

# Editorials

# Tribune

## A Question Of Neutrality

At a recent meeting of Markham Township Council, two names were recommended to fill one position on the Metropolitan Toronto and Regional Conservation Authority. Two votes were cast for each nominee. Ward 3 councillor Charles Hoover took a neutral stand on the issue, refusing even under pressure, to favor one man over another. Reeve Stewart Rumble was left with no alternative but to declare Mr. Hoover's neutrality as an automatic "yea" vote in favor of the original motion.

We are both surprised and disappointed when such a thing occurs. We are surprised that councillor Hoover would allow his feelings, either personal or political, to take preference over his obligation to vote on this or any

issue. By indicating a desire not to "hurt" anyone's feelings, he is only hurting himself. No one can respect a "fence-sitter" not even the individual that he is attempting to protect, if protection was indeed the motive.

We are disappointed in the fact that such a matter should be debated in public. Issues of this kind could be decided in committee thus saving public servants the embarrassment of having their names bantered about for all to hear and read. Mr. Everett Harper, certainly a dedicated worker for the township over the years, has every reason to be irritated by such treatment, as would others be, if treated in a similar manner. There are times when a little tactful diplomacy should be practiced. This was one of those times.

## Attend One Meeting In Two Years

Only a handful of residents attended the inaugural meeting of Stouffville Council, Thursday night. The majority of those present had some direct connection with civic affairs. Town employees and department heads were noticeable by their absence. Representatives from Whitchurch Township filled three of the empty chairs. There was room for many more.

We feel that every ratepayer in Stouffville should endeavour to attend at least one meeting of Council during the next two years. We do not mean that they should come with a complaint, but come and hear how decisions are reached and business is conducted. It is really very little to ask or expect.

We feel that the town's young people should make it a point to be present also, not only the high school teens but

the senior students from both Orchard Park and St. Mark's. The majority have never been inside the council chambers.

Contrary to the opinion of some, the reeve and members of council are anxious for ratepayers to take an interest in their local government. They can point with pride at accomplishments during the past two years and hope that the same period of progress lies ahead in 1968-69.

A few of us (34%) showed enough interest to elect a council, Dec. 4, but our duty should not end there. New ideas and suggestions are always welcome. The time to present those ideas and suggestions is the first and third Thursday evenings of every month. The next meeting is Jan. 18. Make it a point to be present.

## Canada Ignored, But Expo Helped

Broadly speaking schools in the United States ignore Canada even though we are the closest neighbor. This is not news and little progress seems to have been made over the years to remedy this situation. The biggest plug we have ever had came this past year with Expo. On a recent trip to the U.S. west coast I found that the minute Canada was mentioned, the word "Expo" shot into the conversation.

This was the biggest show of its kind ever staged, and it appealed to Americans who are No. 1 when it comes to ballyhoo and showmanship. For this reason alone they will not forget us for a while.

Dr. Gerald Nason of the Canadian Teachers' Federation recently made a survey of the school situation from coast to coast. He found Canada entering only slightly in geography courses

while those that touch on history and government are usually optional. He noted with interest that U.S. teaching focused on trouble spots in the world so if we have enough trouble in Canada, we will get attention.

Americans at large assume that we always see things as they do. It is not easy for us to make Americans realize that we are different. Surface similarities can be deceptive and coming home from a period south of the border can be like slipping into comfortable old shoes.

We know a lot more about Americans than they know about us because we hear a lot more from them than they do from us.

The Federation representatives have been in the States to see what can be done to persuade American schools to want to learn more about Canada.

## Fixing Christmas Holiday

Little by little our holidays are being established so that they all fall on Monday which seems to be the most popular day for observance. This season, Christmas Day fell on Monday and seemed to suit most people. We note that in 1968 it will fall on Wednesday. This will not be too handy with Boxing Day on Thursday and open again for work on Friday.

The point is why not have Christmas

set on the calendar for Monday every year just as we have most other national holidays? This should also help as far as "Christmas Sunday" is concerned. This would make this special Sunday the day before Christmas every year.

It's a suggestion that's been made before and the change is not likely to be made this year or next but we would venture to predict that within a few years it will be established.



YOU KNOW DEAR... THERE'S A SIMILARITY BETWEEN YOU AND LIZ TAYLOR

## SUGAR AND SPICE



### Letters To A Teacher

By BILL SMILEY

Teachers get some pretty funny notes from parents, explaining the absence of a pupil. Usually it's because the harassed mother or father who stabs down anything at the last moment, as the kid, heading for the door, and already late, screams in dismay: "Oh, I gotta have a note!"

