

Tribune Editorials

NDP Policies Don't Impress

Mr. MacDonald, NDP leader has made another of his pronouncements that does little to impress if properly studied. He says his party will legislate price controls of monopoly firms if it forms the next government. There is something that the most socialist of countries has tried to avoid.

questionable if any provincial government has the right to directly control prices. This could turn out as a discriminatory tax which would not win the NDP many friends. However, the big step which Mr. MacDonald never mentions is that this sort of control would necessitate the government controlling wages and cost

of materials. Is the NDP suggesting then that the government control a man's pay cheque as well? Maybe he should tell the voters the whole story. If he doesn't they may begin to believe that his ideas are only to try and get the votes of the ignorant and the unthinking.

A Court Gone 'Soft'

We have always had the greatest respect for courtroom procedure as practiced by magistrates at both Richmond Hill and Newmarket. First-time visitors to either location are soon made aware of the strict rules and regulations that have been adopted and enforced to the letter of the law.

cycle hoodlums, a roving group of good-for-nothing bums, that the daily press has publicized to the point of heroes, were slated to appear to face a total of 131 charges. The courtroom was transformed into a three-ring circus and Magistrate S. A. Williamson became part of the act. What Magistrate Hollinrake and Pearce had created over the years, was torn to shreds in a matter of minutes. It was a sickening sight.

quivering with excitement, anticipation — or was it fear? We would suggest that if any other citizen, not so privileged as these, had dared to act in a similar manner, he would have been dealt with severely. It goes without saying, that police officers, involved in the arrest of these vagabonds, were disgusted by the whole affair. The press and spectators in the court were awed by it all. The public in general should be incensed.

We can recall on one occasion at Newmarket, when two girls were severely reprimanded because they so much as whispered to one another during the sentencing of an accused. To walk in or out of the room while a case is in progress is unheard of except in emergency and the mannerisms of the public, police and court officials are of the highest calibre. This is the way it should be.

In effect, the accused thumbed their noses at justice. One lit up a cigarette. Others chewed gum. They stomped in and out like they owned the place. There was even a minor scuffle in the prisoner's box. Nobody said a word. At one point, the Clerk of the Court, infuriated beyond the point of self-control, lashed out verbally at one of the accused but he was quickly silenced. The bike-riders must have surely sneered at their sleeves at a court

It's an exhausting experience, emotionally and financially. All the kids want that you should take all their stuff down, help unload it, press a large sum upon them, and disappear back to Hicksville, so you'll stop embarrassing them in front of their new class-mates. With Momma it's not that simple. First comes the tremendous decision itself, comparable to Moses making up his mind to lead the "Children" back to the Promised Land. There are surges of confidence, but they are outweighed by sudden despair.

Last week, this rigid policy was withdrawn and the conduct of the court at Richmond Hill was transformed from one of polished decorum to one of disgusting disgrace. Why? Because a platoon of motor-

adians, who are the greatest telephone users of telephones, find the French system little short of deplorable. Sometimes it takes as long as two hours to place a call only a short distance. Ask any one who has recently been to France about the situation. Despite DeGaulle's inadequacies of this system have shown little improvement over the years. The country not only has little service, but those in the

know say there is little equipment. A Common Market report on country services shows France the poorest of any country in this regard. Latest pronouncement from the government promises action by 1980. Possibly with DeGaulle's sudden interest in Quebec we should reciprocate by sending over a few telephone experts from Montreal.

Look After Home Fires First

France has been making a lot of noise about helping Quebec, though many doubt France has any intention of helping anyone but herself. However, what DeGaulle should be doing is taking a look at his own domestic situation rather than taking on the role of a meddling old man in other country's affairs. A case in point, and the same problem exists to a lesser degree in England, is telephone service. Can-

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Keeping The Game Alive

It's congratulations this week to the Stouffville I.G.A. league baseball champions for 1967. The club, comprised totally of town talent, won the title here, Sunday by beating Sunderland four games to one in a best of seven series.

Their loss at Sunderland one week previous, was the team's only set-back in 24 schedule and playoff contests. Certainly, an enviable record. Stouffville, over the years, has been known for

its fine baseball teams. In this day and age, when a club's operation cannot depend on fan support, an expression of appreciation must be extended to coach Roger Todd and the I.G.A. for their assistance in keeping the sport alive.



Photographs On Display At Expo

Mr. Ron McLeod, Main Street, East, Stouffville, looks over his display of industrial photographs at Expo. Mr. McLeod was one of ten photographers across Canada, commissioned to illustrate various themes in the Canadian Government Pavilion. He is a partner in the commercial photography firm of McLeod and Yee, Toronto.



OCT. 17 YOUR DATE WITH PROGRESS



WE'VE BEEN DATING FOR MORE THAN 20 YEARS... IT'S COSTIN' ME A FORTUNE!

SUGAR AND SPICE

My Wife - A College Co-Ed

By BILL SMILEY



If you think it's tough trying to get a son or daughter ready for college, cooled out and settled in, you should try it with a wife, who hasn't been there for 20 years.

