

Editorials

Tribune

A Kind Of Anti-Climax

The East York Plowing Match was held on Saturday and, as has been the case in so many past seasons, the weather was anything but favorable for either competitors or spectators. It even snowed a little during a portion of the afternoon.

We feel that all branch matches should be held prior to the International. Anything that follows, is a kind of anti-climax. The executives also run a greater risk with the weather.

It goes without saying that the International is the match. For many entries, competition in North and South

Ontario and York North, represents a kind of proving ground where contestants, young and old can sharpen their eyes for the big one still to come. We all know the amazing record that has been established by plowmen from this area at the International over the years and again in 1967.

We would suggest that the executive of the East York Plowmen's Association make an effort to move their date ahead, even if it means to the middle of September. It would likely find more favor with the plowmen and perhaps the weatherman too.

Nursemaid To Hockey Players

The management of the Stouffville junior hockey club has been experiencing difficulty in attracting home-town talent to the team so far this fall.

Several practice sessions have been held but the attendance, particularly of local lads, has been small.

We think it's too bad if an O.H.A. entry is dropped here but if it's necessary to coax boys out to participate, then the cause is hopeless. The same players that are luke-warm now, will likely be the "same ones" who will let the club down in mid-season or during the play-off. With dis-interest on the bench and dis-interest in the stands, what is there left? There's little use playing nursemaid to players and spectators too.

The boys can't entirely be blamed for their current attitude. Many are still in

high school, where a full program of athletic activities is on the go. Football, volleyball and basketball have become increasingly popular and facilities both here and in neighboring towns are of the finest. There's little travelling involved and when they go, it's usually during the afternoons or early evenings. Buses are provided and adult supervision is in attendance at all times.

Hockey, once a welcomed outlet for a teenagers energies, is no longer a necessity — at least not here.

It wasn't too many seasons ago, that one of Stouffville's best hockey players quit the sport entirely to concentrate on high school basketball. At the time, it seemed like a foolish decision. The trend, however, has never stopped.

Why Should The Township Pay

A case was heard in Juvenile Court at Newmarket, recently, and the outcome, has left residents of Whitchurch Township somewhat dismayed and more than a little disturbed.

The parents of a pupil at Pine Orchard School were charged under the School Act with wilfully keeping their child out of class and a conviction followed.

The penalty against the parents was not only waived by the Judge but the Court Costs must now be paid by the township. This would seem to be a strange state of affairs.

We would like to know who was wrong here — the parents, the school attendance officer, the Area trustees or the township taxpayers?

The conviction would indicate that the parents had indeed committed a breach of the Public School Act. The waiving of the fine would indicate that the Judge, for some unknown reason, was sympathetic towards the accused. The assessing of costs against the plaintiff would suggest that the Board was in error in pressing charges in the first place.

The amount of money (\$600) is not important here. The principle is. We feel that the school trustees and the township taxpayers have every right to an explanation. If indeed, they can crack the circle of secrecy that seems to surround most Juvenile Court proceedings.

Promoting Hunting Safety

The annual trek into deer country will shortly be here and with it the annual accidents and fatalities which occur. Statistics show however, that these figures have been declining despite the fact that the number of hunters has been growing.

Under the Hunter Safety Training plan all applicants for gun licenses who had not previously been issued a gun licence are required to take a Hunter Safety Training course as prescribed by the Department of Lands and Forests.

The Department will open official Hunter Safety Examination Centres in January 1968. Under the new regulations one can go direct to one of these Centres, locations to be announced, and there take a test without taking a Hunter Safety Training course. If successful he may obtain a licence. If not, he must repeat.

Little by little new policies are being brought in to keep these hunting accident figures going down. The Department is to be congratulated on the safety promotion.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Times Have Changed

By BILL SMILEY

I wonder what a teacher of 50 years ago would think if he walked into a classroom today? Personally I think he'd be toted off in a state of deep shock.

Some aspects of the atmosphere would be familiar; the box-like, claustrophobic construction; the smell of chalkdust and bodies; the windows that stick and won't open; the scuffling. And the place would be full of kids, of course. They'd probably be much the same, inside. Human beings don't change their basic emotions, their hates, fears, shyness and aggressiveness, in a generation or two, if ever. But they certainly wouldn't look the same.

The appearance of the boys would rattle him a bit, with their cowboy boots, their polka-dot shirts, their carefully waved hair, and their world-weary expressions.

But the sight of the girls would rock him right back on his heels. Never mind the lipstick, eye-shadow and net stockings. He'd probably turn pure puce the first time he looked down those rows of miniskirts, with the odd garter belt, in all its feminine loveliness, showing here and there.

Those wouldn't be the only shocks he'd receive. Let's say he taught in a school with 300 students, half a century ago. Quiet, droning periods. Leisurely one and a half hour lunch periods.

