

Editorials

Tribune

Keeping the lid on

Most Stouffville residents will take some satisfaction in the fact that planning board is keeping the lid on residential sub-division development. The board was bombarded last week with requests for permission to build hundreds of living units in town and pressure in this direction will continue.

While it is a known fact that neither the sewerage system nor the water system is presently prepared to cope with further developments over and above those to which they are already committed, it is nevertheless good planning to keep the check-rein tight.

Stouffville is able to absorb a limited amount of expansion each year without being pushed into gigantic service problems and has proceeded in this manner for a number of years. The third problem which faces any board which wishes to open up the gate to more residential development

is the lack of industrial assessment. Moves are being made to get some help in this direction.

For most residents there is nothing for them in having hundreds of more homes except more taxes. More taxes are to pay for the added services the new homes require and which the sub-dividers' contributions do not cover.

At the present time the total number of lots which have been approved for residential building numbers slightly more than two hundred, two-thirds of these being in the west end. These will possibly all be handled by the end of 1970.

The Planning Board has indicated that it has drawn the line at this point and will not be moved until sewers, water and industrial assessment show ability to absorb more. The stand is not popular with developers but it can do no harm to the present residents.

By-elections an indication

The Liberal convention is over but the memory lingers on. Mr. Trudeau is riding the crest of nationwide popularity and it may last until he has made a few mistakes. His stock is high and the Conservatives would appear to have little chance against him in an immediate election.

However, a test of just how his popularity is lasting will come on

June 17 unless the new prime minister decides to go for a late summer or fall election. In this case, by-elections would not be necessary.

There will be real interest in this test of strength and it could be a real indication of which way the wind is blowing for the major parties. It will be a test of public reaction to the choice of the leadership convention.

What they like to see

What does a weekly newspaper subscriber enjoy seeing most? An editor in the United States composed a list of answers to a questionnaire on this subject with the following result:

1. My name.
2. A front page article showing how crooked the city government is most of the time.
3. My wife's name.
4. A feature article showing 25 ways on how to beat the income tax form.
5. My kids' names.
6. A local news item about the affair my neighbor is having.
7. A classified ad offering a new home for sale for \$4,000.00.
8. More news about law breakers.
9. Less news about law breakers. I was picked up last night and I should not have to pay a fine.
10. An editorial condemning high

school teachers for being too liberal with "F's."

