

# Tribune Editorials

## A Town Without Police

On Thursday evening (tonight) a motion will be introduced at a meeting of Stouffville Council that could, if supported by a seconder, create a most heated controversy. On the other hand, it could also die a swift and painless death. We favor the latter.

Councillor Bob Lewis has already given notice that he will submit a recommendation, calling for the abolition of the present police department, as we know it, and in its place, acquire the services of the O.P.P. plus a Bylaw Enforcement Officer. Reeve Ken Laushway, who ruled against discussion of the subject, last week, has agreed to let opinions be expressed once the motion, properly moved and seconded, is presented. This should come tonight.

We would hope, that before any vote is taken on such an important matter, that each and every member has taken time to study its implications, both present and future.

We would fear, that the O.P.P., as good as its record may be and as faultless as its service may seem, would not provide the kind of personal protection that residents here have come to know and expect. This opinion, of course, is based on the assumption that no new headquarters would be located in the immediate Stouff-

ville area and that both cars and constables would operate out of the office at Oak Ridges.

Unlike at least two other members, councillor Lewis has voiced little comment in the past, either for or against, the operation of the local force. His sudden concern has us somewhat mystified. We hope he can enlighten us a little.

In attempting to second guess the reasoning behind his proposed recommendation, we can only come up with one legitimate point — money.

The budget required to maintain the Police Department here is about \$40,000 annually. The O.P.P. would do it for nothing. Stouffville would be required to add one additional employee to enforce town bylaws. This would cost in the neighborhood of \$5,000. Thus, we have a saving of about \$35,000.

Quite a chunk of money you say? We agree, it is. But how important is money to the individual if the service, when he requires it, is not immediately available. It's not worth two cents.

Rather than dissolve the Stouffville force in favor of the Provincial Police, we would prefer to see a trend toward the amalgamation of departments in an area that could include Markham Township, Markham Village and possibly Whitechurch.

## A \$4,000 Gamble That Will Pay Off

We cannot help but wonder how many town councils would gamble \$4,000 that is not included in their budget, in an effort to promote one single event in a centennial year program.

That in effect, is what the council in the Village of Markham is doing, in an effort to bring Guy Lombardo to the Markham Arena, Sept. 24.

Not only is the council willing to gamble on the receipts that will be obtained from this venture, but they are backing the program on a Sunday. To make their limb-climbing even

more venturesome, only two of the five members actually gave the Lombardo show their okay. Deputy-reeve Albert Laidlaw and councillor Lloyd Abernethy were absent. Councillor Douglas Allison was opposed.

Few councils would have taken the risk but Reeve Alma Walker is an apparent optimist. That is perhaps one of the reasons that Markham Village has advanced so rapidly under her leadership.

To cover expenses, an attendance figure of about 1,600 must be recorded. We feel confident they'll make it.

## The Helping Hand Is Extended

Stouffville residents have known the helping hand of Arthur Latcham. It has provided this community with one of the finest parks in the province.

Altona, Atha and Mount Zion folk have also tasted a sample of Mr. Latcham's generosity through the donation of schools to be used as community centres.

Last week, the most generous gift of all was announced by the York-Markham Hospital Board. It is the purchase by Mr. Latcham of a 50-acre site, costing \$100,000, the future location of a general hospital to serve

the Stouffville - Markham - Unionville area.

