

# Editorials

# Tribune

## A Sunday success

From an attraction standpoint, the extension of Markham Fair into Sunday, will be recorded as one of the most successful innovations in the show's 114 year history.

From a financial standpoint, gate receipts must have exceeded all previous earnings.

There were those who opposed the Sunday program and said so. This is their privilege. We trust they did not attend.

The Board in its judgment, felt that four days rather than three could be a benefit. They attempted to provide attractions in keeping with the occasion. We heard no complaints, only compliments.

Markham Fair is big and getting bigger. With this thought in mind, some new parking scheme must be

arranged. Some folks were required to walk almost a mile to reach the grounds.

We would suggest that the directors arrange a shuttle-service to and from established parking areas, similar to that used at the International Plowing Match. Van-type vehicles could be acquired at very little cost and utilized for this purpose.

The school procession, dropped from the Friday agenda, will not likely be resumed. The 'monster dance', a Saturday night feature, is possibly a thing of the past. We don't think either was greatly missed.

Certainly, the Sunday parade was the most colorful since '67 and should be continued.

It was a great show all round. Long may it last.

## How lucky we are in Canada

The writer has just returned from a trip to the Old Country, including southern and northern Ireland. The trip was not new as we have made it numerous times before but the impression of how lucky we are in Canada, grows stronger with each visit. True, these countries have made great strides over the last few years but the people are still miles behind when it comes to personal comforts. We talk about our poor in Canada, but the ratio of haves and have-nots is many times greater in the British Isles.

The strife-torn areas of northern Ireland make the poorest streets in Toronto look quite respectable. We

grumble about our taxes, our government, and how various services are handled, but do we really know how the other half lives. Only by comparison can one truly appreciate the good fortune we enjoy.

Basically, the difference is that we are new and they are old. It is much easier to begin from scratch with something new than it is to change from something that is old to something new. Thus their progress to what we believe to be a comfortable living, is slow. These things cannot help but make an impression and the conclusion, particularly for Canadian, is inescapable, "How lucky I am! How lucky we are!"

## A broken record

In an effort to arrive at some conclusion concerning boundary lines of municipalities within a proposed York Region. Warden Stewart Rumble called representatives of King, Whitchurch and East Gwillimbury Townships, Aurora, Newmarket and Stouffville together for a candid discussion of the topic, Sept. 24.

In our opinion, the entire three-hour gathering was a waste of time.

For instead of discussing boundaries as Warden Rumble had hoped, some members insisted on debating the pros and cons of regional government itself, something we now feel is an absolute certainty.

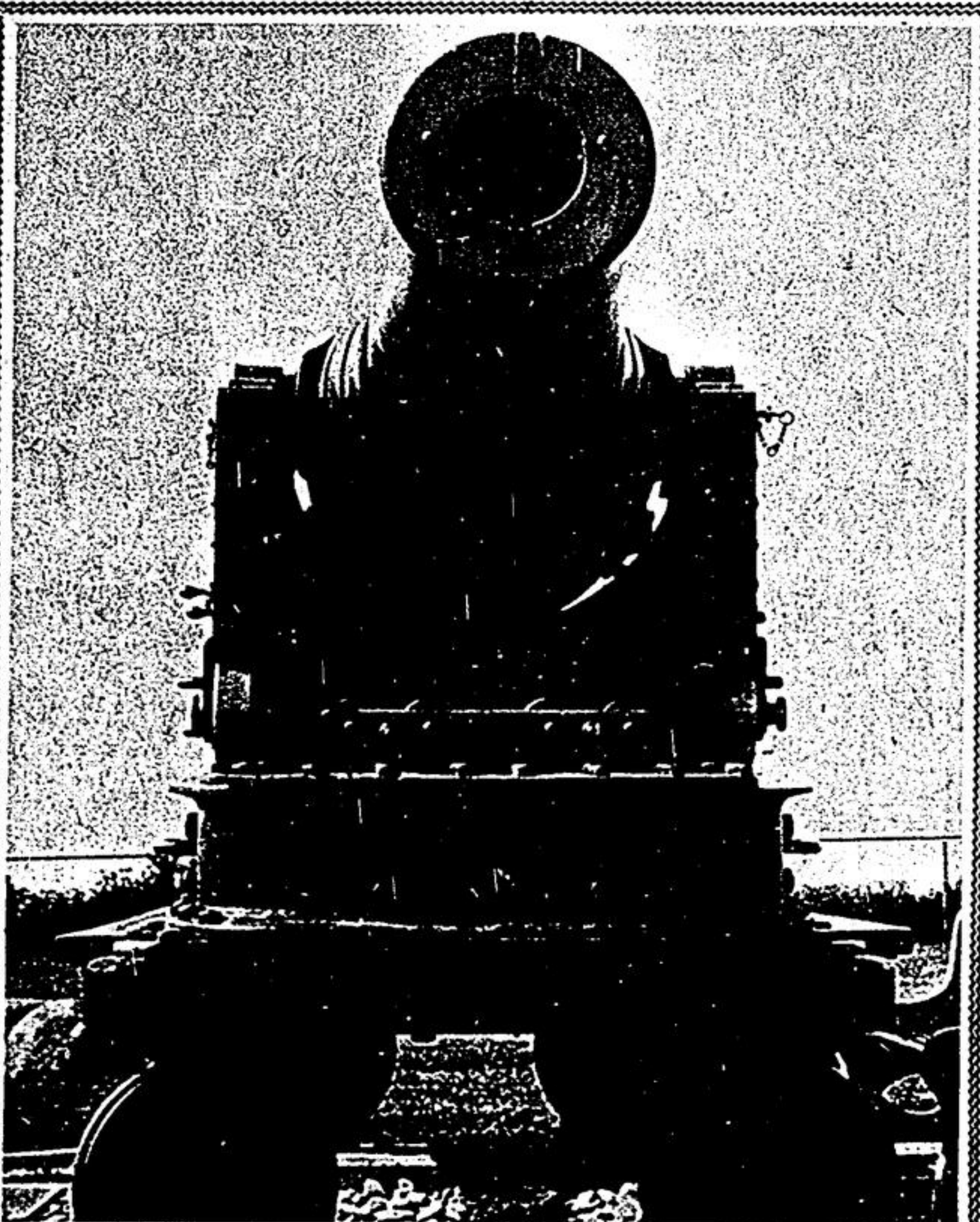
It is this very kind of inactivity that initially forced the government's hand. And Queen's Park will act

