

# Editorials

# Tribune

## This is not in Stouffville

The weekly newspaper in a well known western Ontario town slightly larger than Stouffville, headed an editorial this way: "Are We Going Downhill Here?" The editor goes on to say that citizens are saying the town does not keep up its general appearance. Business places are vacant and some are untidy.

This is definitely not the case in Stouffville. So far as vacant buildings go the town has always had the name of being underbuilt and only on rare occasions are there any buildings available. Stouffville's business facilities are expanding rapidly and on a solid footing. Contractors and decorators are kept busy remodelling and generally keeping stores in ship-shape.

The Village Mall soon to open will add seven new business outlets to the original downtown area and other ex-

pansions are contemplated. In the Stouffville Plaza, accommodation is filling up at a steady pace, three new stores preparing to open within a month.

All these places are neat and tidy and modern in design and will attract hundreds of additional shoppers to town.

Spring clean-up and paint-up time is almost with us and a number of places are undoubtedly preparing to give store fronts a treatment.

The western Ontario weekly predicts that in that town unless some serious moves at renovation and clean-up are made this year, the place will be going "down hill" in a fashion which rates more than a few passing comments.

Citizens in Stouffville can be proud of their business community and its contribution to making this a clean and attractive place to live.

## No times for guessing games

In the issue of November 2, a Tribune editorial entitled "Drug Problem Is No Problem Here" read in part as follows: Fortunately, there has been no suggestion that any students at Stouffville Dist. Secondary School have become so involved. One can only imagine what would happen if one — only one, was so charged. Every boy and girl in attendance would immediately become suspect and the whole matter would become exaggerated out of all proportion. We sincerely hope that such a thing never happens here. But if it does, and it could, we would suggest that all should not be pre-judged for the sins of a foolish few.

Well, it has happened here. During a panel discussion on drugs, at a meeting of the Stouffville United Church Couples' Club, Magistrate David Coon jolted his listening audience with the news that ten young people from this com-

munity had been arrested on drug charges in Yorkville and had appeared in his court. Although he declined to name names, he said that one individual was still in custody. To add more fuel to the fire, he said that 90 per cent of all students in Metro high schools had experimented with marijuana and followed through with the suggestion that the ratio here would be 50 per cent.

We feel that this is a most unfair assumption. To pull figures indiscriminately out of the air, not based on fact, amounts to a guessing game, a kind of guess-who contest, where everyone loses.

If Magistrate Coon is indeed right, and we hope that he's not, then there is just cause for concern. If he is wrong, and we hope that he is, then we feel that in some way, the record should be set straight. No one really knows for sure, not even Mr. Coon.

## To the benefit of all

A businessmen's organization has been established in Stouffville and from the enthusiasm accorded its inception, the future of the association appears promising.

The chairman is Bruce Gallamore of Crest Hardware.

The executive includes five dedicated men — dedicated not only to the success of business ventures in Stouffville, but to the success of Stouffville itself.

The organization has already scored on two very important points. It has created an interest among the merchants here as individuals and among the merchants as a whole. This is the way it should be. It is through this kind of co-operative movement that everyone benefits.

## Drafting making war unpopular

There are mixed emotions and ideas about the Vietnam War right here in Stouffville. This was evident recently in dissent which cropped up on the holding of a tag day for the unfortunate victims of the conflict on both sides.

No war has been so unpopular for many, many years, not only in the United States, but all over the world. The reasons for this unpopularity are quite different in Canada than in the United States. In the cities, towns and countryside of Canada, the horrors and killing of the innocent, the overall destruction make up for the large part of the resentment that is expressed on every hand.

