

Editorials Tribune

A centennial all our own

Few village residents will recall a year in local history to compare with the twelve months of 1967.

While those closest to the promotion of that program possibly heaved a sigh of relief when it was all over, the same persons would be the first to admit that by comparison, socially, if no other way, 1968 was a bit of a flop.

For some of the same volunteers or, perhaps a completely new crop of organizers, there are fresh signs of a new outlet for energy within

eight short years.

Stouffville will mark its 100th anniversary as an incorporated village in 1977.

The chairman of the Public Library Board, Mr. H. J. Waite, last week brought the potential celebration date to the attention of council.

While to most of us, eight years may seem like a long time in the future, it can't come too soon. With major changes in governmental supervision and municipal boundaries pending, we hope it's not too late.

Looking into the future

What do students of Grades 12 and 13 predict for the future of secondary school education say, fifteen years from now?

If such a question were posed, the majority would have an answer. And many, no doubt, would be basically correct.

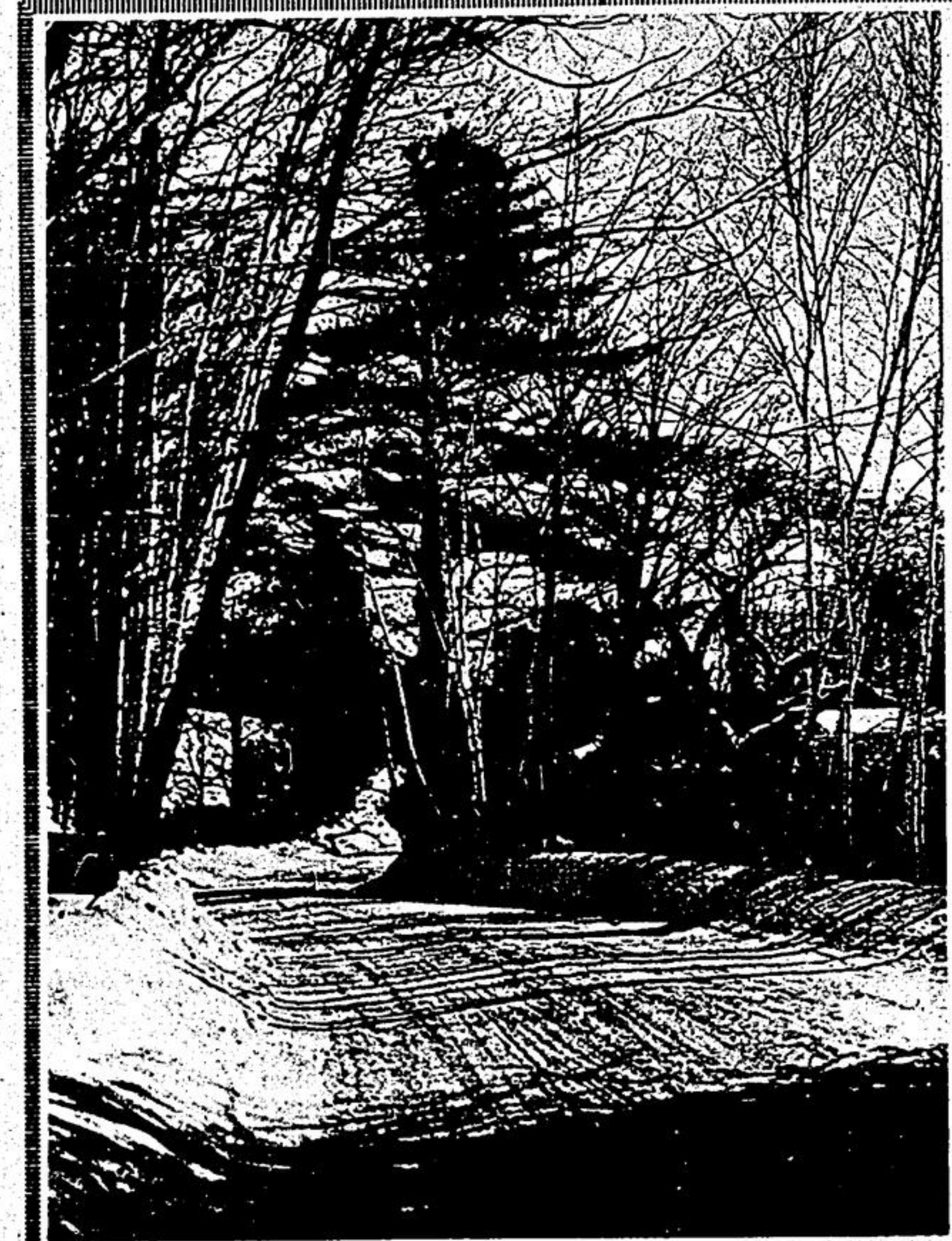
Checking through back issues of The Tribune, we came across one dated March 30, 1950. In it was editorial comment from students of that day. In some instances, their predictions have proved amazingly accurate.

