

Editorials

Tribune

The "Bad Guys" are human too

Many Americans and some Canadians, have become obsessed with the idea that Communism, like a contagious disease, should be kept under permanent quarantine to prevent its spread. The United States, in an effort to enforce that quarantine, is sacrificing thousands of lives to save a country that they themselves are helping to destroy.

While we sympathize with the U.S. in the seriousness of the situation that has them deeply involved, we still feel that as Canadians, we should not look

on the war as the good guys vs the bad. With this thought in mind, we would lend support to a canvass here, with funds collected to be used to purchase medical supplies for Vietnam civilians. The town council has rejected the committee's request. Whether the ruling will be enforced is not yet known. We would hope that the members' decision is regarded as only a statement of policy and the question of whether to accept or refuse donations be left solely to the consideration of the citizens themselves.



The sap's running at Bruce Mill conservation area

Must accept some responsibility

It was back on Feb. 29 that a delegation of residents from Rose Avenue in Stouffville attended a meeting of council to enquire into a solution to the problem of basement flooding in that area of town.

The issue should have been discussed then and there. Instead, the residents were told to return at a later date when the matter would be dealt with in the privacy of a committee room with the press not present.

One member of the deputation warned council, on leaving the chambers, that should the flood problem recur, the town would have to accept some responsibility for damage and inconvenience caused. On Saturday morning it did happen. A power failure at

the disposal plant was unnoticed until it was too late. One home was flooded with filthy sewerage water to a depth of almost a foot. We viewed the scene when the back-flow was at its height. It was almost unbelievable.

The council may attribute the trouble to "an act of God" or place the blame wholly on the householder. In some instances this would be warranted, but not here.

With the rain as heavy as it was on Friday night, trouble should have been anticipated. Had the auxiliary pump been utilized earlier, the back-up flood could have been prevented or at least limited. We hope that the town's insurance firm will see it this way.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Smiley at the movies

By BILL SMILEY

Took about 300 of our senior students to the movies first thing Monday morning. They looked forward to the outing, a change from the classroom. It was quite an experience.

There were about 500 normal, noisy teenagers in the theatre, altogether. Normally this is asking for bedlam. Modern kids, conditioned by television, are equally inclined to laugh jarringly, mockingly, at scenes of horror and scenes of poignancy. Brutality and violence are their daily bread.

But after the reels began spinning on Monday morning, there weren't any laughs. When the lights went up, there was none of the usual horseplay. There were 500 shaken, subdued and in some cases, stunned teenagers.

The film was "The War Game," a short-British movie. It depicts, in a matter-of-fact documentary style, what would happen if a nuclear exchange broke out.

No excruciating detail is spared. Blatantly anti-war, it is a bitter satire on our society and man's stupidity. The film is crude, the message blunt, and the effect harrowing. The BBC banned it as too shocking to be shown to the public on television.

It's all there, the public ignorance; the government apathy; the triggering incident; the profiteer who sells sandbags at an exorbitant rate; the man with two bomb shelters and a shot-gun to keep others out; the little boy whose eyeballs turn to jelly when he sees the flash; the ordinary family crouched, like terrified animals, under the kitchen table; the fire storm that destroys everything in its path; the grotesque burned faces; the people shocked into idiocy; the break-down of law and order.

Carefully juxtaposed with pictures of children whimpering with pain and shock are the calm, pompous statements of bishops who say we must learn to live with the bomb, and a jovial nuclear scientist who explains how many millions will be killed.

What's the purpose, you may ask, of subjecting well-fed, bourgeois teenagers to such an experience. Well, it's rather like shock treatment. It makes them wake up, examine their values, think

about the world and the part they must play in it, rather than what they'll wear to the dance Friday night.

We talked about it later. They thought it shouldn't be seen by children, but that everyone else in the world on both sides of the fence, should see it.

They tried to explain why there is comparative silence these days about the Bomb and fall-out, compared with the obsession with it, and the wave of shelter-building, that occurred a decade ago.

