

Editorials

Tribune

Performing A Service

That time of year is here again when thoughts turn to those who might consider running for public office. Candidates will be needed for council, public school board and public utilities commission.

Council positions come to mind first, having the larger burden to carry during the year.

New faces appear from time to time and it is often a question whether or not the freshmen members have the same feelings toward the job at the end of their first term as they did at the beginning.

Their attitudes may have changed and no doubt the extra meetings, long hours, committee duties and constant flow of municipal matters could have a lot to do with it. However, undoubtedly, the most trying thing of all has

been the number of phone calls and personal confrontations they have experienced at the hands of citizens — many of them in a not too kindly manner.

Just remember there are few of the many who complained during the year will show up for municipal nomination. Even if they do, how many will consider running for office?

One won't find too many prospective candidates from this group. We must then confine our encouragement to the remaining segment of the population who perhaps are willing to take a turn or two at serving their community. After all, performing a service for your fellow man, or fellow citizen, should contain some reward and satisfaction, no matter what criticism turns up at occasional moments.

The Blind Leading The Blind

This year, elections are pending in Stouffville and adjacent municipalities, Pickering, Uxbridge and Whitchurch Townships.

To date, only in Pickering is the reeve's post definitely up for grabs. There, the present office-holder, Clifford Laycox, has three rivals seeking the same position, Mrs. Jean McPherson, now the deputy-reeve; John Williams, the councillor in Ward 3 and former reeve and warden, Sherman Scott.

The News-Advertiser of Ajax has come out strongly in support of Mr. Scott and, in an editorial of Oct. 26, recommends that all thinking rate-payers jump on the same bandwagon. We're not saying that Sherman Scott

cannot do the job. We are saying, however, that such bias, a full two weeks before the Nomination Meeting, is a backhanded slap in the face against the remaining candidates in the race.

What has Mr. Laycox planned for Pickering in 1968-69? What is Jean McPherson's platform? What can John Williams offer the people in the two years ahead? All three and Mr. Scott will have plenty of opportunity to air their programs now and Dec. 2. Those interested can weigh the facts intelligently and vote accordingly.

If there's one thing we dislike, it's being told how to vote. The Toronto press tried it in 1966 and all three have been red-faced ever since.

Not Worth The Risk

The Stouffville Fire Brigade, for a group of volunteers, must have the best "getaway" record in Ontario. On occasions we have timed them and from the first sound of the siren until the truck is on the highway, the period in between is often less than three minutes.

To accomplish such a feat, it is necessary for brigade members to race at breakneck speeds from points in the east and west end limits of town to the station. The chances these chaps take is not worth the risk, either to other people or themselves.

The issue was introduced by councillor Bob Lewis at the meeting, Thursday, and although there was little comment from other members, we think that Mr. Lewis put his point across quite well.

The fault, if one can call it that, really lies with the unthinking motorist and pedestrian. When the siren sounds, drivers should pull over and park and the curious should remain on the sidewalk. Unfortunately, however, many fail to comply and volunteers are forced into the left-hand lane of traffic. On occasions, the dippy-doodle driving surpasses anything one would ever see at Pincrest. Why serious accidents and injuries have not occurred is an unexplained miracle.

We would suggest that since the travelling public does not use common sense during a time of such emergencies, the volunteers should, an extra minute taken here could save some one's life — perhaps even a fireman's.

We All Eat A Lot

The average person who lives to be 70 years of age will have eaten nearly six tons of meat, fish and poultry, according to the Meat Packers' Council in Canada.

