

Tribune Editorials

Whistling In The Wind

A delegation of five or six ratepayers have been beating a path to the Whitchurch TSA board room during the past few months, raising protests and filing complaints over the operation of the township's education program. Criticisms have been directed against one particular teacher at Pine Orchard school; the Area Inspector, Douglas Adams; the Board Chairman, Dr. Morris Smith; the Board Secretary, Jack Wyllie; one trustee, Melvin Baker and now the Minister of Education, Hon. William Davis.

Parents not directly connected with the problem at Pine Orchard are beginning to wonder what exactly is going on. The teacher in question there, will not be back in September, so there should be no further cause for concern. But no, the agitation continues, even more bitter than before.

We feel that ratepayers have a perfect right to enquire into Board policies. We feel too, that ratepayers have

every right to submit requests and recommendations. But if policies are not changed or recommendations are not acted upon, this does not mean that the trustees are all wrong and the parents all right.

Checking the Whitchurch election results back in December, 1965, it is interesting to note that it was Chairman Smith who headed the polls with Mr. Baker running a close second. It is also interesting to observe that only 25 percent of the eligible voters even bothered to cast a ballot.

If a change in trustee personnel is needed in Whitchurch, and we're not convinced that this is the answer, then the time to do it is in December, 1967. Continual harassment of members will bring about no improvement at all. As far as we're concerned, many of the problems we've heard are both petty and personal and could possibly have been ironed out in private.

A Community Like No Other

The hamlet of Cedar Grove is not a community great in numbers. But what it lacks in size and population, it more than makes up for in pride and enthusiasm. This fact was in evidence everywhere at their centennial weekend program, Saturday and Sunday.

Cedar Grove is a community like no other, or, in spite of its proximity to Metro, the residents have managed to retain a rural neighborliness that has formed a strong link between families for several generations. And there's little sign that the chain is weakening.

Everything that the folks of Cedar Grove have, they owe unto themselves. It's been a joint effort all the way down the line and the residents can be justly proud of their accomplishments.

The Community park and playground must be seen to be appreciated. The

grounds are unmatched anywhere in the area. The acquiring of the former S.S. 20 school building was completed only after many meetings with township trustee and council members. Children's recreation needs have not been overlooked with softball teams for both girls and boys.

A highlight in the fall of the year is the annual Apple Butter Festival, that attracts people by the hundreds from many miles around.

A pride in one's country and community has been stirred within every Canadian in this, Canada's 100th birthday of Confederation. But, for the folks of Cedar Grove, community pride is not a once-in-a-hundred-year, flash-in-the-pan affair. It's a continuing thing and long may it last.

Sidewalks Not For Bicycles

On Saturday, a lady was struck by a boy on a bicycle. The accident occurred on a sidewalk on Main Street. Had she been an elderly person, she would likely have been seriously injured. Fortunately, she was able to side-step the bike enough to avoid its direct impact.

At the time, there was not one, but three lads, riding side by side down the walk. Even after the collision, they continued on, causing other pedestrians to move out of harm's way.

The sidewalk is not a bicycle route

and somewhere in the dusty manuals of municipal bylaws, there's probably an order that forbids such a practice. The law, if there is such, is being broken a hundred times every day.

Another careless practice, is the leaning of bikes against store fronts or even worse, just dropping them on the walk for people to step around.

We feel that a form of bicycle licensing with warnings and eventually tagging to follow, would help solve some of the problems.

