

Editorials

Tribune

Accommodation to meet a need

This week a questionnaire will be sent out to more than 450 persons in Stouffville, over 58 years of age, to determine the need and demand for senior citizen accommodation here.

The study has been requested by the council of the Village of Stouffville and the result will be assessed by officials of the Ontario Housing Corporation. All persons within the stipulated age limit who receive a letter from the Clerk's office are urged to complete the questionnaire in full.

If the need for senior citizens' housing is apparent, a government-sponsored apartment building will be erected here, with unit rentals geared to the income of each applicant. The minimum is \$32 per month including services.

This project, if approved, would be a wonderful thing for Stouffville and in particular, the residents here who require and deserve this kind of high calibre accommodation at moderate

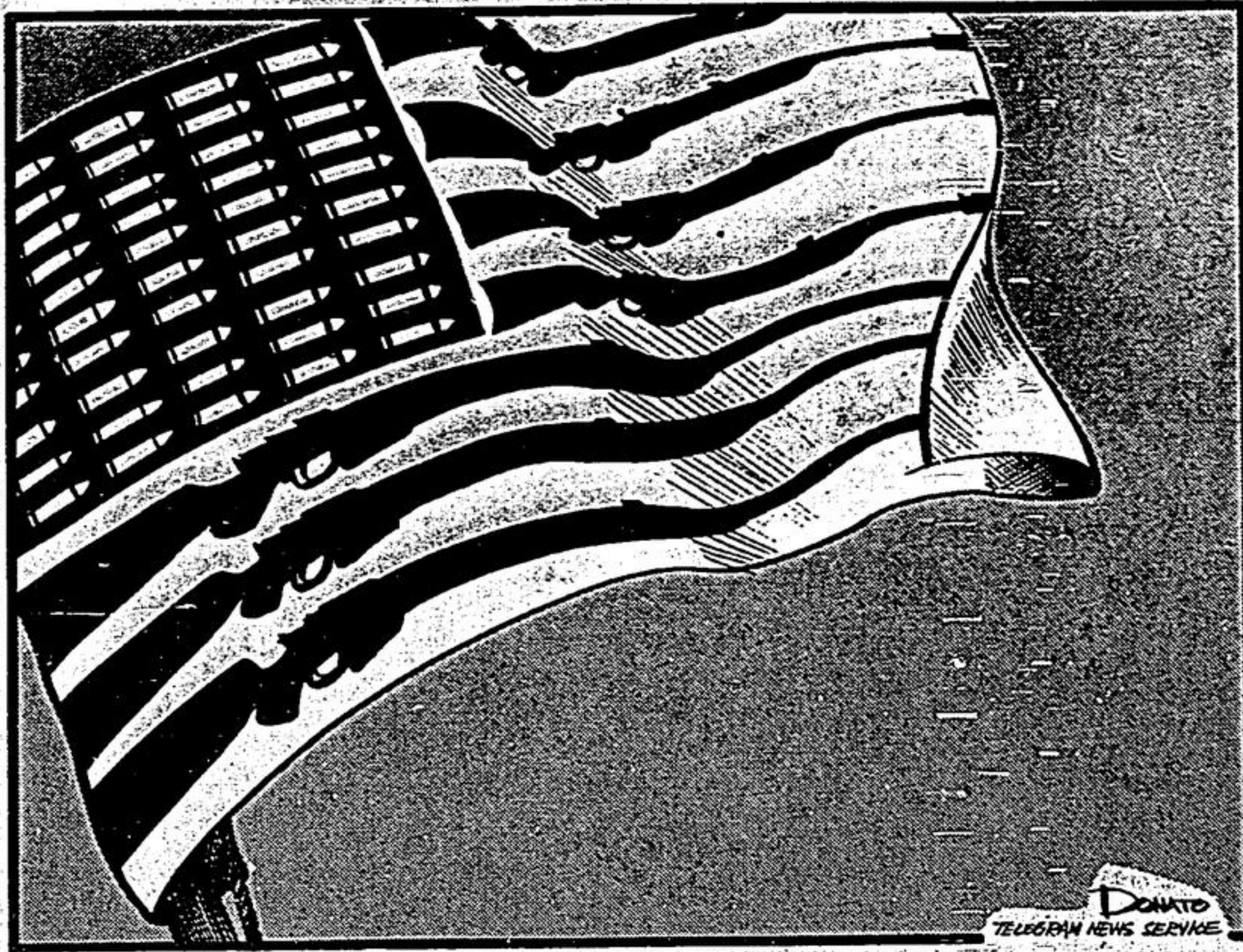
cost. But the project cannot become a reality without 100 per cent co-operation of eligible participants.