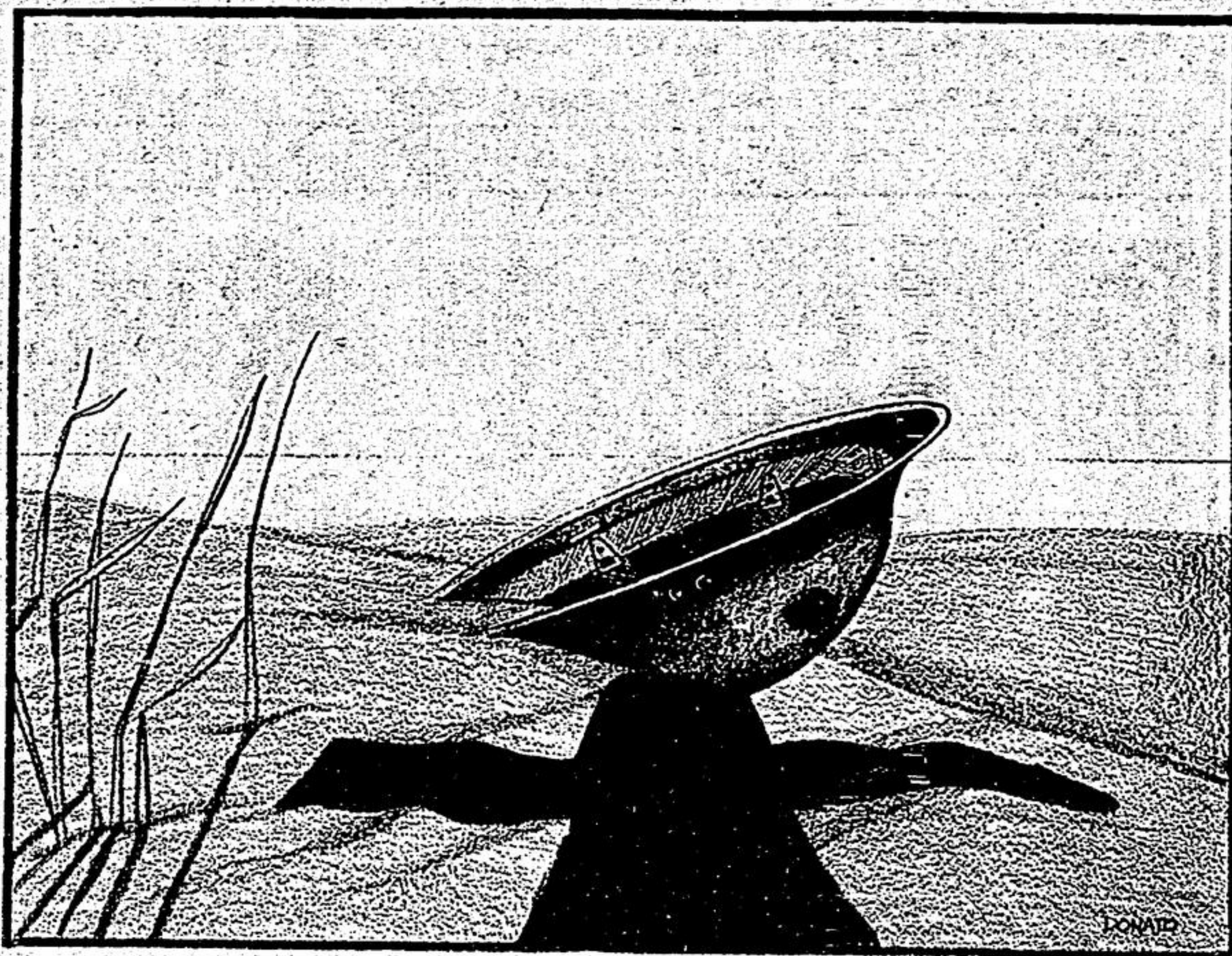
Translated into livestock, this would mean that each person in a lifetime consumes at least six to eight beef cattle, 20 to 30 pigs, several sheep and lambs, several hundred chickens and a thousand or more fish of various kinds.

These facts about our life-time menu were compiled by a university scientist who also stated that the same person

will have consumed 7 tons of grain; 4½ tons of potatoes; 4 tons of sugar; and an incredible 16.8 tons of vegetables, fruits, nuts and berries.

