

Editorials

Tribune

The forgotten 'laneway'

The section of roadway north of Edward Street in front of the high school has posed a problem for years.

With the worst of the spring breakup still to come, it's a problem right now, with no apparent solution in sight.

The road, from the edge of the school property north, is in effect, no road at all. It's a kind of private 'lane' although utilized by the pub-

lic more than any streets in town. Someone should accept the responsibility of keeping it passable.

There are times when red tape legalities of rightful ownership must be by-passed in the interests of those who use the service.

With respect to this particular service, many of its users are Stouffville taxpayers.

Police efficiency hampered

Police officers are not being vindictive when they maintain they must be supported by the courts if they are to do an efficient job. They feel that when they apprehend an offender and prove their case, then the court should pass sentence of a measure commensurate with the crime.

Such is not always true. Recently, a district motorist was sentenced to seven days in jail for careless driving. Evidence indicated that he had an open bottle of beer in the car and that, when questioned by police, the vehicle moved forward,

narrowly missing the officer. The testimony was not disputed in the appeal but the court elected to toss out the jail sentence and instead, assessed a \$25 fine.

This, we contend, is placing a dollar value on the lives of police officers as well as treating a serious offence all too lightly.

The constable in question would be less than human if he did not ponder on the appeal court's decision. The magistrate, too, must be somewhat concerned over the manner in which his judgment was over-ruled.

Education board 'on the spot'

The York County Board of Education, in preparing its initial budget since assuming office Jan. 1, finds itself in the financial 'hot seat.'

The cost of its operation will, in some instances, determine whether municipal taxes remain constant in 1969 or face a sizeable increase.

This is indeed the situation in Stouffville where no increase in village-operated services is contemplated. The rate at the county level has also been reduced. Now, all eyes are

focused on the expense account for education.

There's no use fooling ourselves. The cost of education will be up — for Stouffville and each of the thirteen other municipalities in York.

Those who suggest that a larger system can provide a more practical service are only 'whistling in the wind.'

In theory, it should work this way. In practice, it never does.

Cutting flagrant abuses

Anyone who watches television will note that over the last six months a campaign has been under way by the Unemployment Insurance Commission to warn people about cheating on the fund.

While in some areas, some instances are fairly rare, there are others where abuses abound, particularly those of high relief payments.

Reports out of Whitchurch and Pickering Twps. always indicate a high degree of irregularity.

Closer checks are being made on those collecting this money, and those who are genuinely unemployed

should applaud these efforts. The Commission believes that it can recover about \$3,000,000 this year by detecting frauds and abuses.

One is the temptation to take things easy and not really look for work as long as unemployment insurance will buy the groceries. The other is the convenience lapse of memory which results in failure to report some earnings.

Public knowledge that these closure checks are being made is one of the best ways to cut down the abuse. Some will be caught, others will be prevented.



Do you remember? Claremont Continuation School 1909

This photo should stir a few memories. It's the total enrollment at the Claremont Continuation School in the year 1909. The teacher (rear row, centre) is Nelson Tomlinson. The students are: Rear row (l. to r.), Mabel Cassie, Jennie Rawson, Mary Barclay, Edith Slack, Kathleen Storry. Centre row (l. to r.), Hillyard Bryan, Magnus Morgan, Harold Dickinson, Will Scott. Front row (l. to r.), Cliff Pilkey, Perry Slack, Tom Scott, Ellwood Henderson., Clark Rawson.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Prelude to spring

By BILL SMILEY

Isn't it a delirious feeling, about this time of year, to wake up in daylight, and get home from work before dark?

It begins to restore one's faith in the scientists' claim that the earth is round and moves in orbit around the sun. Or is it the other way around?

For about three months any winter, I'd join the Flat-Earth Society, and agree with practically anybody that the sun is a legend, a figment of last summer's imagination.

Don't know why I'm in such a jolly mood today. Perhaps it is that we've had three straight days of sunshine. Freeze the brains of a brass monkey, but sunny.