We discussed the moral implications of shooting people who wanted to share your shelter. Of the police in the film shooting victims of burns who had only a few hours to live, and those hours in extreme agony. Of what they, themselves, could do about it all.

Some of them were shaken out of their cosy, conformist little sox. Others

were overwhelmed by a feeling of futility. And some were filled with a fury at the idocy of their elders, who had allowed this to happen. And others were just plain scared and wanted to know what preparations we were taking for such an eventuality. And a few believed that man could prevail and overcome the evil.

We ranged from Vietnam to hippies and escapism, from morality to the instinct for survival, from whether they would rather be Red than dead to what they would do if the Yanks decided they must take over Canada, for their own military safety. (Most of the boys would fight, take to the hills).

I think it was good for them. The world of the future is theirs and they can't go on blaming us forever. See the film yourself, if you can. But take a paper bag if you have a weak stomach.



THIS WEEK & NEXT

Well, they're being honest

By RAY ARGYLE

The two leading candidates for the Liberal party leadership, Robert Winters and Pierre Elliott Trudeau, are being forced into a common strategy in wooing the party's 2,500 convention delegates.

For all that the two men appear to be at opposite poles within the broad framework of the modern Liberal party, the realities of convention politics force them both to promote policies which are really far removed from the things in which they believe most strongly.

These two leading candidates are thus avoiding the issues on which the Liberal party leadership should be decided.

Delegates to the party's April convention in Ottawa should be able to choose the successor to Prime Minister Pearson on the basis of where the party is to stand on the controversies of the day.

Some of these include the Liberal party's attitude toward free trade with the United States and the extent of U.S. domination of Canadian industry.

There are major fiscal questions to be answered, such as whether the federal government should ease back on spending so as to come in with balanced budgets.

Should the country proceed with Medicare July 1 despite warnings this will impose heavier burdens on government budgets, leading to higher taxes? There are delicate questions of international finance, the most important of which is whether the U.S. will be able to escape devaluation of its currency, which would thereby knock the props out from under the Canadian dollar.

Robert Winters, because he is regarded as a spokesman for big business, a "Bay Street Boy" and an accomplished financier, stresses instead his modest Nova Scotia background. By nature more conservative than most conservatives, Mr. Winters is going out of his way to avoid attacking welfare state programs. He has stayed out of the French-English debate, avoided the stand which has cost Mr. Trudeau considerable support in Quebec, but has

spoken of the need for greater opportunity for French-Canadians, something with which neither English or French Canadians will disagree.

The main outlines of Mr. Winters' campaign can thus be seen to make him a moderate, a man of the centre, in very much the image of Robert Stanfield, the reasoned, intelligent but aggressive businessman who will assure helm of government.

While Mr. Winters pursues the reformist element in the Liberal party good Canadian common sense, at the knowing that he already has right-wing Liberals backing him (and thus doesn't have to woo them).

Widely regarded as a radical, a reformist, a swinger and indeed, almost a socialist from some of his past pronouncements, it might be expected that Mr. Trudeau would stake out the new high ground to which he would propose to take Canada and the Liberal party if he became leader and Prime Minister.

But instead, again the emphasis is on what Mr. Trudeau is not. Because he has the left-wing Liberals backing him, there is no need to court their favor. The wooing must be of the old guard, stand-pat Liberals of the Mackenzie King and St. Laurent era.

Thus Mr. Trudeau attacks the idea of a minimum annual wage as one which would merely ensure Canadians of a minimum standard of welfare, instead of maximum opportunity. He criticizes U.S. bombing of North Vietnam but says we should continue to sell military equipment to the U.S. because to do so is profitable to our industry. Only on the issue of federalism, has Mr. Trudeau spoken clearly to the issue — at the risk of losing support in Quebec he has gained a tremendous following in the rest of Canada. He says medicare should be the last universal welfare program launched in Canada.