So she goes to visit her mother for three days, as a sort of a trial run. Comes home and is a bit dashed to find the house still standing, garbage out on schedule, lawn cut, kitchen tidy and Kim and I living like Oriental potentates.

It's an exhausting experience, emotionally and financially. All the kids want that you should take all their stuff down, help unload it, press a large sum upon them, and disappear back to Hicksville, so you'll stop embarrassing them in front of their new class-mates.

She had to save face and go through with it, but not before trying one more gambit. It was impossible financially. There was no way we could manage it.

With Momma it's not that simple. First comes the tremendous decision itself, comparable to Moses making up his mind to lead the "Children" back to the Promised Land. There are surges of confidence, but they are outweighed by sudden despair.

Father points out that, with judicious borrowing, we can keep one of the family going to college. Since Hugh is no longer there, and in fact, has a splendid job laying carpets, it might as well be she. This produces half a day's tears of mingled rage and grief over Hugh's quitting.

"My brain is rusty, I'll never make it. They've probably lost my files. There'll be a rule refusing people over 30. The course is most likely a lot harder now. I'll feel like a fool with all those kids in mini-skirts and eye-shadow." And so on.

It also produces a guilty complex. She vows that nobody has ever lived as cheaply at college as she will. She's going to pig it in a grubby little room. All she needs is a sleeping bag, card table, hot

You patiently point out that rust can be removed; any half-wit can pass fourth year; universities never lose anything, except the letter you wrote them last week; she's more mature and the course will be a snap; he's better looking now than when she was in third year away back.

plate and electric kettle. She'll walk miles to save carfare, hitch-hike home on week-ends.

Thus bolstered, she sends off the application. Nothing happens. Fear and frustration mount. So father has to write a letter in his inimitable style, with force and firmness. Straight back comes the good word.

Tragedy struck the space program in 1966. The Americans lost three brave pioneers in a fire in their Apollo capsule during a routine on-the-ground exercise. And the Soviets, a few weeks later, suffered their first admitted space death when their last orbital flight ended in tragedy for the lone astronaut who failed to eject from his capsule as it plunged out of control to earth.

This is the real crisis. She can't believe it! She's accepted. It's no longer castles in Spain. And the real pain begins: "It's ridiculous. I can't leave you and Kim alone. You'll burn the house down. You'll forget to put out the garbage. You'll die of malnutrition. We can't afford it. You can't get along without me." And so on.

The deaths brought sober second thoughts to scientists and government officials alike. Was the exploration of space really worth the cost in money — and now in human life — that it seemed would have to be paid?

Although I do not know her personally, from reading your descriptive writeup and seeing her photo, she now seems 'like the girl next door.'

The answer of course, has to be yes. The cost is high, but we still no more know what we are buying than did Columbus when he stepped ashore in The New World.

The Tribune is doing a wonderful job in publicizing the youth of the community and the tribute to Bev. is another feather in your cap as well as the Village and Township Councils.

Before any such fanciful flights become reality, however, the arduous costly job of getting to the moon, and then the planets must be finished.

From what I have heard, Bev. is deserving of all recognition received, not only for her athletic endeavours, but also for her exemplary character. I feel she is representative of the majority of young people.

After lagging behind Russia for many years, the U.S. now appears to have drawn even in the lunar program, while it has forged ahead in other space probes. The moon has been photographed, Mars orbited, and this week both Russian and American space capsules were converging on Venus.

Sincerely, (Mrs.) Janet Williams, Pickering, K.R. 1.

A Soviet space extravaganza is being predicted for November's 50th anniversary of the Russian Revolution. There'll be no lunar landing next month but don't be surprised if the Soviets put a man on a roller coaster swing around the moon to mark half a century of Communism here on earth.

Looking Backward

1950 The prize-winning show team of Clydesdales, owned by Vince Baker of Altona, has been sold to an Ottawa buyer for \$900.

A new rotary pump has been installed at the Stouffville reservoir, capable of producing 100 gallons per minute. Police Constable Ira Russnell of Stouffville appeared before Council to request a \$15 per month salary increase. A motion favoring the increase was approved, bringing Mr. Russnell's monthly wage up to \$65.

When I first heard of the Russian success in orbiting a space capsule, I guessed that in ten year's time a man would stand on the surface of the moon.

I was a little on the optimistic side. Ten years have passed and both the American and Russian space programs have, encountered unexpected difficulties as they neared the crucial stage of their lunar goals.

The Russians were the first with a man in orbit; the flight of Yuri Gagarin on April 12, 1961, was not equalled until the U.S. sent John H. Glenn three times around the globe Feb. 20, 1962.

The Americans, meanwhile, were turning a stretch of deserted beach and alligator swamp on the Florida coast into one of the world's two space launch centres. Cape Canaveral was to become

THIS WEEK & NEXT

Tomorrow It's Venus

By RAY ARGYLE

Ten years ago this week... Oct. 4, 1957... the high-pitched beep of Sputnik I signalled the beginning of a new era of exploration.