Mary Stouffer of Grade 13, for example, urged the elimination of subject barriers between grades and recommended a broader selection of courses in which to specialize. This, we know, is the trend today.

Margaret Hisey, also of Grade 13, strongly criticized the use of final examinations to decide a pass or failure of students in upper school. "Some students who have had an excellent record during the year will 'crack up' when it comes to writing the finals," she said, "while others who have had a poor record will cram the night before and manage to scrape through." "Is this fair?" she asks, "should not one's work during the entire year be taken into account? Why should an intelligent student be denied his year and a 'moron' be allowed to pass?" "The most striking fact to me," concludes Margaret, "is how anyone can expect a fellow human to learn, remember and write a whole year's course in nine subjects and pass them all. Cannot some other system be worked out — one in which a student worthy of passing is allowed to pass?"

That was nineteen years ago. The revised system is now being put into practice.

Phyllis Clarkson, Grade 13, writes



Where spring waits just around the corner

Spring may arrive a few weeks late at the resort region of Chalk Lake, Uxbridge Twp., but for the residents who are fortunate enough to live there, it's a season worth waiting for. —Staff Photo



Do you remember? S. S. No. 17 Markham (Dickson Hill) 1925

This classroom photo at Dickson's Hill Public School (S.S. NO. 17) Markham Township should stir a few memories. The year is 1925. The teacher (extreme left) is Miss Jean Reesor. Students are: Front row (l. to r.) Lorne Byer, Lewis Reesor, Cecil Hightower, Clifford Barkey, Lorne Banks, Lloyd Byer, Howard Hoover. Second row (l. to r.), Bernice Robinson, Helen Barnett, Ada Hoover, Margaret Robinson, Mary Reesor, Mary Hoover, Lyle Robinson, Kenneth Barnett, Walter Barnett, Alfred Suderman, Erle Byer. Third row (l. to r.), Eleanor Moyer, Fanny Suderman, Will Barkey, Earl Hoover, Cecil Banks, Arthur Williamson, Carl Hoover, Sam Barkey, Clarence Banks, Thomas Grove. Rear row (l. to r.), Edith Hoover, Freda Kirk, Grace Byer, Vera Banks, Nellie Grove, Ruby Hightower, Jean Grove, Margaret Grove, Alma Ramer, Mabel Banks.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Student discontent - or minority rule

By BILL SMILEY

My mind is so scrambled right now that I'll be lucky if I can write three understandable sentences.

I've been trying to explain to my daughter, in an hour or so, such things as Marxism and Communism, why the Russian and Chinese types are different, where Fidel Castro fits in, why, where and when the nation of Israel was created, and why the Jews, notably non-belligerent for about 15 centuries, have a chip the size of a brick on their shoulders these days.

From there, we wandered to Mahatma Gandhi, the Congo, nationalism in Africa, separatism in Canada, the Black Power Movement in the States, growing anti-semitism among Negroes, and her biology test on the dissection of rats, which takes place tomorrow morning.

Golly, it would be nice to have once again a little girl who asked such simple questions as, "Dad, does God have to go to the bathroom?"

