

Tribune Editorials

It's Hard to Predict

Stouffville's big centennial program is over. We are on our way into the second century. The birthday party will continue with various events here throughout the year but it might be a good time to make some predictions about the next hundred years.

Who among us has the foresight to this? Just as our forefathers would rub their eyes with disbelief if they were to see the world today, we too will be in the same position when the year 2067 rolls around.

We may boast of the accomplishments in our time, but there is no doubt they will be completely overshadowed with a few short years.

Our problems are many, in this area, in this country and throughout the world. Perhaps we will learn how to live peacefully with one another and how to feed the starving nations. How about our moral decay? Will it continue? Will we conquer the universe or be conquered?

Will we be able to cope with our mounting educational costs? Will our affluence price us out of world markets? Will strikes cripple us?

These are some of the questions that race through the minds of those who try and take a look at the future. Others are more optimistic. They see us emerging as one of the great powers in the world. As far as our own area is concerned, many see this as having the greatest growth potential in all the Dominion.

Our ancestors no doubt had dreams too. Theirs was a simple life in comparison but their problems were just as big to them as ours, and just as difficult to solve.

Many centennial speakers have pointed out that the future belongs to Canada with its rich resources. The same can be said of our town and its environs. While the future does not necessarily belong to us, it can be ours if we work at it. If we can't make some of our dreams come true, it's not one's fault but our own.



"NICE PLACE TO VISIT, BUT..."



SUGAR AND SPICE

Great — Just Great

By BILL SMILEY

Community Participation

We attended the centennial day parade and afternoon program in the Hamlet of Greenwood, Saturday and, in spite of the rain that has become commonplace in this area this summer, all activities of major importance were completed without too much difficulty.

The Greenwood community can still be considered as a rural residential area and, with limited numbers of people living within its boundaries, it takes 100 percent co-operation to put a project of this kind over. Chairman Charles McTaggart and his committee had that kind of co-operation, Saturday.

Participation was the keynote of the whole affair, from the local pastor, who served as Master of Ceremonies down to the smallest child on the smallest decorated tricycle.

We are living in an era of 'every man for himself.' This kind of policy, fortunately, has not imposed its selfish encroachment on the lives of country folk who still know what it is to work together. Gatherings, like the Greenwood centennial, helps to further strengthen this kind of community spirit. Long may it last.

I think probably the most difficult relationship to maintain, at any reasonable level, is that between teen-age children and their parents.

Marriage is tough enough, as you all know. But at least the partners, in most cases, are prepared to bend a little, to give an inch, or even two if necessary, to compromise when there's no other way out.

Marr'd people do communicate, even though the form ranges from grunts and sighs to language that would scar the earlobes of a saint. They're usually from the same generation and, at worst, can spend hours running down the government, the boss, the neighbors, or each other's families.

I know couples, including us, who have been amicably bickering for anything from two to six decades. It becomes almost a game in which you know every ploy or gambit of the opponent. (A ploy is when she has you dead to rights. A gambit is when you just might get away with the story).

But with teen-agers, you're fighting a losing battle. First of all, there is the language barrier. Theoretically, you're both speaking the same tongue, but when it comes to interpretation, there's no relation whatever.

You say, "Now, I want you home at midnight, right on the dot." This, to the teen, gyrating in the weird, trance-like state they call dancing, means "Well, I don't have to leave until midnight." A scene ensues.

And at scenes, you haven't a look-in. You're all set to raise hell. Hackles are properly erect. And after five minutes, after the kid get in, you're on the defensive, trying to prove that you're not "an old grump," or completely irrational, or "the strictest parent in town," or an out-and-out liar who said twelve o'clock was the dead-line for leaving the dance, not for being home.

Teen-agers are like women. You can't discuss anything with them, in a logical way. You are completely baffled by a series of irrelevances, non sequiturs and such things as, "You don't trust me. That's what's wrong with you. You don't trust me!" And they're right.

