

Editorials

Tribune

A step up

All indications point to an O.H.A. Intermediate 'B' team for Stouffville this winter. News of the pending entry has created a new stir of interest among hibernating hockey fans here. We hope that interest is sufficiently keen to provide the club with strong spectator support.

After several seasons in Junior ranks, this is a step up for Stouffville. It couldn't come at a better time.

While the Junior team did keep

O.H.A. competition alive here, it never captured the enthusiasm of the people like in some communities. The truth is, those years of Senior hockey tended to 'spoil' fans here and anything less was considered bush league.

We feel confident that the revival of an Intermediate team in Stouffville will mean the revival of fan interest and enthusiasm. It has to be a combination of both to be successful.

Little good news from Queen's Park

There has been little other than bad news from Queen's Park for the taxpayers of Ontario every day during the past week. Predictions of higher taxes have come out of both committee sessions and from the Prime Minister's office as well. Such moves foreshadow another round of wage increases followed by price increases which inevitably follow tax increases.

The constant increase in taxes to provide more and more welfare programs grind slowly on and the results can be serious. In Britain, a purely welfare state under the Wilson government, there are thousands out of work who find it just as profitable to stay home and draw welfare allowances. It has created a situation which has finally reached government attention. The matter has reached shocking proportions and hit the newspaper headlines throughout the country.

One of the latest unjust schemes

here is to increase the sales tax to cover all goods, including food and children's clothing. The plan would be to give the lower income group tax rebates later. Like so many such ideas they sound and look fine on paper but could prove very impractical in practice. The lower income group might get their tax rebate all right at the end of the year but how does an increase in the price of food help them to manage from week to week? A year-end tax rebate is never going to ease the daily predicament. The idea is quite unjust.

When the money would finally be paid back it might even be less than originally paid and in addition, the government would have interest-free use of the taxpayers' funds throughout the year.

Some of the new tax proposals may be sound but this complicated suggestion could only compound present income troubles for thousands.

A deputy-reeve 'on the spot'

Deputy-reeve Lawrence Hennessey of Whitchurch Twp. has called a public meeting for Oct. 17 in the Vandorf Hall. At that time he will endeavour to defend his work on the newly organized industrial commission and explain his sudden dismissal from that body.

Just how convincing Mr. Hennessey can be, will determine his future in municipal politics. To be specific, he's 'on the spot'.

While a personal public meeting of this kind is certainly something new for Whitchurch, the deputy-reeve had no alternative. He was dismissed

from the committee but the reason was not revealed. When he attempted to re-open the discussion, he was ruled out of order. Now he must hire a hall and get his side of the story across to as many people as are willing to listen. It's an unfortunate chain of events.

We hope that the ratepayers of Whitchurch will give deputy-reeve Hennessey a fair opportunity to speak his piece. What he will say remains a mystery. But the right to say it is his privilege. This much of a courtesy he has earned.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Ian is quite a lad

By BILL SMILEY

Young people, however fine their ethical standards, have a knack of getting themselves, and innocent bystanders, into some unholy messes. Herewith a couple of examples.

Our neighbor's boy, Ian, is a good lad. He's clean, honest, polite and law-abiding. He's about as normal a young fellow as you'd meet. Likes girls, plays football and works hard at everything except school.

He and his gang are mad about motors. Motor-bikes and cars occupy much of their waking time. Ian had a Honda, then a Volks, and this summer bought a convertible for \$60. It runs.

Last week, his group was out cruising around, looking at used cars. They had no money to buy one. Just looking. And they came across a deal: a red-blooded car-lover could resist.

It was a hearse. A huge, black, 1950 Cadillac hearse. It hadn't been stripped down into a vegetable truck or something of the sort. It was a genuine, ready-for-work hearse, complete with purple upholstery and every detail, right down to a crucifix.

Think of the history in that black behemoth's years of service. Think of all the good souls who had their first and last ride in a Cadillac in that long, sombre body.

I don't think the boys pondered much on these things. But they were hooked. They'd have the coolest transportation in town. And a Cadillac.

