

Tribune Editorials

Scholarship Values To Drop

A point that is no doubt overlooked in most circles regarding the drastic change in Grade 13 is the change in Ontario scholarships.

For some time now students receiving 80 per cent or more in Grade 13 examinations have been awarded \$400 scholarships by the Ontario government. This award represents two thirds of the first year's tuition at most universities.

Next year the schools will determine their own method of grading as there will be no provincially-set exams. The scholarship value will drop to \$150.

This new system will no doubt result in quite a variation in results de-

pending on each individual school staff. There could be a temptation for competition to produce the most Ontario scholarships but this may be curtailed by the drop in value.

We think the scholarships were a good thing but we know that others viewed the awards as simply rewarding some students who could memorize better than others. This argument is hard to prove.

The new arrangement will not help many over that initial year at university. The number of scholarships may be more, the total awarded is likely to be less.

It Has All Ended Too Soon

Ten weeks of union services involving congregations of Stouffville's Presbyterian and United Churches, concluded on Sunday. It has all ended too soon.

The plan, organized for the first time by representatives of both denominations, has been most successful, thanks mainly to the co-operation of church members and leadership provided by both pastors.

Everyone we have talked to has expressed enthusiasm over the venture and hope that it can be continued

when another summer vacation season rolls around. It goes to prove that differences between denominations, if such really exist, are of minor importance, so minor in fact, that few laymen know what they are.

"We are laborers together with God," said Rev. Cromey in his sermon, Sunday. The congregation could have justly replied 'Amen'. The pastor remarked that the union services had been 'a pleasing and enriching experience'. To that, we will also reply an enthusiastic 'Amen'.

Accommodation Opportunity

Many hundreds of local residents, the writer included, have taken a number of motor holidays and been quite enthused by the overnight motel stops that can be made. Such stops are many and varied in facilities, but the trend lately is to the more elaborate, rivalling hotel accommodation.

This brings us to our point that there is an opportunity in or near Stouffville for a motel. Hundreds would stop over here every year if there was just a place. Instead they have to push on to the big city for their stop-over.

Good motel accommodation can be a sign of a progressive community; at least to those passing through. For Stouffville such accommodation is nil.

Because of our proximity to the big metro centre, year-round business could be anticipated. We admit the investment is not small, possibly seven or eight thousand dollars a unit would be an approximate figure if a first-class establishment is to be established. No less than eight units would make for a good start. These are not for peanut figures we are talking about, but nonetheless the opportunity is here today.

Stouffville has a fine recreation park, golf courses galore and other facilities to make it attractive. The town is on the move and this could be an investment in the progress future.

Young People Present

We attended the first service, Sunday evening, in a two-week Crusade for Christ campaign, in the Stouffville Arena. The worship, sponsored by the United Missionary churches of Altona, Gormley, Dickson's Hill, Markham and Stouffville, extends over a 15-day period, concluding Sept. 17. The pastor is Rev. Ken Campbell and the guest soloist, Mr. Jim Reese. The Campbell-Reese team are no strangers here. Their ministry in word and song is known across Canada and the United States.

Many people consider such Crusades as a form of religious worship that attracts the interest and enthusiasm of adults, the folks who, if not attending a service in the arena, would be in their own churches any-

way. This is not the case here, or at least it wasn't apparent on Sunday night. We would estimate that forty percent or perhaps more, of the persons in attendance were in their teens or early twenties. In addition, there were many children present.

The United Missionary denomination is noted for its ability to 'hold' its young people. Why this is so, no one really seems to know but the truth of this fact is visible at any U.M. worship, whether it be in Stouffville, Markham or elsewhere.

As positive proof of this point, a special service, designed to interest the youth of the area, will be held on Saturday in the arena at 8 p.m. The young people will be there and likely their parents too.

Survey Finds Newspaper Best

The newspaper is the most popular choice as the best medium for finding out about advertised items. According to a survey disclosed at the recent International Marketing Congress in Toronto, the local newspaper was chosen for six out of the 10 of the 120 items (58%) named in the survey.

