

Editorials

Tribune

Sympathy not earned

No one will argue against the need for sand and gravel components in the building trade.

No one will dispute the point that the gravel industry in this area provides employment for many dozens of men.

But the public in general are now fed up to the teeth with the attitude of the majority of pit owners and operators whose only apparent desire was to pinch every penny and give as little as possible in return.

Now, at long last, by-law controls, like menacing pincers, are tightening their grip, cutting off the continued mutilation of prospective gravel

lands without first making application to a higher authority.

This was the decision of the Ontario Municipal Board at a Hearing held in Vandonf July 30. The Tribune has advocated this kind of prohibitive measure for years.

For some, directly involved in the gravel industry, the outcome is bitter medicine. But few will be sympathetic to their cause.

Within recent years, some gravel firms have made an attempt to improve properties and co-operate with local councils. For the most part, however, it's been too little, too late. The honeymoon is over.

Far reaching effect

The Twp. of Pickering has, for many years, been searching for an image — something that would set it apart from other dormitory municipalities outside of Metro.

For a time, hydro's nuclear power station seemed to provide the answer. Certainly, it was and is, one of the biggest and most important projects to come Pickering's way in a long time.

But people find little lasting acclaim in cold metal and concrete. They need to look to something alive — something human.

We would have thought that an 18 year old girl, blonde and a bit shy, should be the person that folks could look to with pride and say —

she's ours.

Beverley Boys is that girl.

Every time this high diving star spirals downward into the pool, Pickering's stock climbs to the top of the board. For whenever her name is mentioned, whether it be in the press, on radio or television, her place of residence is sure to follow.

Barbara Ann Scott did it. Marilyn Bell did it. Nancy Greene did it.

So how's this for a suggestion, Mr. Reeve — a huge, permanent sign at the east and west entrance on Hwy. 401 that reads TOWNSHIP OF PICKERING — THE HOME OF BEVERLEY BOYS. The Americans boost their heroes. It's time Canadians did the same.

Community effort

The Stouffville Trade Fair, initiated and organized by the Legion, has become a community effort.

This is the way it should be. All other organizations have indicated a desire to assist with the project. With this kind of co-operation, success is assured.

It is our hope that similar large scale functions may be handled the same way. Many hands make light work.

Legion Branch 459 is to be commended for re-kindling interest in a venture that presumably had 'died' over a decade ago.

The response by exhibitors has been amazing. We're certain that public patronage will be equally enthusiastic.

Majority should count

Every reader knows that the sour side of events always hits the headlines and this has been particularly true of our schools and universities.

Every reader should also know and realize that the good far outweighs the bad. Consider the graduation ceremonies which take place across the province. The off-beat graduate always grabs the spotlight, particularly in picture form.

A survey shows that in universities, colleges and high schools, 'long-hairs' average only two to one hun-

dred. Those who attend these dignified events without tie or jacket numbered only one in three hundred.

Ninety-nine out of one hundred are filled with a sense of achievement.

The vast majority form a body of young people who are a credit to their families, their country and themselves. Their futures are secure and the benefits of their presence in the community far outweigh any emphasis placed on oddballism and confusion in our schools.



Do you remember? — S.S. No. 7, Markham Twp. (Gormley) 1933

This photo, dating back to 1933 should stir a few memories of former pupils at S.S. No. 7, Markham Township at Helse Hill. The class includes: Front row (l. to r.), Carl Steckley, George Rumney, Jack Barnett, Jack Rumney, Clarence Helse, Gordon Wagg, Bill Barnett, Phillip Rumney, Harold Coker. Second row (l. to r.), Helen Steckley, Marlon Boston, Grace Steckley, Marion Boynton, Marlon Hunt, Grace Baynton, Ruth Wagg, Anna Helse, Anna Baker, Rhoda Winger, Grace Montgomery, Jean Brillinger, Dorothy Baker, Roberta Farquharson, Dorothy Steckley. Third row (l. to r.), Hilda Hills, Edna Wagg, Melvin Henderson, Leslie Hart Louis Helse, Harold Helse, Arnold Montgomery, Leonard Appleton, Ted Montgomery, Bruce Empringham, Russell Helse, Harry Jones. Back row (l. to r.), Louis Nicholsh (teacher), Orval Steckley, Miriam Helse, Helen Barnett, Marion Winger. Marjorie Hart, Velma Brillinger, Alma Farquharson, Naomi Helse, Grace Baker.