11. A wedding picture of the groom instead of the bride when he is more handsome than she is pretty.

12. A sports picture of me when I bowled 183.

13. More advertisements on things that merchants are giving away.

14. A front page picture of my neighbor being hauled out of the bar by his wife.

15. A front page spread about the deadbeat who lives across the street from me who just had his car repossessed.

16. Forget the last one. I just got word from the finance company that they're coming after my car.

17. More letters to the editor naming the crooks we have in town.

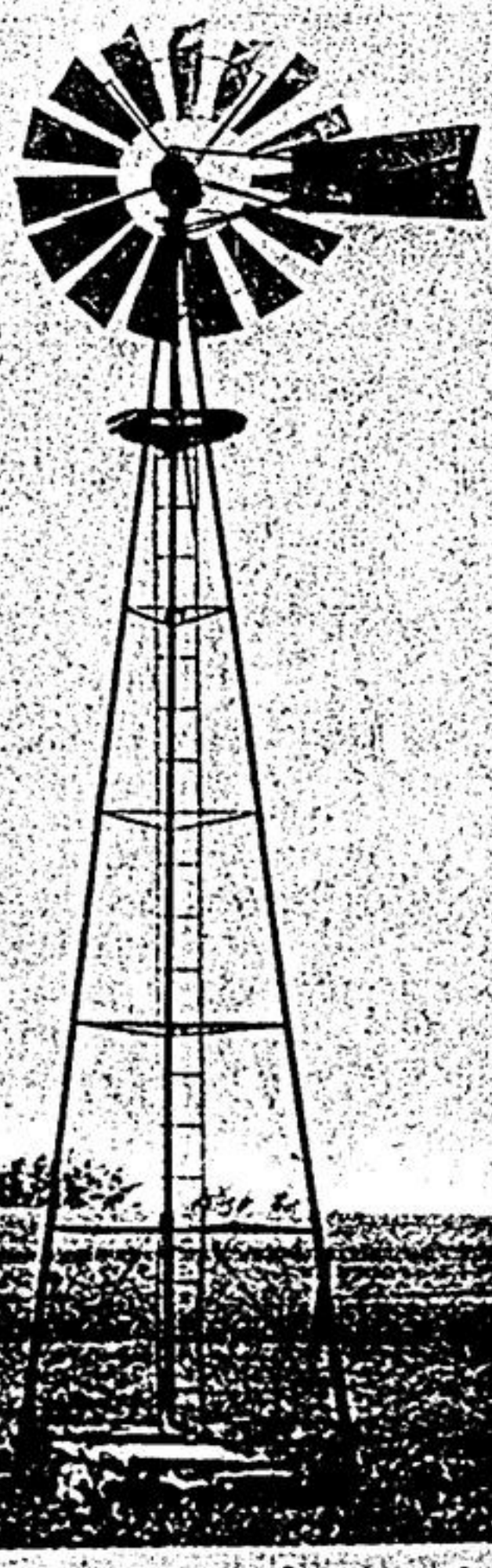
A childish stunt

The executive of the Stouffville Minor Hockey Association hosted an eight-team Bantam tournament in the Stouffville Arena Saturday. The entire program was exceptionally well organized and the competition in most games was extremely keen.

One incident marred the day's activities and it involved not a boy, as one might expect, but an adult who should have known better.

The coach of the Woodbridge club, irritated over a penalty to one of his lads, left the box to protest the referee's ruling. When ordered off the ice, he refused to go. When ordered out of the game, he took his entire team with him, much to the displeasure of many of his own players.

We would question the conduct of any coach who would pull such a childish stunt.



A silent rural sentinel

The windmill, once a convenient pumping station on many farms, is slowly becoming a thing of the past. This "silent sentinel" is on the property of Edgerton Pegg, Claremont, R.R. 2.

—Staff Photo



How difficult the getting out . . . how easy getting in . . .



SUGAR AND SPICE

Oh, to fly once more

By BILL SMILEY

We used to have a superstition in my air force days about things happening in threes. Everything would go along well for a week or two, then the roof would fall in. We'd lose three pilots in one day.

Or one pilot would have three extremely hairy experiences in a row, a bail-out, a crash-landing, a fire.

It happened often enough so that you began to believe in it. In war time, superstitions tend to become principles. It happened to me. One day I was hit by everything but the kitchen sink and came home with 32 holes in my aircraft including one about 18 inches in diameter, and just two feet from my seat. I had to land without flaps and brakes. Nothing much left except a chewed up piece of metal almost useless, and a white faced pilot almost equally useless.

Next day, one of my bombs developed a hang-up and I had to land with the thing detonated and ready to blow, dangling from under my left wing. This didn't improve my morale much, either.

People started avoiding me. The third day I was shot down and taken prisoner. Met Paddy Byrne of Dublin, one of the few survivors of my squadron, in a London subway station after the war, and he told me the boys were running a pool on when I'd get it.

But that was in the old days, when men were men and boys were terrified. At least I was. However, the war was peaceful compared to present days. Now, things don't come in threes, but in sixes and sevens.

Same pattern. Things go along OK for a while and then the gods clobber you with everything they have.

The other night, for example, Kim and I were preparing for one of our exotic dinners. It was a peaceful, domestic scene. She was playing the piano. I was right on top of the dinner. The rainbow trout were crisping nicely, the baked potatoes were baked, and I was just giving the canned corn that extra little stir that makes it so delicious, when the doorbell rang.

It was our neighbor. The one on the left, where the bank robbers were caught last year. It was about 30 degrees outside, and his internal temperature was around 212. He wanted to use the phone. He was about to kill the man on the other side of his house because he was needling him. He phoned his Mom asking her to come and stop him.