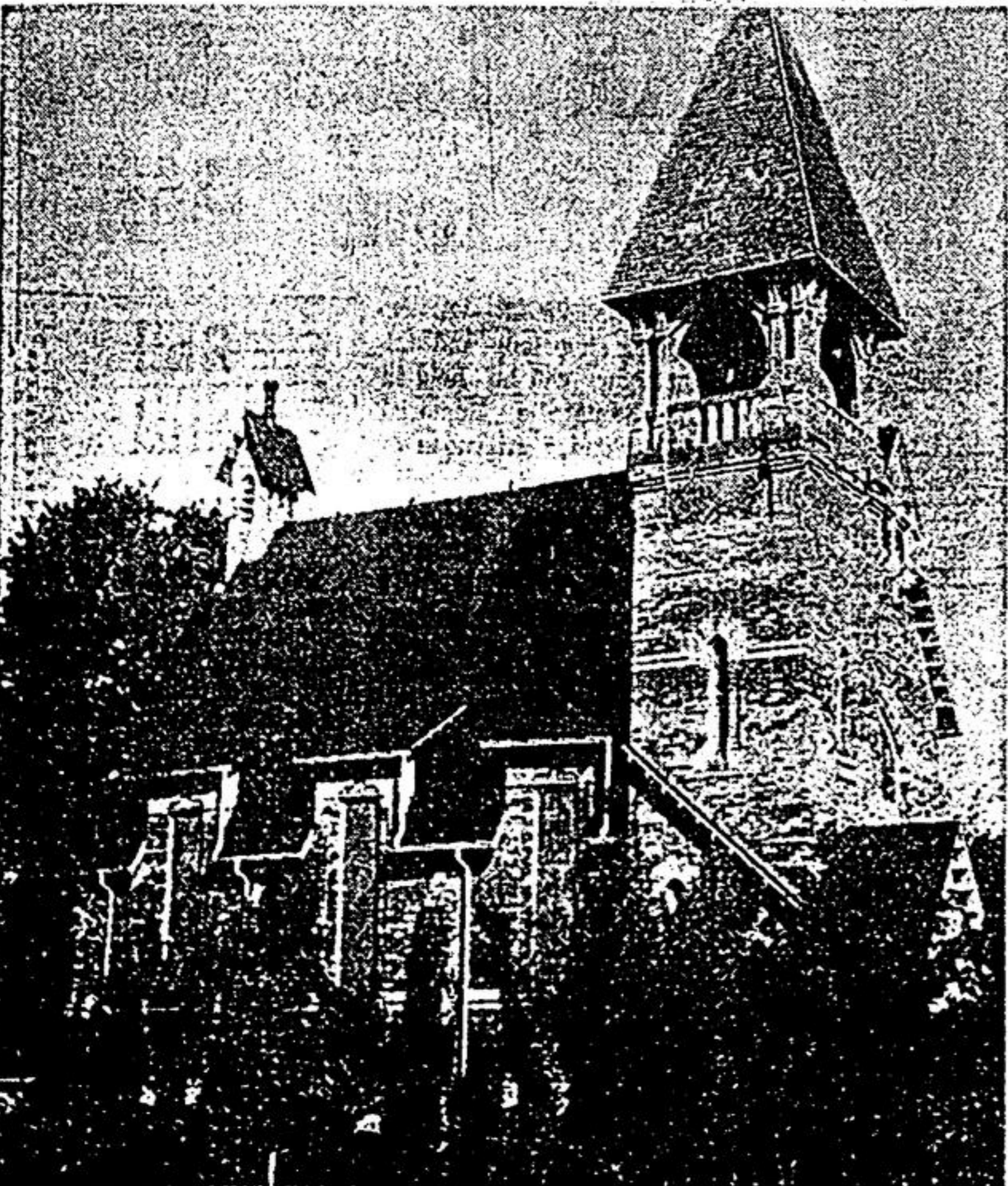
Beer At The CNE? Surely Not!

Expo is even having an influence on the upcoming C.N.E. Mayor Dennison and his council colleagues have come out in favour of serving beer and liquor at the Canadian National Exhibition which opens this week. However some fast footwork will have to be done to accomplish this feat.

Far from being one of the most sophisticated politicians, Mayor Dennison apparently had his eyes opened at Expo. Beer and liquor he said, were easy to obtain but there was no obvious drunkenness on the ground.

