

Editorials

Tribune

Move over!

If you are a motorist on the main street of Stouffville when the fire siren sounds, move over.

Last week, we witnessed two separate incidents where drivers refused to park their vehicles and allow brigade volunteers the right-of-way. The delay could have cost someone their home or even their life.

In Toronto, when a siren sounds, be it police, fire or ambulance, the traffic automatically pulls over to the right, slows down and stops. But not here. Everyone continues on his own merry way as if the siren meant nothing at all.

On the particular occasion in ques-

tion, one motorist drove at a snail's pace from Mill to Church Streets with three firemen behind. She then proceeded to pull over and stop in a No Parking zone immediately opposite the fire station. Anyone who would show so little consideration for the rights of others, shouldn't be permitted to drive a car at all.

During mid-day hours, particularly on a Friday or Saturday, the downtown area can become quite congested. Under normal circumstances, this problem bothers no one. In an emergency, however, a little co-operation can help a lot. Just remember, when the siren sounds, move over.

An important post

Beginning January 1, 1969, the public and high school boards of Stouffville will be replaced by a County system with seventeen members representing fourteen municipalities.

One trustee will be elected from either Stouffville or Whitchurch. The position, particularly in its first year of operation, will be an important one.

To date, interest among declared candidates is keen. So far, four have entered the race, all, strangely

enough, from Whitchurch. The nomination meeting will be held at the Vandorf Community Hall, Nov. 18.

While a candidate from Stouffville would create more interest among the electorate here, we feel that one's place of residence is not important. The assurance we do need is that one man, regardless of where he lives, is 'big enough' to share the educational interests of both a town and a township. His task won't be easy.

To yield is to stop?

In Markham Twp., north-south concession roads are protected by 'Yield' signs. If we understand the rule correctly, this should mean that cars proceeding east and west are required to stop if the right-of-way is not clear. Whatever its meaning in theory in every day practice it's not working. Just last week, a serious accident occurred at conc. 5 and 18th Avenue. It's not the first and it won't be the last.

Yield signs might have served some useful purpose in horse and buggy days, but Markham Twp. has progressed far beyond that era. Rural roads today are too heavily travelled to merit motorists playing a cat and mouse game at the corners.

If to yield is to stop, let's spell it out in large, red letters: S-T-O-P. There's no room for guess work where human lives are at stake.

A mistaken idea

Jack Frost usually gets the credit for turning leaves into gold. Actually he has nothing to do with it. The fact is, a severe frost can ruin the whole picture. This fall the display has been particularly fine but there have been no severe frosts.

The ideal weather to produce a blaze of color, consists of warm, sunny days and cool, but not frosty, nights.

The process begins in mid-summer when the trees begin preparing for winter and producing a cork-like sub-

stance at the juncture of the leaf stem and the twig. The cork is designed to protect the scar that will be left when the leaf falls off.

As it becomes more and more developed, the cork chokes off the circulatory system of the tree and two things happen: the green chlorophyll in the leaf is killed and brings out two other pigments which create the yellow and orange-yellow colors. At the same time the sun working on sugar trapped by the cork produces a crimson, purple and blue coloring.



A touch of old Mexico in Whitchurch Township



SUGAR AND SPICE

October, I love you

By BILL SMILEY

Last month, I wrote of my annual love affair with September. It seemed to hit the spot. Fan mail doubled, from two to four letters. I even received a declaration of love from a lady who shall be nameless.

But October is another matter. I think we Canadians love it in another way, this most glorious month of the year. It's the month when we wake up, come alive, feel the blood coursing through our hardening arteries.

It's a shattering experience for someone from another country to visit Canada in October. They are used to a change in the fall. Their leaves turn pallid browns and yellows. But when they see a vista of woods and water on a golden Canadian October day, they are literally stricken breathless.

We say, "Pretty, ain't it?" An Irishman might say in awe, "Dear God! Himself has dumped a rainbow, all but the blue, into your woods. And the blue He has flung, entirely, into your water."

But the vast, mad artist's palette, thrown across the country, is only part of the October scene and mood.

There's a quickening of the spirit that infects everyone. Fall fairs, those stubborn relics of a pioneer day, add their special flavor. Parades and pumpkin pies, hot dogs and horse races, and the warm, yellow wine of a Canadian October day are unforgettable.