The food intake of the average 70-year old person will also have included 4,500 lbs. of tea, coffee or chocolate; 2,100 dozen eggs; and 17,500 quarts of milk.

If you eat it all in 55 years, you will be a roly-poly butter ball; if it takes 65 years you will be pleasantly plump; and if it takes 75 years, you will be the slender type.



ROAMING AROUND

Hallowe'en Delinquents

At a meeting of Stouffville Council, Thursday, Reeve Ken Laushway made it a point to mention the exemplary behaviour of young people in town on Hallowe'en Night. Referring specifically to this one evening of anticipated revelry and devilry, the reeve said, and we quote: "We hear so much about juvenile delinquency today. I would suggest that the kids are not half as bad as they were when I was a boy."

Now we have no idea about what kind of Hallowe'en tomfoolery went on in the hamlet of South Mountain where Reeve Laushway was born, nor will we hazard a guess, just before election time, whether Stouffville's chief magistrate was one of the ringleaders in the once-a-year shenanigans. By his own admission, however, he was certainly no better and possibly a shade worse than those of the 1967 era.

Here in Stouffville, October 31, it was very little different from any other 365 nights of the year. Oh sure, there were a couple of small fires on Main Street, the usual spree of window soaping and a brief stint of egg throwing, but nothing more. By midnight, the town was like a cemetery with nary a soul on the sidewalk and only three cars parked at the curb.

Over in Claremont, whose outhouse burning was common practice in the past, there was little excitement of any kind: One senior citizen attributed the serenity to an ever-decreasing number of outhouses and he could be right. It's a case of supply and demand and it must be admitted that the privy market has hit an all-time low.

Hallowe'en today is like a box social compared to yesteryears. Proof of this fact is available within the back-room confines of Shiner Davis' Tobacco Shop on Main Street here, where oldtimers can relate some of the most hair-raising tales of mischief, pranks and downright maliciousness. Some of these stories may have become exaggerated slightly with each telling, but there's no doubt that the one-man police departments of that day along with volunteer reinforcements were the victims of organized crime that could have landed the culprits in jail. The trouble was, few were ever caught.

To substantiate these tales of Hallowe'en terror, we checked back through the files of The Tribune, concentrating our search on the first week in November. We learned that the oldtimers were in no way stretching the truth. If anything, they minimized the dastardly events that took place. Beginning in 1922 and working forward we noted the following occurrences:

- One farmer in Markham Township found his wagon and load of feed grain straddled atop the barn roof. No one ever told how the wagon was hauled up that high nor did the story say how the farmer got it down.
- At Unionville, several young men had their britches filled with buckshot and at least one required treatment in hospital.
- In Uxbridge Township, a barn was destroyed by fire along with the year's hay and grain crop. The loss was attributed to Hallowe'en vandals.
- In Markham Village, a full-size Billy goat was found tied to the tower of the Methodist Church.
- Strings of wire and rolls of snow fence were strung across conc. 8, Markham, south of Dickson's Hill. One model, "T" Ford was ditched and damaged to the extent of \$45 when it rambled the barricade.
- The air was let out of all four tires of the Stouffville constable's private car on Main Street.
- The brake was released on a CNR boxcar in Markham. It rolled almost a half-mile down the track.
- Five false alarms were sounded in Claremont; ten in Uxbridge; six in Stouffville and seven in Markham Village.
- A Unionville lady fell and broke her leg when the front porch of her home was moved away from the house.
- In Whitchurch Township, road department employees counted fifteen mail boxes lying in the ditches on concessions 6, 7 and 9.
- At Musselman's Lake, two summer cottages were set afire and destroyed.
- Almost every gate on concession 9, Markham, between Stouffville and Hwy. 7 was removed. Some hadn't been re-located since the previous year and had been replaced with new ones.
- Several windows were broken in the Sixth Line School, Markham Township.
- A Pickering man found his new 1927 Chevrolet parked in Lake Ontario.
- Dead fish were placed on the engine head of the car belonging to the Reeve of Stouffville.
- A wagon load of hay was set ablaze and rolled down Vinegar Hill, south of Markham Village.
- A Whitchurch farmer had sugar poured into the gas tank of his tractor.
- Tombstones were broken off in cemeteries at Altona in Pickering Township and Thornhill in Markham Township.
- A Whitchurch farmer found every one of his Holstein herd milked dry when he went to the barn the morning after Hallowe'en. No trace of the milk could be found.

