

# Editorials

# Tribune

## The Year That Was And Is

The past twelve months have been a year like no other in the history of Stouffville.

Much of the activity, socially, took on the Centennial theme as was the case all across Canada. But more than that, it created a desire among members of Council and many citizens, to establish a kind of memorial to the anniversary occasion. Thus, the mid-town Civic Square, that never would have been, was born.

Aside from the Centennial program and its related projects, there were visible signs of progress at every turn. Touched off by the erection of a modern I.G.A. supermarket with improved parking facilities, other Main Street merchants followed this lead. Expansion was evident everywhere.

Many of those who did not require additional space, painted and improved their shops already established. A prime example of such ingenuity is now visible in the Birkett Block, purchased in 1966 by Thos. N. Shea Real Estate Limited.

Rather than lose the convenient service of the York County Health Unit to another municipality, a new branch office was opened. Directly across from the I.G.A., a new restaurant was completed and to the east, the law firm of Button and Armstrong moved into new offices.

To the west, the Shopping Plaza was extended to include several new stores. Farther west, Patrick Motors Limited opened a modern auto showroom and service centre.

In the area of the Parkview Home, work was started on a planned 140-unit subdivision and additional houses were erected on Manitoba Street. Construction is now nearing completion on a large flood control dam between Church and Edward Streets and a 1½ million dollar extension to the Stouffville District Secondary School is now finished.

With an eye to the future, the Public School Board has taken an option on a third building site, to be used when required, possibly in 1969.

Another major road paving program has been completed and the widening of Park Drive South to the Arena is a decided improvement. Construction has been started on a new hydro substation and a new water reservoir.

What lies ahead for 1968?

We hope that the Council will reserve sufficient funds to complete another phase of the Civic Square. Most important, we feel, is the refacing of the front entrance to the Municipal Building. Council should also consider enlarging the quarters of the Public Library since accommodation there is taxed to the limit.

The completion of the dam on Duffin Creek could mean the creation of an open-air recreation centre on a man-made lake. The two-fold benefit of this project to Stouffville cannot be measured.

The congregation of the United Missionary Church will embark on its second major project and plans have also been discussed for an addition to the Arena. There is also talk of a new Curling Rink on an adjacent site.

If the rate of progress in 1968 keeps pace with that of the year almost over, then the accomplishments will be many. Yes, in many ways, the twelve months of 1967 have been a year like no other. May the next twelve months ahead be equally productive.

## Stimulate Regional Government

Many people decry the obvious coming of regional government which they fear will remove local control. It is our opinion, however, that one of the greatest stimulants to this larger system of government is the disinterest of people themselves in working at local government chores. Every year it is more difficult to fill the required offices. The turnout at the polls is pitiful. This year in Pickering only 39 per cent turned out and this they called a record. In Stouffville and Whitechurch the turnout was less than 25 per cent, truly a glaring example of apathy.

Some blame for this trend to centralization is levelled at those who do hold office. Dr. George Vanner, a prominent medical man and councillor in a western Ontario community says that there is apparent bumbling and inefficiency in local councils, which has shown in the need for reforms. The doctor made this significant statement, "every time a councillor fails to speak lest he offend his neighbor, accepts a higher tender solely because it keeps business with

the local citizen or fails to act because of the persons concerned, there is further justification that councils cease to exist."

Almost anything a council might do is likely to offend somebody, and in a town or township where so many people are known to one another, the temptation is strong to offend nobody, which means doing nothing.

Citizens today are so engrossed in living, so-called, and at such a pace, they find little time to dabble in local politics. Life is truly much more complicated than it was twenty-five or fifty years ago. The sweat to keep sufficient dollars coming into each household to keep ahead of mounting prices puts a strain on living that is so great it excludes all other interests, such as local councils.

We would predict that step by step, regional government will come, and 1968 will see big strides in this direction. Already educational management at the local level is on the way out — other departments will follow.

## You, Me, Running Things

Population of Canada, 20,000,000; people 65 years or older, 6,000,000; balance left to do the work, 14,000,000.

People 21 years or younger, 8,000,000; balance left to do the work, 6,000,000.

People working for the government, 3,000,000; balance left to do the work, 3,000,000.

People in hospitals and asylums, 225,000; balance left to do the work, 25,000.

Persons in jail, 24,998; balance left to do the work, 2.

Two? Why, that's you and me. Then you'd better get a wiggle on because I'm awfully tired of running this country alone!