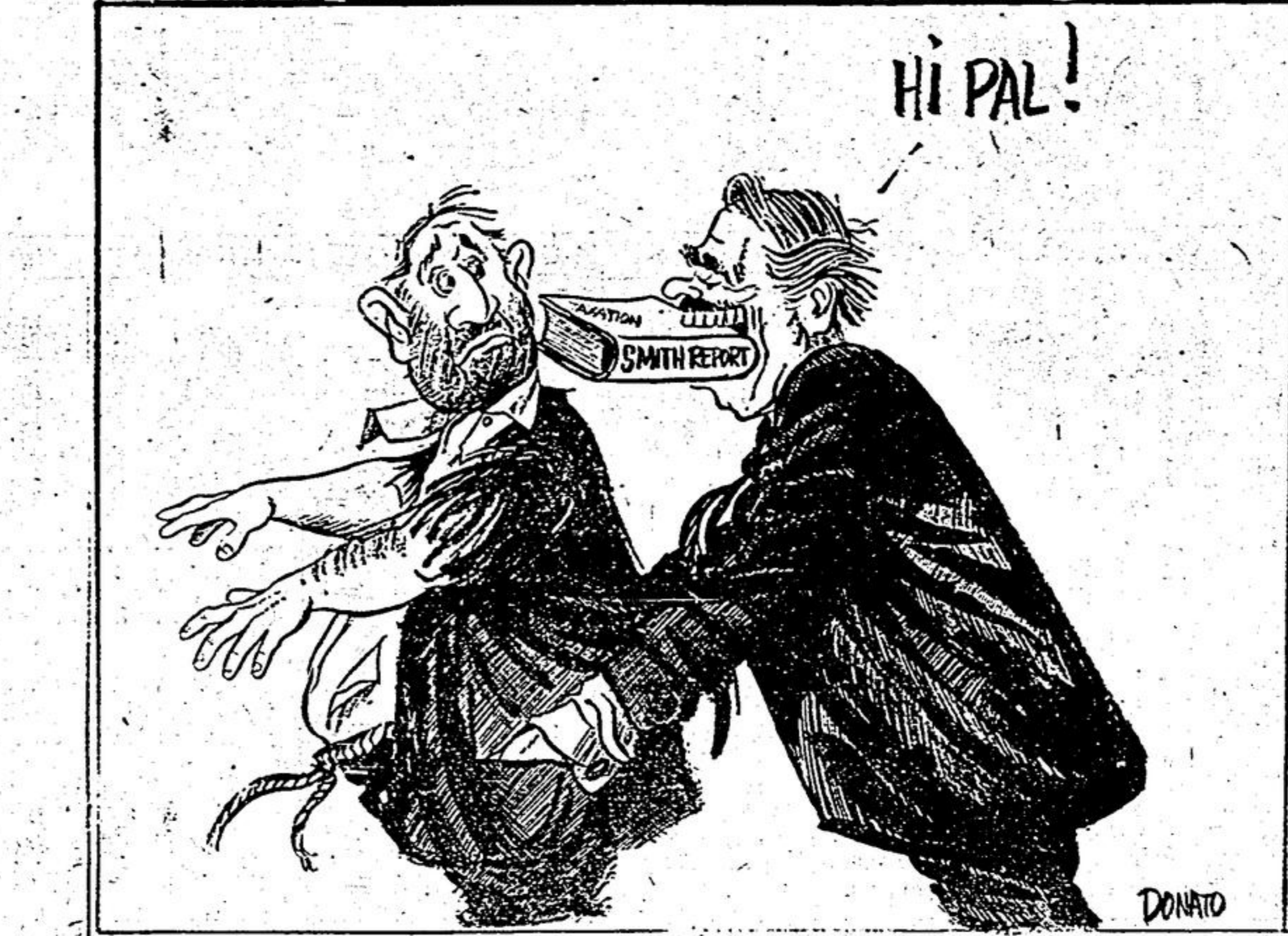
Television came next, leading in 32% of the items, and radio in 1%,

or about the same as word of mouth.

Frank Orenstein, of the Bureau of Advertising, American Newspaper Publishers' Association, who revealed the survey results, said the people most interested in a product turned consistently to printed advertising for information about it because of "the more detailed information in print can be examined at the convenience of the customer."