It's sad to see a family breaking up. I suppose it's inevitable and right. But it's sad. Ours is: We had a swim the other day, the four of us. As we were leaving the beach, I said to the old girl, "Do you realize that's probably the last time we'll all have a swim together?" She agreed.

Kids don't want to go swimming with their parents. They want to lurch around with their own age group. They used to practically destroy me, when they were little, making me play with them when we went swimming. Duck dives, underwater endurance tests, races. And now it's transistor radios, squabbling and cheeky remarks for which there is no real answer except a swat on the ear. And you can't do that, or they'll run off and start smoking pot.

Enjoy them when they're little. You can blow on their bellies, kiss their little soft bums, rock them when they're sick, and tell bedtime stories till you're blue in the face. There's communication then.

But don't expect too much when they get past 13. For the next six years, it will be sun and showers, cold fronts moving in, a lot of low pressure areas, with the occasional high, and such suggestions as I've heard recently: "Dad's just not with it. He's out to lunch."

It's nothing new, of course. When I recall how utterly selfish I was as a youth, how little I cared about my parents' hopes and fears, I understand. It's been going on since Cain clobbered Abel and broke up that nice little family group.

It's a time of life when the whole earth revolves around ME, and parents are merely another awkward, circumstance that is preventing ME from being what I want to be and becoming whatever I will be.

Oh, well, there's an excellent invention called grandchildren. I can hardly wait to get at spoiling mine rotten so that their parents will be totally unable to cope with them.

N.B.: Winner of guest column announced next week for sure. Isn't it exciting?

Cart Before the Horse

According to reports out of meetings of Markham Township School Area No. 2, the finding of an adequate water supply on the site of the 8-room addition at Dickson's Hill, is posing a problem to the trustees. At last report, one drill hole had been extended 400 feet without success.

Property committee chairman, Elson Miles and other members have expressed concern over the cost but all agree that a new service is required to accommodate this \$5000,000 extension project, regardless of the expense involved.

Hindsight is a marvellous, but often a meaningless asset, but it would seem that in this particular instance, the Board have put the cart before the horse. Rather than go looking for water after the school addition has been started, we would have thought that an adequate supply would have been located first and then build later. This is the common procedure on most rural residential lots where a plot of ground without a well is almost worthless.

If the Board had known earlier of their difficulty, it might well have changed their entire building plans. The addition might have been approved at another location.

It may serve, however, as a lesson in future projects of this kind in Markham, Area 2 and also act as a reminder to other Boards who are contemplating building programs of similar size.