Spring is on its way. I can tell. The snowbank pushed up beside my garage has dwindled from 22 feet to 16. And two teachers smiled at each other in the staff room this week.

My wife and daughter have stopped fighting (they gang up on me, instead). My bursitis is practically neutral. The income tax deadline is nearly a whole month away. I found the toe rubber that's been missing for a week. What more could a man want?

The muffler hasn't fallen off my car. I haven't had a toothache for six months. I almost made a crucial curling shot the other night. What more could life offer?

My son is making his mark in the world — of dining rooms. Some nights he makes as much as \$35. And some nights \$5. And he's making something else; noises, vague but audible, about going back to school.

My daughter came home from school today smiling, instead of scowling. Her mother asked her what she was smiling at, as she came in. "The door," poker-faced. Things are definitely on the up-swing around here.

Now, don't get me wrong, I'm no Pollyanna. I know that though God's in His heaven, even on weekends, all's wrong with the world. I know that there are little black clouds, no bigger than the Rocky Mountains, on the horizon.

There are Black Panthers, and the Yellow Menace, and brown guerrillas, and white gorillas, and pink elephants, and blue singers, and reds under a great many beds.

There are broken homes and broken marriages and broken garterbelts. Practically everybody you meet over the age of eight months is either emotionally disturbed or senile.

We have explosions in the population, the stock markets and the furnaces of the nation. Taxes and insurance and even the important things like bread and milk, keep going up.

Cars are not being as well made as tin cans. The non-returnable bottle is our biggest threat since the bubonic plague. The Man-in-the-Moon has lost his image and Mr. Trudeau is following fast.

Tomorrow there will be a blizzard, and the day after, the muffler and tail pipe will fall off my car. My piles will reactivate. I'll lose both toerubers.

But today I don't care. The yellow sun is kissing the white snow, and the latter, overcome by passion, is melting.

I'm in such a state of euphoria. I think I could even go out and have a whale of a time with a girl called Gloria. If I knew one.

Letters to the Editor

Dear sir:

From the early days when Quaker Gould founded Uxbridge and Menonite Stouffer lent his name to your thriving village there has been a healthy rivalry between the two places.

Being an old Stouffville boy, my husband, Sandy Stewart, is constantly extolling the virtues and advantages of his own, his native village to me, an Uxbridgeite, while maligning mine. Each week, he looks forward with eager anticipation to the arrival of The Tribune. Not being quite so interested in the doings of so many total strangers, I must confess to reading the paper with somewhat less enthusiasm. However, I must admit to a growing interest in your column 'Roaming Around.' I do not profess to be a literary critic, but I do think I recognize a good thing when I see it. What is more, I come right out and say it. I believe in giving credit where credit is due.

Consequently, I wish to congratulate the Publisher, Editor and Staff of The Tribune for its record-breaking win of five awards at the Ontario Weekly Newspaper Association convention in Ottawa. More particularly, I wish to congratulate you, Mr. Thomas, on winning the honor of writing the second best column in all the Ontario weeklies. I heartily agree with the judges that it is. I'd go so far as to say that it is the best.

While attending Grade 2 in the Uxbridge Public School, I met with a similar accident as you. Nobody sent me a Valentine. The teacher cruelly sent me home in shame and embarrassment. Years later, while teaching in an ungraded school in Prince Edward County, I often had to shovel deep snow to make a path for the pupils to go to the outhouse. It was at the end of World War I when no men were available for the job of janitor. I had to be teacher, janitor, wood-cutter and general factotem. Many times in the spring thaws and freshets I had to carry the smaller pupils across the deep ditch over which the older ones jumped to get to the john. Unlike your stern child-

hood teacher, I lived by the motto: "When you gotta go, you gotta go." What price dedication!

Irene Stewart,
35 Hawkridge Avenue,
Markham.

Dear sir:

Your article concerning our Reeve's "Queen's Park Hearing" has created more anxiety in my mind as to whether or not there will be a Stouffville after pending regional government legislation is enacted.

