

Editorials

Tribune

The 'city' of Stouffville

Stouffville a part of 'Century City' or 'Century City' a part of Stouffville?

As a result of a meeting between representatives from the fourteen municipalities in York County and Hon. Darcy McKeough, Minister of Municipal Affairs, it would now appear possible that the latter could be true.

It was in reply to a question posed by reeve Ken Laushway concerning the future status of the village that Mr. McKeough recommended the creation of a 'greater Stouffville area.'

Should this come to pass, it would be safe to say that 'Century City' would be part of that 'area.'

The benefits of such a decision would be two-fold. It would mean that Stouffville, as a borough within the greater County region, would re-

tain its identity. In addition, it would tend to ease the pressure of opposition against 'Century City,' voiced by some members of Uxbridge Twp. council and County Council.

We fully support such a plan and anticipate no objection from the developers themselves. Several of its promoters never were completely 'sold' on the 'Century City' name right from the start. Under an 'area' expansion program it would be the Town of Stouffville and later the City of Stouffville as development proceeds and population build-up continues.

With the reported purchases by Revenue Properties Limited of farm lands located entirely within the Stouffville limits it would indicate now more than ever that the present boundary separation will ultimately be dissolved.

Conflict of interests

The Stouffville Skating Club carnival, one of the most colorful of local recreation events, is scheduled for two successive nights this week, April 11 and 12.

The program, which includes close to 200 participants, will play to an audience of about 1,500 persons.

It's unfortunate that the ice show here and in Markham should fall on exactly the same dates. This conflict of evenings has occurred before.

Many people, here in Stouffville and in Markham who enjoy this kind of thing, have expressed disappointment over the clash. No one seems to know for sure how it all happens.

Perhaps in the future, the executives of each organization would be wise to consult one another before the show times are finalized. Too much time and work is involved to lose even one potential patron.

Keep them down on the farm

A check through Stouffville's dusty by-law books will disclose a council order forbidding the pasturing of livestock on the boulevard areas of the village main street.

Are horses included in this edict? If not, they should be.

It has become common practice here for young riders to parade their steeds along the sidewalk through the business section of town and while considered somewhat of a novelty at first, it has now become a nuisance.

The condition of the walk on the north side of Main and east of Mill Street, Saturday, was nothing short

of disgraceful. Shoppers out in force by the dozens, following the Friday holiday, must surely have viewed the mess with disgust. Others, who didn't see it, but walked through it, were even less fortunate.

We think it's a wonderful thing that so many teenagers in this area have suddenly become such enthusiastic equestrians.

Their enthusiasm for displaying their horses in public must be controlled. If not, then the town's street cleaning program will have to be expanded to include also the sidewalks. Shades of the days of A. I. Pryne.



Do you remember? S. S. No. 2 Whitchurch (Vandorf) - 1929

This school class photo should stir the memories of former pupils at S.S. No. 2, Whitchurch (Vandorf) in the year 1929. The children are: Front row (l. to r.) Jack Rundle, Bob Ledson, Edward Willis, Tom Caine, Lawrence Hennessey, Walter Graham, Joe Rundle, Harold Ledson, Morley Jones, Phillip Rushbrook. Second row (l. to r.) Jim Rundle, George Keetch, Phyllis Jones, Dorothy Scott, Audrey Switzer, Elva Pattenden, Grace MacDonald, Ethel McDonald, Elsie vanNostrand, Olive Bostwick, Mabel Carr, Charile Wright, Harvey Wright. Third row (l. to r.) Ivan Pattenden, Bruce Preston, Walter Rundle, Collin Card, Sylvia Preston, Doris Dewsbury, Marion vanNostrand, Helen Preston, Marjory Yake, Alice Falrey. Back row (l. to r.) Ruth Willis, Theda Ransom, Albert Rundle, Orville Jones, Jack Hennessey, Ruth Oliver, Jean Switzer (teacher), Walter Ledson, Jack Ledson, Elmer Yake, Mable Pattenden, Fern Yake.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Students are after me

By BILL SMILEY

If you hear that my house has been burned, or that student rioters have occupied my study and taken axes to my typewriter, don't be surprised. The student militants are after me. Their hackles were raised when I suggested in a recent column that they get away with everything but murder.

I said it and I mean it. There shouldn't be one law for the rich and another for the poor. And there shouldn't be one law for some poor devil of a kid who gets six months for stealing something worth \$55 and another law for students who commit arson, destroy property, and are hailed as martyrs.

From Halifax, one Barrie Sandham launches an attack, after condescendingly telling me that he is not a regular reader of my column, but "glances over it" once in a while.

While admitting that he is not one of them, says he, nothing would be accomplished in getting rid of the dead hand of administration in the universities.

In that case, why are you not one of them, young Barrie? Are you one of the hundreds of thousands who sit back and let a few do the dirty work, and then get on the gravy train when the smoke has cleared? There's a mixed metaphor I defy even an Irishman to better.

His letter is too long to quote, but he adopts a familiar type of "logic" in it. When you can't refute the argument, attack the speaker. So he accuses me of: Writing nothing serious; being a subscriber to Time magazine; hiding behind someone else's opinions; writing for right-wing fanatics; mud-slinging; and worst of all, being double-chinned. That gives you an idea of the coherency of the letter.

Dear boy, you are 120 percent wrong. I often write seriously; never read Time except in the dentist's office; never hide behind others' opinions; write for Canadians from plumber to politician, doctor to ditch-digger, teacher to teen-ager; don't sling mud though sometimes rocks; and have a chin like a shovel. That's 100 percent. The other 20 percent is for spelling and grammar errors, though perhaps this is unfair, as you are obviously a college student.

