

# Editorials

# Tribune

## Expo Still Alive In Montreal Minds

Expo as Canada's great Centennial project may be over, but it is still much alive in the minds of Montrealers. The man in the street is wholeheartedly behind Mayor Drapeau's idea of keeping the big show in motion in one form or another.

Having just returned from a trip to Montreal we can attest to the great faith and enthusiasm these people have for their dynamic mayor. It is said he gets things done because he rules with an iron hand. This may be but unless Toronto's Mayor Dennison gets a little "iron" into his operation, Toronto will continue to present the image of merely an overgrown town in comparison with the vibrant metropolis of Montreal.

Expo did a lot for Montreal and people in business make no bones about the money they made during the

six months. Now things have slacked off. There is no trouble to get a room in any hotel. Fast trains between Montreal and Toronto are running half full despite what ticket sellers may lead one to believe. But Montrealers are still enthusiastic. They believe Expo was too good to let die completely and they believe Mayor Drapeau is just the man to keep it going.

Many thousands of our readers visited this great exhibition, and can sympathize with the mayor's vision. Everyone wants to see Expo's site kept as well as some of its structures which can be of no further service to Canada and "Man and his world." Mayor Drapeau's aims are good but will need much planning and consideration to reach maturity.

## Only Wishful Thinking

When Canada's Minister of Finance, Mr. Sharp, calls on business and labor to restrain from higher wages and higher prices he is only indulging in wishful thinking. He has intimated that unless restraint is used he could be forced to increase taxes. The thinking on this move would be to remove more money from people's pockets. We see no hope in such a move. Labor will go on pushing for higher and higher wages no matter what Mr. Sharp does. More taxes would only mean higher prices than we have already, and everyone would suffer.

Price and wage controls are suggested but these are hard to implement as was found out in war-time; a much easier period to try such a move than

now. Government could reduce the money supply bringing a government sponsored depression. Few, if any, governments would try it.

People are most concerned today with the money they take home. The government takes off the top without any consent of the payer and the payer cannot see that this has anything to do with him. The point they miss here is that taxes are part of the cost of living as well as everything else.

Mr. Sharp is in an unenviable position but should he decide on bumping taxes, say ten per cent, he will immediately find that wages and prices will automatically go up ten per cent and maybe more.

## A Far - Fetched Scheme

The Emergency Measures Organization of York County or any county for that matter, is, in our opinion, an effective working body that could prove a real asset to residents within a defined area should an emergency occur. A serious fire, flood or storm would signal this organization to action immediately and the service would undoubtedly prove a direct benefit to persons so involved.

But the E.M.O. in York County, possibly to warrant its annual cost of operation, allows itself to become part and parcel of a survival scheme should a national disaster, and we repeat, a national disaster, occur within Metro Toronto. The program, in our opinion, is far-fetched to the point of being foolish.

According to Mr. Phil Westbury, E.M.O. co-ordinator, in the case of a national disaster in Metro, the Stouffville

District Secondary School would be transferred immediately into an operating unit for the Toronto East General Hospital. In like manner, King City Secondary School would accommodate Toronto Western Hospital; King City Senior Public School, the Doctors' Hospital; Dr. G. Williams Secondary School Aurora, St. Michael's Hospital; Huron Heights Secondary School, the Toronto General Hospital; Pickering College, the Hospital for Sick Children; Newmarket District High School, Wellesley Hospital and Sutton District High School, the Central Hospital.

On paper, it all sounds fine. We would suggest, however, that should a disaster of national gravity occur, the confusion created through the mass exodus of more than one million people, would render the situation completely hopeless.

## Makes One Think

Whenever members of councils or representatives of ratepayers' organizations get together, the subject of discussion invariably turns to the cost of present-day education.

The same folks who complain about footing the bill for this, are the ones who pay \$3,500 for a new car every other year, live in a \$25,000 home and hold reserve seats in the reds at Maple Leaf Gardens.

Dr. Morris Smith, Chairman of the Whitchurch Township School Area Board produced some very interesting

statistics for public consideration. He noted that by comparison with smaller areas, the per pupil cost in Whitchurch was \$45 per year less than the Provincial average. He said, too, that the Whitchurch budget could be raised an additional \$65,000 in 1968 and still remain within the Ontario average.