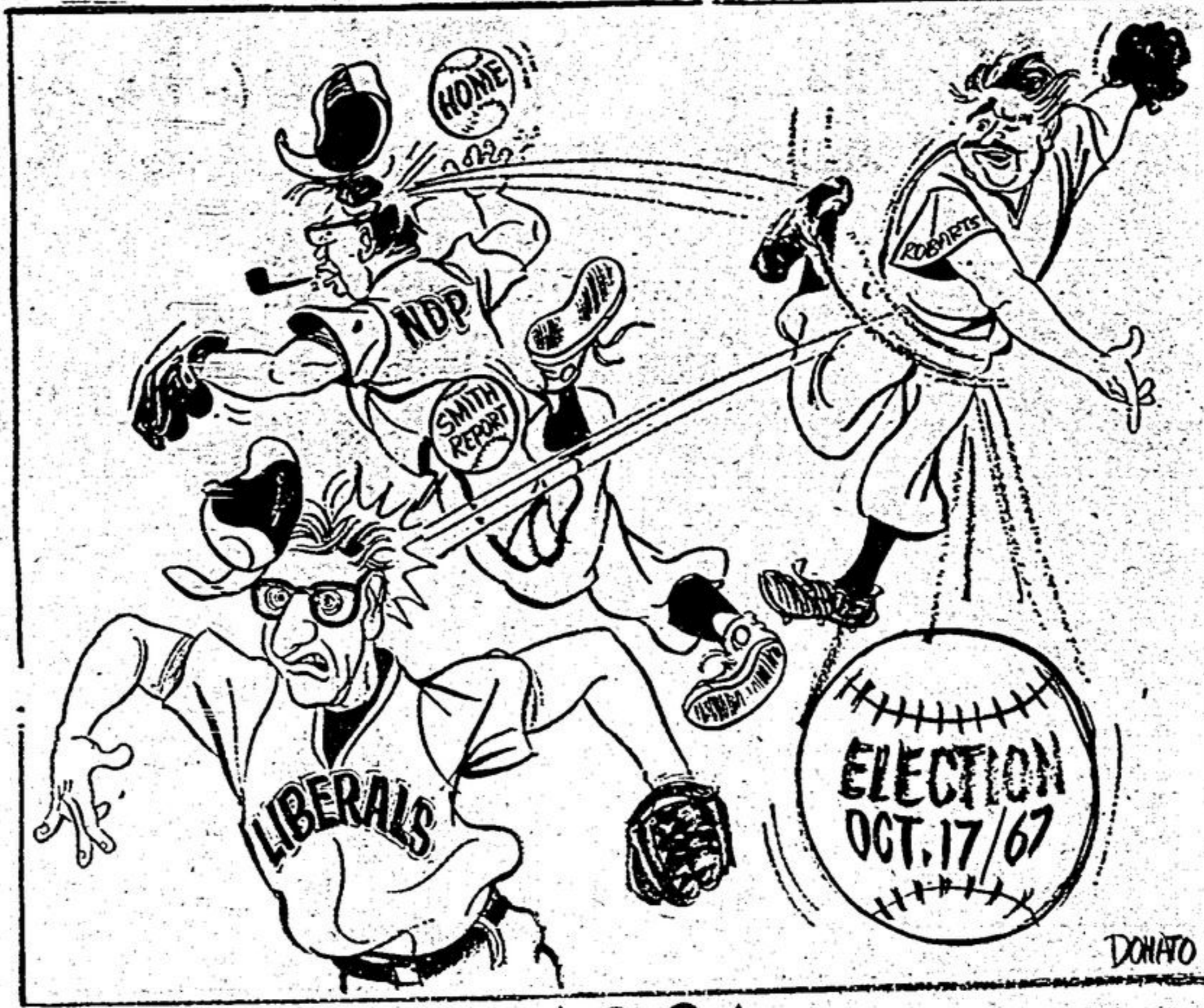
We, here in Stouffville, who have come to know Mr. Latcham over the years, tend to take too much for granted. Such is not the case down Markham-Unionville way. They are dumbfounded by it all.

In recognition of Mr. Latcham's donation of land, we would hope that the Board can, in some way, incorporate the donor's name into the structure that we hope will follow, so that he will always remain a living legend in our time and for generations to come.

## The Sign Says 'Stop'

Three adult guards are on duty at separate crosswalk locations in Stouffville. They perform a very vital service, assisting close to 800 children across the road, four times daily, five days a week. For the most part, motorists recognize the important role they play and co-operate. A few however, do not. One of these was fined \$25 and costs in Richmond Hill Court, Sept. 1.