I'd like to see this chap step out into the hall of a school with 1500 inmates, during one of the lunch periods. Unaccustomed to using his shoulders, knees and elbows, he'd be a greasy spot on the terrazo floor in two minutes.

If he did happen to make it, he'd gulp his lunch in the cafeteria, with the din of 500 students as sauce for his wein-

ers and beans. Or he'd choke down a sandwich in the staff room, mid a litter of coffee cups, a pall of smoke, and a cacophony of fellow practitioners of the art.

Checking his mail box after lunch, he'd find: two memos from the administration; a pamphlet from the Department of Education, very badly written; a note from the librarian telling him that Susie Doake's book was overdue; a brochure from a publisher; a billett-doux from the vice-principal; a bill for his federation insurance; and three announcements of contests, all sponsored by commercial firms.

Being an old-fashioned, conscientious teacher, he would probably not file these in the waste basket.

Back in his classroom, trying to teach with the raw materials, a book, a blackboard and some students, he would be interrupted by the public address system telling him to send Joe Smitz to the office; by Jack Diltz just arriving back from guidance counselling; or by four stalwarts leaving for the football game.

During the day he would discover that he was either a dodo bird, extinct, or a phoenix — that bird which reputedly arises from its own ashes and flies in ever-diminishing circles until there is only one place to go.

This would be occasioned by the maze of equipment which he would be forced to master. Record-players, tape-recorders, overhead projectors, underhand deflectors and the like.

And he would have my utmost sympathy. I can drive a car. Used to be able to fly an airplane. Can run a washing machine in a pinch. But lead me toward a duplicating machine, or anything more complicated than a hand-cranked gramophone, and I pale with terror.

After school, our friend would find that he had a committee meeting about gum-chewing, or a staff meeting about pupils acting like humans, or a thrilling hour with the three students interested in the stamp club.

I don't think he could hack it, poor devil.



THIS WEEK & NEXT

Johnson's Dilemma

By RAY ARGYLE

The rising criticism of President Johnson among both Democrats and Republicans led this week to speculation about LBJ's future which would have been considered wildly improbable only months ago.

For the first time since the President won election in his own right in his 1964 landslide, there was a serious possibility that LBJ could step aside at the end of his present term.

The possibility of the tough Texan longhorn ever taking such an ignominious end would only recently have been considered laughable among even his most outspoken critics.

Yet, the possibility is there this week. Consider these survey reports:

Only 31 per cent of the American public, according to the latest voter opinion survey, approved of the President's handling of the war in Vietnam.

Only 38 per cent of all U.S. voters approved generally of President Johnson's overall conduct of his administration.

And among both Democratic and Republican voters, an opinion poll "run off" between Johnson and Robert F. Kennedy indicated 51 per cent preferred RFK and only 39 per cent plumped for LBJ.

The most astounding of the polls put a Republican ticket of New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller and California Governor Ronald Reagan firmly ahead of a Lyndon Johnson-Hubert Humphrey ticket. The score was 57 per cent voting for the Republican governors if a presidential election was held today compared to only 43 per cent for the Democrats.

The opinion polls, of course, cannot be taken as an accurate reading as to how American voters will behave next November when they vote to decide who will occupy the White House from 1968 to 1973.

The situation is very much like that

faced by John Diefenbaker in 1962, when four years after winning Canada's greatest-ever parliamentary majority, the Tory leader was unable to secure anything better than a minority in a badly-split House of Commons.

The chief factors going against Johnson, are of course, the unsettled war in Vietnam and the continuing failure of the administration to mount a meaningful war on poverty at home. With this has come the spectre of increased troop commitments. In Asia, higher taxes, worsening slum conditions and bigger riots.

Starting with a primary election March 12 in New Hampshire, the candidates of both parties will be seeking voter endorsement for their party's nomination.

None of the primaries are binding, but they will give a strong indication as to which candidates will be acceptable to voters.

Main questions to be answered in the next year involve the left and right wings of the Democratic Party. Will the left wing, opposed to Vietnam and unhappy over civil rights, go all out to replace Johnson with Kennedy? And will such a right wing prospect, as former Alabama Governor George Wallace, run on a state's rights, anti-integration ticket? The pundits say this would drain off votes which would normally go Republican.

But the biggest question of all will finally be settled only by Lyndon Baines Johnson.

Harry S. Truman set a precedent when, after winning election in his own right in 1948 following President Roosevelt's death, stepped down in the face of massive unpopularity in 1952. In view of Johnson's even more impressive achievement of winning so big on his own in 1964, it is not impossible that he could surprise the world by retiring to the sidelines in 1968.

Letter To The Editor

Oct. 21, 1967

Dear Editor:

This letter may not accomplish very much but this subject has been on my mind and on the minds of several others for some time. The election of this past week refreshed my memory anew.