again, unless representatives can show some signs of reaching a common agreement without Provincial interference.

But an impasse on amalgamation issues within the County has been a problem for years. County welfare and assessment was approved only after many months of haggling and infighting.

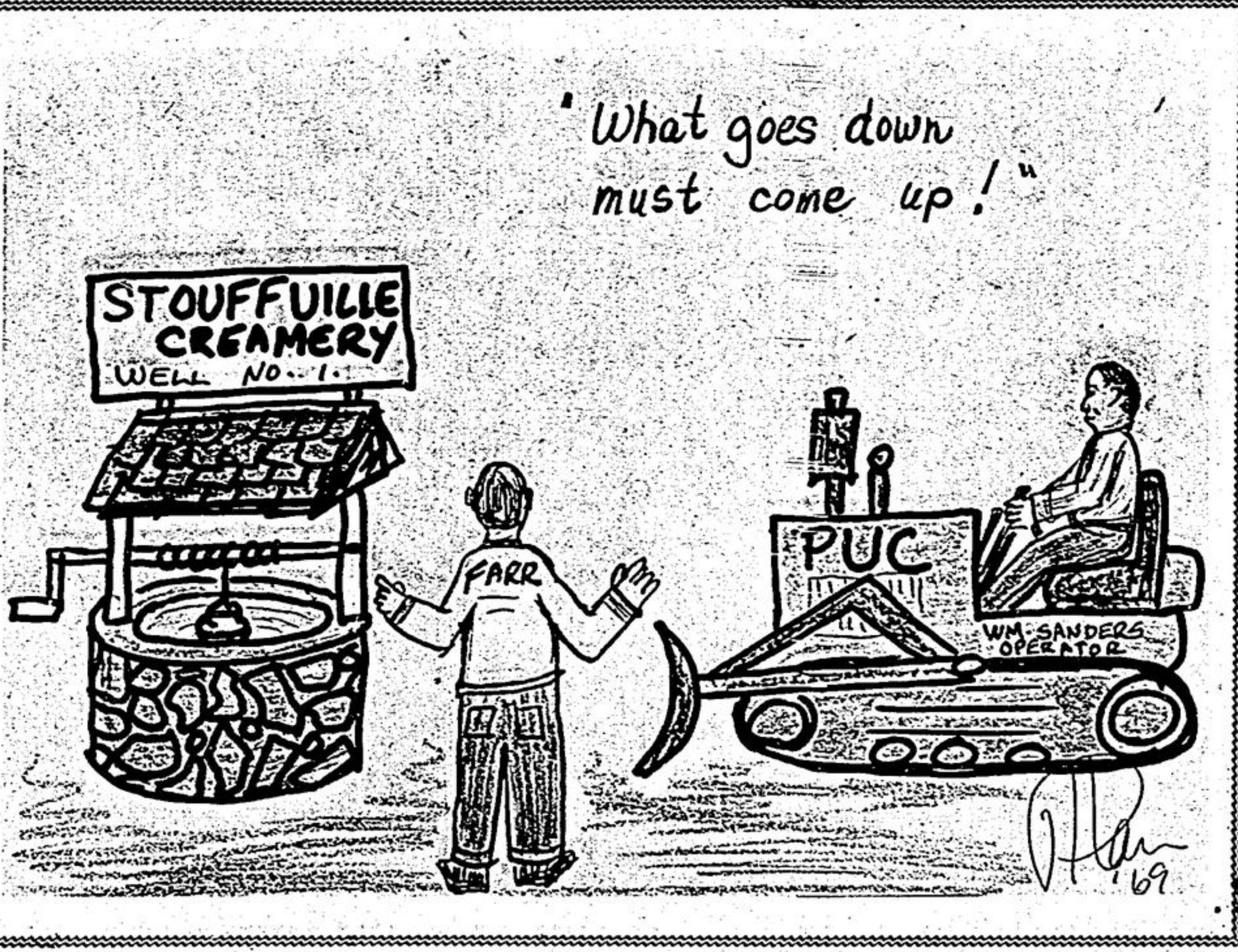
Hon. William Davis has been severely criticized for implementing his County Board of Education program in the manner he did. It is our opinion that if he had not taken the initiative, the plan would be still hanging fire.