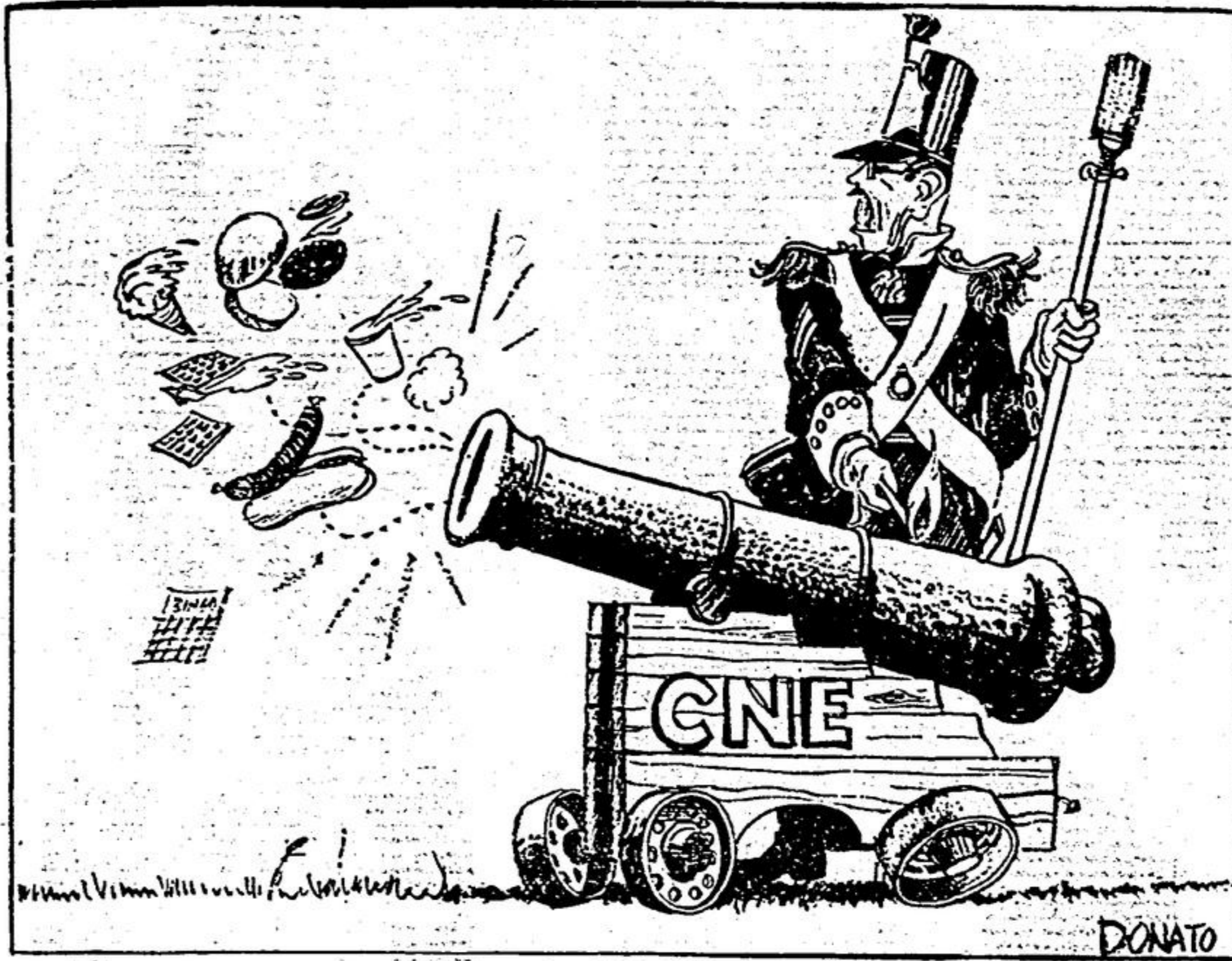
He suggests the same privilege be applied at the C.N.E. Such a suggestion for staid Toronto is getting pretty far out. Even for the Mayor to clear the necessary hurdles for liquor sales at the C.N.E. this year is open to serious doubt.

The point is, that the very acceptance of such an idea from a Mayor such as Mr. Dennison, surely means that the prohibitory walls are in process of collapsing. Such an attempt must be considered as one of Expo's most far-reaching effects in this province.



In spite of the ravages of time and tide, this former church building stands as an imposing structure on the Main Street of Unionville.

—Staff Photo.



Ssssss...FLOOP!



SUGAR AND SPICE

A Beach Soliloquy

By BILL SMILEY

With summer on the wane — and boy, how it waned around here — I've made a discovery. With the minimum of encouragement, I could spend the rest of my life as a beach bum.

Never was much of a hound for the beach life before. As a boy, I swam in river and lakes, but not at beaches. Anyway, kids are too busy swimming and diving and horsing around to be bothered lying on a beach.

As I grew older, beaches still had little attraction. I just didn't like sitting in the sun. I don't tan. I just sort of turn a burnt orange. Beaches were for women, little kids and old people. I preferred golf or fishing.

Well, I'm not a woman or a little kid, so I must be turning into an old people. Someone will think unkindly, no doubt, that it's the advent of the bikini that has prematurely aged me. This is merely a half-truth. I'm not particularly addicted to the sight of navels, though some of the other stuff displayed is mildly interesting.

No, it's the other sights and sounds that fascinate me. Now I don't like the huge, crowded, commercialized beach. It inspires in me, with its noise and clutter and bawling transistors and screaming humanity, nothing but nausea.

But the beach we go to, almost every day the sun shines, is not like that. It is clean sand and cool blue water and friendly, relaxed people. There are no loud-speakers belting the latest beat. There isn't a hot-dog stand or a motorcycle or a beer can in sight.

That doesn't mean it's as quiet as a church. The gulls wail, the mamas holler at their children, the kids scream and fight and cry. But when you stretch out on the sand after a dip, and the sun bores into you, taking away the aches and the tensions, it's as though you were hearing it all through cotton wool.