But what did it was the price. One hundred dollars. Ian, the only one with any money in the bank, wrote a cheque on the spot. The others were to come in on shares when they raised the money.

I don't blame them. If I'd seen it first, I'd have bought it as a second car for my wife. It would certainly be a conversation piece.

And that's exactly what it turned out to be. When Ian drove up, and parked it in the driveway, and his parents found out what he'd done, there was some conversation, all right.

He was told in no uncertain terms that he had made a grave error, that he'd taken on a stiff proposition, and that this was not a motor-bike, but a hearse of a different color.

But the damage was done. The menacing black hearse had been seen in the driveway. The phone began to ring. The neighbors started taking up a collection for flowers. The Potato Man, who calls regularly with produce, tapped timidly at the back door, hat on his breast, tears in his eyes, and said brokenly, "I didn't know whether I should call today, when you've had a sadness in the family."

Ian was told to get that hearse out of sight. He let one of the other lads take it home. The latter's mother told him not to park it within a block of their house. People chased him away when he tried to park it in front of their homes. And so it went the rounds of the boys and their parents.

It is now hidden behind the cottage of one of the families involved, deep in the woods. But the boys, undaunted by ghostly or gruesome associations, are planning some fine parties and fishing trips in it next summer, when the heat is off.

The second incident occurred at our school this week. These days, teachers are trying all sorts of novel

methods to make learning come alive. Some work; some don't.

One of our young history teachers had carefully planned a mock trial. He arranged for one of his students (a girl with a beginner's driving license) to "steal" his car, take it to the students' parking lot and try to drive it out of there at noon, which is verboten.

She was to be apprehended in the felony by a "detective," the vice-principal, questioned, then turned over to

her classmates for trial.

All went well. She got the car started. The teacher had it pointed in the right direction. Then all hell broke loose. She had trouble with the hand brake or the clutch or something, took a leap forward and staved in the side of the teacher's car on the bumper of another one parked there.

Net results: history teacher has a \$100 body repair bill looming; one hysterical teenager felt worse than if she had stolen a car. But it was a good idea.

THIS WEEK & NEXT

Mon dieu, mes amis

By RAY ARGYLE

The French-speaking nationalists who have gained power in Quebec face a very difficult problem in attempting to protect and promote their language and culture.

Their almost feverish attempts to make Quebec a one-language state are, of course, aimed at building dykes to protect their French-speaking island from the tides of assimilation in the sea of 200-million English-speaking North Americans.

To do this, Quebec must cast off any kind of bilingual cover. But in so doing, it isolates its five million French Canadians, drives off economic investment from outside, and ensures Quebec's continued isolation.

The result is to restrict the abilities of its people to compete in the English dominated world of modern commerce and science.

Quebec's rejection of the kind of bilingual policy which had been held out as a goal for all of Canada, means also that the English majority in the rest of the nation will stiffen its resistance to bilingualism. If Quebec cannot accept a bilingual Canada, how then, can the rest of the country be expected to do so?

Just as the settlement of the west was left to migrants from Ontario and across the sea, so also will the frontiers of the future be manned by other than French Canadians.

There are already signs of this in Montreal, where, to the horror of the Quebec establishment, attempts to make French the dominant language have so far met with failure.

The fact is that Montreal is still as great an English bone in the throat of Quebec as it ever was. This partly accounts for the emotion of Quebec's Cultural Affairs minister, Jean-Noel Tremblay, in declaring that both employers and immigrants should have to work and do business in the French language.

This position, in the main supported by the late Quebec Premier, Daniel Johnson, contrasts sharply with the views of Prime Minister Trudeau.

The Prime Minister, genuinely committed to a "One Canada" policy which respects the rights of citizens to the language of their choice — be it French or English — views Quebec's drive toward a one-language state as both deplorable and misguided.

He has said: "Our position is that we hoped that rather than withdraw privileges from the English minority in Quebec, the privileges would be given to the French minorities in other provinces."

The English rights which Ottawa can protect in Quebec are only those built into the BNA Act. These are limited to the protection of English in the legislature, the courts and the statutes of the province.