When I first heard of the Russian success in orbiting a space capsule, I guessed that in ten year's time a man would stand on the surface of the moon.

The Americans finally got two men into orbit with the flight of Gemini 3, which took Virgil Grissom and John Young aloft for 17 circuits in 1965. The same year, Gemini 5 set an eight-day endurance record. And also in 1965, the first space walks were made, initially by Russia's Alexei A. Leonov, and later by Major Ed White and others.

Tragedy struck the space program in 1966. The Americans lost three brave pioneers in a fire in their Apollo capsule during a routine on-the-ground exercise. And the Soviets, a few weeks later, suffered their first admitted space death when their last orbital flight ended in tragedy for the lone astronaut who failed to eject from his capsule as it plunged out of control to earth.

The deaths brought sober second thoughts to scientists and government officials alike. Was the exploration of space really worth the cost in money — and now in human life — that it seemed would have to be paid?

ROAMING AROUND

Fall Fever

Every second September, I'm stricken by fall fever. It used to be an annual disease but the cure came in the form of four children. Now, it's every other year.

The cause of it all are the chrome-studded beauties now basking in the limelight of public attention at district dealers.

I need a new car like a hole in the head. My '66 Pontiac runs as well as the day I drove it off the Patrick lot. Admittedly, after 25,000 miles, the tires are a little thinner and the paint shows a few nicks and scratches, but, for the most part, it's as good as new. Still, I can't get the deal-in idea out of my head.

I'm no tire-kicker. When I put my mind to buying a new buggy, I mean to do just that. But this year, it's different. So far, I've looked over them all — the Chev., the Pontiac, the Meteor and the Rambler. I'm no closer to a decision now than I was two weeks ago. The problem? — Who should come first, me or my family.

Neither my wife nor the kids are the least bit interested. Mrs. R. A. can think of a hundred and one things we need around the house. It doesn't include a new car to grace the driveway. She's also a trifle nostalgic. "I like the one we've got," she repeats over and over again. "Don't you remember the night you drove me to the hospital and a few days later we came home... And then there was the trip to the Zoo and to Santa's Village and..." The colors don't please her either. She selected the paint scheme for our '66 and they took it off the charts in '67. It's still off in '68. She thinks that G.M. should mix up a special batch just for us.

The trouble is — how does a husband convince his wife and kids that he needs a new car when he can't convince himself. You think of mounting repair bills. That doesn't help. You think of higher prices. That doesn't help either. You think of a deflated bank account. That hurts even worse.

That's the dilemma in which I now find myself. On the one side, a car-buying fever that knows no cure. On the other side, a family that's completely immune.

What is the answer? I've got it. Teach Mrs. R. A. to drive and hope that the initial impact isn't too violent.

Rubber boots, purchased for last year's International Plowing Match proved a good investment for this year's Markham Fair.

While on the subject of the Fair, few booths in the arena building attracted more attention than the one-man attraction, featuring Stouffville magician, Arthur Latcham.

What's your guess on the 1st prize squash entered by Ivan Norton of Greenwood? It tipped the scales at 105 pounds. But it's not the largest. Several seasons ago, Mr. Norton produced a 148 pound whopper.

And there was 'Lex' Mackenzie, going for a whirl on the ferris wheel just to prove that life begins at 81.

The Gremlins crept into our column a couple of weeks ago. By way of explanation, the revival mentioned in connection with deputy-recve Bill Parsons of Stouffville should have read 'rival'.

Don't forget, it's Apple Butter Festival Days at Cedar Grove, this weekend, October 7 and 9.

A sign in a local real estate office reads: For your 1967 centennial project, buy a little piece of Canada.

It's an age of inflation. Ten years ago, it was common practice for kids to place pennies on C.N. track to be flattened out by the locomotive. On Saturday, when the steam train roared through, nothing less than quarters would do.

Fashion shows aren't for men. As a matter of fact, most males, this one included, wouldn't know a bustle from a bust. This is especially true in a flashback to the gay nineties era, and that was our own self-appointed assignment, Friday night. The pageant, Portraits From The Past, sponsored by the Legion Ladies' Auxiliary, was presented in the Veterans' Hall, Stouffville.

To be honest, we had not looked forward to this chore with any amount of whole-hearted exuberance. I took along Mrs. R. A. for moral support but still felt like the proverbial onion in a patch of petunias.

To my surprise, I was able to pinpoint other men's heads, sprinkled throughout the audience. The overall crowd was large but should have been larger. The truth is, they should have been clamoring at the door to get in, but they weren't. The show warranted a standing-room only attendance.

Although lacking the fashion knowledge of a Monsieur Dior, it would be safe to say that the gowns were magnificent and the models (all local ladies and girls) were suitably selected for their roles. I found myself caught up in the grandeur of the whole affair.

Mrs. R. A. was far from convinced that an evening of girl-gazing should come under the physical terminology of 'work.' You can't win.

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