Thus you get such things as, "Please excuse Jane's grandmother for being absent due to her illness." The baffled teacher finally figures out that grandmother had the flu and Jane had to stay home and look after her because Mom can't miss a day at the shoe factory, because that's the only way she can muster enough money to buy Jane some decent clothes so she can go to school, so she can be a real whiz and help out Granny and Mom.

Sometimes the notes are not so funny. "Please excuse Jim for being late as he had to appear in court this morning for drunk and disorderly, but it was the other guy's fault."

Well, teachers aren't the only ones who receive sad and funny letters. The rest of the column will be made up of sentences taken from actual letters received by the Toronto Welfare Department from applicants for aid and assistance.

They may explain why English teachers look so stunned so much of the time. The sentences will be in quote marks. The comments will be whatever comes to mind.

"I am very annoyed that you have branded my son illiterate as this is a lie. I was married to his father a week before he was born." She didn't mean illiterate. She meant illegible.

"In answer to your letter, I have given birth to a boy weighing ten pounds. I hope this is satisfactory." Really, what could be more satisfactory?

"Unless I get my husband's money pretty soon, I will be forced to lead an immortal life." And good luck to you, Missus. There should be a lot more of that type of positive thinking in the

world. "This is my eighth child, what are you going to do about it?" What, indeed? It's certainly time somebody did something. Or stopped doing something.

"I am glad to report that my husband who was reported missing is dead." Now there is a sentence of which Mr. Hemingway would be proud. Not a syllable too much or too little. The emotion is restrained. Note that she said "glad," not "delighted."

And here's one with the same theme, but a different twist. "Please find for certain if my husband is dead, the man I am living with can't eat or do anything until he finds out." There's drama for you. There's tragedy. Think of the poor devil, starving to death, unable to smoke or drink or pick his teeth or pull the tuft out of his belly button.

Here's another that shows a nice respect for bureaucracy. "In accordance with your instructions, I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope." And they thought the Pill was a big deal!

Another Mom writes, "I cannot get sick pay. I have six children. Can you tell me why?" There's a beautiful logic there somewhere, if you could just put your finger on it.

"I haven't any children as yet as my husband is a bus driver and works day and night." But think of all that overtime.

And finally. It sounds like an old chestnut, but teachers actually get notes like this. "I want money as quick as I can get it. I have been in bed with the doctor for two weeks and he doesn't do me any good. If things don't improve, I will have to send for another doctor. This is Medicare?"



## THIS WEEK & NEXT

### The Liberals No. 1 Choice

By RAY ARGYLE

In the contest now taking shape to choose Canada's next Prime Minister, many hopefuls will talk optimistically of answering a "draft." But if there is to be a draft movement to select the new Liberal leader, the only possible choice is Justice Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau.

Trudeau, the bold innovator of new social policies, reflected in the recent changes in laws covering abortion, divorce, capital punishment and sex behaviour, is at this point the only genuine non-candidate in cabinet ranks.

He is, therefore, the only leading Liberal figure who could respond to a draft movement, because all the others will be out there actively campaigning for the party leadership, and the Prime Minister's office which goes with it.

The chances of a draft Trudeau movement will depend almost entirely on the relative strength of the declared candidates when the Liberal party opens its leadership convention in Ottawa, April 4.

The front-runners, including Mitchell Sharp, Paul Martin, Paul Hellyer and Robert Winters, could go into the convention with nearly equal strength. If one cancels out the other, and a compromise candidate is needed, Pierre Elliott Trudeau could emerge as the ideal "new look" Liberal leader.

One of the factors that may lead to a stalemate among the front-runners is that the top four prospects are all from Ontario. By splitting the Ontario delegation four ways, none of them will have the big edge by which an Ontario "favorite son" candidate could carry the convention.

There will be other candidates, such as John Turner of Montreal, Jean Marchand of Quebec, and Eric Kierans of Montreal. There will be no strong Western or Maritime challengers, (although Winters has a Maritime background).

While all leading candidates have experience and ability going for them, they all have strong factors working against them, in addition to the split in

the Ontario vote.

Finance Minister Sharp faces the task of overcoming the taxman's image, never an easy job. He's being blamed for both high taxes and high costs. The fate of Canada's last three finance ministers — Liberal Walter Gordon, Tory Donald Fleming and Liberal Walter Harris, (back in the Louis St. Laurent government) — suggests this job is not exactly the stepping stone to the PM's office.