To aid residents in filling out the forms, that contain some questions of a personal nature, assistance will be provided by the Reeve, Ken Laushway; the clerk, Ralph Corner; the manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Mr. Williams; the manager of the Imperial Bank of Commerce, Mr. Reed; solicitor H. R. Button or any of the resident ministers.

For persons who wish to see a senior citizens' apartment on location, buildings comparable to the one that may be built here are now in use at Newmarket and Richmond Hill.

The Stouffville council has been successful in bringing this matter to the attention of the Ontario Government. The rest is now up to the ones who will benefit most from it.

Do your part, and help yourself and your neighbor



ADAMING AROUND

Twelve days to go

Although the June 25 election date is only twelve days away, many in this area, including myself, feel that the campaign has already been dragged to death. The electorate appears to be growing a trifle weary of the drum beating for votes and the hectic rat race of the past few weeks is having a detrimental effect on the politicians, too. If the campaign trail could be cut in half, the interest of the voters would be maintained to the very end and the successful candidates wouldn't require bank loans to purchase one-way tickets to Ottawa.

To a point, I'm as enthusiastic as the next guy, but about now, the glamour of it all is beginning to run a bit thin. I must admit, however, that like thousands of others, I was caught up in the Trudeau "spell" when he visited Markham, May 25, but I still say that the public relations committee of the Liberal Party needs a thorough overhauling before the next federal campaign rolls around. For instance, when former Prime Minister Lester Pearson had his Maple Leaf flag approved by Parliament several years ago, I rushed to the nearest five and dime and purchased an emblem for the car radio aerial. I soon hauled it down when I learned it was made in Japan. Then, only two weeks ago, my wife, also bitten by the bug, ordered for me a lovely Trudeau turtle-neck as a pre-Fathers' Day gift. I wore it only once and then returned it to the box from whence it came. For on the back, plainly stamped for all to see was the inscription — MADE BY STANFIELD.

Still on the election front, Alma Walker is rapidly becoming recognized as the candidate-kissing reeve of Markham Village. She allowed Mr. Trudeau to kiss her left gloved hand before an audience of 5,000 and then, to prove she doesn't play favorites, returned the compliment with a peck on the cheek of York North Conservative, Gordon Hurlburt. We understand that Jack Grant is waiting in the wings or is it Tommy Douglas?

While Bill Parsons, P.C., Q.C., pleads innocence, his neighbor, Jack Valleau, would dearly love to get his hands on the culprit, who tore his front lawn Roberts' sign to shreds, Saturday night.

It must be rather discouraging for the folks on Albert Street, South in Stouffville, who try to keep their properties neat and tidy all summer and still endure the unsightly surroundings at the former Goldfish Supply Company plant. If the weeds there grow any higher, they'll soon obscure the "For Sale" sign and what a shame that would be.

On Saturday afternoon, while in Markham Village, I spotted a small lad about three years old, standing in the eastbound lane of traffic on Highway No. 7, near the intersection of Highway 48. I led the little guy, to safety and suggested that I would be pleased to drive him home. "Don't bother," he replied, "my Mom and Dad are both at work."

Also in Markham, the sign outside a service station advertised cut-rate gasoline at 39.9 cents and yet the price at the pumps was 41.9 and that's what I paid. Talk about inflation.

While driving east from Green River, I spotted a farmer on what appeared to be a nearly new tractor. I stopped and so did he. "Whatcha looking at son?" he called out in a friendly way. "Your tractor," I replied. "How do you keep it in such beautiful condition?" "Don't let the outside fool you," he answered, "the motor's about shot — burns more oil than gas. Hope to sell'er. You know, it's really amazing what a fella can cover up with a brush and a little paint." Yup, there's one born every minute.

