

Tribune Editorials

Many Questions, But Few Answers

March 23 is Budget Night for members of Stouffville Council. It is the most important meeting of the entire year for, it will decide just how many tax dollars will be required to finance town and county services in 1967.

All indications are that the rate here is due for a sizeable hike, at least 10 mills or even more. This would mean a tax increase of about \$50 on the average Stouffville home.

A few people will complain but most will just shrug their shoulders and mutter "what's another \$4.17 a month".

While members of council are quite aware how their share of the tax dollar will be spent, they surely must have a few questions to ask of the school trustees, both high and public as well as the library and park boards. Budget breakdowns as received by the Clerk, do not, in our estimation, present a clear enough picture. They should be supported by verbal explanations along with projected plans for the future. Surely, one meeting, once a year between these boards and the council, is not too much to expect.

We are not suggesting that estimated costs as finalized by each of these governing bodies is not warranted. All may be trimmed to the bare bone. But since the council is the "collecting agency" we feel that it is only fair that they are made fully aware of how this money is to be spent.

A Coffin On Wheels

The laxity of laws that would allow a used car dealer to sell a four-wheeled wreck to drive on a public highway, was pointed out very clearly in the Coroner's Inquest held at Vandorf, last week.

Albert Ingarra of Gormley, bought the auto, described by coroner F. D. Cruickshank as a "death trap", for the sum of \$100. The dealer made a \$75 profit on the sale.

Mistakes compounded by mistakes, allowed the vehicle back on the road following a so-called safety check and it later became a coffin on wheels for the owner and his 26 year old passenger. It rrammed into a bridge abutment at Vandorf, killing both men.

The thought that continually occurs to one as a story of this kind unfolds is—it could have been me. Between Toronto and Gormley, this mobile booby trap probably met more than one hundred cars. Any one of them could have been a target for death. Fortunately, for some totally innocent party, the car veered to the right of the road instead of the left.

A person's moral obligation to the public apparently doesn't count for much any more. To protect you and I from the unscrupulous, laws must be made and enforced. Laws are even made to protect man against himself.

Sidewalks A Disgrace

On Tuesday evening of last week, we saw an elderly lady walking west on Main Street in Stouffville, on what should have been a sidewalk. Instead, she was plunging half-way to her knees in snow. This was three days after the "big blow", Feb. 25.

Stouffville walks have never been worse than this winter. Many homeowners simply refuse to keep them

clean. The back street sidewalks are even worse.

The town has a bylaw that, in our recollection, has never been enforced. We think it should be.

Most of the delinquent snow-shovelers are not the aged or the handicapped, but only the careless and the inconsiderate. They should pay a penalty for their carelessness.

Small Farmer's Should Benefit

Small farmers should benefit from the 12 year \$129,000,000 farm assistance program announced from Queen's Park.

