

# Editorials

# Tribune

## The Canada Medal — Who Should Receive It?

The Secretary of the Cabinet has requested that members of Stouffville Council submit the name of one citizen who, in their judgment, qualifies for the Canada Medal award. The individual is to be a person who, in one or several ways, has contributed much to the welfare of the Stouffville community over a period of years.

This is an honor like no other and we feel sure that no decision will be reached without a good deal of forethought and consideration. Although the final choice will come from Council we would suggest that the members would not be adverse to receiving suggestions from residents on who the recipient should be. With this thought in mind, The Tribune will be pleased to accept letters from readers, naming their candidate and giving the reason why. To advance the project still further, The Tribune will conduct a cross-section poll by telephone for opinions. It is an opportunity for Stouffville citizens to speak their mind on a very im-

portant matter.

We personally, have given the issue much thought. The names of at least ten residents have come to mind, any one of whom, would be worthy recipients of this award. We have now eliminated all but one. We intend to withhold the identity of our choice until others have had an opportunity to submit their selections.

Stouffville folks are not known for their desire to participate directly in affairs of civic importance. Too many tend to sit back "and let the other fellow do it." Then, and only then, if the result does not meet with their approval, they criticize the decision makers. Here is an opportunity to assist the decision makers in making their decisions.

To be requested to select a citizen for the Canada Medal Award is, in itself, an honor for Stouffville. To be that citizen selected, is an honor and tribute to an individual. Think it over carefully and choose wisely.

## A Caretaker Commission

Stouffville Public Utilities Commission Chairman, R. F. Farr, expressed criticism, last week, of a policy by Ontario Hydro, that tended to dictate to what use should be made of profits acquired through the sale of power to town residents.

The controversy occurred when representatives questioned the Commission's right to spend over \$1,000 during 1967 without Head Office approval and charge it up to "promotions." The largest part of this expense was involved in the purchase of the centennial signs on Main Street East and West.

The argument presented by Chairman Farr was supported by Commissioner Ken Wagg.

We are in complete agreement with the Commission members on this issue. We realize, of course that the Hydro representatives were only quoting pol-

icy and their opinions were not meant to be personal. We contend, however, that policy, as such, tends to limit the authority of the members to one of a "caretaker" Commission with really very little authority at all.

In questioning the cost involved in the purchase of the centennial signs, Ontario Hydro has touched on a rather "hot potato" as far as the Stouffville P.U.C. is concerned. Although the subject of much favorable comment throughout the past year, the maintenance figure has been exceptionally high. Other recommended projects have been turned down due to this expense.

While we agree that the Commission must abide by certain rules and regulations, we hardly think it necessary for "big daddy" to hold the key to little Johnnie's piggy bank.

## Parade Of Roses

Thousands of Tribune readers have watched this year's Pasadena Rose Parade and we have just had the privilege of seeing it first hand.

To the general public the magnificent parade is a masterpiece of float-building and floral beauty. While plans proceed all year long, the last few weeks are critical. Weather is one factor that the parade float companies worry about most. We learned that there are ten companies which make this a business. Two weeks before this year's parade there was a cold snap in southern California and production of some floats became critical.

One professional float builder, Lee Miller, turns out eleven of the 60 floats. They cost anywhere from \$6,000 to \$35,000 each. Another "exclusive" business of the float makers is the supplying of a special glue used to fasten the flowers. It's a secret formula discovered twenty years ago, and one float manufacturer will use as much as 1,000 gallons.

The one company building floats brings in \$150,000 worth of flowers in the final week. That's 5 million individual blooms. The most of the flowers

come from California growers but some are flown in from Holland, Mexico, and Florida.

One large shipment of tulips to come in from Washington was destroyed by a flood and had to be replaced with a hurry-up shipment from Holland.

Strange as it may seem the cold is particularly hard on blue flowers and the builders of the giant Olympic Games float for Mexico featured this color.

Only a few cities have professional float builders and the major source of their income is from the Pasadena Parade.