SUGAR AND SPICE

A fantastic feat

By BILL SMILEY

Well, what do you think of the moon now? For centuries, lunatics have howled at it, lovers have yearned under it, poets have rhapsodized over it and pedants have pontificated about it.

And what does the beautiful, silvery, chaste goddess turn out to be? An old hag made of slag with a bad case of acne.

Like most of you, I was glued to the television set for hours at a stretch, listening to inanities and profundities, but experiencing the tension, terror and triumph of the crucial moments.

I've lived through some harrasing experiences: the Great Depression, World War II and p.o.w. camp, the cold war, and two teenagers. And I'm glad that I was spared to see those two fellows lolling around on the moon. It was something just to be part of the human race at that moment.

Listening to all the learned scientists discussing the birth of a new era for man, I seemed to gather two major impressions. Most people felt a combination of awe, pride and exhilaration. The sheer impudence of the feat was a thrill. Petty, ignoble man conquering the majestic moon.

But the opposite feeling was expressed by a smaller, but intelligent and vocal group. They scorn the whole enterprise and suggest that man should feel a sense of shame at spending so much money, time, technological skill and brains to accomplish such a "useless" mission, when there are so many things here on earth which need the application of those ingredients so much more.

They have a point, an all-out attack on poverty, illness, starvation appears more rational than flying half a million miles to pick up some rocks.

But of course, as a scant look at history will prove, man has never been a rational creature, though he often prides himself on his reason.

Man is a creature of emotion, imagination and intuition, with a strong dash of initiative and a mere soupcon of reason. He is curious. He wants to know what is around the corner or over the next mountain.

So Columbus, with sublime ignorance, sailed off with three leaky boats manned by convicts, into the sunset. Scott and companions trudged the bleak wastes of Antarctica, and died, after reaching a chunk of ice called the South Pole, only to find that Kilroy had been there.

History is interesting chiefly because of the mystic that is in man, and his fortitude in searching beyond the known. Take Magellan and Henry Hudson and Samuel Hearne and Lindbergh and Sir Richard Hilary and a thousand others out of your history books and what have you left? A dull plateau, full of such soul-stirring events as the passing of the Education Bill of 1872, and such-like.

That's all very romantic, of course, but we must be realistic. Is that why the Yanks "went for broke" in their effort to get there first? Partly. They

are a nation of immense pride and ability, with a flair for the dramatic. But there is no question that the race to be first on the moon had powerful political implications.

What a pity! What a truly wonderful stroke of mankind the moon trip would have been had the team preparing and executing it been made up of a world, rather than a national group of men, working without thought of power, propaganda or prestige.

If the moon becomes merely a pawn in the power struggle among earthlings, the whole thing was a pitiable failure. If man merely transports his greeds, aggressions and

other assorted stupidities to the moon and beyond, there is no hope for his future.

But let's look on the bright side. By turning his aggressive spirit against the great cold, dark of the universe, the human animal might stop rending his fellows. By seeking out the mysteries of space, he might be encouraged to seek into the mysteries of himself. By proving that the impossible can be done, perhaps he will get cracking on the "impossibility" of solving earth's problems.

Whatever happens, nothing can detract from the fantastic American feat, and the skill and courage of the first men on the moon.

Letters to the Editor

Dear sir:

With regard to the opinion poll conducted among residents in the Ponderosa subdivision in Stouffville, I felt that the comments expressed were both interesting and well taken. Similar feelings have been expressed between neighbors in the east end of town with respect to the distance children must walk to school (Orchard Park) and GO Train commuter service.

As an east-ender, I would like to compliment the Ponderosa people on the immaculate appearance of their places. It is indeed a pleasure to walk or drive through the subdivision. Some folks elsewhere might do well to follow this example. I see little sense in a person spending hours of time cutting grass and trimming shrubs and yet allow weeds to grow knee-high next to the road. While it may indeed be town property, a little extra effort would see the job done right.

