

Editorials Tribune

Hodge-Podge planning

The approaches to any village or town can serve as either a benefit or a detriment to the progress of the municipality within. It therefore goes without saying that first impressions gained of Stouffville when travelling east from Highway 48, are anything but good.

Both the Whitchurch and Markham sides represent a disgraceful array of hodge-podge development with residential, commercial and industrial building all tossed in together.

To try and pin-point the reason for this kind of soup-bowl planning would undoubtedly lead to a lot of buck-passing down the line and through the years. Besides, what good would it do? The damage has already been done.

We feel that in all fairness to Stouffville, the council here should at least be consulted before permits were issued in this area. The Ringwood to Stouffville road could have become a "Golden Mile." Now it's an indelible mess.

Lend a hand

On Thursday evening, (tonight) the Community Centre Board of Whitchurch Twp. will hold an important meeting to arrange their program for the spring and summer season.

The gathering, called for 8 p.m., will be held at the Centennial Centre, east of Ballantrae.

Executive members fear that the same faithful few who have given freely of their time in the past, will once again

be the only persons present. This should not be.

The Ballantrae-Muslemann's Lake area is fortunate to have this project located in the district. While most parents will proclaim its benefits and urge their children to participate in its program, too few adults wish to assume any responsibility for its continuing success. It is due to this kind of lacklustre support that the best ventures go down the drain.

Togetherness needed

Farmers to whom this edition of The Tribune is most particularly interesting, continue to speak with two voices whenever their problems come to the provincial level. There is the Ontario Federation of Agriculture and the Ontario Farmers' Union. Each would like to be regarded as the No. 1 spokesman for the province's farmers.

We feel that the two organizations should merge so that Ontario Agriculture can speak with one voice. One halting step has been taken in this direction. A committee has been set up to study a merger and report in May.

It would not seem that moves would be made very rapidly as the two bodies are so dissimilar in organization.

The Farmers' Union has the smallest membership. Members come in on a voluntary basis and pay dues. On the other hand the Federation really has no individual members. It is financed from farm groups, grants and township tax levies. All farmers contribute in one way or another.

The union favors direct action, strikes and tractor parades. The federation works through lobbying to influence government policy.

The latter idea may seem slow. The first, however, can sometimes stir up more harm than good.

Togetherness is desirable but still seems a long way off.

No smoking!

The council of the Township of Markham has passed a by-law to prohibit smoking in the chambers of their soon-to-be-opened municipal building at Buttonville. Two members opposed the ruling.

We are 100 percent in favor of council's decision. Any person possessed with an uncontrollable urge for a cigarette will be at liberty to satisfy that desire out in the hall. For councillors with similar cravings, the reeve will no doubt see fit to call a "break" in proceedings and allow members time for a puff or two.

We often wonder what these same folks do when they go to church, or sit in a courtroom or attend a hearing of the Municipal Board. Similar restrictions are in force and adhered to without complaint.

Members in favor of this practice would be wise to first obtain an opinion from fellow councillors in Pickering. A smoking ban was enforced there, but only after whole sections of luxurious broadloom had to be replaced.