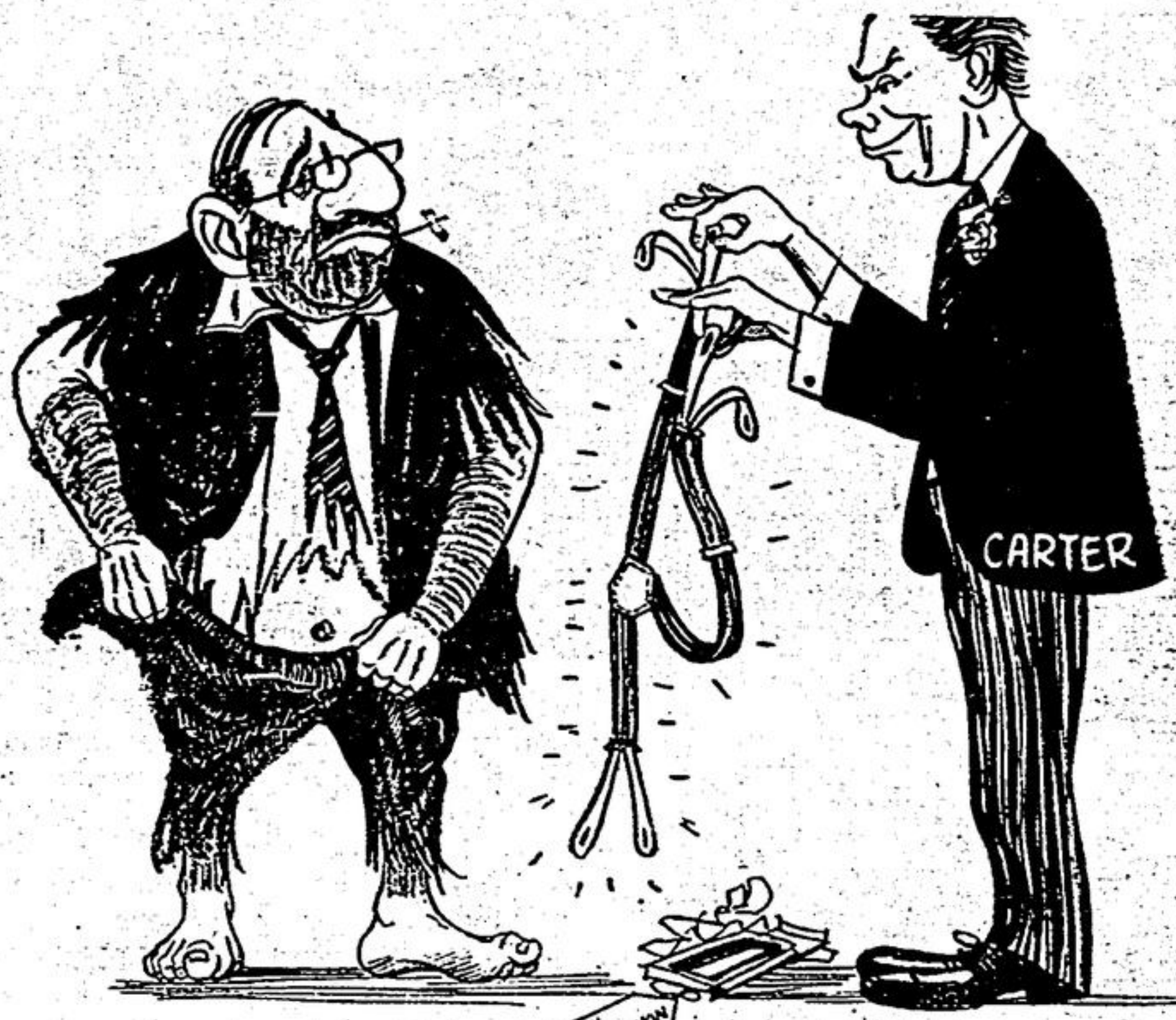
These grants apply to a broad choice of buildings and are extended to individual farmers who own their properties. This would appear aimed at providing help for the small family farm which is still operated economically. There must be a gross \$3,000 annual revenue from the farm to be eligible.

The new program provides \$10,000,000 in the first year and it is suggested that it could be available to about 30,

000 in the first year and it is suggested grants are on a sliding scale and will meet one-third of the cost of new buildings and renovations up to the maximum of \$1,000 per farm.

The plan will no doubt increase the pressure to abandon uneconomical farms and may slow down the tendency for small units to be amalgamated into large holdings.

Snipers at the plan believe it no coincidence that it comes in what could be an election year when there are some signs of disenchantment among usual Tory farm voters.



SUGAR AND SPICE

The Prospects Look Grim

By BILL SMILEY

Just the other night we had a talk at our Honor Banquet which left me rather perplexed.

It was an interesting, at times exciting, address by one of our Captains of Industry. No less than the President of one of our biggest producers of processed foods. A big cheese, one might say, in the vernacular. American owned, needless to say.

Perhaps I should explain what the Honor Banquet is. It's an occasion when the students who have obtained 75 per cent. or more the previous year are honored, along with their parents. Again, needless to say, it is dull.

There's nothing much to say except that these kids are in the top 25 per cent., which even they can figure out. And the "banquet" runs more to potato salad, a bottle of milk at each plate, and cold cuts, than it does to Falernian wine, Lobster Thermidor and Baked

to their convictions. There still is a Presbyterian Church in Canada, it has its Westminster Confession of Faith and its Shorter Catechism.

Thank you Mr. Editor for allowing me space in your column.

M. J. Stirling, Stouffville, Ont.

Feb. 28, 1967
Dear Sir, In answer to your editorial of last week "What Do Parents Think?" I am one parent who holds the belief that the sale of ice cream from a delivery truck constitutes a grave danger to some of the children of Stouffville.

I realize that this problem is relative to the road on which one lives, but as far as I am concerned the operator of this truck should not be allowed to stop and sell his products on the Ninth Line North. The constant stream of sand, gravel and sod trucks traversing this road all day long during the summer months poses more than enough danger to the children who have to walk on the shoulder of the road from Elm to Rupert.