By taking these approaches neither Mr. Winters nor Mr. Trudeau is being dishonest or insincere. But anyone who expects a political candidate to really stake out his position is asking too much. It's too risky.

Only compromise possible

The most important thing about the new federal tax legislation, as far as the government has been concerned, is that it was acceptable enough to part of the opposition to pass Parliament. It finally let the government off the hook after its earlier bill was defeated.

In a practical way it eases some of the burden from the lower income taxpayers and places more on the corporation. However, most of corporation's tax burdens work their way down to the consumer sooner or later. Industry will not have as much money for expansion which may not be entirely desirable.

The Finance Minister is to pick up part of his extra money by lopping a spending. The bill is about as good a

compromise as could have been devised further \$75,000,000 government and still leave the government ability to finance operations.

Coming off an Ottawa visit this week I did find the government somewhat under a cloud. Everyone is wondering if the new leader, whoever he may be, will be able to restore confidence.

Mr. Sharp has suffered immensely although his decision not to neglect his governmental duties for the campaign field will help some to erase thoughts of political errors.

Mr. Paul Martin is still a very strong contender and many prophesy that his name along with Robert Winters and Pierre Elliott Trudeau will be at the final countdown.

Day of reckoning coming closer

While it is anything but a public holiday, April 30 is a date each year on which we all reflect with a bit of hurt in our heart. It looms ever closer on the calendar — tax time. It hurts enough to pay out of money you have but it hurts even more to pay on money you used to have, but has been spent.

Even worse than this, is to be taxed on money you never did have. This does happen in the enforcement of tax laws aimed at the savings of dead people.

We cite here a case of a widow whose husband left for her an estate valued at just slightly more than \$60,000. It was her bad luck that it was not slightly less. If it had been below this level, the two governments, Dominion and Provincial, would not have frozen these assets while they decide what amount they could extract. A fair amount was contained in a car and house which she could not eat.

It seems the widow did not drive so the car was of little use to her. She got permission to sell the car to get money to live on. However, those in charge of such matters, decided in their wisdom that she sold the car \$100 too cheaply, so this imaginary amount was added on to the death duties. She was poorer by this \$100 which she never had.

One of the most unpleasant aspects of the way in which widows of only moderate means are harrassed is that not one but two governments are trying to put the bite on her.

These governments do not deal with each other on this matter, they deal with the widow. When the politicians finally get around to re-writing the constitution, they might spare some thought for widows in the situation such as I have cited. They should arrange that if there should be death taxes, they be the business of one government or the other, but not both.



Editor's Mail

A helping hand

Dear Sir: While northbound in the Glen Major area of Uxbridge Township, I had the misfortune to become stuck on an icy section of a hill in that community.

A hydro lineman was working a-top a pole some distance away and noticed my plight. He took the time and trouble to come down and help me out. Unable to stop, for fear of becoming stuck again, I was unable to obtain his name or even thank him.

I feel that such assistance is wonderful public relations and speaks well for the personnel employed by the Ontario Hydro.

Sincerely, Harry Hooper, Newmarket, Ont.

Interesting issue

Dear Sir: It may be seldom that a newspaper receives any written compliments but I wish to commend the staff of The Tribune for the very excellent Farm issue published last week. A copy will be retained in our home as a valuable reference.

As a recent farm resident of Markham Township, I found both the advertisements and accompanying farm news very interesting and valuable reading.

Sincerely, Kenneth Jackson, Unionville, R.R. 1.

Winter retains its grip on Glen Major

Although March 21 is officially the first day of spring, some protected areas still retain signs of mid-winter. This rural-residential scene is at Glen Major in Uxbridge Township. Nestled in the background is the home of Murray Turner, conc. 7.

—Staff Photo

ADAMING AROUND

Marriage breakup

It has been said by many persons who have been through the marriage mill, that there are two main barriers that each and every couple must hurdle before they achieve the ultimate objective of permanent wedded bliss.