The stories go on and on. So you see, the kids of yesteryears weren't the "angels" that the kids of today are often led to believe. The public can be thankful that history doesn't always repeat itself. The reeve's pat on the back for Stouffville's teens was well deserved.

SUGAR AND SPICE

Some Of Us Remember

By BILL SMILEY



What will the Flower Children do on Remembrance Day? Will they refuse to buy a poppy because they associate it with past wars? Or will they buy every poppy they can get their hands on and try to infuse a brew of opium, so that they can turn on?

All I know is that they'll have a tough time getting any poppy juice out of those paper poppies the Legion sells.

My daughter and I have a running battle about the Flower Children and hippies in general. She has a slogan, "Love is all you need," which I find scrawled on things all over the house.

My contention is that these kids don't love anybody but themselves, that they heartily hate anyone who doesn't subscribe to their half-baked philosophy, if you want to grace it with such a term, and that most of them don't know enough about life to wipe their own noses.

This goes over big, of course. I am immediately relegated to that rapidly increasing segment of the population that doesn't understand anything, is against everything and can't communicate. Even though she does admit they are pretty snobbish about their "love" deal.

I asked her why she didn't have a whack at the Legion contest. It's open to all students, and they can write an essay or a poem, about the meaning of Remembrance Day. Good cash prizes, and she writes well.

"But it doesn't have any meaning for me, Dad. I didn't have an uncle or anything killed in the war." Well, what do you do? I apologized for the fact that both her war-time uncles are alive, and that I couldn't get myself killed, even with the utmost application of incompetence, just so that she could really enjoy Remembrance Day.

Eighteen seconds later, she's beefing because I haven't given her a driving lesson in a whole week, and she's just got to get her licence before the snow flies.

I'm afraid we're going to have to face the fact that Remembrance Day does not mean much to the average kid today. It's not nearly as important as the latest "soul" record. And it's a mild bore, a solemn moment at school, that has no connection with the Saturday night date, or the really important things of life.

It's just one of those silly things that middle-aged people get all "hung up"

Letter To The Editor

Dear Editor: As a young person living in this community, I wish to differ with recent statements made by Rev. Borland in last week's Tribune.

Referring to the scripture verse in II Cor. 5:17, the whole verse should be quoted. "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold all things are become new."

I am happy to say that when I accepted Jesus Christ into my life, it was a reality, not "fairy tale magic." I am thankful that I have been taught to respect and believe God's word in my home and my church although neither of these saved me. It was Jesus Christ that made the difference and filled the emptiness in my life. I am not only "safe in His arms" for the present but have the assurance of being with Him throughout eternity.

I could name scores of other young people who have found Jesus Christ to be the answer to all of their problems.

"For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Rom. 8: 38,39.

Yours truly, Janice Ratcliff, Stouffville, R.R. 4.

about, like hard work and honesty and chastity and all those other drags.

And it's not just the kids who ignore it. Most young adults sneer at it as a relic of "Britannia Rules the Waves" and "Over the Top" and beery old veterans.

It's much more fashionable to join a "protest group" and march on something or other, City Hall, The American Consulate. It doesn't matter. Break some windows. Splash some paint. And go home sniggering that, "We really showed those fascists."

There's a vicarious thrill in the thought that the police might whack a few heads, even draw blood. Not yours, of course.