A few weeks ago when first reports of meetings in the southern part of York County were carried in many papers given local exposure, our own council went scurrying like mice in a mill to try and organize a brief to present Stouffville's case and perhaps save it as an entity in the new system of government.

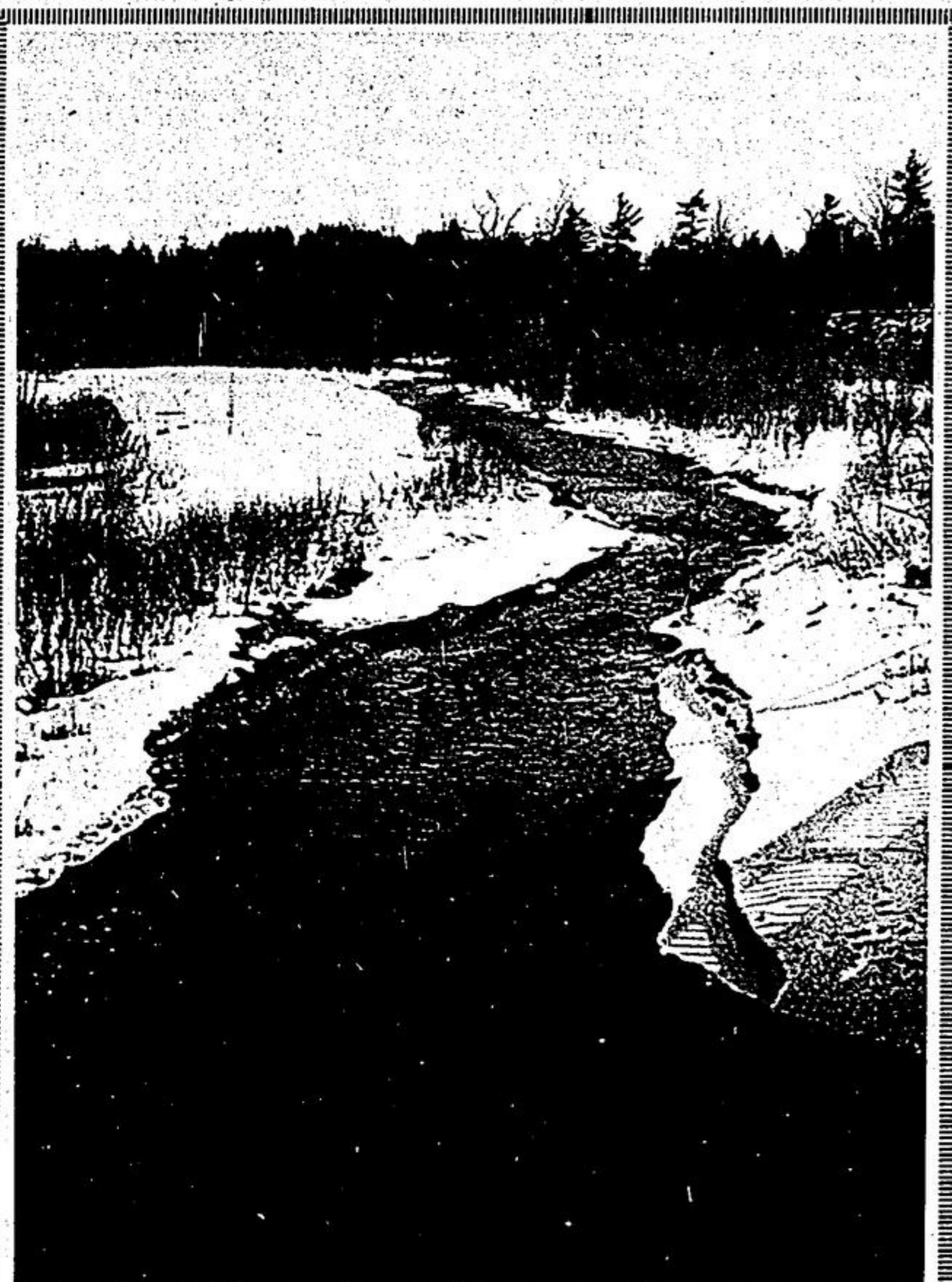
This brief has now been presented and what it appears to be is a flag to stop a moving train.