A group of new Canadians were working in Stouffville when one of their number decided to purchase a carton of soft drinks at Shine Davis' on Main Street. He returned promptly with the bottles but neglected to bring an opener. The problem was quickly solved. The huskiest of the group snapped the tops off with ease between his teeth.

Home front first

There is no secret about the long-standing aversion of those of the Mennonite faith to violence in Canada and the United States. The group has opposed wars and refused to serve in the military forces. These religious beliefs were recognized a long time ago and they were granted special concessions.

From Kitchener, headquarters of the Mennonite community and taking in groups in the Markham-Stouffville locality, comes word of a campaign to be mounted to assist draft dodgers from the United States by finding

them employment in Canada.

The timing is certainly bad, coming just at a time when Canadian students are finding it most difficult to locate employment all across the country.

Such a move to give draft dodgers employment means employment denied Canadians.

Before they get into organizing support for U.S. students whose motives, to say the least, are mixed, it would be a good idea to think of the well-worn adage: "charity begins at home."

Police Villages are dead

The Trustee Board of the Police Village of Unionville is still debating the pros and cons of dissolving the present status of the municipality to become an integral part of the Township of Markham.

This issue, if it is such, was the subject of discussion at a public meeting five years ago, but it seems the Board is no nearer a decision now

than it was then.

The truth is, progress (or the lack of it) will soon be making the decision for the Board. Services are required on every side, but costs are prohibitive. Trustees, hesitant to make a move, are merely marking time and so is the village.

The trend today is toward larger areas of governmental control. Police villages are dead.

Promises without a hope

All the leaders in the present political race jumped on the sports theme by offering to do something about dictating where the NHL can place franchises and putting up a better show at the Olympics.

Stanfield, Trudeau and Douglas have all expressed concern about these athletes and have come up with various suggestions such as appointing committees to look into the matter. There is no great difference in the approach from all three leaders.

The point is that the facts are simple and don't require any committee or investigators to point out the difficulty. In the case of the Olympics, the big question is one of sufficient funds and training facilities. Any existing

sports organization has the answer.

The idea from the politicians that they can dictate to the NHL where it will place franchises is just a myth. This is private business and will not be dictated to by anything outside of the box office. Most of the teams are now American owned and there is a good chance that before long the entire direction of the business will move across the border.

The political leaders can talk and promise and stir up national sports pride, but it is most unlikely that the Canadian government could ever have the power to dictate the question of franchises. The personal knowledge of sports by Messrs Stanfield, Trudeau and Douglas is apparently very limited.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Me and Charlie

By BILL SMILEY

How would you like to be 17, spring time and sick? Well, my daughter doesn't like it much, either. She's been cooped up in the house for about six weeks, while the sun grows warmer, the grass greener, the leaves leafier and the juices of 17 year olds course through their blood stream.

Mononucleosis. Never heard of it? Neither had I, until it entered our domain. It was as remote as malaria, hepatitis and jungle mouth. But it seems that everybody I meet has a niece or granddaughter who has had it. These people almost invariably tell you that it takes about a year to get over it.

Then there are the others, who don't know anything about it, except, (and they chortle) it's known as The Kissing Disease. I have been told this at least eight times a day since Kim came down with the scourge, and the next person who uses the term, even if it's a sweet, little old gray-haired lady, is going to get a punch right in the nose. I'm absolutely certain that my daughter has never kissed anybody in her life except her dear old Mum and Dad. Well, fairly certain.

Picture a caged tigress, eyes burning with yearning for a good bite of some of that life walking by the cage, and you have Kim. Then picture the same tigress, toppling over on her side and rolling up her eyes until only the whites are showing, and you also have Kim.

It's a most peculiar business. It seems to occur to those who have become run-down, physically and emotionally. A lot of college students incur the thing in the spring, when the pressures are heavy, exams are looming, and they are generally pooped.

Some of my best friends have suggested that Kim was in a weakened condition from eating my cooking all winter. This is a dirty lie. She put on weight.

One of the frustrating things about it is that there's no medication or cure for it, except time and the body's natural resilience. I would suggest that, if your body has no natural resilience, if you can't touch your toes, you're a candidate. Put that in your throat and lump it.