We realize only too well, that drivers of heavy trucks, should not be expected to stop their vehicles on a dime. However, because more stopping distance is required, more caution should be observed. To completely ignore a guard who, according to evidence, was standing in the centre of the highway with her 'Stop' sign raised, is inexcusable. We hope it will serve as a lesson to others who have committed similar violations and got away with it. The risk involved is far too great.



## SUGAR AND SPICE

### My Last Word

By BILL SMILEY

Don't worry. After this week, I won't say another word about Expo. But I wish every school child in the world could see it.

First time we ever saw the Expo site was about four years ago, on a trip to Quebec City. The fabulous fairylands of the islands as they are today were piles of mud in the St. Lawrence then.

During those years, Canada's gloom and doom purveyors — and we are loaded with them — happily predicted that Expo would be the flop of the century.

After all, it was an all-Canadian production. Couldn't help but be a dismal failure. The prophets were appalled when it turned out to be the greatest show on earth. And it is.

Aside from the magnificent pavilions, Expo has an atmosphere, a flair, that may never be equalled. There is a gaiety, a courtesy, a lack of commercialism, that is like heady wine, in this sour, ill-mannered, materialistic age.

Ah, the gaiety and courtesy with which we were given directions for getting home, our second night there! The parking attendants put us on the right road with ineffable Gallic charm. Half an hour later, the signs said we were heading, not west for Ontario, but south-east for New Brunswick.

I stopped and asked for directions. The chap spoke no English. None. But my French was more than up to the crisis. I simply said, "We wanna go a Ontario Ou est la best route?" He replied directly and briefly, in no more than eight minutes of arm-waving, shrugging and fast French.

Just about then, thank goodness, there was a tremendous clang on the highway. A smash-up. Nobody hurt, but it did bring the cops. One of them gave me, in fast, polite and intelligible English, la route directe. We sped happily along until a sign announced that we were heading due east, for Quebec City.

I stopped at a bar. Three delightful chaps gave me three perfectly clear-cut means of getting turned around and headed west. An hour later, we found ourselves nearing the border of New York State. Home at 3.30 a.m.

Aside from a few little misadventures like that, our biggest trouble was girl-watching. I don't suppose you could take a plot of ground the same size in the entire world and find one-tenth as

many beautiful girls as there are at Expo. Normally, I wouldn't classify this sort of thing as "trouble".

But the girl-watching we did ruined the ordinary type. We spent hours and hours watching Kim. Or trying to. I'll swear she carried with her a package labelled "Instant Invisibility".

One minute she was right there at our elbow. But if we dared flick a glance at anything else, she had vanished into a crowd of over a quarter-million. Twenty frantic minutes later, we'd find her, calmly looking at something and completely uncaring about where we were. Thank God she's got red hair, or we'd still be muddling around down there, looking for her.

With just one to look after, I could only imagine the panic of those parents who were there with five kids darting in all directions. And there were thousands of families, down to three-week-olds, mulling and puking in their mothers' arms.

Another problem with Kim was shoes. Going barefoot all summer she has acquired built-in leather soles. First day she wore shoes, balefully. Second day she stood them for an hour, carried them the rest of the day. Third day, she was happy in raggedy jeans, bare feet, and no parents.

No point in my describing the pavilions. But trying to see them all, especially the big ones, is like trying to eat six big meals in a day, one right after the other.

If time is limited, nibble the hor d'oeuvre: rum and bongoes at the Haiti pavilion; the stuffed dodo bird at Mauritius; Princess Grace at Monaco. You are not allowed to nibble either Princess G or the dodo, but you get the idea.

If you've been, you know what I'm talking about. If you haven't, go. Cash in that insurance policy. You'll be a long time dead.



## THIS WEEK & NEXT

### Diary Of A Drifter

By RAY ARGYLE

The changing of the seasons came to Canada last week, ahead of the calendar but not unwelcome, despite the first early harbingers of autumn.

Labor Day weekend, with its last hot burst of summer, its last frenzied beach outings and ordeals of long distance driving, traditionally spells the end to summer in Canada.