I believe that both North York and Etobicoke have banned ice-cream delivery trucks and that Scarborough is in the process of passing a new by-law, one which doesn't have any loop-holes this time.

I ask each member of Stouffville Council—which is more important, the life of a child or an extra \$50 in the kitty?

Peggy Dixon, Stouffville.

March 2, 1967
Dear Sir, Earlier this week a friend send me a clipping from your paper, describing the rescue of an old, blind spaniel from a sandpit near Gormley, by three young cyclists. Young boys are naturally quite observant, but it was the presence of mind and intelligent, quick action on the part of this trio which impressed me and warmed my heart.

As I too have a beloved old, blind and deaf black spaniel I feel especially indebted to them, not only for their help in saving the dog, but for restoring my faith in our Canadian young people. Living as I do in the precincts of "Yorkville" (now a dirty word, alas!) the sights and sounds we have been exposed to here have tended to blind me to the natural goodness of most youngsters.

I can't help feeling, too, that living away from City life is a privilege which these boys evidently enjoy. I wonder if the Ontario Humane Society has heard of the incident. The boys deserve a medal!

Erskine Keys, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir, Within recent weeks, The Tribune has given considerable publicity to the clock tower that holds such a prominent position on the town's Main Street.

I thought you might like to know that Mr. Fred Betz, father of Mr. Kenneth Betz of Stouffville, was the contractor and Mr. Hezzie Faulkner laid the bricks.

Mr. Faulkner cannot recall the name of the gentleman who helped with the work but he understands he is now 86 years old and resides in Markham Village.

Libbie (Faulkner) Morgan, Toronto, Ontario.

Alaska. But it's a gesture, anyway. The athletes get a banquet, with cups, trophies, letters and heartiness. The kids in drama and music get applause when they perform. Least we can do is honor the bright and industrious.

Trouble is, they don't get a chance to show, at the banquet, how bright and industrious they are. Instead, they get a Guest-Speaker. This would be enough to keep me from making the Honor Roll. And apparently my daughter feels the same, as she didn't make it this year.

Second problem is, the Guest Speaker feels he must inspire the kids. It's a tough audience. A hundred-odd kids, their proud parents, and about 100 teachers and spouses. I know whereof I speak. I was Guest Speaker a couple of years ago. What kind of talk do you give?

Well, this chap, with the best intentions in the world, scared the wits out of the kids. If I'd been on the Honor Roll, I'd have walked right out of there and started swilling booze or gobbling sugar cubes loaded with LSD.

This fellow was an honest, hard-hitting, 105 per cent. capitalist, and I admired him for it. I don't like pussy-footers. But his talk was obviously aimed at a sales convention, with some concessions to the kids.

First, he painted a horror picture of the world they would take over: population explosion, starvation, it's all yours kids. A few commercials here, about the food company.

Then he outlined a frightening pair of alternatives: produce or you're out. And he explained, with a certain amount of pride, how ruthless an executive like himself has to be; when some-

one is not up to scratch. (I'm probably being unfair. He is noted as a tough, but fair man).

He talked about hitting with a sledgehammer, rather than a feather. He talked about choosing goals and pursuing them fiercely. He said that if you got up Monday morning, and hated the thought of going to work, you should switch into something else.

He talked about money: giving statistics for annual earnings depending on education, from elementary to college degree. Teachers perked up a bit here, when he said \$11,000 for a university degree, and they average about \$7,000.

The point is that everything he said was eminently sensible. If you happened to be a salesman bucking for sales manager or vice-president.

But his talk troubled me. Change the terms slightly, and what do you have? It was against everything I believe, and try to teach. (And don't be surprised if you hear I've been fired.)

I don't believe, for example, in efficiency, and having a clean desk, except in a general way. That is, doing your job.

I would find it extremely difficult to say: "Baxter, your sales are slipping. You're fired."

There's nothing in this world that I hate doing more than going to work Monday morning. The only goal I have ever pursued fiercely is my wife, when I fell for her. And she's been pursuing me fiercely ever since.

There's room for people like us, friend. Today I received the supreme accolade. Another teacher who uses my room told me the girls of 10L (and they are no Einsteins) said: "Mr. Smiley looks nice. But he sure has an untidy desk." I rest content.