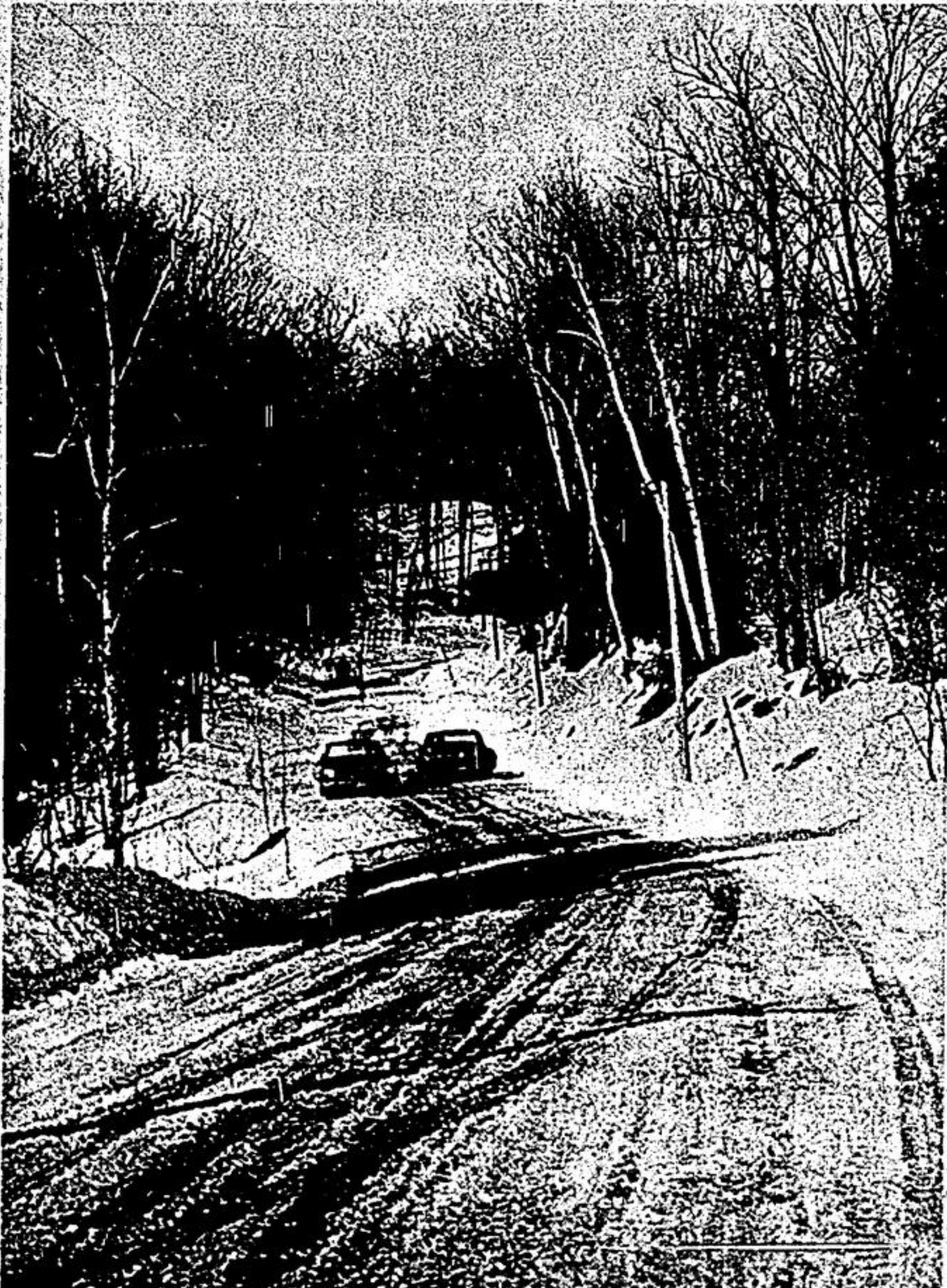
A national identity

Throughout Centennial year, our true national identity was the subject of debate. We had to wait until centennial year plus one to find it—her. She's Nancy Greene, the ski queen from British Columbia.

There's just no one more Canadian than Nancy and her sport is a natural

for Canada too. With little fuss or fanfare, Nancy got on with the job, almost alone.

Although she comes from the west, she could just as readily come from Ontario or the east. We couldn't wish for a finer symbol.



Roadmen, spare those trees!

Residents of the Glen Major area of Uxbridge Township are divided over the benefits of a County arterial road proposed for the 7th concession. Many fear that scenic locations as pictured here, will be totally destroyed. —Staff Photo



Brampton-Type Channelization Program Planned For Stouffville



SUGAR AND SPICE

Smiley the hustler

By BILL SMILEY

A funny thing happened on the way to the proof-reader's a couple of weeks ago. My column appeared, headed "Gloom and Doom." It was riddled with quotations by experts, allusions to economics, references to the stock market and all sorts of similar portentous fulminations.

I imagine bewildered readers shaking their heads and muttering to their spouses, "Here, Mabel. What's come over young Smiley. He sounds learned, intelligent and as though he'd lost his last friend. Completely out of character."

What happened was that the headings were inadvertently switched on my column and that of Ray Argyle, an old friend who writes a perceptive column on current affairs.

And his readers must have been equally baffled, asking, "What in the name of all that's ridiculous has happened to Argyle this week? Pure devil. Never knew him to write such puerile nonsense before. 'Oh well, the allies made bigger boobs than that and won the war."

At any rate, it may be of some comfort to you to know that this week's column is not only mine, but is being written by the undisputed Russian Billiards champion of the local curling club. I'm not much on the ice but I'm a hella on the pool table in the basement.