In the United States, there is one bitter pill which we do not experience. This is the fact that the war is being fought by men forced into the service through the draft system. Britain play-

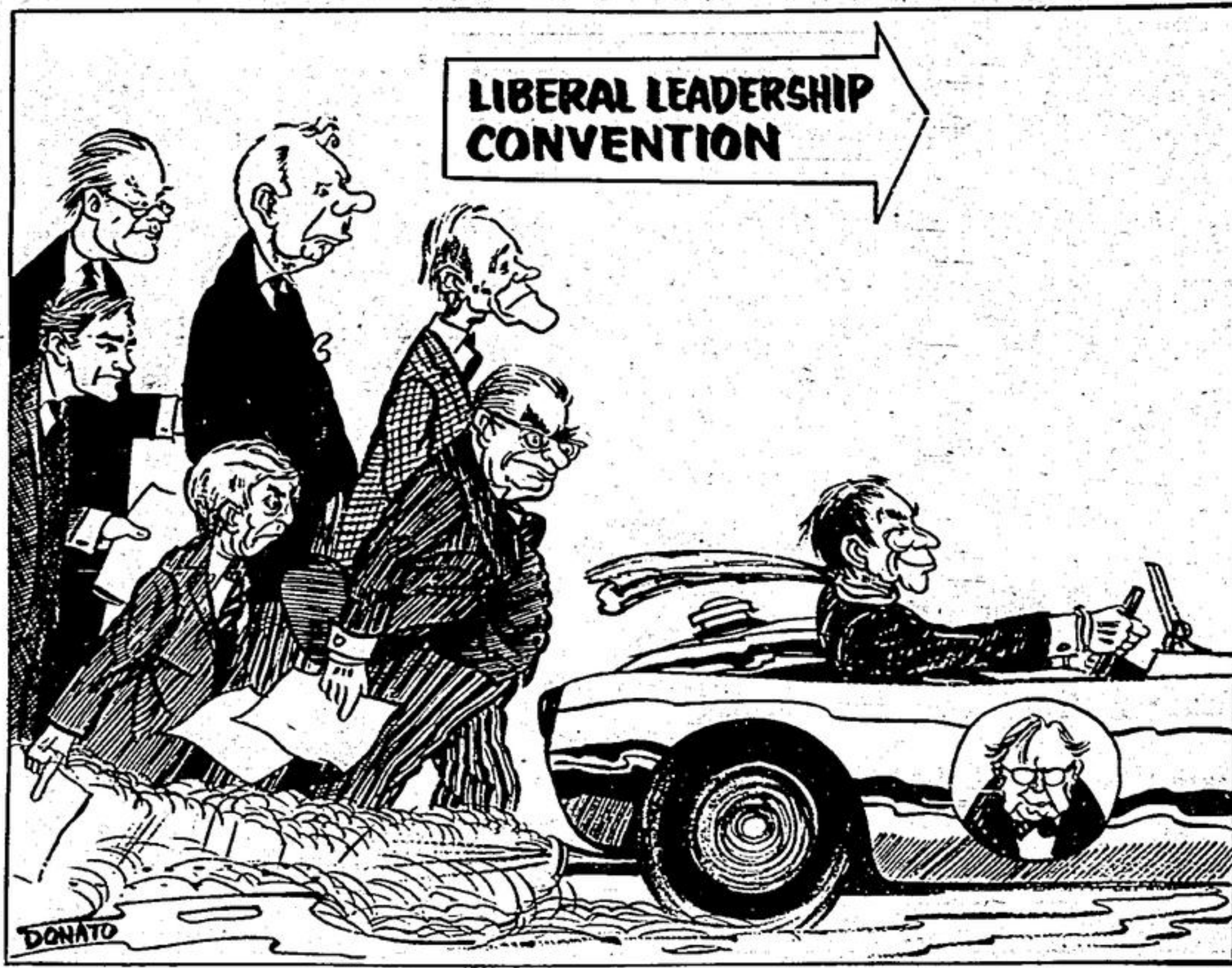
ed this world peace-keeping role for some years on a smaller scale but never with draftees. The system has been used in many countries including our own, but only when the homeland itself was threatened. The States has established a compulsory system whereby it can draft young men to fight anywhere in the world at the simple dictate of the government.

The government must conscript this huge army and transport it half way round the world to fight this unpopular war. In the very early years of the struggle when it was more a police action carried out by American volunteers, objections were small.

In our reading of history we cannot find any place where the draft system was successful unless the defense of the country had a clear connection.



The Stouffville Lions Club, sponsors of the fund-raising campaign for Crippled children, has established a goal of \$2,000 for this area. The Ontario Objective is \$1,400,000. Every little bit helps, so mail your donation this week. The deadline date is April 14.