THIS WEEK & NEXT

Tax Report — Problems

By RAY ARGYLE

Now that the country has had awhile to absorb the report of the Royal Commission on Taxation, the big question is how many of its recommendations will the government adopt... and how long will it take to adopt them.

The massive six-volume report of Toronto chartered accountant Kenneth L. Carter and his five commissioners took four and one-half years to prepare. Mr. Carter was appointed by the Conservative government of Mr. Diefenbaker. The report has now been presented to the Liberal government of Mr. Pearson. And those parts which will be implemented will probably not become law until yet a third prime minister has taken office.

This is because the subject is so complicated and is so fundamental that months, if not years of study, will be required for the nation's lawmakers to make up their minds on the merits of the Carter Commission's recommendations.

Whatever the result of the commission's report, however, it should destroy any doubts which might be left in the minds of Canadians that this country is headed for a complete welfare state.

The whole approach of the Carter Commission was based simply on ability to pay. Those with the most ability to pay will pay the most. Gone will be the old stock defenses about incentive, merit and encouragement of risk capital.

And just as those with the most ability to pay will pay, those in the most need of the welfare state's generosity will benefit the most from future government spending.

The Carter Commission's sweeping recommendations, which can only be touched on here, seem also to be aimed at strengthening Canadian nationalism by calling for a tougher tax bite on foreign ownership.

The recommendation for a capital gains tax would seem to spring not only from a desire for social justice, but with a view to discouraging the sale of Canadian assets to foreign concerns.

The lack of tax on capital gains—those financial gains realized through

the sale of company shares and similar investments—has been an encouragement to many people to sell their businesses for big gains, knowing they would have no taxes to pay. In too many cases, Canadian firms went to U.S. buyers with the consequences that, 60 per cent. of all our productive capacity is now American-owned.

The Commission has adopted the simple policy that income is income, whether it comes from working, for wages, speculating on the stock market, or gambling at the county fair. This will end the inequality of imposing the tax burden primarily on wage earners—as is the case in Canada today—instead of spreading it equally on speculative income and corporation profits.

Raising of corporation taxes from 21 to 50 per cent. for all companies, and elimination of the kind of concessions that have allowed insurance companies to escape with a \$2 million tax bill when they should be paying \$75 million, will not get through Parliament without a great deal of debate.

The Carter Commission says its recommendations would not materially increase tax rates and that, in fact, taxes could be lowered in a few years if the system was revised as it suggests.

One of the Commission's most significant areas of study concerns the federal and provincial governments' in the field of tax collections. The Commission comes out strongly for a powerful central government, and cautions against any further submission by Ottawa to provincial demands. It will be interesting to see what line is taken in this regard by a similar study which is now being made in Ontario at the behest of the provincial government.

One could have wished that other reforms, not mentioned by the Carter Commission, had also been proposed at this time. One measure which would help meet the country's housing crisis would be to allow home-buyers to deduct mortgage interest charges from their taxable income. Another field in need of study is the taxation of church property.

ROAMING AROUND

Food and Fun For One Dollar

A one dollar bill doesn't buy much any more but it did on Friday night. In fact, the program, sponsored by the Board of Stewards of Melville United Church, was the biggest bargain in both food and family fun, held in this area this winter. For \$1 per person (preschoolers excepted) it was all you could eat. If this was not enough, the visitors were then invited to take part in a skidoo party over a 20 acre snowmobile course on the Earl Appleton farm at Cashel. More than 200 jammed the basement confines of the church for dinner and then moved on to settle their vicarious over the humps and hollows of a well-packed track. It was our first experience at the controls of these now-popular snowmachines and believe you me, there's some fun. The first trip was like riding a kiddycar on the Pennsylvania Turnpike. We took it slow and steady while more experienced daredevils flashed past on every side. Goaded on by our 5 year old, we opened the throttle a little more on the second lap but still trailed the field. Even Pastor Davison left us sitting still in a spray of ice and snow. Chief organizers of the family get-together were—Harry and Audrey Forrester; Bill and Edna Nigh and Gord and Lois Lewis. It was a great evening's entertainment that could become an annual event.

It's gratifying to know that in this day and age of modern methods, even machines make mistakes. Several Stouffville residents reported receiving double Baby Bonus cheques in the mail last week. For some, however, it was just the hand writing on the wall.

Markham Village may have completed their centennial project ahead of Stouffville, but they'll never catch us in the beard-growing competition. That is, unless committee chairman, Jack Morris begins handing out hormone pills with every entry form.