The language bill which the Quebec Government will announce shortly, is expected to contain certain protections for English rights.

The most important protection, however, is in the field of education, not in laws respecting language. And Quebec is committed constitutionally only to providing schooling for Protestant and Catholic faiths. There is no law that education has to be in English as well as French.

This is why the Montreal suburb of St. Leonard has become a battleground between the languages. The Roman Catholic school board there has decided to phase out English as a language of instruction year by year — starting this year with all-French Grade One. English-speaking parents — including many Italian immigrants who realize their future in the New World depends on their mastery of English — have pulled their children out of school and are refusing to pay school taxes.

Unless some kind of a reasonable compromise can be worked out, there is no doubt that Quebec will indeed become a French-speaking only state. But the results will be as disastrous for French Canadians as they will be disappointing for the rest of Canada.

ROAMING AROUND

Buried treasure

By Jim Thomas

Our eldest daughter holds a membership in the Stouffville Public Library. The cost is a very nominal twenty-five cents per year. Where else can one obtain such a wealth of reading material at so small a fee? Naturally, we encourage her to obtain books on a level with her age and grade. She'll curl up on a chair and read by the hour. On occasions, she'll go over the same story so many times, she can repeat it page by page by heart.

Most of us don't read enough. And most of what we do read has very little literary value. Some of us don't have the time. Many of us don't take the time.

A couple of weeks ago, while my wife was temporarily indisposed in hospital at Newmarket, daughter Susan recalled that a book she borrowed in August was already ten cents overdue. I gave her the okay to return it plus some money to buy a small gift for her mother. "Something to read will be fine," I said, "pick out anything you think she might like." She wrinkled her brow and shrugged her shoulders in obvious signs of confusion. "Okay, dad, I'll do my best," she replied.

I fully realized that I should have offered some suggestions like, McLeans, The Ladies Home Journal or Chatelaine, but I didn't and it was then too late.

Ordinarily, the walk to and from the library plus a popsicle treat, takes about one hour. She was gone nearly two and as she plodded up the front walk, I learned the reason why. She was laden down with books. There must have been a dozen. "There were so many on the shelves, I didn't know which to choose," she explained, "the store man said we could return the ones we didn't want. I'm pooped. I lifted the load from her sagging arms and the front cover of a partially bared bosom hit me right between the eyes." "I tried to pick the ones with the prettiest pictures. I hope Mommy likes them," she said innocently. I suggested that each would first have to pass my personal inspection.

There were True Story, My Romance, Confidential Confessions, True Experiences and so on and on.