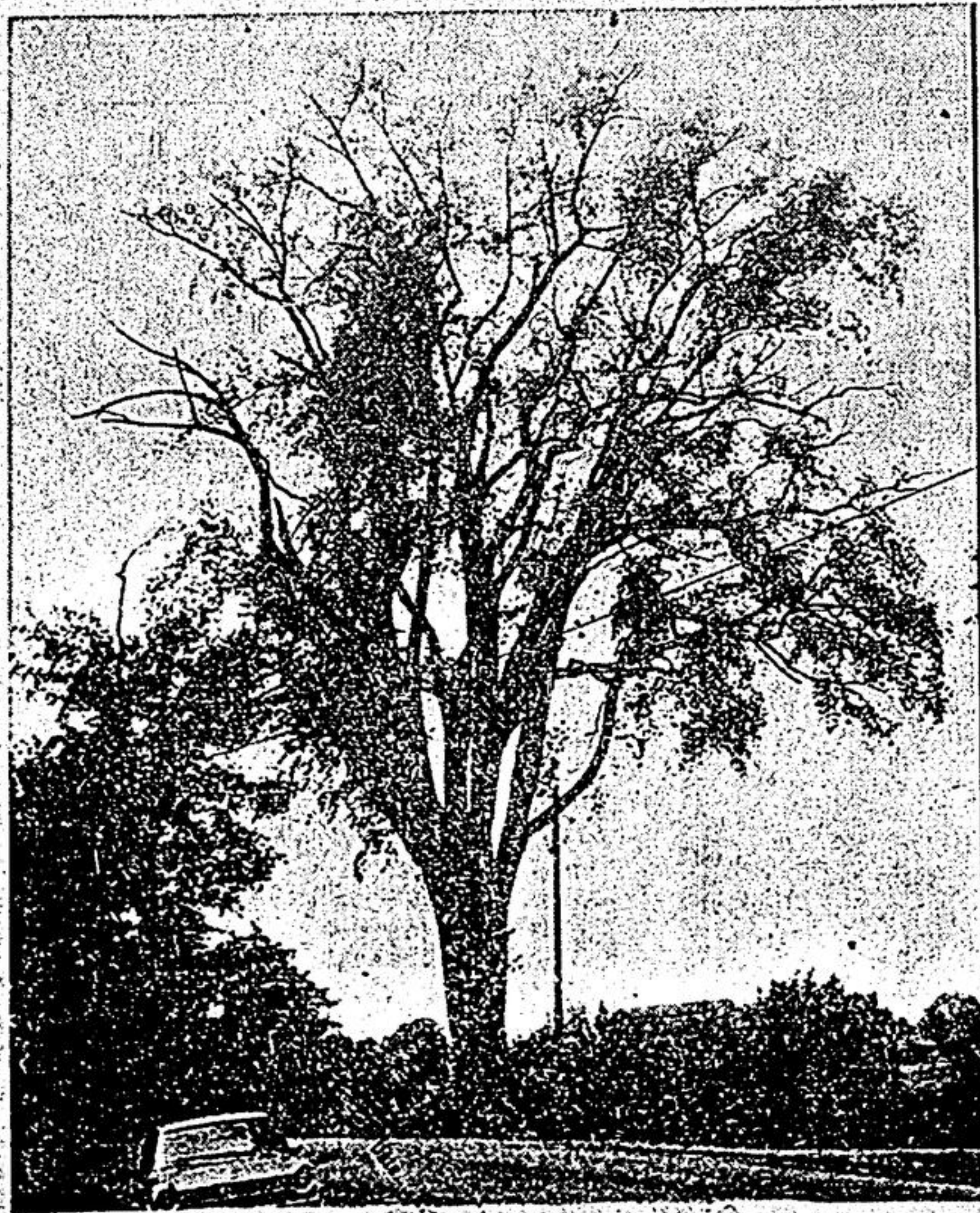
According to reports out of meetings of Markham Township School Area No. 2, the finding of an adequate water supply on the site of the 8-room addition at Dickson's Hill, is posing a problem to the trustees. At last report, one drill hole had been extended 400 feet without success.

Property committee chairman, Elson Miles and other members have expressed concern over the cost but all agree that a new service is required to accommodate this \$5000,000 extension project, regardless of the expense involved.

Hindsight is a marvellous, but often a meaningless asset, but it would seem that in this particular instance, the Board have put the cart before the horse. Rather than go looking for water after the school addition has been started, we would have thought that an adequate supply would have been located first and then build later. This is the common procedure on most rural residential lots where a plot of ground without a well is almost worthless.

If the Board had known earlier of their difficulty, it might well have changed their entire building plans. The addition might have been approved at another location.

It may serve, however, as a lesson in future projects of this kind in Markham, Area 2 and also act as a reminder to other Boards who are contemplating building programs of similar size.



If This Elm Tree Could Talk

If this elm tree, located on the 9th concession County Road, west of Claremont, could talk, what a story it would tell. Nailed to its trunk is a plaque, dedicated to the Wixon Family, Claremont pioneers. It reads 'Wickson's Historic Tree'.

Editor's Mail

July 4, 1967

Dear Sir:

On Friday, June 30, a picnic in the form of a buffet supper and an evening of entertainment was held at the Altona Community Centre. Everyone had a very enjoyable time.

We want to express our appreciation to Mrs. Harold Lewis and her helpers who sent out invitations to Altona's Old Boys and Girls. One of these letters brought Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Boothby all the way from Mission, British Columbia.