## for 1968

We look forward to the many challenges awaiting our community in the year ahead, confident that we can meet and surpass all obstacles, while we achieve new accomplishments such as we have proudly shared in the past. We have found, working together with you, our loyal citizens, has been an extremely satisfying experience and we're grateful for your efforts and cooperation, which have made our community a most wonderful place in which to live.

## The Tribune

STOUFFVILLE

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### THIS WEEK & NEXT

## A Question To Ponder

By RAY ARGYLE

The "breath of life" used to be the measure of human consciousness. If the heart was beating, man was alive.

Now that the era of human transplants is upon us, our concepts of life and death face as radical an overhaul as in the days when it was thought evil spirits gripped the body at times of ill health.

The historic Cape Town heart transplant operation on 55-year old Louis Washkansky is, of course, the cause of the new medical attitudes toward life and death.

But for all the awesome implications of human transplant operations, the ethics of the new procedures are not likely to be as complicated or as difficult as the medical procedures themselves.

First, there is absolutely no doubt that it is the recipient not the donor who lives. In the Cape Town case, that was Louis Washkansky, not the fatally injured Denise Darvall, whose heart he received.

The only circumstances under which this could change would be if the brain itself was transplanted — and that is still a far-off science fiction nightmare. But if a living human brain could be transplanted from one body to another, there seems little doubt it would be the donor who would live. The personality, mentality and character of the person who had first possessed the brain would be transferred to the new body, along with the organ itself.

And it is this recognition which is forcing doctors and the public to restate their definitions of death.

Medical science has generally held that death occurred when the heart stopped beating. But the ability to revive "dead" hearts has made this concept obsolete. Instead, say doctors, the functioning of the brain — which can be measured by checking its electrical activity — is a more precise means of measuring the breath of life.

This means, in reality, that persons whose hearts have stopped beating may not be dead, but those whose brains have ceased functioning, are no longer alive.

Because popular folklore has always associated the heart with the most important of human characteristics, it may be difficult for many to accept this new view.

After all, haven't we all referred to persons as "warm-hearted" or "cold-hearted"? Haven't our "hearts leaped" at the prospect of good news, or have we not had "a lump in our heart" at the receipt of bad news?

In reality these were emotions that belonged to the brain, not the heart, it was the brain's reaction to excitement or danger which would make the heart beat faster.

There need be no ethical conflict over the use of human transplants to prolong life.

Doctors individually and in groups can attest to a person's inability to sustain life. And when the death occurs, it will become commonplace to recover any healthy organs so that others may go on living.

The greatest difficulties will arise in securing healthy transplants, and deciding who will get them. As the average life span lengthens, most of the body's organs will be in poor condition at time of death, unsuitable for transplant.

The majority of transplants will come from healthy adults killed in accidents. And then, of course, only those organs which were undamaged by the accident could be used.

But who would receive them? They would not likely go to the aged and feeble, whose bodily deterioration had become general. Nor, because of size, could they go to infants. Teenagers and young adults would be the most likely recipients. But ironically, because they represent the healthiest element of the population, this age group would have the least need of transplants.

Now that the heart has been added to kidneys and liver as organs which have been transferred from one human to another, work may be expected to go ahead on the creation of mechanical replacements to do the work of natural organs.

And although our concepts of death have been challenged by these advances, transplants will not stop the rest of the body from wearing out. Anyway, who wants to live forever?

## Year Of Accomplishment

By Jean Davidson, Grade 12  
Centennial Year is drawing to a close. It has been a time for youth to assess itself. What have teenagers done for Canada in 1967?

One cannot say that youth has done nothing for Centennial. If we take our own school as an example of those all over Canada, we see the enthusiasm which Canada's one hundredth birthday kindled: literally kindled. For we were the ones who led the town in celebrating the entry of 1967 with a huge bonfire. Youth was the backbone of the July 1 celebrations. We completed several private projects within the school. None of the seventy who went will ever forget a moment of the fun we had at Expo, or how exhausted we all were!

We can be proud that we had several students bring honor to the school through oratory, sports and interprovincial visits. Stouffville Secondary can be extremely proud of the Centennial Fitness Awards results. An extraordinarily large number of gold crests, the highest honor, were awarded to students of S.D.S.S. This marked the first time we had been in competition with high school athletes all across Canada.

A major event at S.D.S.S. was the fine new addition. It has regenerated pride and school spirit.

With 1967 drawing to a close, we can only hope 1968 will be as successful. One-way teenagers can do this is by making resolutions. Some will be broken New Year's Day but I am sure others will be carried out. A student could resolve to do more homework and review; work harder to keep physically fit and in this time of "good will to men" resolve to try harder to bridge the generation gap between parents and teens. This division need not exist if both sides are willing to give a little.