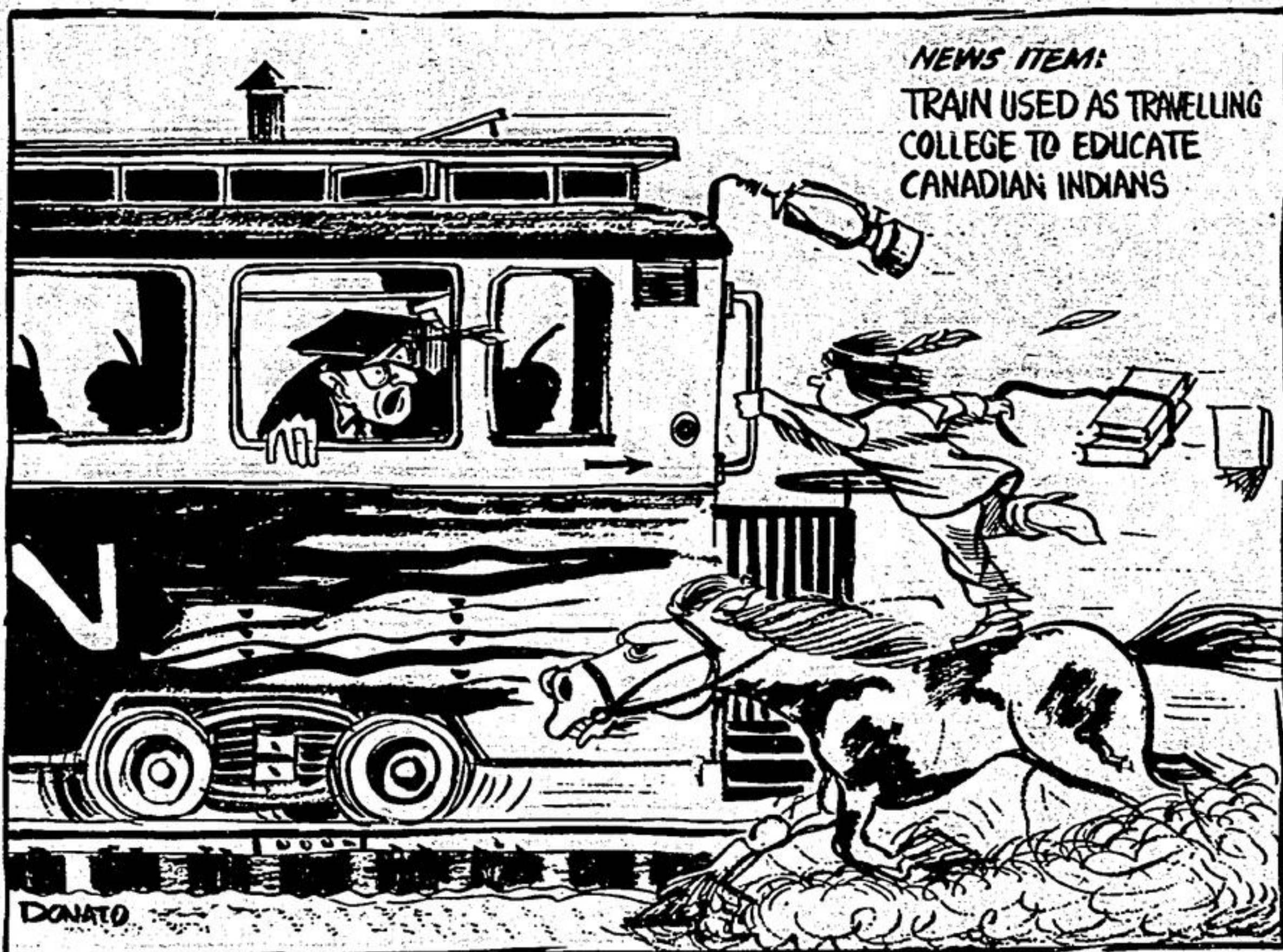
It's a rare industry. The large builders each require about 4 acres of space with a staff of mechanics, welders, painters, carpenters and florists. In the last week they'll take on about 600 men and women petal pasters. It takes a pile of flowers to make one float. The Bank of America took 500,000.