It shook a lot of the denizens of the billiard room, but none of them as much as it shook me. Knocked off three opponents, including one bird who tried to oneupmanship me by bringing along his own private cue, to make the final.

Should have seen the tiger I faced then. Six feet four, twenty years younger than I, fine golfer, hawk-eyes of the outstanding hockey goalie he is, and the hottest pool shark in town. Now don't panic, mum, I beat him.

It was best three games out of five. He took the first two so fast that all I had a chance to do was chalk my cue and spot the balls he kept knocking in. Isn't this exciting?

Well, as we old fighter pilots put it, there I was, at 30,000 feet, upside down, out of ammo, and three straight games to win. I knew that only sheer brilliance and naked courage would save the day.

So I gave him the old reverse treatment. Instead of making points, I kept losing them. You can do this in Russian billiards. Pretty soon I was 28 in the hole. He was about 30 in the clear, a difference of 58.

He got over-confident and careless,

Editor's Mail

A good neighbor

Dear Sir:
I would very much appreciate if you could allow some space in your paper to point out a few of the activities of our good neighbor, Mr. Howard McGuckin. This appears to be about the only way we citizens on the second concession of Scott Twp. can express our thanks for the help he has given to us. Mr. McGuckin is really very much like the rest of us and yet he is different. In fact, there are very few like him around any more. To us, he is something very special. He is a true friend in times of joy and sorrow. He has taken us to the polls to vote; he has helped us build our new homes; he has helped to clear our lanes of snow and given us expert information on farming problems. And what have we done for him? I'm afraid we have done very little. Deep down, however, we really and truly appreciate his kindness and cooperation.

May God bless him, his wife, Evelyn and his family. He has made life in our community a whole lot better for all of us.

Sincerely, Mrs. Wojciechowski,
Lazy W Ranch,
R.R. 3, Stouffville

started knocking the balls around, losing points and I craftily crept out of the hole, a few at a time. Suddenly, he realized this old duffer might beat him, got desperate, and I had him on the run. Nothing to it, really. The thought of the shame if I beat him destroyed his confidence and he was a sitting duck. That's my story, anyway, and there were no witnesses.

Speaking of games, never play them with women. I found out years ago, that the only game you can play with them is the game of love, and even there you have about as much chance of winning as you have with a slot machine.

Women are completely devoid of sportsmanship, hate to be beaten and turn cold or hot with rage when they are. Knowing this, I foolishly took part in a mixed curling bonspiel the other day. The girls haven't changed. They played as though the six-dollar prizes



THIS WEEK & NEXT

Infectious racism

By RAY ARGYLE

The United States is a nation dominated by white racism which has taken the country to the brink of a "garrison state." That is the verdict of President Johnson's advisory commission on civil disorders.

This is a disheartening and saddening conclusion, to Canadians, no less than Americans. It confirms a truth that many had long feared. We had hoped for better news. Instead we got the worst.

Yet, even in this, there is encouragement. The mayors of six of the cities hardest hit by Negro rioting last summer have agreed that the white community is primarily responsible for the outbreaks. But they say they do not have the money to make fundamental changes in daily lives of the country's 20 million negroes.

The commission which has brought in this searing indictment of the American way of life — "the land of the free and the home of the brave" — was appointed by President Johnson to find the causes and the cures of the riots which have torn American cities the past several years.

In a 250,000-word report which clearly reveals that both America and the world has been misled by its local authorities and its news media, the commission warns that the U.S. is creating two societies separate and unequal.

Blaming white racism for "destruction of basic democratic values," it points out that riots which have struck American cities were neither fomented by outsiders or the result of any black power conspiracy.

The report warns starkly that the U.S. practices what amounts to "urban apartheid" that carries with it "segregation and poverty totally unknown to most white Americans."

And perhaps worst of all the black ghettos which imprison more than half of the country's negroes, are creations of white institutions, maintained and condoned by white society.

were solid gold Cadillacs.

Still on sports, the winter carnival season is in full swing. I guess they're a good thing. Give people a chance to get stoned to the eyeballs or roar about on their ski-doos, releasing their aggressive tendencies. The height of something occurred at one of these events the other day. Winner of the ice-fishing contest collected a free holiday in Nassau. The winner? A 4 1/2-inch perch.

And a last word on games. The Liberal leadership marathon is on and the pack is off and running. But the bulldogs, greyhounds and just plain mutts are all looking over their shoulders at that darned French poodle coming up fast.