For some reason, "our" beach has become a mecca for newcomers to Canada. Foreigners, as we used to call them in the old, unenlightened days. You can lie there all day and scarcely hear a word of English. And what a pleasant change that is. You could be at Odessa, on the Black Sea. My Hungarian and Polish and German have improved tremendously.

But they're great people. They love the sun, mind their own business, and pick up their junk when they leave, which is more than can be said of a good many tenth-generation Canadians.

It's fun to watch and listen. Over here are a couple of Italian grandmothers, in black dresses, both built about five by five, yattering away eighty miles an hour. Just over there is a majestic

young woman with Slavic features, a baby, a bikini so sparse you couldn't blow your nose in it, and a bust that would knock your eye out. Maybe both of them.

Back up on the sand a bit is the teenage crowd. They too have discovered our beach this summer. About sixteen of them sprawled in a loose circle, heads together, indulging in harmless sex-play, laughing, punching, smoking and making their intricate plans for the evening. But they're decent youngsters, who apologize when they hit you on the head with their football. No hippies, thank the powers.

Here comes an elderly German gentleman who must have drunk half the beer west of the Berlin Wall to produce that magnificent pot. There's a young Jewish father, spoiling his kids rotten. There's a Hungarian couple,

tanned the colour of tar, with two beautiful blonde urchins.

And speaking of urchins, this is the real fun of the beach. They are through, over and around the prone bodies. They build castles and dams and forts. They hurl themselves into the water, shrieking with delight. And they're all so brown and firm and smooth you could eat them.

Why do all those darling, chubby five-year-old girls have to turn into bored, neurotic, harassed women? Why do all those careless, sturdy, happy little devils of boys have to turn into hard, suspicious, ulcerated men?

A good question. But I still haven't told you why I like the beach so much. I've discovered that it's the only place in the world where my wife will shut her mouth for two or three hours at a stretch.

THIS WEEK & NEXT



Top 3 For PC Mantle

By RAY ARGYLE

Three chief contenders have emerged for the Progressive Conservative party leadership, to be decided in Toronto's cavernous Maple Leaf Gardens Sept. 9.

Two are provincial premiers: Duff Roblin of Manitoba and Robert Stanfield of Nova Scotia. The third is the bouncy former Minister of Trade and Commerce who walked out on John Diefenbaker in 1962, George Hees.

Other candidates are in the running. But none of them have the national stature or success at the polls of these three.

This is not to say that the convention, which must decide whether to go with a leader who can hold the party's present Maritime and Western strength, or to throw in with a personality who will be able to deal the Liberal-dominated big cities, will not choose some other candidate. The race is still wide open. But the three mentioned above have, by all the political form charis, the best chance of ending in the winner's circle.

As the highly successful premier of Manitoba, Duff Roblin, has nevertheless encountered political reverses in the provincial field recently, and it is not at all sure he could win another Manitoba election. But he would offer a fresh new personality on the federal scene, has strong Western support, and being fluently bilingual, could expect to make some headway in Quebec.

George Hees, who managed to emerge from the Gerda Munsinger affair only a little besmirched, has, together with Alvin Hamilton, the best record of performance in a cabinet job.

As Mr. Diefenbaker's energetic Minister of Trade and Commerce, he put on a drive for exports which contributed substantially to Canada's present prosperity.

But the brightest new light in Conservative ranks may well be Nova Scotia's Robert Stanfield, the underdog who delivered seven of the province's 10 seats to Mr. Diefenbaker in the 1965 election.

Mr. Stanfield represents the ideal moderate position which the Conservative party would probably be best advised to take after the retirement of Mr.

Diefenbaker. As a Maritimer, he may well be acceptable to prairie voters who might bridle at the prospect of another period of Ontario domination of the party (which would be the case if Hees was successful). But going against Mr. Stanfield is the fact that while he has solidified the party in the Maritimes, he has no grass roots following in Ontario.

Alvin Hamilton, the aggressive former Agriculture Minister in the Diefenbaker cabinet, would probably be the most loyal of all candidates to Diefenbaker policies. He is a "left winger" within the definition of Conservative wings, has a solid home base in Saskatchewan, and is an able administrator. But he does not seem to have a broad enough base to win the leadership.

Dave Fulton, British Columbia's representative in the Tory Sweepstakes, shows signs of slipping, despite energetic campaigning. The fact is that Fulton, for all his intellect, never had much of a personal following in the party. His disastrous attempt to revive the B.C. Conservative party marked him as a leader who "can't win." This is the kiss of death in today's politics.

The other candidates appear to be in the race merely for the exercise.

Former labor minister Michael Starr has little support from his own province.