Letter To The Editor

Why the outcry?

Dear Sir: For the past two weeks your paper has carried stories concerning the old Levi Storry house near Glen Major in Uxbridge Twp. The issue has since snowballed out of all proportion until now, the whole community seems concerned.

I'm not one of them. The house is now gone and should be forgotten. Some folks, it seems, are always wanting to restore everything as long as they spend someone else's money.

The property has been falling into a state of disrepair for years but until now, not a single soul has shown any concern. As soon as the Conservation Authority attempt to improve the site, there is great weeping and wailing by everyone.

It's time a few people employed a little common sense. I'm all for saving things if the project is practical. This particular one is not.

Sincerely,
A Nearby Neighbor

It's rather difficult to avoid hearing this sort of thing when you are five feet away, poking the potatoes and flipping the fish. Anyway, two hours and a couple of beers later, I hadn't had my dinner but my neighbor had and he was cooled out enough to go home to bed.

Well, that's the way things went all week. Next morning, I almost murdered myself, putting out the garbage. The cans are in a little stoop, with a lid over it, made of two-by-fours. I pushed back the lid and started to wrestle out one can, which was frozen to the bottom, when the damn lid fell, clunked me on the forehead almost knocking me senseless. Dripping blood, I staggered off to work.

That week-end I was caught in one of those last-kick-of-winter storms and

died a thousand deaths, creeping through wind and snow and drifts, a four and a half-hour trip that normally takes two hours.

Had a fight with my daughter, which she won. My wife is having an operation. My plies are screaming. The back yard, because we didn't get the leaves raked last fall, looks like Hiroshima. Ten people want me to have a committee meeting about nothing. We had a cloud burst and my cellar's full of water. Half the light bulbs in the house are burnt out and you need a ladder to replace most of them. I nearly cut my entire upper lip off when I slipped on soap when shaving. And I haven't paid or even thought about my income tax.

I wonder whether they take old guys back into the air force, where things only happen in threes.



THIS WEEK & NEXT

A just society

By RAY ARGYLE

The new Prime Minister's promise of a "Just Society" for Canada has been compared with President Johnson's vision of a "Great Society" in the United States. We now know the U.S., for all its power and productivity, is today further away than ever from building a society which is truly great.

The Great Society of President Johnson's dream has floundered on the selfishness and bigotry of millions of Americans who were afraid to face the challenge of sharing their comfort with their fellow citizens who lived in discomfort.

This bigotry at home infected American foreign policy. It dragged the U.S. into a war in Asia which history will probably record as one of the most senseless and self-defeating adventures ever undertaken by the white man in the Orient.

By the time the President finally realized his policies were sinking the country deeper into civil insurrection in the ghettos, it was too late.

The Great Society is dead. The widow of Martin Luther King said: "This is a sick society, infested with racism and violence."

Because Americans were unwilling to finance a war on poverty at the same time they were waging a war in Asia, the U.S. lost domestic tranquility at the same time as it lost the battle of Vietnam. The U.S. could have financed both wars but its leaders lacked the political skill to rally its people to both causes.

And when President Johnson finally sued for peace in Vietnam (and this is what he did, let there be no mistaking it), it was too late to re-fuel the war against poverty. The anarchists had taken over.

So is talk of a "Just Society" in Canada either foolish or pretentious? Is it merely a cheap political catch-phrase calculated to inspire faith in a new leader . . . faith which he has not yet earned?

As Pierre Trudeau said in one of his last speeches as Justice Minister, we all know that there are still injustices in Canada.

It is therefore both proper and practical that Canada should chart its course to become a Just Society with economic, social and legal justice for all its citizens, everywhere in the land.

It is practical because Canada has the wealth to be able to afford both economic and social justice. It has the tradition which makes anything less than full-legal justice repugnant to its citizens. The hanging tree never grew tall in Canada.

Canada is engaged in no reckless wars abroad. It happily has no all-consuming color problem at home. Its major racial division is being overcome by good will and leadership on both sides.

Any Canadian over 35 or 40 years of age realizes that tremendous changes have overcome this country during our lifetime. Change has been especially great in the past 20 years.

