

Editorials

Tribune

The innocent need not fear

Liberal M.P., Norm Cafik of Ontario Riding has taken an over-cautious approach to the ever-present problem of the drinking driver and legislation that, if approved, would make breathalyzer tests compulsory. Mr. Cafik feels that the individual rights of the citizens might be abused by police who would be required to enforce such a law. What citizens? may we ask. Has the law-abiding teenager, taking his best girl to a Saturday night movie no 'right' to a safe return? Has the father taking his family out for a Sunday drive no 'right' to return them safely home? We have absolutely no patience whatever for any motorist who would dare to drink to excess and then threaten the lives of other in-

nocent people through inability to handle a car in a proper manner. To suggest that the police might take advantage of the law is an extremely weak excuse. We take the stand that the innocent need not fear. If Mr. Cafik could accompany us to accident scenes in the Stouffville-Markham-Uxbridge areas, his opinion might indeed change. On too many occasions we have seen such locations littered with open and broken beer bottles and usually from the car of the driver who has committed the infraction. If any legislation will lessen such useless highway carnage, then let's have it approved. It's high time a little thought was given to the 'rights' of the majority too.

Regional guessing game

Will Stouffville remain a self-contained municipality? Will Markham Twp. and Town become one? What is the future of Pickering Twp. — a portion in Oshawa and a section in Metro? Will Metro be permitted to expand to No. 7 or as far north as Stouffville? These and other questions are uppermost in the minds of all civic leaders right now and until the boundary lines are firmly established, the whole regional issue will remain up in the air. It would appear that the Minister of Municipal Affairs, Hon. Darcy McKeough is hesitant to impose any hard and fast rule in either York or Ontario Counties without prior con-

sultation with the municipalities involved. This approach, however fair and democratic, would seem to be a trifle over-optimistic. While Markham Town and Township appear convinced that they have much in common, other areas of close co-operation are non-existent. This has been the story within the County itself for years. While the Minister tempers justice with mercy in an effort to feel out the wishes of local municipal officials in the final analysis, it will be he and he alone who will settle the issue. In our opinion, the sooner the regional guessing game is ended, the better.

An area worth preserving

The Sky-Loft Ski Resort area near Dagmar in Uxbridge Twp. is up for sale again. A private club is attempting to muster sufficient memberships and funds to purchase the property. The immediate down-payment requirement is \$50,000. The reported asking price is \$150,000. To raise this amount of money is a tremendous undertaking for any organization, no matter how ambitious. And it would only be the beginning. Improvements to the site, maintenance costs, taxes, etc. could drive the annual fees far beyond the budgets of the family folk they wish to attract. And yet these are the people who should be able to utilize such facilities. To make this recreation 'paradise'

a year-round haven for all should be the objective of the Metropolitan Toronto and Region Conservation Authority. While sufficient funds could not be set aside for the purchase of Sky-Loft in '69, we feel sure that an agreement could be worked out with the present owner that would 'hold' the property for this purpose. We are the first to admit that the MTRCA has done a marvelous job in preserving lands for recreation and conservation purposes. While restrictions are placed on the amount of money it can spend, there are instances where positive action can not wait until the cash is in the account. The purchase of Sky-Loft is such a project. A visit to the site would prove our point.



Spring break-up on Duffin Creek

While the spring break-up can often pose a flood problem, such has so far not been the case in this area. An example is this portion of Duffin Creek, south of conc. 5, Pickering Twp., where the stream is almost ice-free. —Staff Photo



Remember when? S. S. No. 2 Whitchurch (Ringwood) 1928

This photo should bring back a few memories for the former pupils of Ringwood Public School in 1928. The teacher (extreme right) is Everton Smith. Students are: Front row (l. to r.), Ray Ferguson, Harry Thorn, Walter Gilroy, Duncan McTavish, Lloyd McTavish, Walter Smith. Second row (l. to r.), Dickie Wildgoose, Harold Boake, Dan Flyer, Howard Barkey, Jake Baker, Frankie Pipher, Bruce Davis. Third row (l. to r.), Mary Graham, Jean Davis, Jean Pipher, Dorothy Timbers, Margaret Smith, Irene Timbers, Joyce Flyer, Evelyn Flyer, Jessie McTavish, Blanche Mortson. Rear row (l. to r.), George Maskill, Gordon Ratcliff, Harry Davis, Edna Sinclair, Clara Miller, Frances Flyer, Blanche Boake, Ruth Davis, Helen Stouffer.