That Monday holiday of course varies by a week depending on the calendar — as early as Sept. 1st and as late as the 7th — but this seems to make little difference.

It was a tranquil summer for most Canadians. Not for Canada was there the uneasy half-quiet — and at times roaring violence — of the big city ghettos. Not did the Vietnam war intrude on the conscience of Canadians, as it did, this past summer, in the United States. Nor, for us, was there any repetition of last summer's wave of strikes, and of the rapid price increases that made inflation such a fear a year ago.

Aside from the Conservative convention, Canadians talked little of politics. Instead, the conversation turned to the blazing heat of the prairies, where despite scorched crops, farmers still looked for a good harvest. There were too many fires in British Columbia forests, but heavy rains in eastern Canada saved the bushlands of Ontario and Quebec from similar ravages.

Could it really be true that Canadians are keenly interested in foreign affairs? A Quebec Member of Parliament, Howard Grafty, ran a survey which totted up foreign affairs as the chief political concern of most Canadians.

The rarity of debate in the Commons on foreign affairs has always made Canadian politics to seem a little shallow, not to say parochial. If it is true Canadian voters want to talk about Vietnam, the Middle East situation and China (and I for one hope they do), then our parties have virtually ignored a field which deserves primary attention.

The Quebec MPs survey also showed, less surprisingly, that Canadians were concerned about the calibre of political leadership the country has been receiving from all parties.

This comes as a little surprise. And this is why the Liberal Party will be staging before too long — probably within the next year. The Liberals cannot afford to allow the Conservatives too much time to rebuild their image, following last weekend's activities at the Tory convention in Maple Leaf Gardens.

For all the good feeling that sentimental and Expo left with Canadians this summer, 1967 may be more remembered as the year in which the country's tax set-up came under its closest scrutiny.

In the federal field, the Carter Royal Commission put the entire tax structure under its microscope, and came up with recommendations to modernize and simplify the taxation system.

As the Carter Commission would eliminate many benefits and exemptions enjoyed by many branches of industry, the report was widely criticized. But the likelihood is that most of its proposals will be acted on, particularly the basic principle that ALL income be treated as taxable income although at lower rates.

Because of the growing load on home owners to pay the costs of provincial government, every province faces the need to revamp its own tax structure. In Ontario, this appears to be underway, as the prelude to a fall election. The Smith Report would ease the property tax on homeowners, but as other taxes will likely rise to meet the costs of education and other services, the average taxpayer will be little better off.

The services provided by government to the community as a whole must be paid for by the community as a whole. If the load put on homeowners has been unfair, the burden is going to have to be more evenly spread, because it is likely the future will see fewer homeowners and more apartment dwellers in most Canadian cities.

## Editor's Mail

Dear Sir,

September 6th, 1967.

Both the Federal and Provincial Government have seen fit to appoint a Royal Commission to study and report on the present method of Taxation in Canada and in Ontario.

These studies have lasted up to five years and have cost millions of dollars. Recommendations as far reaching as Provincial Income Tax and National Capital Gains Tax were made.

Certain segments of our society, through no direct fault of their own, are subjected to unfair taxation policies and steps must be taken to relieve this.

I feel it would be of much greater value if these commissions had investigated the way our tax money is spent rather than saying which pocket they are going to take it from.

Liberal Candidate,  
TOM TAYLOR,  
York North.

## TEN YEARS AGO

1957  
Police Chief Frank Edwards informed Stouffville Council that 'near beer' would soon go on sale in town stores.

The much publicized Edsel made its appearance in the Ford showrooms of Edgevale Motors Limited, Stouffville.

Stouffville School Board has purchased a 6-acre site for a proposed new school on Sunset Boulevard. The price was \$5,000.

# ROAMING AROUND

## School's Out

The majority of folks get a kick out of attending auction sales. Some go with the good intentions of buying something. Others, attend to watch others spend their money. To even more, it's a kind of afternoon social where, friend or stranger, everyone seems to know everyone else.