Ron Baker.

Dear Editor:

It was indeed good news to read that the name of the Brougham Park is to be changed and commemorated to the memory of the late Don Beer. I know I speak for all Brougham residents when I say that such a tribute was truly earned.

A friend.

Dear sir:

As a Main Street observer in Stouffville, Friday, I noticed a group of young people from the Dickson's Hill area holding a flower and bake sale at a convenient location in front of the IGA.

To make this space available to these young folks is, in my opinion, a wonderful gesture on the part of the owner and manager. Both are to be commended.

An observer.

Mr. Editor:

With all the items I have been reading in The Tribune about vandalism, shop lifting and other thefts, I would like to give you one of my ideas of how this all comes about.

One thing that is wrong is that there are far too many small children as well as large on the town streets too late at night. Don't their parents care where they are?

We hate to mention the word curfew but it could certainly be used to good advantage.

Operating a household today may not be easy, but it will not be improved by neglecting our parental duties. It used to be the word from parents was "do as I do," then it became "do as I say, not as I do," and now we have reached, "do as you like."

Stuart Bailey

ROAMING AROUND

No shortage of soap and water

By Jim Thomas

Officials of the York-Oshawa Health Unit have closed one restaurant in the Twp. of Whitchurch and may do the same elsewhere across the county.

The complaint concerns alleged unclean washroom facilities.

The shut-down order was swift — less than four hours following inspection — no excuses accepted.

The decision has provoked some criticism, particularly from township deputy-reeve Lawrence Hennessey who seems to feel that a warning should precede such drastic action. I disagree.

Rather than criticize the health officer's response, I commend them. I hope this kind of crackdown against sub-standard eating establishments is continued. Health officials are only acting in the public's interests — protecting folks like you and me. May the clean-up campaign continue.

Only recently, we, as a family, re-

into parts of northern Ontario. Since eating and drinking is an almost continuous ritual with children, it was necessary to stop at every other washroom along the way. Some of the facilities offered were little more than glorified pigsties. By comparison, our three compartment complex down on the farm, protruding thistles and all, was a gold plated throne. All that was needed there, was a weekly wash-up with soap, water and Javex. An occasional cloudburst from above only added to its cleanliness since the door was seldom shut and the roofboards leaked. But our little shack out back was a tidy unit and while never subjected to the discerning eye of an MOH, I have not the slightest doubt that it would have met the rural standard of that day.

What is your family's practice when you enter a restaurant for a meal?

For us, it's routine. Grimy and gooey, we troop in, pick a table for seven and order. Then, while the kitchen help is preparing the food, we split up, Mom and the girls going one way, Dad and the boys, the other. Naturally, it comes as a bit of a shock when you push open the swinging door and are met with a sight and smell that can curl your hair.

Now, the John loves Mary bit and other rudimentary anecdotes scribbled all over the wall, I can take. I will even overlook the suggestion that John and Mary have graduated to a field of higher learning. But a flusher that won't flush, taps that won't turn and ventilators that won't ventilate are the kind of inconveniences that tend to discourage the most ravenous of appetites.

At one such 'snack bar' site near Bracebridge, the paper towel rack was bone dry but the floor was knee-deep in waste.

At another, the cold water content was reduced to a dribble and the 'hot' produced no water at all.

At a third spot, the facilities were so bad, we cancelled the order, paid for what had already been prepared, and walked out.

Hardly locations to win patronage and influence customers.

So you see, I'm all on the side of authority. When health officials refuse to act or act too slowly, then it's time for the politicians to stand up and shout.

Let's criticize them when they DON'T — not when they DO.