It gave us a great deal of pleasure to talk to our old friends and classmates once again.

We think it was very fitting for the Altona people to show their appreciation to Mr. Arthur Latcham for what he has done for their community.

Sincerely,
Martha and Ed Baker
Fenelon Falls, Ont.

(an old boy and girl who attended the 'old school' in 1896 and 1900)

THIS WEEK & NEXT

The New Look NDP

By RAY ARGYLE

The end of an era came when the New Democratic party finally emerged from its socialist cocoon, garbed in a political costume only a little more pink than the Liberals or Conservatives.

The party's fourth convention, staged in Toronto, saw the last pretense of old CCF socialism dropped. With opinion polls showing the NDP with a good chance of nudging aside the Conservatives as the country's second party, New Democrats turned their attention to wooing voters who are neither socialists nor ardent trade unionists.

Loyal New Democrats are denying the party has swung to the right. Federal leader Tommy Douglas and deputy leader David Lewis, both of whom were re-elected, would have none of this. But at least in emphasis, the party cast aside socialist dogma.

The convention opened with a youthful "new life" group capturing the New Democratic Youth group, but that was the last that was heard from the far left wing.

Delegates rejected outright, all demands for full-scale nationalization of key industry, Winnipeg North MP David Orlikow, representing a riding that has been a traditional hotbed of socialism, estimated 90 per cent of the delegates were opposed to nationalization.

In the 12-point program that was finally adopted — and on which the NDP will campaign in the expected 1968 federal election — the emphasis is on economic and political independence.

By swinging to the defense of the "buy back Canada" group which has of late been fighting a losing battle within the Liberal party, the NDP hopes to appeal to Canadians of all economic strata.

And there were some impressive signs the NDP was beginning to do just that. First, delegates ignored the NDP "old guard" to elect a fleshy corporation lawyer, James Renwick, as national president. Renwick, an outstanding member of the Ontario legislature, defeated the hand-picked choice of the NDP establishment, 70-year-old John Brockelband, one time deputy premier of Saskatchewan.

But the real coup of the convention was pulled by Ontario NDP leader Donald MacDonald, who introduced to delirious delegates the party's biggest catch of many years, Dr. Morton Shulman of Toronto.

Shulman, as the immensely popular ex-cornor of Toronto who claims he was ousted by the provincial Conservative government because he wouldn't go along with "white-wash and cover-up," is a safe bet to win a Toronto riding in this fall's Ontario election.

The prominence of new men like Shulman and Renwick is strong evidence that after years of seeing their policies being put into effect by others, the NDP has finally decided to bid for power first, and worry about doctrine later.

Opponents of the NDP have seized on this apparent abandonment of principle for an attack on the party. It is not entirely valid, however.

By facing up to the fact that Canadians in the 1960's are more concerned about good government than about socialism, the NDP remains in a position to make a very positive contribution toward Canada's political welfare. Anyway, socialism is no longer an issue because the welfare state aims of the NDP have been put into effect by other parties.

Canadians now will have to decide whether to continue the drift toward continentalism — which means high living standards and continued U.S. domination — or whether to sacrifice some of this affluence to create a more distinctive Canadian society.

In taking its position on the side of Canadian nationalism, the NDP at least demonstrates that it is facing up to the issues of today, and is no longer living in the past of a poverty-stricken era which vanished 25 years ago.

And right or wrong, the new attitude of the NDP could at last transform it into one of Canada's two major parties.

ROAMING AROUND

The Editor's Notebook

I've just come through a week of frustrating experiences, two in fact, varying in degrees of frustration. Most nightmarish of all — I lost my notebook. It contained just about everything that was supposed to go in the paper this week including a float by float description of the centennial day parade in the hamlet of Greenwood.