The Garibaldi Public School, conc. 2, Uxbridge Township, has been sold. The purchase price was \$8,800. The owner, John Hand of Etobicoke plans to turn the building into a permanent residence. —Staff Photo.



SUGAR AND SPICE

EXPO — C'EST MAGNIFIQUE

By BILL SMILEY



Well, I scarcely know where to start. Expo 67 is surely the greatest display of human ingenuity, imagination and organization that has ever been assembled on the face of the earth. It's absolutely magnificent in almost every respect. All you need to enjoy the big fair thoroughly is about three weeks, \$3,000 and a pair of legs of steel springs.

We did it in three days, on \$150, with legs that rapidly turned to putty, if it is possible for putty to ache like a bad tooth.

We took off right after church last Sunday. As usual, "right-after-church" gradually turned into 3 p.m. Drove 150 miles. Stayed with sister-in-law. Long time no see. Big palaver until 3 a.m. Bugged another 200 through the heat to Alexandria, near Montreal, where old buddy, the man from Glengarry, generous, joyous Gene Macdonald, had offered, free, two motel rooms for as long as we wanted. Swift tour of ancient, interesting town, drink at golf club, dinner at the Macdonalds'. Same story: long-time-no-see, etc. Overflowing hospitality, even to tall, dark and handsome 16-year-old son Neil to entertain our Kim. Estimated departure time: 10 p.m. Actual departing time 2.30 a.m.

Up bright and early and off at the crack of noon. Fortunately, as Gene had promised, it was only an hour's drive from Expo. Became biggest joke of trip. He obviously meant by jet, or straight across-country. My car goes better on highways.

"Just follow the Expo signs," it said. We did. We completely surrounded the city of Montreal and wound up in a parking lot which was a 30-minute ferry ride from Expo. The regular lots are five to ten minutes from the grounds. The ferry costs \$1.50 a person. The other lots provide a free bus. The ferry dumped us at the wrong end of Expo, just ten miles from where we wanted to be. At 3.30 p.m. we were at Expo.

Never mind, we finally picked up my press pass. The press building was a little bit of heaven: air-conditioned; food and drink reasonable. Slightly revived, and just about the time I had thought we'd be heading for home, we started out to "do" Expo.

As always with our family, there were no plans, no organization. We went into the first building we saw. It was the International Broadcasting Building. Fascinating, perhaps, for an engineer. For us, it was slightly less absorbing

than a visit to the local library. The fighting began here. Kim is at the age when she abhors being dragged around by her parents. Her first proposal was, "Let's split and meet somewhere." Would you turn loose your 16-year-old chick in a crowd of 300,000, in an area the size of a large city, when none of us had a clue how to get back to the ferry?

So we sulked our way through the telephone building. It's a dandy show. And it was here that I first discovered that my press pass made Aladdin's Lamp look like an old candle butt. (I just took it out and kissed it as I write.)

See, there are these 7,000 people lined up, about four abreast, for a quarter-mile. With a press pass, you walk to the head of the line, flash the pass, and your party is admitted at the "reserved" entrance, immediately, along with people in wheel-chairs and comas and other conditions.

The first time we did it, we felt like real skunks. I expected the enraged types in the line-up to scream and rave or threaten to tear us to pieces. Nothing happened. The second time, I felt like Charles de Gaulle. After that, I lost all compunction for the stampees, and began looking for pavilions with the longest line-ups, for the sheer pleasure of gate-crashing. Such is' man.

Russian pavilion next. Beautiful line-up. Pavilion was rather like a vast department store specializing in space-travel equipment. My wife collapsed into a chair on the third floor and a number of people thought she was having a stroke.

By sheer good luck, we found our way home, and hurried that "one hour from Expo" in only 2½ hours, after missing the turn-off to Alex and wandering about the wilds of Eastern Ontario for an hour. Bed at 2 a.m.



THIS WEEK & NEXT

The Guessing Game

By RAY ARGYLE

While Tory leadership hopefuls made their final cross-country forays last week in search of support among Conservative Party, convention delegates, the Old Chief continued to dismay his rivals.

John Diefenbaker, who will be '72 next week, began to sound as if he might finally be stepping down. But he continued to tantalize the party and the country by remaining mum on where he will throw his support when the delegates ballot by machine Saturday, at Toronto Maple Leaf Gardens.