Hunters go into their special trance in this month. They crouch in duck blinds. They crawl through fences. They curse their misses (and sometimes their misses, who can't see the point of it all).

Golfers go goofy in October, desperately trying to get in the last few rounds, losing balls by the dozens among the fallen leaves, and praying for one more good weekend.

Sailing enthusiasts snatch every chance to get out in that perfect weather the month so often provides: nice breeze, warm sun, water so blue it makes your heart leap. And so cold it makes your hands ache.

October is ecstasy for the sport fan. World Series, pro hockey, and football at its height. He can sit staring at the machine until he hears senility and has to be spoon-fed.

Great month for the student. He has got through that middle of September, and can now settle down to the serious business of falling in love, falling behind in his work, and falling into deep water, in that order.

And then, there's the burning of the leaves, a ritual which should be on the Canadian coat of arms. There's a tremendous satisfaction in scooping up a bushel of dry leaves, piling them on the fire on a dusky October evening and seeing the orange and yellow flames spear skyward, searing the telephone wires.

Every year, I feel a pang of pity for the apartment dweller, with no leaves to burn. He's like a kid who never gets a firecracker of his own to set off on the 24th of May.

And when does the city dweller ever get the sheer, human satisfaction of seeing a sprightly north-west breeze pick up all the leaves off his lawn and deposit them accurately on the lawn of his neighbor, who hates

leaves and is always trying to keep his lawn raked?

And the thrill of the apple crops. The soft little fruits of September, the peaches and pears that go rotten so quickly, are gone. And you drive through the orchard country, trees drooping with red, and you pick a bushel of spies, and you bite, and the juice spurts right over your shoulder.

Food for the gods. Provided their teeth are not falsies.

And there's just enough sadness, as October nears its end, and days shorten, and trees bare, and gloomy November puts his clammy nose over your shoulder, to heighten all the joys of this most remarkable month; and make it something that is distinctly Canadian and distinctly you.



THIS WEEK & NEXT

Don't let George do it

By RAY ARGYLE

If the Democratic party is soundly defeated in next Tuesday's U.S. presidential voting, it will be because the Republicans have been able to create a new coalition of voters.

Coalition is the key to American politics, because no single bloc is big enough to dominate the entire country.

The Democratic coalition which won six out of eight elections between 1932 and 1960 was based on the growing power of the big cities and the old strength of the Democratic "Solid South."

In 1964, a year which for the Republicans was a debacle, the Democratic coalition began to break up with Barry Goldwater taking a majority of the southern states.

The Republican party's traditional strength among small town, suburban and upper income voters has been reinforced by Richard Nixon's appeal to a broad cross-section including much of the south and part of the union movement.

The big, and unknown new factor in this election is of course the emergence of George Wallace as a strong third party candidate. The question is not whether he can win the election — he can't — but whether he will hurt the Republicans or the Democrats the most.

There are signs that the former governor of Alabama will hurt both the major parties about equally.

Wallace will almost surely sweep the south, depriving Richard Nixon of much-needed electoral votes from several states. But he also will eat into the white working class vote which supported Presidents Johnson, Kennedy and Roosevelt. Wallace is promoting himself as the workingman's candidate, in a strategy which is aimed at draining off the Democratic party's trade union support throughout the industrial north.

The vote next Tuesday should run higher than 70 million, although there are signs hundreds of thousands of voters may stay home because they don't like any of the candidates.

After winning the greatest vote in history, Lyndon Baines Johnson has done what would have seemed impossible four years ago. He has brought the Republican party back from the brink of total collapse. His policies have so alienated vast segments of American voters that it is doubtful if the country is now on issues of race, war, civil rights, urban re-construction, and welfare policies.

There have been many third party candidates in U.S. history but the only one who probably changed the outcome of an election was Theodore Roosevelt in 1912. Roosevelt had been elected as vice-president to William McKinley in 1900. He became president when McKinley was shot in 1901, and won election in his own right in 1904. The Republicans won again in 1908 with William H. Taft but Teddy Roosevelt bitterly opposed Taft's re-nomination in 1912. By running against Taft, he made it possible for the Democrats to elect Woodrow Wilson.

If George Wallace wins enough votes Tuesday to stop either Hubert Humphrey or Nixon short of a majority, the House of Representatives will have to choose the president. This has happened only twice in history. In 1800 the House chose Thomas Jefferson over Aaron Burr. In 1876 the House and Senate jointly chose Rutherford Hayes although his Democratic opponent, Samuel Tilden, had beaten him in the popular vote.