Most thought-provoking of all, was Dr. Smith's observation that in Canada, twice as much money was spent on liquor, beer and tobacco than on education. It tends to make one stop and think.



DONARD



## SUGAR AND SPICE

### A Day With Smiley

By BILL SMILEY

Life do go on. Always the same, and always different. Bits and pieces make up the patchwork quilt that covers our nakedness.

And bits and pieces of a typical week end will make up this column. I'm no richer or poorer, sadder or happier, wiser or otherwise. Just a week older with a few more patches. Some red, some black, some yellow. Making a motley.

Kim was badly shaken when a friend of hers, a 16-year-old girl, was killed an hour after she was talking to her. The child's neck was broken. The boy driving didn't have his licence, had little experience, hit an icy patch, and couldn't cope. One young life snuffed. Pointlessly, uselessly.

This is hard to take, when you're young; and my daughter took it hard. And it's pretty hard for an ordinary muddle-headed man to explain that God is too busy to go running around preventing every auto accident and catching every little sparrow that falls, regardless of the old hymn.

Nearly cracked up myself on Saturday. Burling happily along the highway when we ran smack into a stretch of wet snow, with no warning. Everybody on the brakes. Thought I was going to mount a Volkswagen in front of me. Decided to go around him, rather than over. Took a beautiful four-skid sashay, during which two other cars passed me, one on each side.

Heart stopped thudding after I'd passed two cars in the ditch. Turned to Kim, whose learning to drive, and said coolly, "Did you notice that technique for getting out of a skid? Just turn the wheel into the skid." She gave me a long hard look that she has learned from her mother, and snorted, which she has also learned from the same source.

And it's difficult to prolong that sinful feeling that you're keeping a mistress when you go to bed with a wo-

man, and there's a great lump of a daughter sleeping on the floor, an air mattress and a sleeping bag, two feet from you.

That air mattress allowed me to deliver one of the last great puns of my life. I knew this cute gal on our staff had a mattress. We talked about me borrowing it. And the other day, in the staff room, I asked, in loud clear tones, "Miss S... Could we get together on that mattress?"

As all heads swung toward us with fascination, I waited to see whether she'd slug me or laugh. She laughed. So did the others, but some of the old ducks rather nervously.

My wife has a nice little apartment, but one weekend in it nearly drove me up the curtains. There was no place to

hide and read, or look at yourself in the mirror or cut your toe nails. Except the bathroom. And you can only stay in there so long. At home, there are all sorts of nooks and crannies for looking at your navel, or picking fluff out of your bellybutton.

Well, 24 hours of telling her she could pass the year if she'd stop worrying. That's like telling Niagara it could be a nice little trout stream if it would stop falling.

And home, with Kim driving, and me twitching. And column to write and lessons to prepare and Halloween candy to be bought. And that fear-some washing machine still to be tackled.

Think I'll have a snort and go to the coin laundry.



## THIS WEEK & NEXT

### End Of The Trip

By RAY ARGYLE

Civic politicians in Canada haven't yet received the message, but the hippie movement is dead.

And while some hippies will continue their far-out way of life, the great social rebellion of the 1960's has come to an end.

The decline and fall of hippieland started, appropriately, in San Francisco, the same free-wheeling city which saw their rise and that of the beatniks, ten years ago.

The hippie movement has expired here in the city which Bishop James Pike says leads all America on alcoholism, suicide, drug addiction, homosexuality and divorce.

And after visiting San Francisco recently, I came away convinced the hippie movement has indeed gone the way of beatniks and bohemians — into the limbo of history — to be revived only in the music and poetry of whatever social upheaval fomented by America's next generation.

Take Roger L., 23, orphaned at seven, expelled from school at 13 for suggesting Communism was something other than "a system run by a bunch of gangsters."

Roger is probably better educated and more intelligent than the average hippie of Haightbury (a contraction of the street names of the Haight-Ashbury intersection). He's loyal to hippiedom while frankly admitting he would not recommend it for others.

He smokes marijuana, says he takes LSD about once a week, admits some "unstable" types should not, and works when he has to. As do most hippies.