As of this writing, Mr. Diefenbaker remained uncommitted over the leadership race. But he stressed again and again there are certain people within the party who are just not acceptable to his radical brand of conservatism.

When Mr. Diefenbaker speaks to the Conservative convention this Thursday night — with the eyes and ears of the nation on him via TV and radio — he will have three clear choices.

His first is to simply bow out gracefully, secure in the knowledge that he brought the Tories out of their political wilderness in 1957 and made them a "party of the people" for the first time in half a century.

Or determined as he may be to pursue his political career to the bitter end, he may announce his determination to stand for re-election . . . a course that would throw the convention into bitter disunity.

Or finally, he could hope to retain his influence within the party by giving his blessing to one of the nine committed candidates, or even to a darkhorse as yet un-entered in the race.

Rumors out of Montreal, last week spoke of Mr. Diefenbaker having decided to nominate the city's mayor and the Father of Expo, Jean Drapeau, as his successor. May Drapeau is known to be anxious to finish his job of rebuilding Montreal, but is equally sure he would find eager support right across Canada, should he decide to enter federal politics.

Ever since Mayor Drapeau so eloquently put Gen. de Gaulle to rights

about Quebec's future as part of Canada, he has been something of a hero among everyone but Quebec separatists.

The delicious prospect of confounding the Tory establishment with such a nomination, is bound to appeal to Mr. Diefenbaker; especially if a deadlock developed among the leading candidates, Mayor Drapeau would look more and more like the man to solve the leadership dilemma.

The probability is, however, that Mr. Diefenbaker will take a less dramatic course. The likelihood is that he will declare his support for one of the present candidates. And in making his stand known, the Chief will once again throw down a gauntlet to the influential business circles of eastern Canada.

Mr. Diefenbaker changed the Conservatives from a stodgy, unimaginative party of the status quo, to one, which for a time at least, was able to harness the confidence of Canadians from all walks of life.

It can be expected, therefore, that Mr. Diefenbaker's form chart on the candidates will look something like this:

Sen. Wallace McCutcheon — Fast on Bay St., but hopeless on Main St. Overweight with big business support.

Donald Fleming — Prefers the far right side of the track; an uncomfortable position for Dief.

John MacLean — Unknown entry out of Brockville, Ont.; not worth wasting time on.

Duff Roblin — Wouldn't exercise for the last federal race; why should he get Dief's support now?

George Hees — Glamour and speed, but not a Diefenbaker favorite.

Dave Fulton — A plodder; also, in Dief's view, a quitter.

Alvin Hamilton — Raised right around home; perhaps too much familiarity to breed confidence.

Michael Starr — With right kind of build-up, could just be it.

Robert Stanfield — Proven a winner before; as close a Diefenbaker breed as you're likely to find.

If the Chief decides to bet to win, this could be his wager.

Editor's Mail

Muskmelon Thief

August 18, 1967

Dear Sir: I have a muskmelon patch in my garden. Nearby, under the chicken pen, is a groundhog hole. The groundhog, I suspect, has been cutting off the melons and carrying them away.

Some would be inclined to think that it is a two-legged rather than a four-legged thief, but this assumption cannot be correct since the melons are still not ripe.

By way of introduction, I was born and raised at Bethesda. I had only one teacher in my time. His name was Isaac Pike who taught school there for forty years. I am the lone survivor of a family of ten. A sister, Miss Clara Elizabeth Sherick passed away recently. My oldest sister, Mereda and my youngest brother, Jacob, died while infants.

OLIVER SHERICK
Richmond Hill.

Twenty-two Years Ago

Allen Harper, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ross Harper, conc. 6, Whitchurch, was reported taken prisoner by the Japanese and held at Hong Kong. Maple Leaf Dairy has been sold by Clay Baker to Charles Webster of Lucknow.

The Stouffville Co-operative has purchased land from Mr. Delbert Holden, north of the Mansion House, and will erect a new warehouse on the site.