## SUGAR AND SPICE

### Released from captivity

By BILL SMILEY

Had a taste of utter domestic freedom and peace during the recent holidays. Daughter Kim went off to spend a few days with her Mum in the city. And there I was, all alone in the big house.

For the first time in years, nobody to bug me. Not a soul to tell me it was time to get up or go to bed. Nobody to tell me to stop doing this, or start doing that. Nobody to natter away while I was trying to read the paper.

It was a wild, delicious feeling. Only a man who is beleaguered by women most of his waking hours can appreciate how I felt. I just decided to let 'er rip, go the whole hog and let the chips fall where they might.

First morning I slept right through. Until 8:30. I even lay there, grinning defiantly and said, right out loud, "I won't get up until I feel like it." And there was no argument.

Seven minutes later, instead of the usual juice, toast and coffee, I ripped the cap off a bottle of beer and drank it, right there in the living room, not the kitchen, with my bare feet up on the best chair. It gave me a glorious sense of sheer freedom. And a headache.

But I didn't care. I read the morning paper for 20 minutes straight without being interrupted. Unheard of luxury!

For the rest of the day, I not only threw convention to the wind, but flouted every domestic rule that has been pounded into me in 20 years.

I read a novel instead of marking exam papers. I deliberately let my whiskers grow, right through until noon. I maliciously dirtied every ash-tray in the house. I refused to take out the garbage. I got crumbs all over the kitchen floor and just left them there, crunching happily around in them. I didn't even go down to the basement and do the washing.

I read Mad magazine. I threw a stack of exam papers on the floor and kicked them all over the room. I ripped up a couple of bills that came in the mail.

And I ate whatever and whenever I darned well pleased. Peanut butter and jam sandwich and frozen oyster soup for lunch. With a wine sauce that I never got around to cooking. Didn't eat until some crazy hour. About 12:30.

At dinner time I did the same. Just sneered at the big roast of beef cooked for me before the girls left. Had exactly what I wanted, pork and beans. And exactly when I felt like it. About 6 p.m.

I just let the old dishes pile up anywhere. Didn't even put them in the sink. In fact, I sneered at them a couple of times, as I walked through the kit-

chen looking for somebody to talk to. That night I carried right on with my orgy of freedom. Had a brandy and a cigar somebody gave me six months ago when his wife had a baby. Searched out relentlessly and watched three westerns on TV, including the late-late.

Did I go to bed then? Not on your life. Went down and without so much as a by-your-leave, made myself a big fat roast beef and horseradish sandwich. Washed it down with four cups of my special coffee, the real thing that you can stand a spoon in.

And when I went to bed, it was exactly when I felt like it, with no nagging. It was about 1:30 as I recall. And it was about 4:30 when that snack wore off and I went to sleep.

Next day wasn't so wild or hilarious,

quite. Oh, the freedom was still there. But so were the dishes and crumbs and ash-trays and exam papers. And nobody else. I must admit a small surge of pure rage went through me because nobody had cleaned the place up.

I didn't just give up, though. I went right on dirtying dishes and paddling around in my pyjamas and smoking like a diesel truck.

On the third morning, the cleaning lady arrived. She was a little taken aback when I embraced her heartily. And she was even more surprised when I followed her about all morning, babbling away about nothing.

There's nothing like freedom. Wives should go away and leave their husbands alone for a few days, once a year. It would save a lot of marriages.



## THIS WEEK & NEXT

### Prime Minister Trudeau

By RAY ARGYLE

With the Liberal leadership convention moving into its opening hours, it is more evident than ever that the choice of the party will be determined by the uncommitted delegates.

Numerous surveys back up what most observers have been saying, that Pierre Trudeau, Paul Martin and Paul Hellyer are running 1-2-3 in firm, first ballot commitments.

But the real test of the front-runners will come from the votes of the more than half of the 2,475 delegates who are not pledged in advance to any one candidate.

These delegates, if they break strongly toward any one contender, could decide it all on the very first ballot. But it probably won't happen that way because of the large number (nine) of "serious" candidates in the race.