It was at that location that fate struck its cruel blow. I had carried it around all afternoon, a green hard-backed stenographer's pad with all the news of the last six days scribbled down in a kind of semi-shorthand that only the writer himself could decipher. In addition, I had in my care and safe-keeping, one 4 x 5 Graphic camera, three 6-plate film holders and a battery attachment that hung from a stooped left shoulder like the anchor of the Queen Mary. Onlookers must surely have wondered if I had been assigned to Vietnam and had become sidetracked at the intersection of the Brock Road and Highway No. 7. Last but by no means least, this human beast of burden also had in tow, a daughter, 6, and two sons, 4 and 3. It was near the end of the afternoon but before retiring bag, baggage and kids to the car, I decided to take just one more picture, a charming couple, regaled in eye-catching costume of the pre-nineteenth century era. I turned the children over to my wife-in-waiting and laid my notebook down. Not until I turned into home sweet home, fifteen miles and thirty minutes later, did the elusive notepad cross my mind. I retraced my route, searched the area and enquired of friends, but no luck. Frustrated, embarrassed but not without hope, I returned again at an early hour the next morning to seek the lost that had not been found. Still no luck. So, if the pages of The Tribune contain several blank spots this week, remember, that somewhere within the boundaries of the Township of Pickering, an editor's notebook lies bleached and sodden, its writing gone and unfortunately, forgotten.

Frustration number two occurred on Thursday morning. I arose at an unusual early hour to share an infrequent breakfast with the family. Some comment was made about it not going to rain today maybe and I laughed. I should have kept my mouth closed for my wife's attention was distracted from the weather to my teeth. "By the way, don't you think it's time again for you to see the dentist for a checkup," she said, with a telling rather than asking tone, "you know, it's been almost a year." Suddenly, my appetite was gone and the day ruined. I suddenly goosebumped all over and my bicuspid, or the few that remain, chattered audibly. "I suppose you're right," I replied, trying to conceal the tremors, "I'll drop in after lunch." The promise gave me a five hour reprieve. I've been a patient of Dr. Neil Smith for close to thirty years and I'm sure a man more proficient in the profession does not practice anywhere in Canada. Be this as it may, my fear of the needle and drill is not lessened through my knowledge of his capabilities. In short, I'm a coward and he knows it. The truth of the matter is, I've flaked out so many times that that's not a doctor or a dentist in Stouffville who would as much as mention the word 'injection' any more. The very sight of such a lethal 'weapon' sends me to dreamland. Dr. Smith knows this and fortunately for both him and me, he never argues the point. If an extraction is necessary, it's off to Toronto for gas, not a much more pleasant experience mind you but quite effective.

The office visit, Thursday was a rewarding one. The probe disclosed only one minor defect, a pin-hole cavity that could be corrected in a matter of minutes. "I'll be glad to come back another time," I persisted. He agreed. The case was adjourned to August 25.

Stouffville's most famous barn-builder is kind of semi-retired. Morley Symes has disposed of most of his equipment and plans to take things a bit easier. He'll still supervise a job but the owner must provide the work force. Over the years, he has erected 302 barn-buildings — quite a record.

Town reeve, Ken Laushway has conducted his own personal survey in Stouffville and comes up with the following employment figure. At present, there are 825 persons living and working here or approximately 28 percent of entire labor force.

Stouffville Magistrate David Coon is currently conducting court in Midland, and commutes daily in his 1957 Volkswagen. With the wind blowing from the south, he claims he can make it to work in three hours.

Farmers in the Stouffville-Markham area have become so frustrated by inclement weather conditions this summer that on Saturday, we saw one man bating hay in the pouring rain.

Has the Ontario County Road Department forgotten about the 9th concession, west of Claremont?

The bikini-clad girl in the Greenwood centennial parade, Saturday had viewers bug-eyed. A far cry from 1867, commented one old-timer as he adjusted his glasses for a better look.

The Tribune

Established 1888

C. H. NOLAN, Publisher

JIM THOMAS, Editor NOEL EDEY, Advertising

Published every Thursday by the Stouffville Tribune Limited at 54 Main St., Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 640-2101. Single copies 10c, subscriptions \$4.00 per year in Canada, \$6.00 elsewhere. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation, Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association and Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Dept., Ottawa.