ROAMING AROUND

Grin and Bear It

We're back at the keyboard again, the holidays finished for another summer season. Mr. Underwood has been freshly cleaned and ribboned and, in spite of its age, looks in real great shape. The truth is, its condition, both exterior and interior is much better than its user. I'm a nervous wreck. The reason? I spent one terrifying afternoon at the Canadian National Exhibition with my five year old son. It was my 31st consecutive visit to the 'Ex' but his first. He figured he had to catch up on all the exciting things I had seen and he had missed. He packed thirty years into four nerve-racking hours. I'm now ready to cash in on the firm's retirement fund.

At first, he started off on the simple little things, like buying a gas-filled balloon that streaked off into the wild blue yonder five minutes and fifty cents later; purchasing an atomic ray gun, that was crunched under the wheels of a clean-up van and re-adjusting the controls on an Admiral color television set. And drink! His thirst knew no end. And then he had to go continually. We must have visited every washroom on the grounds. On one desperate occasion, we sneaked him into a 'woman's', when he said he could last no longer. We paced back and forth outside while ladies, coming and going, eyed our presence there with some suspicion. To our relief and no doubt his, he finally came out. "The people in there kept asking me if I was lost and if I had a Daddy or Mommy," he said innocently. At that point, I felt more like a granddaddy. The pace was beginning to take its toll.

Little did I know that the worst was yet to come — much worse. He wanted to go on all the rides. Six tickets for one dollar was the limit of our financial endurance. He flew around in a baby helicopter; rode in a boat, drove a motor cycle; got all smelled up on a mangled old donkey, then aired himself out in a miniature rocket ship. But that was his stuff. He next set his sights on the adults' world of ferris wheels, roller coasters and other blood-curdling midway innovation. We relented just long enough to be coaxed into buying two tickets for a razzle-dazzle ride called The Flyer. Although we'd never qualify as a window-cleaner on the outside of the Empire State Building, heights, within reason, don't bother us too much. As a matter of fact, we once rode the aerial train at Crystal Beach, Fort Erie, so many consecutive times, that we could have qualified for shares in the thing. But that was 20 years ago. Times have changed and so have we. Although one hates to admit it, the proof is in the pudding. That's what our head felt like on the very first plunge-pudding. We closed our eyes, held our breath and prayed for a safe two-point landing on good old mother earth. The five year old loved every dip and dive. He laughed all the way through the ordeal. We could only try to grin and bear it. At the end of the route, he pleaded for more of the same but this time, the answer was an unqualified 'uh-uh'. "There's always another year," we said. Thank goodness for that. It'll take fifty-two weeks to recover.

For those persons who, unlike ourselves, failed to catch the 'thrill' of a roller coaster ride at the C.N.E., this year, a similar sensation is afforded pedestrians who tread the new sidewalk on O'Brien Avenue, between Main and Somerville Streets. Several sections appear to follow the lay of the land. Whoever engineered this project must have acted on the theory that what goes up, must come down.

If residents in the community of Mongolia catch a few vocal bars of the hallelujah chorus drifting across the fairways of the Willows, this fall, they can know for sure that Presbyterian Pastor, Rev. Fred Cromey has just potted a hole-in-one. Like so many others in the Stouffville-Markham area, Rev. Cromey has taken up the sport and, according to reports, is rapidly becoming quite proficient at the game.

With lots selling for as high as \$10,000 in Markham's new Sherwood Estates Subdivision, there still seems to be no shortage of buyers for new homes there. The fact is, several carry sold signs with work still to be completed is rather startling to see a baby carriage on the porch, a car on the road and a bulldozer parked in the driveway.

Carol and Evangeline Adams, Main Street, West, in Stouffville, have never professed to believe in magic. But that was before their car did a disappearing act in Markham Village last week. As the story goes, the two sisters went to the I.G.A. parking lot with the best intentions of coming straight home. But lo and behold, their means of transportation had vanished. Obviously conceived, they called the police and officers William Gunn and Thomas Matheson gallantly raced to the rescue of the marooned maidens. A tour of the town produced nary a trace of the wanted vehicle. A description was broadcast across the County on the TELEX from Buttonville. Still, no result. Constables Gunn and Matheson then obliged by taking the girls home. On their arrival at Albert and Main, they found the family auto parked safe and sound in the drive. Said Carol — they don't call that car a 'Rambler' for nothing.

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