The number one hazard occurs exactly ten years after the Mr. carries the Mrs. across the threshold. The husband's eyes begin to wander and focus on every neat and trim little thing that walks on Main Street. For him to err is human, but should that same young thing make a mistake and look back, they could strike a collision course down a one-way track.

The number two trouble spot is age 40. This is the time in a husband's life when he feels his clutch is slipping so he shifts from high to overdrive. He endeavours to do the same things he did at 30 with a lot less effort. It could take him on a quick trip to O'Neill's but what a way to go.

It is no secret in our home. We're headed for double-trouble. Not only are we approaching the ten-year marriage menace but I'm crawling dangerously close to the 40 mileage marker. Mind you, my masculine virility has not yet been questioned nor have any of the town's teens dialled in on my wave length. In both categories, I feel relatively safe. However, a noticeable "break-up" has begun to occur in our home this year. Although the signs were obvious, we gave it very little attention at first. In fact, I even pretended not to notice. This only compounded the problem until now, I feel like at any moment all four walls could crumble down around my ears.

Rather than marital, it's strictly material.

The first incident occurred on New Year's Day. My wife opened the oven door to remove the turkey and the handle jerked off in her hand. It ornamented the top of a kitchen cupboard for several weeks until one night I decided to screw it back. To accomplish this feat, I had to take the inside panel out of the door. Try as I would, it refused to go together again. Now the stove had neither an oven door nor a handle.

The next day, the television blew two tubes. The dryer then went on the hummer and one of the kids fouled up the automatic mechanism on the washer. On one of the coldest nights of the winter, the furnace motor conked out. A replacement lasted less than a week and it seized. Then the sump pump lost its floats and the basement floor was flooded. While the downstairs was in a state of suspended animation, the situation at ground level was even worse. The kitchen table has a gimpy leg that can, without warning, let a dish of hot soup pour violently onto a body's lap. The motor on the refrigerator wheezes at times like a fire siren and the automatic defrost often leaves the canned goods waist deep in water. The taps in the bathroom have all been replaced but still leak and the shower spray is so violent it can drown a person while he's brushing his teeth. In the master bedroom, the Serta sinks in the centre like a hammock and the knobs are missing from the clock-radio. The hallway broadloom is moulting around the edges and the chesterfield is showing signs of wear and tear. But our internal material problems will soon be solved. The idea of March is a sure indicator that spring is just around the corner and my wife is all ready to roll up her sleeves and tackle each and every job. What work she cannot complete herself, she'll have done by professionals. It's during this cleanup, fixup, paintup campaign that I'd really and truly like to leave home. This desire for freedom is only temporary. It has to be. No other woman could possibly possess my wife's kind of patience.

Early Start

While many adults are smoking less and enjoying it more, due to recent tax hikes, the trend is not apparent among young people. It was revealed in a survey recently, that many pupils in the senior grades of public school are possessed by the habit. On Friday we saw a lad puffing his way home from Orchard Park. From his size, it was certain that he had reached the ripe old age of twelve.

Shortest Way

Alleged maltreatment of an employee at the Stouffville High School cafeteria and a threatened boycott of the premises would indicate that the shortest way to a student's heart is through his stomach. The student complaint is that too many cooks are spoiling the broth.

Who Goes There?

Further power failures in the midst of mid-week meetings in Whitchurch Township will prompt a notice of motion from councillor Betty VanNstrand that she be re-located closer to the chambers' emergency exit.

Gold-Plated Shovels

With so much importance being placed on the need for high-level education these days, we fear that the next generation of graduates will lack both the qualifications and the ambition for such menial chores as shovelling snow off sidewalks or digging ditches.

Liberal Communist
This week I received the following unsigned note: Quote — "I always figured that your political leanings were Liberal but not until you came out in support of the Vietnam fund-raising canvass did I realize that you must also be a Communist too. I'm still not sure how one defines a Liberal Communist."

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.