Every resident in Stouffville will recall receiving election literature on Mr. Tom Taylor, the Liberal candidate in York North on Wednesday, Oct. 18, one day AFTER the election. What good did this literature do?

I understand these pamphlets were in the mail on Saturday, Oct. 14. This I intend to clarify. It seems to me we should have received these pamphlets by Tuesday at the latest.

I noted the other candidates voting cards came out Monday. Where were the Taylor voting cards for 3 mailing days?

As I understand the mailing procedures, the Post Office is to be completely sorted and cleared of 1st, 2nd and 3rd class mail each day before anyone leaves. I could be wrong, if so I stand to be corrected.

I hope you will print my letter, I feel better for writing it.

Sincerely,
"An Inquisitive Liberal"

Looking Backwards

- 1954 Construction work was started on the new Richardson Masonic Hall.
- Half million dollars will be needed in Markham Township to replace bridges washed out by Hurricane Hazel.
- Train derailed near Markham on way from Toronto to Stouffville.
- Aurora will be out of ice sports this year because of the Hurricane damage to arena.
- This year's Santa Claus parade is scheduled for Dec. 4.
- The Ringwood Hotel built in 1865 is being demolished.

ADAMING AROUND

A Plowman's Shame

The plowing match season is almost at an end. As in any contest of skill, there are experiences of extraordinary elation over a job well done. There are also periods of extreme depression when nothing goes right and a "finish" looks something like the route of the Rouge River.

I've done plenty of tractor plowing in my day, none of this quality stuff, common to a Timbers or a Tran, but just a good old-fashioned get-it-done kind of job that fortunately is hidden by the first heavy fall of snow. And the sooner the snow falls the better.

The most boring part of tractor plowing in my opinion, was the strike-out. You are supposed to set up your stakes and make sure the initial round is ruler straight. I would have no part of this foolishness. I preferred to line up the tractor with some fence post or tree positioned somewhere on the horizon and then full steam ahead. On one such occasion, I picked up my pointer, a Holstein cow, grazing in a distant hay field. Unfortunately for me, and the strike-out, the cow moved. I lost my licence then and there.

This little introduction leads me up to the International Match at Barrie. Like the critical judge I'm not, I viewed some of the completed lands and, like others around, passed comment on the quality of the work. I came to one that had a few warps and wows in the finish and so commented on the crooks and curves that were quite obvious to anyone with half an eye. "Do you think you can do any better?" questioned a girl nearby. "I bet even you could," I replied. "Yesterday, I couldn't, but I'd be glad to try again if you're willing. That's my land you're looking at." My heart sank into the soles of my shoes. I knew then and there that this cute young thing had been one of several entries in the Furrow Queen Contest. It was bad enough that I had criticized her work but now she had issued a challenge that I dare not escape. I tried to think up a few half-hearted excuses, but it was no use. Too many others had been listening in on the conversation. "Over here," she said, and pointed to a spot where the press, radio and television boys were practicing in preparation for their class. The tractor was an International W-D diesel with a trailer plow. I had never even sat in the seat of such a machine let alone manipulate the 3-furrow unit on behind. Fortunately, the strike-out had already been made. "You go two rounds and I'll go two. Then we'll compare," she said. "Ladies first," I argued, and she consented. She mounted the big diesel like it was a kiddy-car. She friggled and fooled around briefly with the levers and moved off down the field. At the headland she wheeled the brute around on a dime and headed back. She repeated the maneuver twice, just as perfect the second time as the first. The furrow was as straight as a die. I should have admitted defeat then and there. But pride surely goeth before a fall.

The sprinkling of spectators who watched this contest were all on the side of my opponent and I knew it. After all, she was a girl and they were men although they acted like a bunch of school boys.

The 1944 Ford Ferguson that I used down on the farm had only three gears ahead and one reverse. This mechanical monster had so many speed ranges, it required a road map to find neutral. I took a wild guess for Lo and released the clutch. The front end lifted off the ground like a kangaroo. It jumped forward about two feet and stalled dead as a doornail. Everybody laughed. I couldn't get it started because I couldn't find the starter. "Try the crank," joked one sideline smart-aleck. "Want a push?" joked another. I yanked and shoved on every button in sight and finally hit the right one. In the confusion of it all, I had neglected to trip the plow. After doing so, I roared backwards in reverse and the entire unit jaunted into a most unbelievable position. If the dealer had been present, I would certainly have been ordered off the rig.