SUGAR AND SPICE

How school has changed

By BILL SMILEY



Great changes are taking place in education these days. Let's have a look at some of them from a straight-forward, honest, prejudiced point of view, and then you decide whether they are good or bad. Corporal punishment is practically a thing of the past. Good or bad? I think it's good for the students and perhaps bad for some of the teachers. It never did have any deterrent effect on the students as I know from personal experience as a student. It merely made the brutish student more brutish. But it was a great safety valve for the hot-tempered teacher.

Now I know there shouldn't be such things as hot-tempered teachers. But there are. They are human beings. And some of the hottest-tempered are the best teachers. Often, they care more.

No more for them the glorious release of hurling chalk or black-board brush at that sniggering lout in the back seat. No more for them the sedative of the clout on the ear, the ruler crack on the knuckles, the five-of-the-best on each hand.

What's going to happen to them? You can turn the other cheek only so often. I prophesy a large tax increase for the purpose of building more mental institutions for teachers who crack under the strain of choking back their honest rage.

So much for that. Let's look at Counselling, or Guidance. This is one of the fastest-growing aspects of education. Only a few years ago, any guidance was done by regular teachers, usually chosen for their common sense.

Now the Guidance Dept. is one of the busiest spots in the school. You don't "teach" Guidance. You're "in" Guidance. Right up to your ears.

The reason for this is that the duties of guidance people have snowballed. Why? For two reasons. Many parents have abdicated as counselors of their own children, and leave it to the school. Many other parents, however desperately they try, simply can't cope with their children, and expect the school to help.

Inevitably, the guidance teacher has become involved with emotional disturbances, family backgrounds, physical handicaps and all the other things that influence a child's behavior. He has become a sort of padre without dog collars.

In addition, he is expected to guide the student into the right course. This, he must convince Johnny, who wants to be a doctor, and who failed his Grade 10 science dismally, that he might be better in another field. Even worse, he has to convince Johnny's father, who is a doctor and is damn well going to have another one in the family.

Glad I'm not a guidance teacher. How do you feel about examinations? They, too, are changing in status. The emphasis on exams is diminishing, and in some schools they have vanished. Good or bad?

My feelings about them are mixed. One day I feel that they should be abolished, so that we could get down to the business of learning, that they are an unnecessary ordeal, that they cater to mediocrity. The next day I've reversed my

stand and am convinced that: they are the only god for the lazy student; that the pressure-reliefs are good therapy; that the student who is a wallflower in class has a chance to blossom on paper; that they reveal the classroom charm-boy for the ignoramus he is.

On the whole, I'm in favor of retaining exams, in some form, until our competitive society has changed completely. Otherwise we have a repetition of the disastrous Children's Crusade of the Middle Ages. You are

sending kids into battle with no weapons except a series of successful field trips and "projects."

You have to learn how to drive a car, and then you have to prove it in an examination. The same applies to building bridges or removing tonsils.

In fact, we need more examinations: for prospective fathers, in diaper-pinning; prospective husbands in coping with tears. And so on. I'll bet you can think of a few.

Letters to the Editor

Dear sir:

May I add my congratulations to the many, for the recent awards you and your staff have received. As a newcomer to Stouffville, I would like to take this opportunity to let you know how much we enjoy reading your paper.

In a recent article you mentioned that the Stouffville P.U.C. had a few accounts in arrears. Do they know how hard they make it to pay one's bills? Some of us are actually punished. Because we work out of Stouffville and cannot make it to the office by 5 o'clock we must mail them a cheque which costs 15 cents plus 6 cents postage. We have to pass the offices every night to pick up our mail but we cannot even drop our cheque in the door as there is no letter box.

After living in Toronto all my life a few things that we took for granted become a minor hardship till one gets used to them.

- 1) Not being able to pay your utilities at the bank.
- 2) No mail delivery.
- 3) Having to pay for garbage to be picked up.

Unfortunately, when we bought in the Ponderosa subdivision, no one informed us of these facts.

This letter wasn't meant to be "sour grapes" but maybe you could let the "powers" that be, "electric that is" know how we feel.

(Mrs.) R. Hughes, Stouffville

Dear sir:

I have read in your paper with much interest about sending stray dogs to labs, and the people who are opposed to this.

This is my view on the subject: I wonder how these people would feel if a loved one was ill with an incurable disease and they knew that if the labs had animals to try test on,

they might be able to cure it.

To have one person suffer where there might be a breakthrough if is not morally right.