With regards to the Hearing itself it does appear as if the shades are to remain drawn on this very important question as Reeve Laushway tells us that "the discussions were of a private nature." I would hope that when discussions on matters as important as our autonomy takes place, certainly we can expect more enlightenment than we have so far received.

I would like to ask Reeve Laushway or any other member of council if they feel we have submitted this brief on time to be of any consequence or are they withholding any disclosures because we have no other recourse but to accept the decisions of the Department of Municipal Affairs?

In closing, I would like to compliment you on your coverage of current issues in Stouffville and the attention you pay to creating public spirit.

Jack Watson,
Stouffville



Hibernation to conservation

This is a scene looking north from concession 7, Pickering Twp., across a portion of the Claremont Conservation Area, divided by a branch of Duffin Creek. —Staff Photo

ROAMING AROUND

Why builders grow gray

By Jim Thomas

An addition is on the way at 381 Rupert Avenue.

Now stop right there. I know what you're thinking, but it's not true. By that I mean no brother or sister is immediately contemplated for Susan, Barry, Paul, Cathy or Neil. At least none that I'm aware of.

Our most pressing problem at the moment is how to adequately accommodate the one's we've got. For this reason, we're building two extra bedrooms onto the original house and construction is proceeding right on schedule.

To infer that 'we' are doing the building is hardly a fair statement of fact. The truth is, I couldn't hit a six-inch spike with a sledge hammer, let alone tackle anything as complicated as this. I'm just not cut out for this kind of trade.

Putting the storm windows on in January and taking them off again in July utilizes about all the brain and brawn I can muster.

While admittedly no specialist with a hammer or saw, I don't mind attempting to superintend the job.

For the most part, my suggestions have come about two days too late. It means tearing out, ripping up or pulling down work that has already been completed according to specifications. It wouldn't surprise me one bit if all three men take a flying dive into the backyard bird bath before they're finished.

I don't really mean to be difficult. It's just that I have trouble making up my mind. My wife, if anything, is even worse and this doesn't help the situation one bit.

The initial plan called only for a glassed-in car port.

When it was three quarters complete, we decided to extend the structure up another storey.

The original addition was to have been one large room.

Now, we have two small ones.

We had expected to heat it with oil.

Now, it's electric.

And the wiring. We've got more wall plugs than a TV store.

And fixtures. First it was all lamps and no ceiling lights. Now, we've got both.

The windows — we agreed on two, both to be normally small. We've still got two, but both are abnormally large.

And so it goes.

All through these periods of indecision, the contractors have been most co-operative. It's just possible they've experienced this kind of problem before. We hope so. If not, it would be safe to suggest that Jerry (Acton), Al (Daniels) and Bert (Clarkson) are counting the hours when the ordeal will all be over.

In spite of the cost and confusion there's something kind of exciting about building something new, even for a non-do-it-yourselfer.

We've dubbed the addition the 'crow's nest' and every day the kids draw straws to decide who will occupy the upstairs sanctuary.

Poor old Mom and Dad aren't even included. We've been relegated to the lower dormitory to live out life's few remaining years in peace and seclusion. Besides, climbing those stairs every night could take its toll. Why rush things?

There's no denying that split-level living has its advantages.

For instance, our built-in observation post provides a two-way scan of an entire village block.

When the scenery becomes a trifle dull to the south, I need only to tread ten paces to the north for a view that's entirely new.

With the springtime season fast approaching the outlook from the lookout should be better than ever.

And if payment becomes a trifle burdensome this summer, I might even install a telescope with all public privileges at twenty-five cents a peep.

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