There are more ambitious projects on a larger scale — food for all the hungry of the world and world peace. It must be remembered that each individual's small resolutions to do better and to try harder may be the foundations to major beneficial changes in the world.



## SUGAR AND SPICE

By Bill Smiley

## Now It Can Be Told

Neighbors can be a nuisance. But if you cultivate them properly, I have a good neighbor, and by handling him with kid gloves during the summer, receive from him the only Christmas present that really impresses me.

It's a crafty piece of work, and I hope he doesn't read this. What I do is this: I let him beat me at golf all summer. I gasp with admiration when he hits a tremendous slice off the tee. I shake my head in positive disbelief at his approach shots. I shout a resounding "Well done, old boy!" when he sinks a 14-inch putt.

By the end of summer I have him right in the palm of my hand. He hasn't realized, for a moment, that any time I wanted to, I could take him out of the course and give him a terrible drubbing.

What I have done is to inculcate in him the idea that he can do things much better than I. And just before Christmas I spring the trap.

I buy my Christmas tree, lug it home and get the usual comment from my wife that it's the scraggiest tree in town and can't I even be trusted to buy a decent looking Christmas tree. No matter. It doesn't bother me. I merely invite her to take it back and get a better one.

Then I begin the experience that has driven me closer to a stroke than anything else in my life: putting the rotten conglomeration of gum and prickly needles in an upright position.

There are very few things that I will admit, according to my wife. I am arrogant, smart-alecky and opinionated. In her opinionated opinion, I will fight until the last dog is hung, she says; (and by the way, who ever heard of anyone hanging a dog?) over a matter of principle, such as who threw the chowder in Mrs. Murphy's overalls.

But there's one thing I will admit, humbly. I can't get Christmas trees to stand up. They don't just lean a wee bit. You can remedy that with shims under one foot of the stand and ropes and baling wire.

But my trees don't lean. They genuflect. They kneel in prayer to the fireplace.

This used to drive me into wild rages which were very hard on me. Cursing, sweating, roaring with rage at my family, knocking all the skin off every knuckle on both hands, sawing and chopping like an insane woodsman. And the thing still bowing with the grace of a debutante making her first curtsy.

And this is where my summer's humiliation comes in. Oh, I still go through the motions. I saw various lengths of trunk off the bottom. I hack away a few branches. I swear and yell a bit. But this is only a cover, for the family's sake.

When I've had enough of play-acting, I call my neighbor, John, and in dulcet tones ask, "How is the best little old Christmas-tree-putter-upper in the whole country?"

He's over to our house in 60 seconds. I know what goes through his mind. He thinks, "Poor sod, he can't even play golf. The least I can do is give him a hand with his tree, which is child's play." And it is, to him.

I haven't mentioned that he's a specialist in mathematics and physics. He pops over, looks at the tree, gently points out that the butt is inserted in the stand at a 45 degree angle, corrects it, and up goes the ruddy thing. In three minutes. Standing there. Solid, not a quiver. It hasn't fallen down once since we became neighbors.

Every time it happens, it's like a fresh miracle to me. I look at the blasted thing and there it sits, graceful, dignified, and not trussed up with ropes like a runaway calf, as my trees used to be before John.

It's pretty hard to take that licking in golf all summer. But what you lose on the bananas (and John has a beautiful banana ball; that's one that goes off the tee in the general shape of a banana), you make up on the Christmas trees, as Hugh Dunitz, that grand old Welsh bard of the eleventh century used to put it. Put it? No, put it. Golf wasn't even invented in the eleventh century.

Have a good New Year, golfers; and neighbors all.

## Editor's Mail System Criticized

Dear Sir:  
As parents, we are not impressed with the letter system now in practice. Our child always worked hard for good marks and a high percentage on his report card. He even endeavoured to show an improvement in the next term. Now, that same desire is gone.

Last year, our youngest child was enthused about her report card in Kindergarten. This year, she showed no interest at all when I read it to her. While her teacher says she is doing well, most children still like to see just how well they have done. Marks would certainly enlighten parents more on their children's progress. Pupils should be encouraged to give of their best but the present system tends only to discourage achievement.

I hope this new policy will be given further consideration.

Sincerely, Concerned Parent  
Stouffville, Ont.

**The Tribune**  
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Jacklyn Mitchell Abraham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernie Abraham, Ninth Line North, Stouffville, will mark her second birthday, Dec. 31. It's obvious, she's looking forward to 1968, centennial year plus one.

—Staff Photo