No offense intended, but councillor Jim McKellar is beginning to look more and more each day like the late Joe Stalin. Perhaps a little wax on the ends might help.

Many in Stouffville may not know it, but town sign-painter Jim Brazier designed and donated the large thermometer located on the old firehall building, indicating the extent of the current Civic Square fund drive.

Stouffville Fire Department has agreed to allow the men's afternoon euchre club to use the committee room of their new hall until more adequate accommodation can be found. It could be a veritable Garden of Eden for the men folk since their wives will not be allowed to contact them on the fire phone. Talk about seclusion for a hen-pecked husband.

Aylmer Carter of Stouffville did his good deed for the day when he spotted smoke coming from the two-storey garage on the Jim Machesney property at Goodwood and turned in the alarm. He may have wondered, if it was worth it, all. One of the volunteers inadvertently turned the hose on him.

There's nothing more monotonous, hour in and hour out, than plowing a farm field on a sticky hot day in the summer. That's why we were attracted to the tractor radio ad in The Tribune last week. It comes free with every used or new machine sold prior to March 25. An appropriate disc-jockey theme might be—Keep Me on That Straight and Narrow Path or There's a Long, Long Trail Awaiting.

Twelve year old Kathy Kirby, a Grade 8 student at Ballantrae School, is already attracting the attention of adults for her skill as an up and coming artist. Principal Harry Hunt has two of her sketches hanging in the hallway, one of Sir John A. Macdonald and another of Prime Minister Pearson. Still another, holds a prominent position at the front of her Grade 8 classroom. Mr. Hunt claims that Kathy can complete the sketches in a matter of minutes and their likeness to reality is amazing.

Did you know that Rev. Albion Wright, the highly-regarded pastor of St. Andrew's United Church in Markham, was once a professional auctioneer. We wonder how Frank Bennett would look in a clerical collar.

While on the subject of auctioneers, the season for auction sales has rolled around again. Three scheduled within the week include—John L. Smith, concession 7, Markham, Friday, March 10; Thos. McGriskin, 18th Avenue, lot 26, conc. 5, Markham, Saturday, March 11 and Donald Ferguson, lot 28, conc. 7, Markham, Wednesday, March 15.

A Stouffville police officer recently stopped a young motorist on Main Street. He was driving a 1967 Ford. When asked for his insurance certificate, he informed the constable that he was "covered" under unsatisfied judgment.

It's still nine months to election time in Whitchurch, but rumors persist that Reeve Ross Farquharson will relinquish his post at the end of this year.

EDITOR'S MAIL

A Sudden Change In Attitude

By OUR READERS

Feb. 27, 1967
Dear Sir, I have read several letters in your column regarding the World Day of Prayer Service. May a Presbyterian, and one who has been privileged to attend these services for many years, have a space in your column?

Having moved from place to place before coming to this village, I attended some of these Prayer Services where almost the entire gathering were complete strangers to me. At every Service one felt the Christian fellowship, knowing that all true followers of Christ are "one in Him". These carefully prepared Services on themes such as, "Christ Our Hope", and "What Doth the Lord Require?" were bound to be helpful and this year's Service on the theme "And Of His Kingdom There Shall Be No End", prepared by the Late Queen Salote, of the Tonga Islands in the South Pacific, was no exception. This Christian Queen had led her people in the World Day of Prayer Service for many years, and to use this Service prepared by her seemed a fitting memorial service to her honor.

It was my good fortune to have grown up in a community pioneered by Scotch Presbyterians, of deep religious faith and convictions. There one early learned how much the Scotch people

had suffered for their religion, choosing to be martyrs rather than renounce their faith.

I do not know much about the three denominations which make up the Evangelical Churches. Some years ago there was a series of Evangelistic meetings in the auditorium of the Stouffville District High School. The sponsor of this series is not recalled, however, the speaker evangelist was Rev. R. A. Crooks, a Presbyterian minister at Parry Sound. The well filled auditorium seemed in agreement with the minister's message, and surely in that large audience there were a few present from these three churches. There have been other Evangelical meetings with Presbyterian men as speakers. Under these circumstances one cannot help being somewhat puzzled at the stand now taken.

One, Reverend Sir, seems to think we are following leaders who have rejected the Presbyterian Westminster Confession of Faith. May I remind him, that since the turn of the century some of our leaders did discuss union with other denominations over a period of twenty-two years with the idea of entering a New Denomination. Our members do not always follow the leaders as blind folk, but think and act according

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