While Hon. Darcy McKeough has been less firm in his approach, the time is not far off when he too will lower the boom and heads will roll.



A century of silence

This 7 ton cannon is perfectly harmless. Dated 1868, it 'stands guard' near the entrance to the Ontario County building, Whitby. —Harry Hooper



## SUGAR AND SPICE

### Let's spread kindness

By BILL SMILEY



Sometimes we shoot an arrow in the air, which comes to earth we know not where. At others, we drop a pebble in a pool and the ripples made are really cool.

Something like this happened recently to my father-in-law. On our last visit to him, inspired by who knows what hidden emotions, he flabbergasted us by quoting, verbatim, hundreds of lines of poetry he had learned in public school, some little while ago. (He is 78.)

This was an entirely unexpected facet of Grandad's personality. We gawked with admiration and he lit up like a neon sign with modest pride.

Most of us can't remember an eight-line poem for two weeks, after memorizing it. How many can remember hundreds of lines after almost 70 years?

But one thing bothered him. He couldn't remember all the stanzas of an old favorite, "The Village Blacksmith." It had one verse in particular which he wanted to get straight, because it was a solace to him in his loneliness, since the loss of his wife. The smith had lost his wife, too, but was pressing on.

Most of you middle-aged and older folk will remember the poem, or at least a few lines, as I do: "Under a spreading chestnut tree The village smithy stands; The smith, a mighty man is he, With large and sinewy hands And something, something, something arms Are strong as iron bands."

Grandad is a man of great persistence, and he determined that he'd remedy the lack. He wrote to a farmer's magazine, the Free Press Weekly, and asked if anyone could help supply the missing verses.

He was overwhelmed, almost physically, by the response. Approximately 150 letters came pouring in. People from ten years old to those in their nineties wrote him. Some remembered studying the poem and chatted about the good old days of the one-room rural school.

Others sent the whole poem. Some wrote it laboriously with rheumatic fingers. Some had it typed. One lady had torn the poem from an old reader (a school reader, that is, not an old person who was reading it). One customer went to the trouble and expense of having photostatic copies made.

What really delighted Grandad, though, was the kindness of the notes and letters that accompanied the poem. One lady sent a long list of other poems from the old Grade Three and Four readers. And the letters came from as far east as Nova Scotia and from B.C. in the west.

Thus my father-in-law learned of the power of the press, something I learned years ago. But I also learned that the term is misleading. The people who plan and execute editorial policy and news coverage for the daily papers have the hilarious idea that they have tremendous power, that they influence people's thoughts and actions.

It is to laugh. Elections are sure proof of this. The dailies could be unanimous in supporting one man for a certain position, and as likely as not the Canadian people, with their own sense of when they are being pushed

around, would elect his opponent.

No, it is the little things that demonstrate the power of the press something which touches a chord or a nerve in the reader and rouses him from his habitual apathy to heights of kindness or fury.

I've recently had a good example. Not long ago, I mentioned here, in one paragraph, a woman who is struggling to raise a family of six, decently, on welfare. A good and kindly woman of Riondel, B.C., read

it and responded. She wrote and offered to send a box of clothing for boys.

It arrived today, and I've just had a call from the woman on welfare. She was terribly excited. The whole family said it was "Just like Christmas."

There is a lot of warmth in the world, still. Let's help spread it around, in a generation that needs to realize it.

## Letters to the Editor

Martin Kernaghan is a pitcher with Cobourg Squirts, the team that eliminated Stouffville in the Ontario semi-finals. Martin's mother, Mrs. Patricia Kernaghan sends the following note.