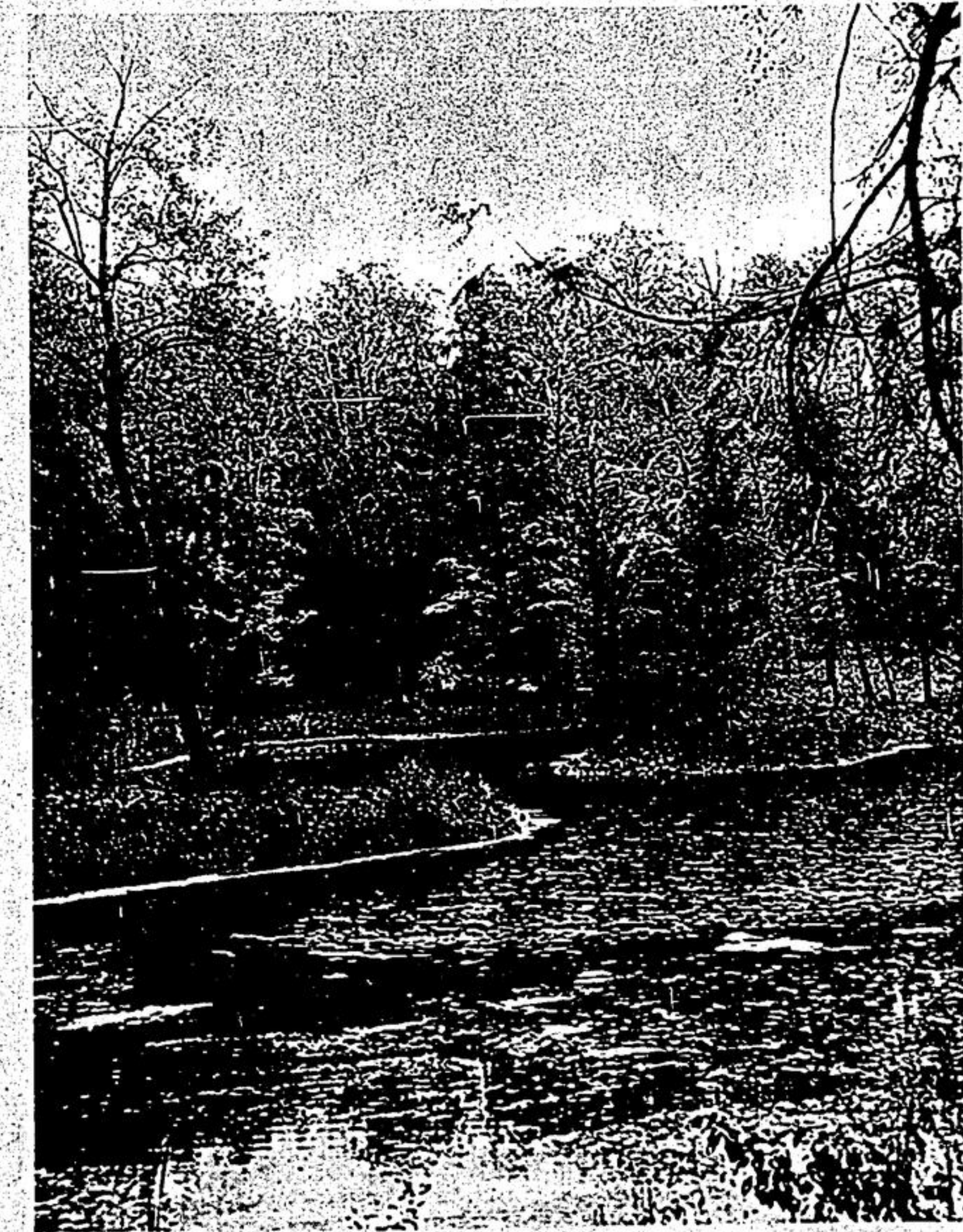
When the equipment was finally untangled, I proceeded forward. Twenty-five yards later, the plow hit a huge boulder. It became unattached automatically but I was too busy looking ahead to see what was going on behind. We were separated by fifteen feet before I fully realized what had happened. That was the last straw. I jumped off the machine and left it running in mid-field. It could be there yet for all I know or care.

So a word to the wise: Unless you're a competent critic of plowing prowess, be a viewer but not a doer. For the truth will surely find you out.

On the subject of plowing, Fred Hope, Claremont, R.R. 3, still retains the watch he won in a match 54 years ago. He uses it every day and it runs as good as new.

Stouffville druggist, Cliff Aiken has done it again. In recognition of Grant Wells' claim to the Canadian tractor plow championship, he has dressed up his show window in keeping with the occasion.

Dr. Donald Petrie of Stouffville must surely have charmed the census-taker who visited his home on Edward Street. On the voters' list, his occupation is described as "miracle" rather than medical doctor.



Autumn Beauty Bows To Wintry Winds

With the approach of November, autumn beauty will soon bow to wintry winds. Landscape scenes like this in Uxbridge Township will soon be gone and forgotten for another year.

—Staff Photo

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. 610-2101. 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