And after the first ballot, anything can happen because most of the committed delegates are tied to their candidates only as long as each are in the race. It's unlikely that as the losers go down like dominoes, they'll be able to do anything more than "suggest" who their followers might support.

The Liberal leadership convention is thus still a wide open race, and the two candidates whom this figures to benefit the most are Trudeau and John Turner. Trudeau because he is a late-comer with immense popular support but little organized strength outside of Quebec. Turner because of his youth and the fact that he needs all the time he can get to build up his following.

Those who have the most to lose from an unrehearsed convention are those with their greatest strength in the party machinery. Long experience, loyal cabinet service and past political favors will count for little once the excitement and emotion of the convention grips the delegates. This will be especially true if one of the candidates is able to make a really stirring speech and impress the convention the way Robert Stanfield suddenly swept to the fore at the Conservative convention.

Convention politics being what they are, the big loser thus has to be Paul Martin, who is making his last desper-

ate bid for power but risks suffering an ignoble defeat as overtook John Diefenbaker.

And what of Robert Winters, generally acknowledged to be the other chief contender alongside Messrs. Trudeau, Martin, Hellyer and Turner?

He, too, will benefit from the openness of the convention, and in fact, looks more and more like the candidate around whom a last-ditch "Stop Trudeau" move could develop.

Look, then, for Pierre Trudeau to top the first ballot when voting gets under way in Ottawa Saturday, followed by Robert Winters, Paul Hellyer and John Turner. Don't be surprised if Paul Martin is the disappointment of the convention, shunted back into the ranks of the also-rans. And you can forget about Mitchell Sharp, Allan MacEwen, Joe Greene or Eric Kierans — they won't last beyond two ballots.

The two chief rivals, Winters and Trudeau, reflect differences which run deeper than just their racial backgrounds. While Winters perfectly represents the stodgy, but reliable Anglo-Saxon upper middle class businessman, Trudeau appears to offer more than just the expected French-Canadian savoir-faire which would stamp a well-to-do Quebec intellectual.

Trudeau, by bidding for federal power, shapes up as the one French-Canadian who can keep Quebec in Confederation. But perhaps even more important, his willingness to innovate and to try bold, new policies marks him as a man in tune with the swirling social change around him.

Walter Lippmann commented that the most important asset of a natural leader is his ability to get a country on the move, toward the solution of its problems. This is even more important, he noted, than the solutions themselves. And as John F. Kennedy did this for the United States at the beginning of the Sixties, so perhaps can Pierre Trudeau — if the Liberals give him the chance — do likewise for Canada at the end of the Sixties. The Liberals owe it to the country to give him that chance.

# ADAMING AROUND

## The good old days

In the whirl of our workaday world, every man deserves a break. I care not whether he's a minister, a butcher, a baker or a newspaper editor, there comes a time when he has a just right to pack it all in and get away for a while. Some of the more fortunate souls enjoy this privilege one and even two days every week. A minority group, that includes myself, must keep the proverbial nose to the grindstone from Monday through Sunday plus nights. Labor laws, as strict as they may seem, have yet to establish any controls over occurrences of news events. For instance, Mrs. McGillicuddy could get straddled the back yard picket fence at any minute of any hour of any day. Brother, let me tell you, a spot newshound doesn't snap that kind of picture with his head buried under the blankets.

When then do I and Mr. Underwood part company, you ask? Usually on a Saturday afternoon around four o'clock. I take a stroll down Main Street and drop into "Shine" Davis' Tobacco shop. It is at this very location that the history of Stouffville has been told and re-told a thousand times. Few folks know more or can tell it better than "Shine" Davis himself.

It was just last Saturday that I stopped in for a chat. I was immediately made welcome and ushered into the back room conference quarters. My host seated himself down, tailor-style on a near-by stool and began to recall "the good old days." "Yep," he said, "times have sure changed since I was a boy around here. Do you know that I'll be 79 on April 9?"

"Why, that's the same date as mine," I answered. "I knew we had something in common."