George Wallace's strength is tangible evidence of the backlash against the social upheaval which has set black against white, young against old, and the middle class against the working class.

It is the better educated, upper middle class which has become the advocate of social change in the U.S. The working class, fearful of black rivalry on the job and in the neighborhood, wants society left unchanged, dissent crushed, and disturbances put down. This cannot be, of course, and the American voter will either decisively repulse Wallace's bid on Tuesday, or pave the way for an American Hitler by 1972.



An ancient tree that could tell a story

This apple tree on the site of the old Milne homestead in Markham Village is believed to be 133 years old. Standing (left) is village historian, John Lunau and with him is Jack Browne of Toronto, grandson of the late Captain Thomas Armstrong Milne. —Staff Photo

ADAMING AROUND

I protest protests

By Jim Thomas

The Protest Movement in the provinces of Ontario, Quebec and else where across Canada, appears to be becoming an accepted way of life. Membership in this fraternal organization is quite simple — just grow a beard, grab a sign and start marching. Fortunately, most folks don't have time for such shenanigans. The majority, like myself, must work for a living and until Mr. Trudeau agrees to air-lift some food supplies onto the front porch at 381 Rupert Ave., my personal involvement on behalf of the poor people of Biafra, will be limited.

To be honest, my only relief effort to date was a serious attempt to find the country on the map. When this failed, I gave up in disgust. It's quite possible that the pilots of those stranded Hercules aircraft are experiencing the same problem — they can't find it either.

Last Thursday, I was in Toronto and while driving south on University Avenue, I spotted a half-dozen placard-carrying young people parading up and down in front of the American Consulate Building. I parked the car nearby and spoke to three of the protesters, two men and one girl. Their signs read, "While we waste, Biafrans starve." I posed the same question to each — Where is Biafra? The lone girl replied that it was a breakaway colony in South America. One youth said it was in South Africa and a third refused to answer. I offered them my sympathy and left.

As you may have guessed, I'm strongly opposed to protest demonstrations of this kind. I believe that there are other ways to air one's grievances — a little less demonstrative, maybe, but just as effective.

Take, for instance, the cement abutments in the Stouffville Civic Square. Ugly looking contraptions, aren't they? In an effort to have them removed, I could barge uninvited into the reeve's office and drape myself over his desk until some action was approved.

And what about the intersection at Hwy 47 and Main East? The hazard could be lessened through the erection of a larger sign and red flasher light. To prove a point, I could lay prostrate on the road and force all traffic through adjacent service station lots. Think of the publicity I would receive, particularly if some irresponsible driver refused to take the detour.

But let's face it. Our schools are the main protest trouble spots. So far Stouffville has escaped this problem, but I can't help but wonder how long it will last.

Unless the imposed demands go beyond all reasonable bounds, I'm wholly on the side of authority. If the principal, in his judgment, feels that a boy's hair is too long, then he should take a quick trip to the barbershop. If the principal rules that a girl's skirt is too short, then that same skirt should be lowered. Refusal to abide by simple rules and regulations, will receive no co-operation from this corner and, I hope, from parents, either.

Fortunately, some students still attend school to learn from it and not to run it. One of these is Ted Topping, a graduate of S.D.S.S. and now in his first year at York. I asked him if he was interested in becoming involved in the much publicized "student power" movement. His reply was immediate: "My academic standing is my only concern," he said. I hope he speaks for the majority.

Editor's mail

Sir: I am a truck driver and I read with interest your item in last week's issue concerning the newspaper 'Highway Evangelist.' I have heard of it but unfortunately, have never been able to acquire a copy. Could you tell me if any are available in the Stouffville-Markham-Uxbridge area.

Michael J. Smithson, Stouffville, R.R. 2

Ed's Note: From what I can learn, the tabloid, published monthly, is available at most truck stops on main highway routes. Persons wishing to subscribe on a regular basis, may write to the Canadian office of Highway Evangelist, Box 371, Rexdale, Ontario. Since the subscription rate is not listed, I would presume that payment is strictly voluntary.

The Tribune
Established 1888

C. H. NOLAN, Publisher
JIM THOMAS, Editor
NOEL EDEY, Advertising

Published every Thursday by the Stouffville Tribune Limited at 51 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.