The crowds are fantastic with nearly two million people centering on the parade and the Rose Bowl Game.

Sincerely, C. H. Nolan,  
Los Angeles, California.



**Plays Lead Role In Children's Christmas Show**  
The role of "Marvello" the magician, in the children's Christmas show, Dec. 28 and 30, was played by Frank Steele. The three performances were held in the auditorium of Stouffville Dist. Secondary School. —Staff Photo



...BEING CONSTANTLY LATE IS ONE THING, YOUNG MAN, BUT THIS IS GOING TOO FAR!

## SUGAR AND SPICE



### Welcome To '68

By BILL SMILEY

Well, to get off to a profound start, we're all a year older than we were when we entered 1967.

As usual, there are exceptions to the rule. Some of us weren't born until June, and are only six months older. Others, after the Dionysian rites of New Year's Eve, are eight years older.

But count your blessings if your burritos, your blood pressure and your belly are not hurting more, or more, or sticking out more.

And count some more if you've made a friend, had a thrill, done one good thing, loved somebody, and stayed out of the clutches of the boys with the straight-jackets.

I've managed to do all of these things and feel that this makes up, in some measure for the fact that 1967 was probably the most harrasing year of my life.

The last year has been one of those nightmares in which you only realize you're awake when you pinch yourself and it hurts. And when you pinch yourself and it doesn't hurt, it means only that you're so numb you can't feel.

My first-born quit college and went on the bum, the bum, Mexico, New Orleans, Montreal, Expo and now New York, where he's studying acting. My brown-eyed baby, to whom I once told bed-time stories about Munkle-Uncle-Uncle and others, hates school from the depths of her soul and wants to go away and be a waitress and LIVE. My wife is a kept woman (kept by me, I might add) in the city, and when I do see her, wants to talk until 4 a.m. about Nietzsche, Schopenhauer and a lot of other people I can't even pronounce, let alone spell.

Sometimes I felt like crying, bursting into tears, and letting the drips fall where they may. But I can't. The floor has just been polished. And somebody has to take out the garbage, and drive the cleaning lady home.

But, as you can see, there's something cheering about the whole thing. There's no place to go but up.

Maybe Hugh will become a famous actor. Maybe Kim will become a waitress who doesn't have her thumb in the soup. Maybe the Old Lady will become normal.

And, who knows, maybe this is my big year. Maybe I'll break 100 in golf? Maybe I'll write the Great Canadian Novel? Maybe I'll get the Christmas tree to stand up?

Thus, hope springs eternal in the human breast. One milestone nearer the grave, but also a milestone passed in the effort to live life with dignity, humor and love.

Perhaps you don't like those three terms. Perhaps you'd prefer rectitude, righteousness and religion. Or industry, intelligence and integrity. Fair enough.

I like mine because they're more difficult. I find it extremely difficult to be dignified, no matter how I try. It's almost impossible to retain a sense of humor when you have Rotten Kids. And it's extremely difficult to love.

Truly and without qualifications. This is all very abstract. Let's get down to concrete examples. Have you ever tried to be dignified while performing a flying tackle at your daughter in the snow in the back yard as she's leaving home for good, at midnight?

Have you ever tried to retain a gay sense of humor when your home form has given you, for Christmas, instead of the crock you confidently expected, a bottle of shaving lotion? (Some people can drink it; I can't).

Have you ever tried to love someone with bad breath, a constant sniff and dirty fingernails, but who is a basically good, dull person?

Ah, well, the hell with it. It's another year. Once a square, always a square. And all three members of my family agree that I'm the most perfectly rounded square they've ever met. But I'm trying to become at least a parallelogram in '68. And the same to you.

## Letter To The Editor

Dear Sir:

I would appreciate space in your paper to comment on the current controversy concerning Anglo-French languages in Canada. In my opinion, both languages should be superceded, not because of their racial origin, but because the alphabet that forms the manufacturing of these words is not ideally suited for an age of automation. I would suggest that, in their place, a third language should be utilized, a form of communication by mathematics.