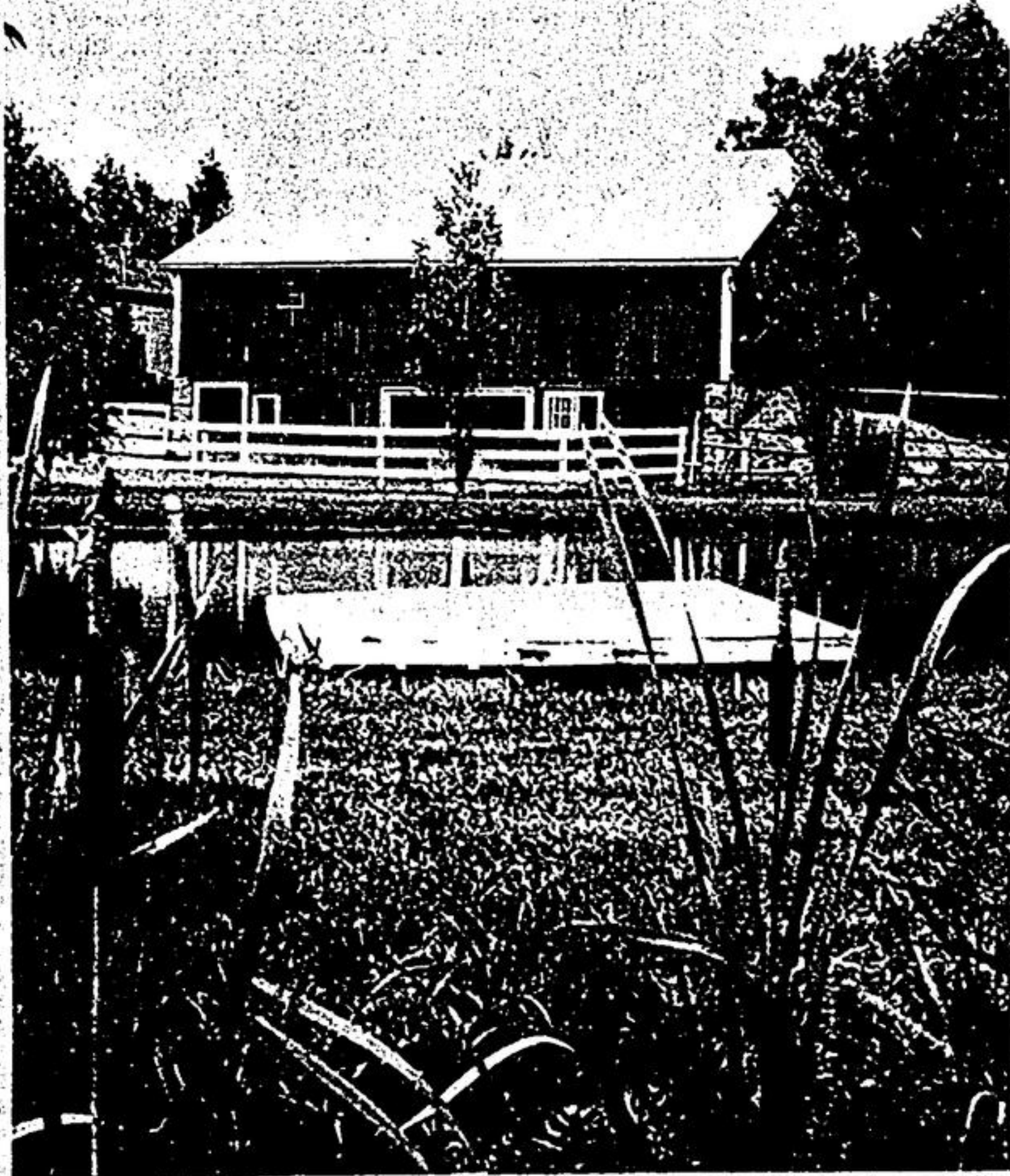
Mr. Editor:

I read with interest the other week, your comments about Uxbridge Twp. holding up the C.C.M. plant coming into our area. All I can say is 'Amen' to your complaint. As one of those persons whom you mentioned as possibly having a job close at hand, I want to voice my disappointment.

This is nothing but 'horse and buggy' thinking on the part of the township. If the township was full of premium agricultural land there might be a small excuse. We all know it is not good land and outside of gravel pits what else is there?


To turn down such an opportunity to get such an industry into the township is, criminal, at least to those of us who had looked forward to getting jobs there.

Erle Breslau, Uxbridge.



Rural setting on Bethesda Road


The Bethesda Road in Whitchurch Twp. has many scenic residential sites. One of these is the property of Mr. and Mrs. William Anderson Duckett, Stouffville, R.R. 4. —Harry Hooper



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