Perhaps, the worst thing about Kim's condition is that her sleeping schedule is all out of whack. She can sleep until 2 p.m. and about nine o'clock at night begins to come alive and pads around the cage until the tiny hours, switching lights on and off, flushing things, and playing records. Gets to sleep at 5 a.m. and is dead for 12 hours.

However, that's enough about mono. Just wanted to give you the symptoms in case your kid has it. Normally, in spring, we tip-toe among the tulips. This spring, we tip-toe around the tigress.

This is not enough. My wife is about to undergo an operation, and even though she hasn't had it yet, she's an expert. She has talked to about 20 women who have had it, and entertains me with gay little details about ovaries and uteruses and stuff daily. Usually at meal hours.

Every time the phone rings she

breaks into a cold sweat and palpitations. I called from work at lunch hour the other day, to ask whether it was worth while coming home for a corned beef sandwich, and she almost fainted dead away, thinking it was the hospital calling.

She has her bag packed, her pyjamas washed, and her will made. She washes her hair every day, in case she's called. Her legs are raw from shaving them every day.

Some people tell her she'll be a year getting over it; others, three

weeks. This makes summer plans rather uncertain. I'm seriously thinking of setting up a nursing home. Limited, of course, to post-operative cases and kids with mono. I'll be an expert, and might as well cash in, if I have to do the cooking and housework anyway.

I guess I shouldn't kick. I haven't the guts to keep a dental appointment. I am turned to stone at the sight of a hypodermic needle.

But it looks like a tough summer ahead for me and President DeGaulle.



THIS WEEK & NEXT

The sick society

By RAY ARGYLE

The acts of assassins and would-be assassins are invariably the acts of lonely, demented men. But the now common-place attacks on the lives of American leaders must be considered as something more than individual, private insanities.

The whole of American society must bear responsibility for the events of Los Angeles, of Memphis and of Dallas.

These three events in five years, plus thousands of individual acts of political violence, ranging from murders of civil rights workers to the bombing deaths of little colored girls as they prayed in church in the South, write a stark, final chapter to sanity in the political life of the United States.

For the United States in the 1960s — that decade which beckoned so brightly with the promise of a New Frontier — has become a cauldron of hatred, violence and division.

The great republic of the United States, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the pursuit of happiness, has reached a watershed in its 192-year history.

Its citizenry is gripped in the vice of a brutal racism which denies the privileges of democracy to 20 million of its people.

Its legislators, blinded by the petty, poor worth of a backwoods vote, permits the virtually uncontrolled traffic in guns which has now sent a bullet singing into the brain of another Kennedy.

The values for which the American nation has so long stood have always been admired by Canadians.

This is no longer the case. We must continue to share this world with America. But we can no longer share our heart with her.

Canada's Prime Minister commented last week that the American empire was collapsing, just as the European empire had collapsed at the end

of the last war.

The United States is certainly collapsing in the sense that events within its borders have deprived it of any claim it may have had to moral leadership in the world.

Of course, millions of Americans are innocent of the dark events written above. But because the United States has claimed to be a responsible democracy, they must accept their share of guilt.