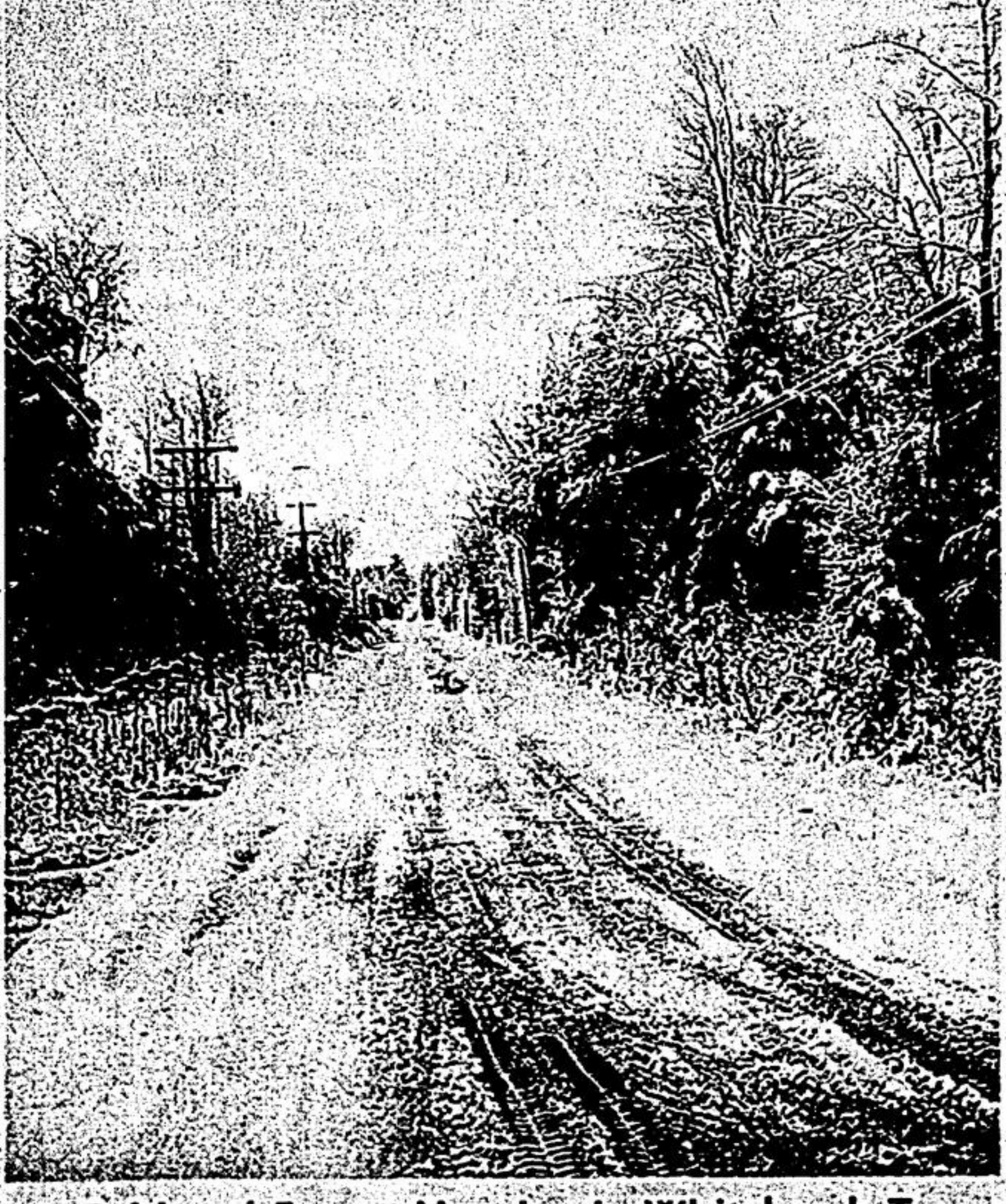
Paul Martin has his age going against him — too old — just as John Turner is considered by many to be too young.

Robert Winters, probably one of the most capable administrators in our political history, has a "right wing" image, and his election as leader would tend to reserve the traditional roles of the Liberal and Conservative parties in their relation to big business.

Manpower Minister Jean Marchand has no great appeal outside Quebec and Transport Minister Paul Hellyer while widely known from his controversial days as Defence Minister when he forced unity on the armed forces, has not had time to establish any kind of record in his new portfolio. Eric Kierans, a former provincial cabinet minister in Quebec and president of the Quebec Liberal Federation, lacks a broadly based national following.

All this seems to lead, inevitably, back to Pierre Elliott Trudeau, the 47-year old graduate of Harvard and the London School of Economics, the "swinging" bachelor of only two years experience in Parliament who shocked the House of Commons by showing up one day in slacks, sport jacket and ascot.

Trudeau has made no move to contest the leadership, and probably won't, except to respond to a draft. But everything about him — his age, his image, his record as Justice Minister, his opposition to the two-nations theory and, in fact, his very French-Canadian background — could make Trudeau the most colorful and dynamic choice when the chips are down at the Liberal convention.