I wonder how many of those protesters would have the guts to clamber out of a muddy, stinking trench and hurl themselves into barbed wire, and ma-

chine guns looking for their vitals?

I wonder how many of the people who carry placards, with their little fat jowls bouncing on their white collars, could fly through a thousand acres of red hot flack, because somebody had to do it?

I wonder how many of the petition-signers, with their clean socks and their under-arm deodorant, could take a week of puking and getting smashed about in a corvette.

Maybe I sound a little bitter. Maybe I am. Maybe they could and would, some of them. But until they try it, they shouldn't spit on others.

War is rotten. War is stupid. But to those who live with rotten lungs and arthritis and all the rest of it, know that there are still some of us who think about you on Remembrance Day.



THIS WEEK & NEXT

Hold Your Breath

By RAY ARGYLE

Canadians who have prided themselves on breathing clean air and drinking pure water, learned with a jolt last week that pollution has become one of this country's major problems.

Much of last week's pollution scare was concentrated at a single place — a fertilizer plant near the small town of Dunnville, Ont.

The fears arose in the wake of a national TV program which suggested both cattle and humans were affected by fluoride particles let into the air from the fertilizer plant.

Indeed, film of cattle collapsing prostrate in the fields left viewers shaken. But a report by a Detroit doctor that two farmers in the district were dying of fluorosis, lost some of its impact when later tests produced no evidence of illness.

A fact little reported during the Dunnville scare was that most of the charges came from Dr. G. L. Waldbott of Detroit who turned out to be a well-known opponent of fluoridation of drinking water.

This is not to suggest that Dr. Waldbott's charges are either correct or wrong. This will be determined by an inquiry board appointed by the Ontario Government.

Certainly, Canadians should be alerted to the growing menace of air and water pollution.

The Ontario Government last week assumed responsibility for pollution in the province under a new act which will enable authorities — if they are so inclined — to take a tough line against industrial waste matter.

And federally, Health Minister Allan MacEachen promised that Ottawa will enact new laws to combat pollution.

The latest pollution scare at least pointed out that air and water contamination is not limited to Canada's major cities. Both suburban and rural areas are affected, with many local circumstances all across Canada making particular communities extremely attractive.

There are growing signs of public

awareness, that no matter how desirable it may be to have a substantial industry in the community, this must not be an excuse for polluting water and air.

Almost any industrial firm, once it has made the plant and land investment of a profitable operation, will take whatever additional steps may be forced on it to ensure that its operation is not a menace to health.

But industry is not the only offender. There are two other major sources of air pollution — the automobile and the cigarette.

The automobile is everyone's concern, because almost everyone drives and everyone suffers from exhaust fume pollution. Manufacturers are now gearing up for exhaust control devices which will become standard equipment on every car.