"Yep, times have sure changed," he continued. "I remember, it was just this time of year, we could hardly wait to get our boots off and go barefoot. And George Storey, we grew as kids together. We'd often go fishin' out to Ringwood or down to Dickson's Hill. In the summer, a bunch of us used to dam up the creek in the park and go swimmin'. Young couples didn't need cars to get around. They'd walk up and down the street together or go skatin'.

He'd take her home, she'd give him a lunch and that was that. Dr. Walt Sangster had the first car. I couldn't tell you what breed it was. It would go puttin' along. The horses were scared stiff and the older folks, didn't know quite what to make of it. Jonas Boyer, he ran a mill on the Mantle farm, he was also one of the first to own a car. And Dr. Ira Freel. He'd take a trip to Florida and then they'd hold a meeting in the church and he'd tell the folks all about it. To go to Florida was somethin' wonderful in those days, now they get on a plane and are there in a few hours.

And taxes, in 1921 they were \$33.00 on my place. Last year they were \$378.00. This year they'll be close to \$400.00. You wonder where it's all going to end. I remember when John Monkhouse would put cuffs on a pair of pants for 15c and you could buy a tailor-made suit for \$10. They'd make a suit in two days, John Monkhouse would make the pants and vest. Christie Armstrong would make the coat. Why, you could buy three plugs of chewin' tobacco for a quarter and a good sized rooster for Christmas dinner cost only 25c. I was overseas in 1917 and I received a letter from my Dad. He said he'd taken a job working on the Summitview school at \$1.50 per day. They get up to \$4.50 per hour now.

It makes one wonder how folks ever raised a family on those wages, but everybody seemed to be just as happy and just as healthy. Of course, we ate oatmeal, potatoes and turnips. Now, they cater to the kids too much.

And we had a few characters around in those days. Harry Perry, the town constable was one of them. He used to use a pair of spy glasses to get the numbers of speeding cars. I don't think he ever caught anybody. And then there was A. I. Pryne. He used to sweep the streets and along with Wilfred Nighswander would ring the bell. I can remember one day, someone stopped A. I. and asked him the name of "this one-horse town." A. I. told him that if he had his job he'd know that the town had more than just one horse. And then there was "Cuffy" Johnson. A bunch of the guys got together and built him a house down in the park. Casper Stover organized the bee. Building by-laws? There wasn't such a thing. You could build anything you wanted where you wanted. I remember the old bucket brigade. The firemen used to keep their utensils in a little house next to the Powder Puff Beauty Parlor. Later, they got a rig that they pulled by hand. Yep, I remember the night Daley's Hall burned down. I didn't know about it 'til the next morning. Levi Hoover had an implement office in it and George Sanders a boot and shoe repair. Over in Reg Button's house there was a weigh scales. T. J. Dougall had it. He was also a town constable. He used to keep bees in the back. And the old corduroy road, it was awful in spots.

Yep, those were the good old days; but I suppose twenty-five years from now, folks will look back to now and say the same thing. But just think, three plugs of tobacco for 25c and a whole rooster for a quarter."

Yes, twenty-five years from now, folks will surely look back and think of the present as "the good old days" of the past. They will also remember a backroom tailor who was never that busy that he couldn't take the time to talk awhile. Happy birthday from all of us to you.

## Editor's Mail

### DID OUR BEST

Dear Editor


As a student of Stouffville I would like to comment on the article you contributed to the edition of The Tribune March 21, concerning the program displayed by the Stouffville students March 15.

You stated, quote "We contend that the program should be limited to only music, comedy without comedians is not funny." Many of the adults I spoke to seemed to feel that the show had many amusing jokes and incidents. It appears your sense of humor must be stale if you cannot laugh at a joke without having it acted out.

You did not appreciate the "loud" music. Our aim was to please teenagers as well as adults attending the show. There are also many adults I know who are "teenagers" at heart. We tried to bring in talent from all different sources. We did not want one person to dominate the program.

This sentence was also stated, quote "Had the bad numbers been withdrawn entirely, the show of 1968 would have sold itself for 1969." I feel there were no "bad" numbers. As amateurs I can assure you we tried to do our best.

Thank you, Evangeline Adams



## The Tribune

Established 1888

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