It all began with a discussion of the student militants at universities. She is appalled at the violence of the hard core of "pacifists" who, lurking in the forefront of all the young idealists and the middle-aged "liberals," deliberately resort to violence in their efforts to catch headlines, be martyrs, and destroy an idea which has taken almost 1,000 years to build — The University.

Thankfully, we agreed that violence begets violence, and that neither of us wants any part of the whole stupid business.

Admittedly, the universities are sitting ducks. Over the years, they have grown as sleepy and fat and indolent as an old tom-cat who has been "fixed."

They have almost taken pride in their administrative inefficiency, their moribund traditions, their coziness with The Establishment. Write a letter to a university. Three weeks later you will receive a reply, either a form letter or something completely alien to what you asked.

And admittedly, students, universally, have always been among the vanguard of rebels against the system, political or social. That's because they're idealistic, want action, and are inclined to see things in blacks and whites (or today, blacks and reds).

But the fact remains that the universities, over the years, have become the only truly free centres (albeit timid) of sound criticism of society and its ills, in addition to their normal function of teaching people to think and/or learn a professional skill.

And another fact remains. The universities, on the whole, under pressure from within and without, have made a tremendous effort to rouse themselves from their stately torpor and scramble into the twentieth century. Even though it's two-thirds over.

In the process, they have leaned over backward to free themselves of the rigid puritan traditions of even 20 years ago. When I was there, living in men's residence, we were allowed to bring girls into the place once a year, on a Sunday afternoon, for a heavily chaperoned cocoa and cookie party in the common room.

Now, wow!

I'm not advocating a return to those days, when university men and women were treated like bright juveniles who were basically sex-fiends and alcoholics.

But I am dismayed to see these once-great institutions cowering and cringing under the attacks of malcontented, Marxist wolf-cubs who represent a fraction of student opinion.

As Mordecai Richler pointed out recently, the real yuk of the whole affair is that while the student activists endorse anything, up to the

burning of buildings, they are scared stiff lest they get a police record, which would be a serious detriment when they try to get a job in the system they are trying to destroy.

The solution? Kick out the hard-nosed boys and girls, for whom democracy is a sham anyway. Sock it to them with the law when they disturb the peace or commit vandalism. And get back to the business of educating, or teaching to think, the vast majority who want those things.

So now I'm a fascist, and a tool of the imperialist press. I knew it at heart.

Letters to the Editor

Dear sir:

Members of Stouffville Planning Board may have the planning interests of the village at heart but their refusal of a trailer sales and service lot on Main Street East remains somewhat of a mystery.

Albert Hudson, the applicant, is asking for exactly the same privilege at the new site that he had at the old location near the C.N.R. tracks. Both lots, to my understanding, are in C-1 zones.

It would appear that every time someone attempts to open up a commercial venture in a commercial zone near the fire hall, the council and planning board get very panicky over a so-called parking problem in that area.

I would suggest that there would be no more congestion at a trailer sales depot than at a jewellery store or a bowling alley.

If planning board refuses to reconsider its decision, I hope the applicant takes this issue further. I feel the Ontario Municipal Board would take a more lenient view. For Fair Play.

Dear Sir:

Would you please publish this letter for the protection of animal-lovers and pet owners?

If you care about the safety of your dog or cat — write at once — to your local member of the Provincial Parliament and urge him to oppose the Bill that will compel the Humane Societies to hand over all unclaimed animals for medical research.

Main objections to this Bill are: 1) Canada has no legislation, as has Great Britain, to protect animals once they are in the hands of research scientists. Let us get this Bill

delayed at least, until we have a parallel law which sets some limits to the pain and terror which may be inflicted on one animal.

2) It is cruel to use, for research, animals which have been household pets, to some degree, "humanized." Researchers should breed animals for their own use.

3) If Humane Society inspectors are required to present a warrant before entering any premises where an animal is being abused, humane rescue work will be hampered seriously.

The passing of this Bill will set Ontario back 50 years in humanitarian work.