The Canada from which most of us have sprung was a Canada much poorer than the Canada we know today. It was poor in financial resources, poor in artistic talent, poor in technical skills, poor in social conscience. It was poor in everything but financial resources.

We are today still rich in those natural resources, but rich also in everything which makes a great nation, except perhaps sheer numbers.

With this measure of richness, Canada can indeed create a Just Society, whether we call it that or not, and regardless of who sits in the Prime Minister's office.

Meanwhile, Pierre Trudeau, the man, has captivated the nation with personality the like of which has not been seen before in Canadian political life.

His background is impeccable. He springs from a wealthy French-Scottish, Montreal family, has been educated at the finest universities in North America and Europe, has travelled widely, pursued a distinguished university career, acted as an economic consultant to the Canadian government in the early 1950's and was a front-rank spokesman for the democratic forces which challenged the Duplessis regime in Quebec.

ROAMING AROUND

Move over Jack

I've reached a milestone in my life — a longevity period that Jack Benny brags about and most women keep silent about.

I'm 39.

The historic event occurred on April 9 — a Tuesday. It couldn't have come on a more abnormal day of the week. It began at 7 a.m. and finished several hours after midnight. In addition to the usual trials and tribulations common only to a weekly newspaper editor, I was immersed to the elbows in country correspondence, film developer and unsigned letters from a half-dozen irate readers.

My wife and the kids had arranged a real colorful party to mark the occasion. It was all supposed to be a deep, dark secret but I knew full well from all the whisperings behind my back that some kind of surprise was in the wind.

Their high hopes were soon to be dealt two crushing blows.

The first disappointment occurred at noon. I had time only to grab a coffee and a hamburger. I called to say I couldn't make it after the dinner was already on the table. The last-minute announcement was received with all the jovial buoyancy of a lead balloon.

The worst was yet to come.

With hand-scrawled cards, gifts and a cake with 39 candles decoratively displayed atop the dining room table, I had to go and ruin the whole affair by saying that I wouldn't be home for supper either. The kids cried and their mother was speechless. As cruel as the decision might have seemed at the time, there was just no other way. I had hoped that they would understand. And they did, after the initial shock wave subsided.

Come Wednesday, the stage was set a second time and we all gorged on cake and ice cream until it was fairly oozing out our ears. Two hours and three tummy aches later, all were tucked into bed.

Dad, a somewhat selfish, slightly irresponsible and certainly unappreciative father on Tuesday had, within a period of one day become the hero of them all.

"How old is 39?" asked the youngest as she drifted off to dreamland.

"Old enough to be a father," came a voice from another room.

"And maybe even a grandfather," replied a third.

"That was yesterday," I answered.

Slightly Suspicious

The absence of deputy-reeve Bill Parsons from the April 4 meeting of Stouffville Town Council has aroused some suspicion as to his political allegiance. Mr. Parsons fervently denies that he embarked on a side-trip in secret to attend the Liberal Convention in Ottawa.

Not Seeing Things

The ghost of A. I. Pryne may once again walk the streets of Stouffville. The town works department has acquired the services of a hand-operated street cleaner, but Reeve Ken Lushway says he will not approve its purchase until he has had an opportunity to try out the gadget himself.

Out-Dated

While young couples may have their favorite (s) parking spots these days, they're no longer the back roads of townships surrounding Stouffville. In our travels after-hours so far this spring, we have yet to interrupt a single pair of sideline smoochers. For the roving Romeos who may yet seek the serenity of the rural regions, a word of warning. Stay clear of 19th Avenue, Markham, east of conc. 10. Constable Richard Pike of the township police tried it recently and his cruiser almost disappeared from sight. He had to call on assistance of Les Wilson's tow truck to remove him from the mire. Unfortunately, in this case, he was travelling alone.

While we are in complete agreement with a proposal to establish a controlled racing track for stock car owners in this area, drivers from the district are not helping their own cause one bit by turning the main street of Stouffville into a "dragstrip" as was witnessed here one night last week.

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