By observing the characteristics of the present letters, they are seen to be made by clock-wise or counter-clock-wise motions. This, in my opinion, can lead to mental stress, due to a continuous rapid reversal of direction.

Messages sent by Morse code, Braille and the musical scale are mathematical in origin. By merging these three, it is possible to produce a fourth. The letters are then composed of solid dots, dashes and open dots. They are arranged in sequences from one to three. By writing them above and below a horizontal line, the sequence is extended to nine. This is the exact number of digits in the mathematical scale. Zero is expressed by a blank space.

Sincerely, O. L. Brasseur,  
R.R. 4, Stouffville

(Editor's Note): Although difficult to explain the writer's idea on paper, with pen or pencil, it can be accomplished quite simply. It certainly doesn't work out too well on a typewriter, however, not to speak of The Tribune's Linotype machine.

## THIS WEEK & NEXT



### I Predict That...

By RAY ARGYLE

Canada's second century opened this week, and with it came prospects this country may indeed be on the verge of the greatness promised by our founding fathers.

Greatness can most often be detected in little things. But one of the signs of greatness in a nation is its ability to tolerate dissent. It was this quality that helped make the United States rich and powerful, by using the abilities of the "homeless and oppressed," who came to its shores from abroad.

Now, something of the same thing is happening here. Many young Americans — castigated in the U.S. and Canada alike as "cowardly" draft dodgers — are seeking refuge in Canada.

As one of these young men commented on a TV interview recently, 1967 marked his "best Christmas" because he felt he had found a land of freedom! Isn't this what the unpopular, and indeed, even hated, refugees of Europe's political holocausts felt when they arrived in America in the 19th century?

In the tradition of this column, this is the week to look back over the past year, and to glance ahead in an attempt to glean something of what fate might have in store for us in the next 12 months.

But first, let's check back to a year ago and see how I made out on my 1967 predictions.

I accurately forecast the retirement of Mr. Diefenbaker in 1967 and predicted this would pave the way for Mr. Pearson's quitting in 1968.

I predicted an upsurge for the New Democratic Party in provincial politics — especially Ontario — and this of course, occurred in last fall's Ontario vote.

I made a safe bet that the Centennial celebrations would be a success and that Expo — at that time the subject of much carping criticism — would become the "most successful and world-attention getting event ever held in this country."

But I was overly optimistic in forecasting that prices would stabilize in 1967, or that internationally, conditions would develop favorably for some kind of a settlement in Vietnam.

I looked for major achievements in space, and while the Soviets succeeded in a soft landing on Venus, no one could foresee the fatalities which brought tragedy to both the U.S. and Russian space ventures in the past year.

Now, to 1968.

Ever the optimist, I'm willing to predict the economy is ready to cool down. Prices should slow down their upward edge, and even level off in some fields.

Internationally, I'm again optimistic that a settlement may be reached in Vietnam, with better than ever chances in 1968 because of the pressure president Johnson faces in November's presidential election. If a Vietnam peace accord is not reached, I see a very real possibility of Johnson being defeated by New York governor Nelson Rockefeller.

Canada will have a new prime minister in 1968, and perhaps, not only because of Mr. Pearson's retirement. Election of a new Liberal leader in April — either Paul Hellyer or Paul Martin — could result in the country going to the polls next fall. And the Conservatives under Robert Stanfield will make a very strong bid to oust the Liberal regime. And we will get medicare.

Canada should be able to move closer to national unity in 1968 with increased acceptance of French Canada's unique role in Confederation. Steps will be taken toward giving the country a new constitution.

But the greatest news of 1968 will be made in science, especially in medicine, where it is now evident the emphasis on medical research of the past 20 years is now paying off with dramatic new achievements. Many new discoveries will be reported in 1968, resulting in happier and longer lives for millions of people.

# ROAMING AROUND

## Checked On The Spot

Our relationship with police officers within the departments of both Markham Village and Stouffville is on a first name basis. The same may be said for the majority of law enforcement officials in the Townships of Markham and Whitchurch. During the year, we work closely with these men and have found them all to be a great bunch of guys.