As though this weren't enough, comes a searing letter, dripping with sarcasm, from a young lady in Red Deer, Alta. It encloses a paragraph from my column, out of context, and is on behalf of all militant students.

Somehow, I emerge as the villain. "We have destroyed parks, universities and computers, but you and your gleeful following have broken the mental barriers and destroyed the values and inhibitions that held us back. Someone had to unleash the hounds and I don't think they should go unnoticed." Who? The hounds?

Then she compares me with her dad, who apparently wasn't strict enough. Then: "We kids let ourselves go sometimes but what an orgy of unrestrained jealousy your generation has had."

Dear girl, say it isn't so. I haven't broken a mental barrier or destroyed any values or inhibitions (including my own) for years. And I have never yet unleashed a single hound. I, too, let myself go sometimes. But unrestrained jealousy? Pity is the emotion I feel most often toward young people.

Then she attacks newspapermen. "You sure know how to use the old axe. If we stole their (politicians) car they'd have it back tomorrow. You can take their name and reputation and get paid for it." Nonsense.

love. If you stole a car, you'd be arrested. If I stole a name or reputation, I'd be sued for libel.

Final excerpt: "The smart ones work behind the scenes and let others go to jail. Besides, you've solved the problem of eternal youth." I'm afraid I don't get the connection. But I'd be happy to serve a jail term if the latter statement were true. You should have my bursitis, kid, along with my falling hair, teeth and arches.

All I can say is: Student activism — yes; student terrorism — no.

Letters to the Editor

Dear sir:

In your editorial 'The Innocent Need Not Fear' of March 20, you indicated that I have taken an over-cautious approach to the ever-present problem of drinking drivers and compulsory breathalyzer tests.

You indicate that if I would accompany you on accident scenes in the area, my opinions would change. This gives the impression that I am opposed to compulsory breathalyzer tests, or in fact, that I am not very much concerned about the problem of drinking and driving. Neither proposition is an accurate statement of my views.

I am very much concerned with drinking and driving and feel that it is imperative that legislators take action to lessen the carnage on our roads. I intend to vote in favor of compulsory breathalyzer tests for this reason.

The fact that I have a reservation in respect to the shortcomings of the law does not in any way leave myself open to the charge of being disinterested in the problem.

Best personal good wishes, I am,
Norm Cafik, M.P.,
Ontario Riding

Many thanks for printing letters pro and con the Humane Society's opposition to Bills 73 and 74. I have read all the letters and editorials and the Bills themselves, and I feel there are still one or two points not clarified.

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ROAMING AROUND

Hot 'Ayr'

By Jim Thomas

I love hockey. I always have and I hope I always will.

As a player, I was something less than average. But what I lacked in natural ability, I attempted to replace with enthusiasm. Participation — that was the thing.

As a spectator I still get as excited as the next guy and I lose patience with the ho-hum fan who seems content to sit on his hands in the stands all night.

This, I'm sorry to say, is the kind of attitude displayed by the majority of Stouffville's sideline viewers — and it's not only confined to hockey. Folks here just don't get overly enthused about anything. We're a conservative crowd (Mr. Trudeau take note) and it's a hard thing to shake.

It's not necessary for Stouffville fans to visit other sports centres to take lessons in team support. The truth is, we're often out-shouted right in our own rink. That hurts.

Since I'm no longer directly associated with the sports beat for The Tribune, I don't get to see as many games as I would like. The arena used to be my 'second home' and I miss it.

With the season rapidly drawing to a close, I assigned myself to the coverage of an Ontario Rural Hockey Association playoff semi-final in Uxbridge, Friday night. Claremont, facing elimination, was hosting Ayr, a dot on the map midway between Brantford and Kitchener. At twenty minutes before game time, the lineup at the arena entrance was half a block long. Inside, they were jammed together like sardines. I worked my way down to a strategic spot behind the penalty box.

Police, anticipating trouble, were out in force. One tubular officer, with a two-foot night stick dangling ominously at his side, stood directly behind. Two others, both from the O.P.P., were close by. It was obvious they meant business and Ayr fans, concentrated in that section, were well aware that any shenanigans would result in an immediate heave-ho.

Physical violence was thus replaced by vocal exuberance. And from the oral fragrance of the area, it was evident that the vocal cords of many had been well 'lubricated' prior to game time.

While I don't condone 'drinking' at sports attractions, the comments voiced by hockey inebriates can sometimes be amusing. One such conversation went as follows:

"How much time left, Joe?"
"Don't ask me, I can't see the clock. I think we're near the end of the third inning."

"Wrong game, Joe. Say, you're in bad shape."
"No worsen you, Sam, we'd best stick together."

"I wonder if they've got a hotel in this place?"
"No, she's dry as a bone. I already asked."

"Sure is one — of a place to hold a hockey match."
"That's what I was thinkin'. I guess you can't win 'em all."

"I hear we play Wainfleet next. Maybe they got a hotel there."
"Let's hope so."

"That's the trouble with these little hick towns like Claremont."
"This isn't Claremont, it's Uxbridge."

"Just as bad, no hotel here either."
"I wonder if they've got a jail?"
"I don't know, and don't intend to find out."

"Sure got a lot of cops — look at 'em, all over the place."
"Guess they heard we was comin', eh Sam?"
"Guess so."

"Kinda quiet here tonight — no fights or nothin'. Sure some different from the last one we was at."
"You should know — you started it all."

"Is that right? Don't remember a thing."
"No wonder. They had to carry you out."

"You know, it's kinda hard to believe the season'll soon be over."
"A good thing, I say."
"You'll need six months to recover."



Floral decoration

Two beautiful poinsettia plants at the front entrance to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Les Wilson, Lloyd Avenue, Stouffville have attracted the attention of many people. One of the blooms is shown here. In case you're curious, it's not really real. —Staff Photo