Roger is long-haired and bearded, reasonably clean, defends both hippies high venereal disease rate ("You're bound to have this with sexual freedom") and denies the hippies have shown America's youth the road to drug addiction.

Hippies aren't dirty, maintains Roger, they're just not obsessed with antiseptic cleanliness: Walk on this street with bare feet half an hour and yours will look filthy, too.

High rates of hepatitis and VD have been reported from the Haight-Ashbury but a free medical clinic manned by

volunteer doctors and nurses had to close because its sponsors could not get funds from any health department or other source.

It is on this matter of cleanliness that hippies aroused the greatest ire. San Francisco cab drivers are no exception and almost universally condemn hippies as dirty.

Yet the same day I heard such charges, the man responsible for the U.S. war on poverty, Sargent Shriver, was blasting this city's over 30's for "getting aroused by the unwashed but ignoring the underfed."

The city's hippies have sometimes been underfed, but not for long because they've either found part-time work or subsisted on daily feed-ins at Golden Gate Park sponsored by the Diggers, a help-the-hippies organization.

But increasingly, hippies have been working which may account for the downfall of the movement.

The death of San Francisco's hippie movement is being marked by a takeover by pseudo-hippies, winos and vagrants.

As a patrolman put it, "The tide's gone out and the scum's left behind." "Most of the characters here now," says this police veteran of four years on hippie beat, "are bums and layabouts who have no philosophy or aim in life other than to pick up teen-age girls."

Hippiedom is dead. The society which spawned it has swallowed it up. It will survive a while in cities such as Toronto but its demise in San Francisco, the city of its birth, is a forecast of what is to come.

In all the outrage over hippie behaviour in Canada, the social critics and politicians have overlooked the one redeeming feature of hippiedom — its transient existence. Here today, gone tomorrow. And gone with it the concern over marijuana smoking, low morality, and uncleanness.

How widely, then, has the use of marijuana, LSD and drugs reached Canadian youth? Is there a genuine menace or is it a phony controversy? We'll discuss this next week.



The Village of Markham dedicated its new sculptured cenotaph at an impressive Remembrance Day Service, Saturday. — Staff Photo

## Letter To The Editor

Dear Mr. Editor:

First, thank you for the privilege of reply, and also for deeming my recent sermon on "The New Reformation" of sufficient public interest to be included in The Tribune. That sermon, by the way, was sparked by the 450th Anniversary of the Protestant Reformation, begun by Martin Luther, when he nailed his 95 theses to the door of the church in Whittenberg, Germany, on October 31, 1517.

One statement in my sermon has spurred two letters in last week's issue. To Mrs. Oldham, I would like to say that, when I spoke of "fairy-tale magic" conversion, I was contrasting the shallow, insipid kind of pseudo-Christian "experience" where a person says, "I was saved on such and such a day," (but fails to add honestly, "and nothing much has happened since!"), with Christian conversion; where there is a "deliberate, decisive crucifying of the old self, so that the new self can live in Christ. There's nothing magical in that, but rather hard choice, a daily cross, and the power of God." (From the text of my sermon.)

Janet Ratcliff, I think, illustrates what I meant when she says in her letter, "... when I accepted Jesus Christ into my life, it was a reality...". She will be glad to note that I did quote the complete verse of II Cor. 5:17.

However, in dealing with the vast changes in progress in the church, I took the liberty of suggesting that the old forms, the old theology, the old structures, the old evangelism of the church have passed away, but that the new forms, theology, structures, and evangelism have yet to come, hopefully, through the New Reformation, which itself will be the result of "a new in-depth experience of the power of God, and a new concept of the principles of the Cross applied to life!"

Rev. A. L. Borland,

# DOMESTIC AROUND

## Domestic Frigidity

If you enjoy reading letters to Ann Landers or are a faithful follower of Dear Abby, you (and I refer only to the ladies) may have read all about the trying times experienced by many husbands and wives once the honeymoon is over. Their appreciation of one another suddenly cools and then freezes. Like a pair of icicles on the end of an eavesdropper, they sooner or later break apart and go their separate ways.