Sen. Wallace McCutcheon, a late arrival on the political scene, has age and his Senate seat going against him.

Donald Fleming, who served Mr. Diefenbaker as Finance Minister, has been too long out of the party machinery to organize a methodical campaign at this date. John McLean, the Brockville businessman who was first in the race, hasn't a chance.

There is still time for a darkhorse — perhaps someone like Montreal's dynamic mayor, Jean Drapeau, whose twin achievements of Expo 67 and telling off Gen. de Gaulle have made him something akin to a national hero. But the likelihood is that the Conservative party will abide by the traditional methods of selecting a "safe" leader. Who wants another John Diefenbaker?

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ROAMING AROUND

Do As I Say Not As I Do

There's an unwritten law around our home concerning transient travelling salesmen — they're just not welcome. This rule, of course, does not apply to the chaps who cart around such useful commodities as Fuller brushes, Rawleigh products, eggs, milk and the daily paper. On occasions, we'll even bend a little and converse briefly with a potential driveway paver, a Jehovah's Witness promoter or a dandelion eradicator. But that's the limit of our endurance. The rest might just as well ignore the house and lot at 381 Rupert Avenue because they'll never get a front foot inside the door.

Mrs. R. A. declares that we're just plain rude, and automatically disassociates herself from the family circle whenever such a confrontation occurs. She, however, if caught between a diaper change or in the midst of a Monday morning wash, can be just as short. The conversation usually consists of seven little words. "No, I don't need anything today, thank you" followed by a bang of the door. That the poor footsore briefcase carrier could mistake for a 38 shot between the shoulder blades.

One evening last week, very near the supper hour, we responded to one ring of the bell. "I'll get it," I said. "It's probably the paper boy." Paper boy nothing. On the outside, looking in was the most seductive sample of femininity that has ever graced the threshold of our humble abode. "Could I take a few minutes of your time?" she said. "Are you selling anything?" we asked. "Maybe later, but first I'd like to give you something." "You sure have plenty to give," we thought almost out loud. By this time, she was halfway down the hall and our retreat led us both to the chesterfield. "Is your wife in? I should speak to you both together," she enquired. "I think you had better leave my wife out of this," we replied. She agreed. At first she talked about Stouffville and what a fine street we lived on as compared with downtown Toronto where she came from. She told about graduating from high school and working her way through University. She said that her parents were divorced and her mother had re-married. She told how her step-father drank a lot and often abused other members of the family. It was indeed a story that would play on the sympathies of the most hard-hearted of souls. It was then, that she reached into her brown leather satchel and spread samples of a brand-name encyclopedia in a fan shape over the floor. "It's worth \$550 but you can have it for —" By this time, we had fully recovered. We expressed our regret at her unfortunate predicament and accompanied her to the door. She left without a word of protest.

"Was that the paper boy?" asked Mrs. R. A. from across a partially bare table.

"Looked more like his kid sister," we replied, and let it go at that.

There's nothing we enjoy more than holding down a ringside seat at a professional wrestling match and believe you me, last week's free-for-all in the Stouffville Arena left nothing to be desired. It had everything, including a couple of well-endowed gals who catapulted each other across the canvas with the greatest of ease.

Admittedly, we find it difficult at times to remain completely neutral while one mean and massive brute beats the be-jeebers out of another. However, it is said that the male spectator is a white-winged angel in comparison with his lady counterpart. To prove this point, we worked ourselves into a position within earshot of a young married couple, who watched every move of the combatants intently. Their blow-by-blow description went like this:

He: You know, they say this whole thing is a big fake.
She: I'd like to see you in there.
He: They'd have to catch me first.
She: You'd have to move a whole lot faster than usual.
He: Brother, is he built.
She: Size doesn't mean everything.
He: Quit digging your elbow into my side.
She: Did I do that — Sorry.
He: You sure get carried away, don't you?
She: What about yourself.
He: It's all show I tell you. Nobody ever gets hurt.
She: So, I suppose you wouldn't be afraid to go in there.
He: I'm not that crazy. Besides I'm not in shape.
She: You can say that again.
He: Brother, is she built!
She: Most of it's padding.
He: Don't be too sure. Look's like the real McCoy from here.
She: I suppose you'd like a closer look.
He: Wouldn't mind. Wonder if she's married.
She: Which one are you looking at?
He: The blonde one.
She: You men are all alike. Looks are only skin deep.
He: O.K., you look at Whipper and I'll look at her.
She: I'll take Whipper Junior.
He: Maybe I should have brought you here tonight.
She: Why?
He: You might try out some of those holds on me.
She: Maybe you've picked up a few new ones yourself.