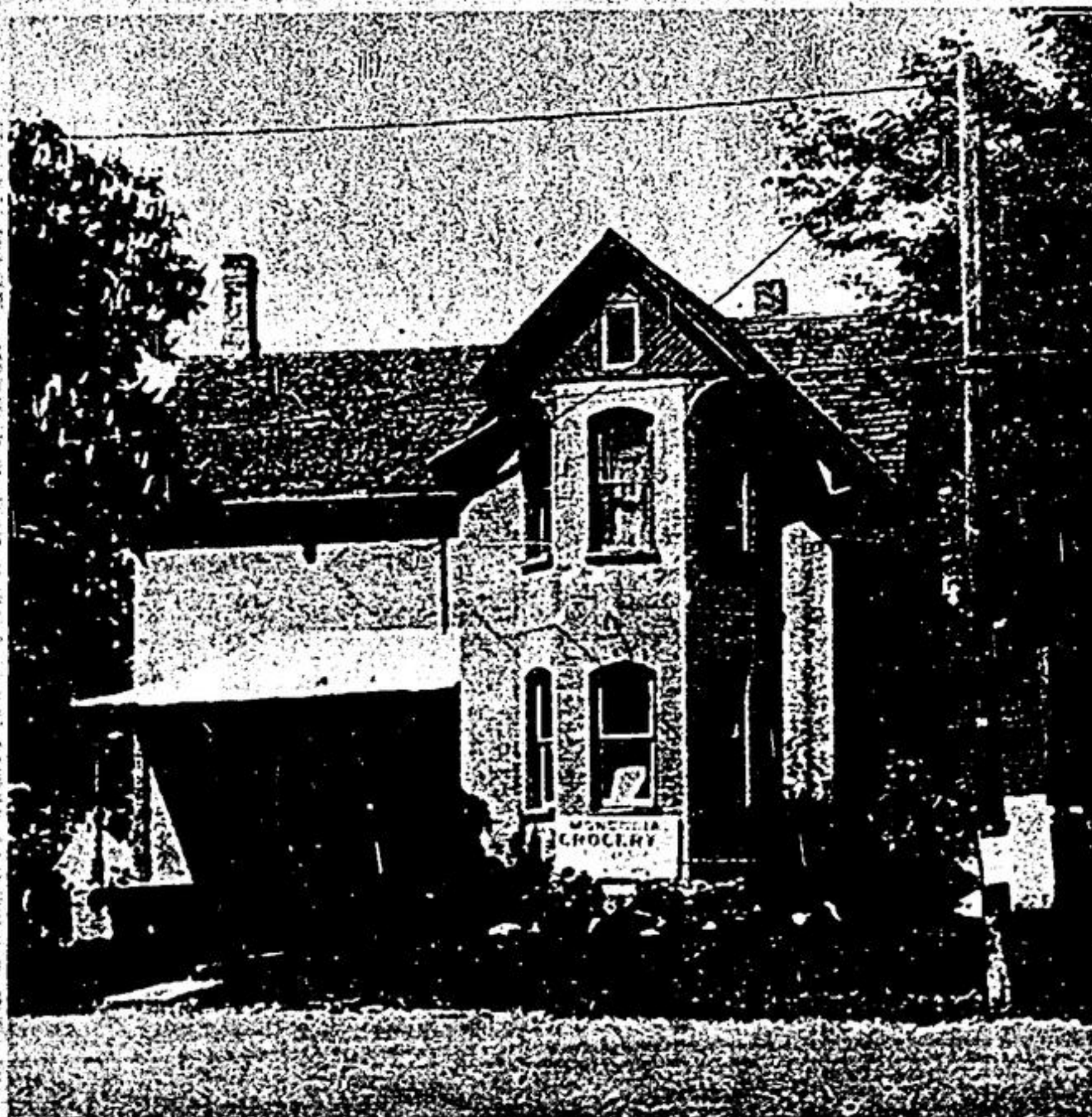
The time has come, in fact, when it should be clearly stated that the whole of the United States bears a common guilt for what has happened to its colored minority, for what has happened in south-east Asia, and for what has happened to John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King and Robert F. Kennedy.

Could these dastardly events be a sign of what is to happen to human civilization? Are people so uncaring, so blind that they will continue to stand idly by as minorities are persecuted, as television becomes ever more dedicated to violence, as the rings of hate tighten society in their grip, to eventually choke off whatever sanity remains?

Canadians are fortunate they live in a tranquil society, where private citizens and public leaders alike, can pursue their lives reasonably assured that they will not be struck down by a bullet.

What now will happen to the gun control bill, a law on which the U.S. Congress caved in to the gun manufacturers and refused to pass? Or the rat control bill, which the legislators laughed out of Congress oblivious to the fact that ghetto residents beat rodents back from the cribs of their sleeping children every night of their lives?

America is a sick society. Canadians must be prepared to go their own way from this day forward.



The Country store still stands

The little country store may be waging a losing battle against the influx of urban supermarkets, but at Mongolla, business goes on as usual. The landmark serves as a store and a residence for owners Jim Jim and Evelyn Cowan. —Staff Photo

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