A few hundred years ago, a dog was a noble animal, who earned his keep by protecting a home and routing out game for our fore-fathers to shoot. Now a dog has to be chained up in a yard never to run free, but to wait for a hand-out from his master. A dog is a pet to the children, but how many of these same children who pet him, also torture him?

I feel we should give the dogs a chance to be noble animals again. Let them protect not only our homes but our health. If they die, let them die, for a cause like finding a cure for an incurable disease.

So fill out your forms to send them to Ottawa. But also pray none of your family ever contact a disease that might have been cured if a dog had given his life to make it curable.

Russell Richardson, R.R. 3, Stouffville

Thirty years ago, the world sat back and allowed the murder of six million Jews; when questioned by following generations, claim they didn't know — too many did know, and did not protest.

I can't believe the Canadian people wish to sit back and watch the annihilation of several million people (black, this time). We know what's going on; we can help relieve the starvation, but a political solution in Niageria-Biafra is the only way to prevent the death of a people.

We must write to our M.P.s, and to Mr. Trudeau and Mr. Sharp, urging the Canadian government to take the initiative in seeking to have a political settlement brought about before it is too late.

Ann Griffiths, R.R. 3, Stouffville

ROAMING AROUND

Birds of a feather

By Jim Thomas

If Lady Godiva should ride a prancing Palomino down the main street of Stouffville on a sunny Saturday afternoon, the majority of weekend shoppers, both men and women, would undoubtedly stop and stare.

We are just far enough removed from the facts of big-city life to regard this kind of thing as unexpected oddity. In 'Toronto the good,' however, nudity is becoming commonplace.

Pick up any one of the three Toronto dailies, turn to the entertainment section and you'll find 'bare this' and 'topless that' advertised everywhere.

Phoney you say? Just a gimmick to get you in? That's what I said once, but no more. Seeing is surely believing. I spent two hours in the 'relaxing' atmosphere of the Mynah Bird Coffee House, Yorkville Ave., Friday night.

As I've said on occasions before, the Yorkville area is a one-block world unto itself and although I detest the weird kind of characters that hang out there, I still find it an intriguing place to visit. It can also prove quite costly.

I parked the car on a public lot between University Avenue and Bay. The fee for this privilege was 75 cents.

Ten steps later I was accosted by a pretty young thing with blue flowers painted all over her face. She politely requested a hand-out of ten cents. I had nothing in that denomination so very generously gave her a quarter.

So far I had spent one dollar and hadn't yet reached my chosen destination.

The floor show was scheduled for 8:30. I arrived at 8:25.

Following payment of \$4.00, a long-haired lass in a short skirt, ushered me to a seat in the very front row. The room was as dark as pitch, lighted only by an occasional candle.

I ordered a cup of coffee. Another 75 cents.

After 20 minutes of staring across the table at my neighbor, things began to happen.

Through the back door, tip-toed a girl in her mid-teens, completely bare from her waist up.

She hopped up on a three-legged stool under the glare of a high-powered spot light. Her assistant, also a girl, proceeded to draw several numbered squares, triangles and rectangles over her bosom.

The idea of the game was for members of the viewing audience to pick a number and personally fill in the spaces with a brush and fluorescent paint.

The open invitation was extended but not a single soul even moved. "You go," said one. "No, you be the first," came the reply.

"Don't be bashful, boys," urged the girl, "she won't bite." Still, no one ventured forth.

When it appeared that the show was about to fall flat on its face, the M.C. called for two at a time.

With \$4.75 already spent, I felt it was high time I received some value for my money. Together with one other, we agreed to perform this work of art. He selected number 1, an extremely vulnerable spot. I volunteered for number 7, a square in the same general area but a little less personal. He used green, I had orange.

At high school, I was a terrible artist. In fact, I was so bad, that the teacher would often take my completed sketch to the front of the room and say to the class — 'this is what NOT to do!' I haven't improved with age.

With every eye in the whole room watching each articulate stroke, my hand shook like a proverbial leaf. On two occasions I brushed past my boundary line into sections 6 and 8! The only time she complained was when I missed the drawing board completely and splattered paint on her knees, two storeys down.

But familiarity breeds contempt. Before the show was over, three had left. One man, two seats away, fell sound asleep. Others went back to drinking coffee.

I went home. A little poorer but a whole lot wiser.

ONTARIO WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS ASSOCIATION

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 15c, subscriptions \$5.00 per year; in Canada, \$7.50 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.