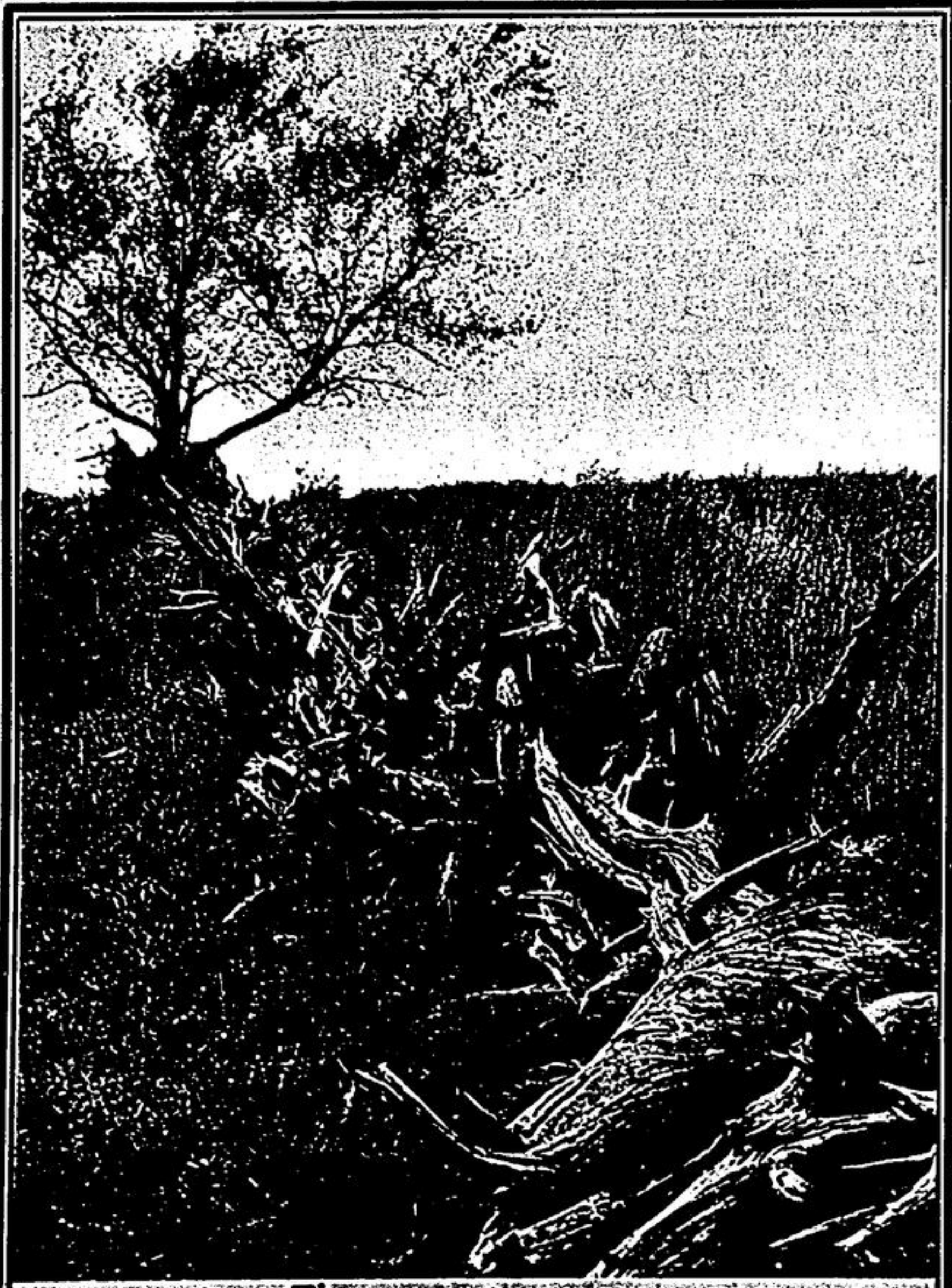
While the policy of this family newspaper does not permit the spelling out of the suggestive subjects, the photos within left little to the imagination. I took the time to read only one and stuffed the remainder under the mattress. It was then and there that I made my fatal mistake. My wife returned home on the following Wednesday and, displaying an endless amount of vim and vitality, embarked on a room to room house-cleaning bee on Thursday. As might be expected, the hidden literary 'treasure' was uncovered. She confronted me with the evidence when I returned home late from a meeting that night. Fortunately, for me I had a witness but unfortunately her testimony had to wait until morning. Daughter Susan set the record straight. I'm now completely in the clear. But I offer this word of friendly advice to all fellow married males. If you insist on reading True Stories or True Experiences but still avoid Confidential Confessions, take a copy with your coffee down at Houston's every morning — but never take it home.

Take That!

Dear Jim: I am an R.C. and I read your 'Boy oh Boy' column of Sept. 19 with interest. Please do not take this as personal but I might suggest it is far better to be a careful Catholic than a careless Protestant. Sign me, Patrick Michael.

Ouch!

Dear Jim: Like Warren Beach of Siloam, I also can recall many threshing experiences in the early days, both steam and gas. I'll never forget one day we were threshing wheat in a barn near Garibaldi in Uxbridge Twp. There were about ten men tramping straw. One young lad tossed a wasp's nest into the feeder. You never heard such hootin' and hollerin' in all your life. Two of the hired hands ran out and never came back. Sincerely, Mac Ferguson



The country scene

A stump fence, on the north side of County Road 1A in the Township of Uxbridge. Once a familiar sight, they are passing from the country scene.

—Staff Photo

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.