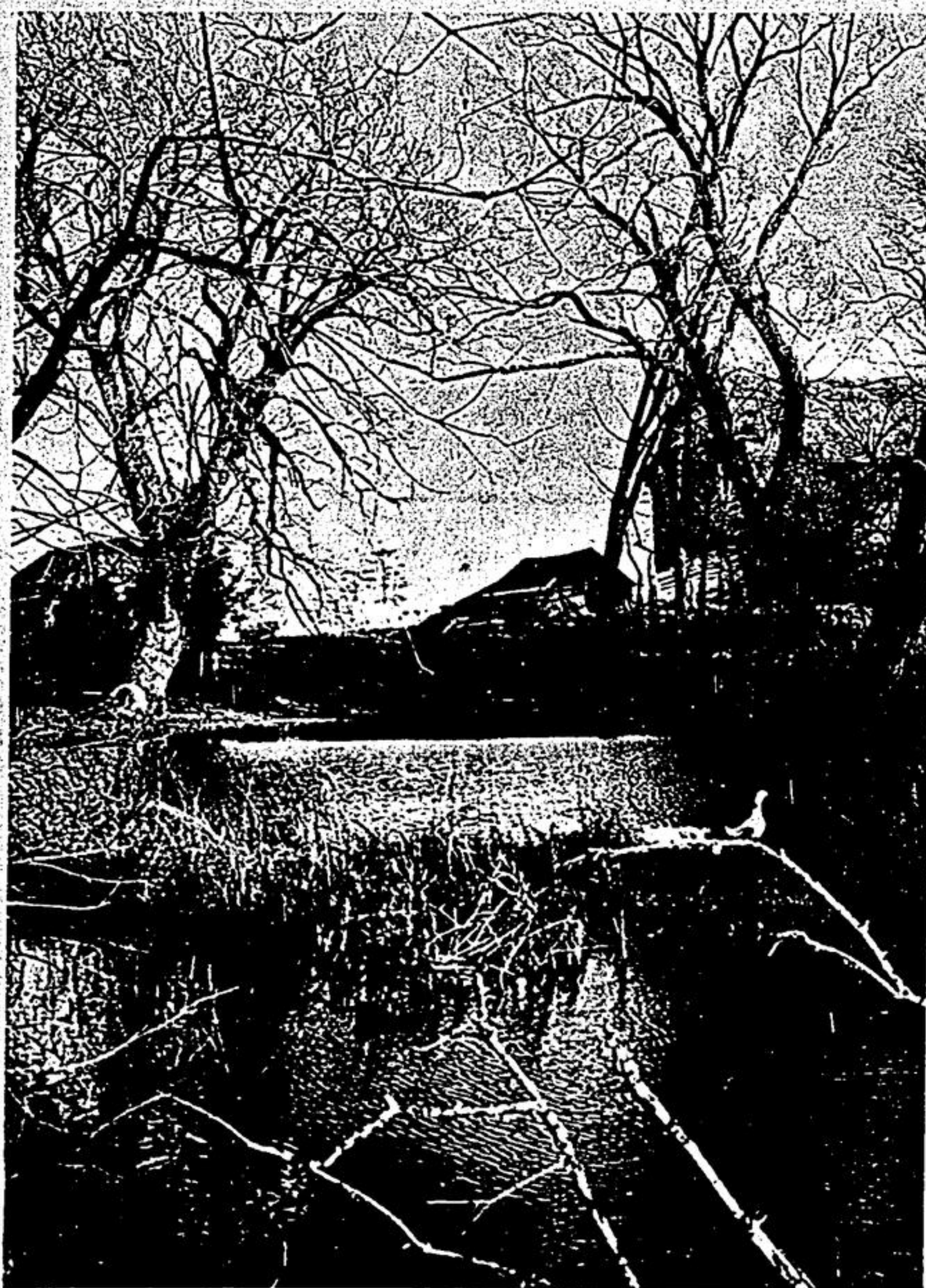
The greatest hope for eliminating this threat, however, lies in the electric car. Designs and plans, now being advanced indicate the electric car will become a practical reality within the next ten years. Such a development will make the internal combustion engine obsolete, thus eliminating one of the major causes of air pollution.

With the electric car, you'll pop into a service station every 500 miles or so and exchange your battery for a new one — for probably less than you now pay for gasoline.

The big personal health menace remains the cigarette. Anyone who willfully pumps quantities of smoke into their lungs has little justice for complaints about other sources of pollution.

No less a menace is the pollution of nearly every river, stream and lake in Canada — from either industrial waste or human or farm sewage.

Now that Centennial celebrations are nearly ended, Canadians should do battle with pollution in a national crusade, deserving the support of every city and town from coast to coast.



November Winds Chill Countryside

The month of November is surely the bleakest time of the year. Scenes like this, in Uxbridge Township, are everywhere. A family of ducks takes a cool dip in a farm pond. Soon, it will be frozen over.

—Staff Photo

The Tribune

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