Co-operation between the press and the police is a two-way street. They provide us with information on accidents and incidents of crime and we supply them with photographs that can be used as evidence in court cases and inquests. At this point, however, the mutual admiration society ends its policy of personal privilege. If we're caught speeding on Hwy. 48, we'll get a ticket the same as anyone else. If we insist in parking in front of a fire hydrant on Main Street, we pay the price — and have. This is how it should be.

Although the local "boys in blue" play no favorites, we would much prefer to be reprimanded by an officer we know than by a stranger with the O.P.P. or Metro. As polite as those officers may try to be and usually are, the very thought of a uniformed head on a 6 foot 6 inch frame peering suspiciously into the front seat, fills us full of fear. Every frustrated move is an open admission of guilt.

We would never admit this constable complex around home. The kids think that Dad's a pretty big cheese because the Chief buys him an occasional cup of coffee and sends him a personal greeting card at Christmas. On one occasion, when an officer called from Markham Township concerning a serious accident and our eldest daughter answered, she stood bug-eyed and speechless throughout the entire two-minute conversation.

But Mother Nature has a way of revealing the deep down truth of every man's makeup. It happened to us just before New Year's and we'll live with the embarrassment of it all for the next 12 months. The children's faith in the bravado of their father has been shattered — perhaps permanently.

For two months, we had promised the kids a trip to Toronto and we thought it appropriate to take the excursion during the Christmas season when the colored lights are at their best.

Our usual route into the city is via the Don Valley Parkway to the Gardiner and up Jarvis, Yonge or Bay. This time, we went a different way. Don't ask me where, for we became so mixed up in a web of streets and crescents in the Rosedale area, we almost sent up distress signals. To add further insult to injury, we were caught in a police spot check.

This particular officer roared up from the rear on a big Harley-Davidson. The kids became so excited, they nearly jumped through the roof.

My very first mistake came when he waved me to a stop. I bounced the right front wheel over the curb and missed a tree only by inches.

"Just get in from the Yukon?" he asked, shining his light flush in my face. "No sir, I'm from Stouffville, why?" "Cause your back window is completely covered with snow, that's why!" He sounded perturbed. He had reason to be. I had intended to clean it off, but just plain forgot.

"What have you been drinking?" he enquired. The very mention of the word "drink" made my wife fairly bristle with indignation. She wouldn't allow the consumption of alcohol in the privacy of our own home, let alone the family automobile. She wanted to reply but I prodded her in the left shin with an extended right rubber.

"I don't drink," I replied. He seemed convinced.

"Let me see your license," he continued. That's when my head began to spin. At first I couldn't find my wallet and when I did, about two dollars worth of change fell out on the floor.


"Just your license, sir," the officer repeated. He was growing impatient. A motorist in a car behind started to blow his horn. His nerves, too, were becoming somewhat frayed.

I groped for my permit while four back seat riders peered over my shoulder.

First I handed him an Esso credit card. He gave it back. Then a Social Insurance certificate. That wouldn't do, either. I began to shake. Next I produced a 1968 calendar from the Abitibi Paper Company; a chest x-ray card, a hospitalization form, a Sunoco gas receipt, an old sweepstakes ticket, a bill from Aida Cleaners, a coffee credit from Houston's, a half dozen five cent stamps, a family photograph, draw tickets by the dozens, a receipt for a 1966 Pontiac and November's telephone bill.

By now, the lineup had lengthened a full city block. The officer's voice changed from tactful composure to a frenzied growl. "Your license, your license," he repeated. "If you haven't got it, perhaps your wife has." "No, she hasn't, I mean can't have it. She doesn't drive," I answered in a voice shaking with nervous emotion. "Are you sure you do?" he said. At that particular moment, I wasn't too sure of anything. "I'll have to take your keys," he said in a few minutes. In the meantime, either produce your permit or call a taxi." The search continued.

My wife insisted that she have a look and she found it in seconds. The permit passed inspection and, with the exception of a snowy rear window, so did the car. I mustered enough strength to brush it off and headed for home.



# The Tribune

Established 1888

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