## A Cold and Frosty Morning in Whitchurch Twp.

The winter scene cracked under twenty below zero temperatures in Whitchurch Township, Monday morning. The frigid frosty countryside is pictured here in this view on conc. 5, north of the Aurora Sideroad.

—Staff Photo

# ROAMING AROUND

## Race Against Time

Without wishing to appear too personal, we'd very much like to peer into a few homes of average Stouffville parents on an average mid-week, mid-winter morning and learn what schedule they employ to hustle and bustle their children off to school on time.

While most Dads are well on their way to work before the storm strikes, others not quite so fortunate, all tell the same hair-raising tales. Most, including myself, would prefer to crawl a little deeper under the covers and pray that the hallway holocaust between bedroom and bath is just one horrible nightmare.

Sooner or later, we all must wake up to reality and face the music. The discord ranges between a tune called "Where's my other sock, Mom?" to "I can't tell my right foot from my left." To add to the turmoil of meeting the nine o'clock deadline for two, two others must be attended to. A mother millipede couldn't cope with all their demands.

Unlike most homes in Stouffville, the confusion at wake-up time, is not caused by everyone flying around too fast. On the contrary, just the opposite is true. The kids never seem to shift out of low gear. They occupy the toilet like it was the only seat in the house. They wash like the water came from the River Jordan and their teeth are brushed inside out and upside down. At the breakfast table, everything stops for The Blessing and starts ten minutes later after each has had a choice of a half-dozen different brands of cereal. From the first mouthful to the last, their mother stands by, counting off at regular intervals, the minutes that are left.

I seldom eat a morning meal. It's not that I don't require the nourishment, for I do. Like the kids, I can't spare the time, so I settle for a mid-morning coffee and doughnut down street. Besides, one more body at the table could be the straw to break the camel's back and too much depends on the maintenance of her good health to impose any further hardship.

Although the confusion on an average work-a-day morning is nerve-shaking enough, the worst occurred on the Tuesday following the Christmas vacation period. We all slept in. Mother had set the clock radio for Wally Crowter on CFRB but not knowing this, I had given the dial a quick switch to Jungle Jaye Nelson on CHUM. It ended up somewhere in between and brought in the faint whisper of a disc jockey in Philadelphia. No one heard a word. In fact, if the youngest hadn't wet her pants and required an instantaneous change, we might have remained in a state of suspended animation until noon.

It was exactly 8:45 when our feet hit the floor. Everything began to fly in all directions. Never have I seen our kids move so fast. They didn't really understand what it was all about. One thought the house was on fire. No time to brush the teeth. No time for breakfast. No prolonged stay in the bathroom. Just in and out.

"You'll have to drive them," came the order. "Never mind shaving. Take your razor to work. Your hair looks good enough. Here's a tube of Brylcreem. Put your tie in your pocket. Wear last Sunday's shirt. Your rubbers? I don't know. You'll have to go in your shoes. Your shoes? Don't ask me. Maybe they are under the bed. No, you can't wear your slippers. Your coat? Oh, I forgot, it's at the cleaners. Wear your old one. I've got two kids to get ready, you'll have to look after yourself. Just sprinkle a little cold water on your face, enough to open your eyes. Your eyes are open? Then what are you doing with my bandana around your neck? I never saw anyone so helpless. You're worse than the kids. Here's your wallet. Don't forget your keys. Be careful crossing Main Street. You'd better walk the kids to the school door. If you see the principal, try and explain what happened and so on and so on."


We headed for the car, after three of us on the dead gallop. All a couple of stalls from an ice-cold motor, we leapt-frogged east on Rupert to Fairview, bucked on down to Sunset Boulevard to Orchard Park school. There wasn't a sign of a single child on the street. "I'm sorry, kids, I guess we didn't make it," I said apologetically. The youngest looked like he was about to cry. "Never mind, it's not your fault. I won't let it happen again. It was exactly four minutes past nine."

"You don't need to go in with us," said the oldest. "I think the teacher will understand. Other kids are late sometimes, too. I just hope I've remembered to wear everything I'm supposed to. She unzipped her coat just to make sure there was a dress underneath. "Yes, I'm okay, I think," she replied in answering her own question. The youngest had his snow boots on the wrong feet and the front of his pants was undone, but other than that he was all in one piece.

I watched them as they trotted to the door. But the door wouldn't open. It was locked tight.

Then and only then did I remember that school did not begin again until the Wednesday after New Year's, not Tuesday.

Rather than four minutes too late, they were twenty-four hours too early. I'm still not convinced which is worse.



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