Ann and Abby have all kinds of generous advice to offer, some good, some bad, but seldom indifferent.

Last week, a domestic frigidity occurred at 381 Rupert Avenue that no lovelorn columnist in the whole cotton-pickin' world could ever solve. Our furnace conked out.

It happened at 3:30 a.m. on the coldest night of this fall. A right elbow jab to the left clavicle interrupted a sound sleep and as wife whispered in a most enquiring voice, "Don't you think it's kinda cold in here?" Knowing Mrs. R. A. as I think I do, when she complains about the cold, it's got to be abnormally frigid. For I swear, she's part polar bear. It can be a raging blizzard out of the north-west at 30 below and she'll sleep with the bedroom window wide open.

The warning, coming from her, was reason enough to do a little investigating. Like a groundhog interrupted in the midst of hibernation, I stuck my head out from under two sheets and a quilt to sniff the prevailing winds. It was calm, quiet, but cold.

Mrs. R. A. began to list a number of solutions to our heating problem and I proceeded to follow each through to the letter of the law. Now all I know about fixing furnaces, you could put in your left ear. I'm aware that it can be regulated through a flick of a hallway thermostat but after that, the oil-eater is on its own.

"Don't turn on all the lights or the neighbors will wonder what's going on," came the commands from the boudoir. "There's a flashlight in the kitchen cupboard but one of the batteries is missing. Don't make too much noise or you'll wake the kids. While you're up, turn off that bathroom tap. I can hear it leaking. Don't get all tangled up in the clothesline in the basement. Make sure all the windows are down and so on and so on.

The first self-imposed assignment was to read the instructions, printed quite plainly for even the most impractical minds to comprehend. Step number 1: Check fuses. It said, "Now the fuse box in our house is located just over the sump hole. On occasion, when the pump fails to trip automatically, we remove the cover, check the depth, and, if necessary, start it by hand. Someone had apparently done this but, unfortunately for me, neglected to put the top back on. I plunged in, pajamas and all, right to my knees.

The resounding splash echoed like a tidal wave. "Are you alright?" called down my wife. "I'm okay. Nearly drowned, but still okay," I replied.

The first fuse I removed was the wrong one. The basement lights went out and I couldn't see to put it back in. After groping around in the dark, I found it, checking each and every one. Nothing wrong there. I checked the starting motor. It whirred for a few moments and then stopped. I started it again and again but the furnace refused to ignite. I gave it a couple of kicks in exasperation but succeeded only in bruising a big toe.

If there's one thing I hate, it's admitting defeat, especially to my wife. This time, I knew I was licked. The kids knew it, too. They (all four of them) were up and romping about as if it was mid-day. They had to run around to keep warm. The temperature had dropped to fifty-five.

"You might just as well go back to bed and cover up with extra blankets," I said. "I can't call a repairman at this hour. We'll get someone first thing in the morning."

Mrs. R. A. was not convinced that all channels of do-it-yourself measures had been explored. "Are you sure you checked...?" "Yes, yes, I checked everything. Maybe we need a whole new motor or a new furnace for that matter. It could be anything."

We doubled the kids up. We put three in one bed and the smallest seemed content to curl up with Mom and Dad. But Mom wasn't in a sleeping mood. "I'm going down to have a look for myself," she said. "Have it your way," I replied, half resenting the fact that she had suddenly donned the pants in the family.

I could hear her rummaging around down below and could hardly keep from laughing out loud. "A lot she knows about fixing furnaces. Even less than I do, so that's about nil. Just trying to show me up — shame me in front of the family. Well, it won't work. We'll all just have to put up with the cold until morning."

Ten minutes later, she re-appeared. Her hands were all black and there were even a few smears on her face. "What in heaven's name have you been doing, cleaning the thing out?" I asked, trying to sound concerned and hide a smile at the same time.

"I found the trouble," she exclaimed in a voice filled with triumph. "You found what?" I asked, unbelieving. "I know what's wrong," she repeated. "Well, what, then?" I asked in a degrading tone. "We're out of oil," she said, rubbing her hands together with glee. I buried my head under the pillow, wishing it was all one terrible nightmare.

## 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. 640-2101. 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