Ethelwyn Wickson, Secretary
York County Branch,
Ontario Humane Society

Dear sir:

As a mother of a recently enrolled Brownie, I attended a special Cub-Scout and Brownie-Guide service in the Stouffville United Church Sunday evening.

It was an impressive gathering and I was proud that I could share in the service with my daughter.

As I looked around at all the young faces, I couldn't help but wonder about their parents. They were noticeable by their absence.

It seems strange to me, that for this once-a-year worship, the mothers and dads couldn't accompany their sons and daughters to church instead of dropping them off or sending them with a good-hearted neighbor.

Is it any wonder that so many young people leave church when they reach their teen years? From what I have seen, many Moms and Dads are to blame, for they fail to set a proper example. It's high time we took a look at ourselves.

(Mrs.) Mia Jenkinson.

ROAMING AROUND

The hat still fits

By Jim Thomas

If the top button's missing from the tartan vest this week and the mouton busby fits a little snug atop the head, it's all because of a little act of kindness bestowed on me last week by the judges of the 'better newspaper competition of Ontario.'

After prolonged and thoughtful deliberation, they ruled 'Roaming Around' as the second best writ by hand column in all weekly entries from across the entire province.

Wow — what an honor. And certainly unexpected.

To be honest, the decision to enter the 'column contest' was a last-minute affair — so last-minute in fact, that I had time only to tuck three sample copies into the envelope as our Tribune girl Friday was tip-toeing out the door to the Post Office.

To say that I was elated at learning the good news would be putting it mildly. I'm still walking on elevator shoes and slightly stooped to avoid a subconscious collision with the ceiling. The rude awakening to the more fundamental facts of a work-a-day world should come by the weekend.

Although local readers are not aware of it and the judges did not realize it, the award could not have come at a better time. It may be the means of preserving that permanent link in our family circle.

You see, this column has been a bone of contention within our household ever since its introduction back on March 26, 1964. Since it must be completed by Monday morning, it means that my wife and children must sacrifice each and every Sunday afternoon to meet this rigid deadline. While other Moms, Dads and kids are out skidoo-ing, swimming or just plain lazing around, I'm lodged down at the office pounding out my weekly epistle to fill an exacting space reserved for this purpose. To be honest, I have sometimes questioned the worth of it all. The award has given my sagging spirits a tremendous lift.

I broke the news to my wife and family on Saturday at noon. "Guess what?" I said, my usual introduction to a surprise subject, "I've won a prize." She, thinking it was a lucky draw on a nanny goat from the Sales Barns, raced to the kitchen window to see if anything on four legs was tied up to the downspout. Relieved to learn that her fears were unfounded, she returned from whence she had so suddenly departed. "What's it this time?" she asked, hoping for the best but expecting the worst. "I've won a prize on my column — second in Ontario, isn't that something?" Forgetting all those Sundays she remained home neglected and alone, she jumped off all twos and wound her arms around my neck. "Oh, I'm so proud," she said between sniffs. Her eyes grew all watery and red-rimmed. Peace on the home front had been restored.

The main problem of a columnist, at least this one, is what to write about. The subject must be of sufficient interest to keep a reader reading past the first paragraph. It also must be reasonably factual for if it's not, you can be sure, in a village the size of Stouffville, the truth will find you out.

Take, for instance, Bill Smiley, an old pro at the writing game. He has none of those worries. With all the talents of both the teaching profession and the newspaper business going for him, he's assured of success.

For me, it's different. I'm not supposed to please the people of Punkey-Doodles Corners. Mr. Smiley can look after them. My main interest is in the folks who read The Tribune and weekly (or weakly) as the case may be, I try to give it my Sunday best.

But how is one to ascertain the likes and dislikes of 20,000 readers.

That question is pretty well answered by unsigned letters I received this week. Reduced slightly in content, the one reads: 'What makes you feel that everyone in Stouffville is interested in what goes on at 381 Rupert Avenue. Personally, I'm not and my neighbor says the same.'

Gulp! The second reads: Congratulations on winning your award. It is well-earned. We enjoy 'Roaming Around' very much. It adds a personal touch to The Tribune that is sadly lacking in many weeklies. Thanks.

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