My suggestion: call the race off and ask Dief to take over as leader. Winston Churchill crossed the floor of the House and look how far he went. And wouldn't the Old Chief have a lovely time ripping into Stannfeld?

ROAMING AROUND

Coffee break

It was back on Sept. 3, 1950, that Harold Dixon welcomed his first morning coffee customers to his restaurant premises at 32 Main Street West. That, dear friends, was exactly eight months prior to my leaving the take-back department of Timothy Eaton's exchange shop on Shuter Street, to assume a \$30 per week position on the editorial staff of The Tribune. To be exact, I first graced this municipality with my presence on May 7, 1951, but continued to remain a town and country commuter for the next eight years.

Since 1950, Harold's Grill, as it has always been known, has changed hands only once. Roy Ing and Sons took it over, February 20, 1956. Later, Mary Ing added a touch of feminine fancy to the place, arriving here from Hong Kong in 1964.

THAT restaurant, as my wife has often dubbed it, has represented a real bone of contention within the confines of our family circle. "I can't understand why you would drink a half dozen cups of coffee down there every day when you won't even touch a drop at home," she would say. When I would, phone her on a Monday to say that I wouldn't be home for dinner, she'd comment in a voice filled with exasperation — "I bet you'll still find time for something to eat down at THAT restaurant." To be truthful, it had become a habit. On a Saturday night after the hockey game, away I'd go. It was the same story after church on Sunday. On occasions, I'd try to slip out unnoticed, but in most cases it just wasn't possible. The very creak of a closet door gave me away. If I had a nickel for every dime spent there, I'd be rich.

But all this is now over. Mary and her husband Hong have purchased a new restaurant on the outskirts of Guelph. Roy and his wife will remain here but live retired. At 10 p.m. Sunday evening, they turned the lock on the front door.

What was there about this place that made it so popular through the years? For me it was more the meeting than the eating. Not that there was anything particularly wrong with the food, mind you, but let's face it, Harold's Grill on Main Street could hardly compare with Howard Johnson's on Broadway.

While interior decor may be important to some folks, for me, it was the everyday patrons that counted most. And, morning, noon and night, they were there, almost as if they were glued to the stool. Conversations touched on everything from the fight for the play-offs to the war in Vietnam; from Pierre Trudeau to councillor McKellar and from President Johnson to reeve Laushway.

Four o'clock always brought a sudden change in the clientele. The student brigade took over with a seemingly endless supply of quarters for the record machine.

The noise of their teenage chatter has ended. The record player is silent. The counter stools are empty. It's all part of the changing face of Main Street. And some people still call it progress.

Who Was The Goat?

Dear "Roaming Around": I read with interest your column published in The Tribune, issue of Feb. 1 in which you described in some detail your purchase of an animal at the Stouffville Sales Barn. I'm still wondering who was the goat. As one who has considerable experience in such matters, I would like you to know that now is not the best time to invest in such livestock with expectations of making a quick profit. Could you have kept the goat until next Christmas or, New Year's, its value would no doubt have increased.

Sincerely, Emmanuel Bissell,
Markham, R.R. 1

Dear Mr. Bissell: Hindsight is always a wonderful thing, but I still appreciate the advice. Believe me, there was no possible way of keeping "Billy" on Rupert Avenue until Christmas. Even one night's lodging was the limit of my wife's endurance and quite likely the neighbors', too.

From Outer Space

Any resemblance between the siren on Vance Ambulance and a modern-day flying saucer is purely intentional.

Spring House Cleaning

Saturday night's hockey game was, without doubt, one of the most thrilling we've seen on television this season. My wife went over to the neighbors to watch the third period on their color set. To her surprise, I decided to have all the supper dishes washed and dried prior to her return. With this thought in mind, I turned on the taps to fill the sink with hot water. I then returned to the living room to watch the action. I became so wrapped up in the scoring that I plumb forgot all about the job I had planned to do. Not until the water began pouring down the hallway, did I suddenly remember. On Sunday morning, we had the cleanest kitchen floor in Stouffville.

Saints Be Praised!

It happened in a Stouffville church on Sunday morning. During the taking of the offering, the choir rose and as one voice, echoed the first line of Psalm No. 53: "Courage, brother! Do not stumble." At that point one of the ushers tripped and dropped the collection plate on the floor.

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