We personally qualify for a position in the class of number one. Not that we're anti-social, mind you, but we just can't stand to see Mrs. Jones spend all her hard-earned egg money in an effort to out-bid Mrs. Smith on an item that neither one really wants or needs.

Like shopping for a Sunday necktie at Weldon's, we eye it and buy it in about five seconds flat. None of this rummaging around to find something better but cheaper.

And that was the plan we had carefully formulated Saturday afternoon. We attended the sale of the S.S. 19 schoolhouse (my school) on the Ninth Line of Markham. It was up for auction.

Admittedly, it was like Joe Dokes setting his sights on the O'Keefe Centre, but regardless of the financial obstacles, we were determined that the successful bidder would pay for his whistle. We established its worth at about \$8,000 with another \$2,000 to boot if the worst came to the worst.

Before Walter Atkinson stepped to the podium, the audience was given ample opportunity to inspect the premises. It was then and there that we could see the hand writing on the wall. One chap unravelled a rule and began to measure the structure, inside and out. Another paced off the length and width of the playground area. Several tolled the roof top bell; inspected the furnace, checked the brick and enquired about the wiring. One man even locked himself in the washroom. Unfortunately for him, and all concerned, we might add, the toilet failed to flush. An emergency plumbing job soon remedied the situation.

And oh yes, members of the Board were there, filtering through the crowd like plain clothed detectives. We managed to elude them long enough to pocket an engraved safety plaque that we had donated to the school back in '62. One antique-grabber eyed it hungrily. One step closer and he'd have got it right over the head.

Our interest in the building was dimmed a bit when we stepped inside. The interior had bowed to progress. It looked altogether too modern. This was not the S.S. 19 we had known.

Outside, our spirits were revived. For there, on the northwest corner of the structure were the initials, J.T. carved deeply into the wall. Ten thousand dollars for a single brick? What a price to pay.

And then, auctioneer Atkinson, came in hand, called the meeting to order. The terms of sale were spelled out. The crowd closed in. We felt like a tadpole in a pool of crocodiles.

"Who'll start it off?" called out the colonel.

"Six thousand," replied an observer.

"Seven thousand," we answered.

"Eight thousand, nine thousand — money was flying in all directions. My head started to spin.

"I'll make it ten," we continued.

"Ten-fifty," said some scoundrel.

The ground began to sway. The building tipped.

There was a ten second lull.

"What about it?" asked the auctioneer, pointing his cane like a loaded tommy-gun.

I needed time to think. But there was so little time. Ten thousand was supposed to have been the absolute limit. What would the wife say? All the kids needed shoes. She deserved a new winter coat. The old lawn mower had gone on the hummer and the seat of a seven-year old Sunday suit had started to shine.

What would the banker say? Fifteen years of savings squandered in five minutes? And on what? A building I didn't need, grass that I couldn't cut and taxes that I couldn't afford to pay.

"It's all for a memory," whispered a voice down deep.

"Don't be foolish," countered another, even deeper.

We surveyed the crowd of ten thousand eyes, almost begging for a hand-out. No one offered to pass the hat.

"Watch me, not your neighbor," interrupted the colonel. It was like facing a firing squad. He cocked his cane and slowly began to squeeze the trigger.

"Eleven thousand," we replied. The heart pounded like a sledge hammer.

"Twelve," came a call. We glared.

Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen thousand, echoed a volley of bids.

The air suddenly cleared. The ground stood still and the old school settled back on its original foundation.

The audience quickly dispersed. The show was over.

We remained a few minutes longer and stared at the weather-scarred nameplate, barely visible from the ground. S.S. No. 19, Markham, it read, erected 1881. We had lived through eight of those eighty-six years.

Honestly, we're glad it's all over. Now, the kids can have shoes, mother a new coat and dad a new mower. There even might be enough money left over for some shine-remover for a Sunday suit.



Construction work is continuing at the site of Locust Hill bridge on Highway No. 7. It has long been a bottleneck for traffic in the area. —Staff Photo.

## The Tribune

Established 1838

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. 650-2101. 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.