should come with every paper.

We wonder how many Stouffville natives recall the name, Bert Robinson, son of Dr. and Mrs. Wesley Robinson? A beautiful plaque in Markham's new centennial library is in memory of this man. The inscription reads in part—In honored memory of Edgar Bertram Frell Robinson who, on November 9, 1906, organized a number of his blind colleagues and founded the Canadian Free Library for the blind in his home in Markham, Ontario. From this library, eventually grew the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, Bert Robinson, born in Stouffville, April 20, 1872, son of Dr. Wesley Robinson and Elizabeth Arvilla Frell Robinson of Markham.

Progress in transportation is not all it's cracked up to be. On Saturday, near Claremont, we saw a new-model Chevrolet hopelessly marooned in a six foot snow drift. A mile farther on, we came upon a chap carrying a shovel, obviously the driver. He was wearing snow shoes.

If members on official boards within the Stouffville United Church are still debating whether to erect a new edifice or renovate the present one, it might be wise for them to take a look at the interior of St. Andrew's United in Markham. We don't know the cost involved in remodelling their sanctuary, but it's the most beautiful job we've ever seen.

While Stouffville council is showing increased concern for an over-dose of stray dogs in the village, there seems also to be a population explosion among cats in our community. Cats are running rampant in the Clarke Street area and one owner is said to have between six and twelve of the felines in his house. It should be remembered that it was a rabid cat that attacked the girl near Ottawa and also a woman at Buttonville. Rather than hire a Canine Control Officer here, a permanent cat-catcher might be more in order.

# The Tribune

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