Dear Mr. Thomas: The Tribune arrived today. Of the pictures Martin has had taken, we cherish this one the most.

We would like to compliment the Stouffville management, players and spectators for their display of good sportsmanship.

Over the past several years, we have had an opportunity to meet many people. We will never forget the kindness shown us by the residents of your town.

Our team is now meeting Sarnia for the Ontario Championship. Martin has been practicing every day with the help of his older brother. Martin says his success is due to the splendid catching of Jim O'Rourke, a team mate.

Thanks again for your co-operation. Mrs. Patricia Kernaghan, Grafton, Ontario

Dear Sir: Several weeks ago, I attended your Trade Fair or I suppose I should say our Trade Fair since we have just moved to this village and are pleased to make it our home.

The Fair and everything about it impressed me and my family. I am sure Stouffville is a better known place for having organized such a show.

While there, I purchased several tickets on the Kinsmen Club Beef Draw from a smiling young man. In the conversation, I asked him what the money was to be used for. He

replied that the Club hoped to raise \$1,000 for their annual payment on a \$5,000 note for instruments purchased 10 years ago for the Stouffville Drum and Bugle Corps. I said that I had never heard them play and his reply was: Sir, I have been with this Club 2 1/2 years and have not heard them play either.

I am wondering if I might be of some assistance, being a former band member. Perhaps there are other men in the village who might also desire to help. Through The Tribune, could you publish the names and phone numbers of persons we might contact.

Thank You, Interested Newcomer

Editor's Note: The band president is Rae McFadden, 103 Baker Avenue. His phone number is 640-1262.

Dear Sir: There has been considerable discussion by both Stouffville Planning Board and Council concerning an application to erect four town houses on Clarke Street.

Before either body turned 'thumbs down' on this request, I feel the members should have taken an hour to view similar structures at the intersection of Hwy. 7 and Wootten Way in Markham Town.

In my opinion, their design is quite acceptable and would improve rather than deteriorate property values. Perhaps it's still not too late to consider the matter further. I'd like to live in Stouffville but present homes are priced out of reach.

Kenneth Taber, Markham, R.R. 2.

# ROAMING AROUND

## What did you do last Sunday?

By Jim Thomas

How did you spend last Sunday?

I suppose you loaded all the kids into the family car and headed out on a color tour into the country.

No? Well then something a little more personal, like snoozing between innings of the world series semi-finals. Not that either?

Okay, I give up, but I'll tell you what I did. I attended Markham Fair.

But before you shake your head off in disgust and tsk tsk me to death, I want a chance to explain. I didn't go down to join the maddening crowd that surged through the midway or shake hands with my neighbor that I see every day, but just to view the parade. You see, I endured the midway on Friday and shook hands with my neighbor on Saturday, so there was no need to go through it all again.

But I love a parade and if watching a procession of mini-skirted majorettes on Sunday is a sin, then I'm guilty. So colorful in fact, was the one mile promenade that I'll bet that St. Peter himself would have touched down for a ground-level peek. Anyway, I felt no threatening tug at my conscience for being there.

Regardless of the trend towards wide-open Sundays, I still draw the line as far as our own children are concerned. Mind you, I'm not as strict as my parents were when I was a kid, but we still have rules and regulations. As long as we're all living under one roof, they're expected to abide by them.

For instance, church and Sunday School are musts. The four oldest have grown up with it and a team of horses couldn't hold them at home on Sabbath morn. The youngest attends too and remains just as long as his mother can keep him quiet.

Heading the no-no list are cards — any kind of cards be it euchre, bridge, crazy eight's or snap. Also out is dancing — even as much as a jig in the middle of the living room floor. Not that there's anything really so wrong with either past-time. They're merely hand-me-down restrictions that we enforce.

Aside from menial chores, like soaking diapers and making beds, no physical labors are allowed. This includes such things as mowing grass, changing storm windows, ironing or even shining shoes. There are six other days in the week for work of this kind, and I for one, have no intention of changing it.

I'm well aware that many folks will pooh-poo such policies — and have, right to my face. What's the difference between watering your grass and cutting it? They ask. I must admit, it's a bit difficult to come up with a sensible answer. To each his own, I say.

I don't feel you can legislate peoples' habits. It's been tried but it hasn't worked. Live and let live.

For instance, if your neighbor's comely wife decides to sunbathe in her birthday suit, what's a fellow supposed to do — enjoy it, ignore it or call the police? The answer is obvious.

The same goes for activities on Sunday. Some like to go out for a game of golf. I don't, but that doesn't make a game of golf on Sunday wrong. Some enjoy the crush of a crowd in a midway at Markham Fair. I don't, but that doesn't mean the midway on Sunday should be closed. The 'do as I do' slogan is no longer relevant.

Down on the farm, when I was a lad, the most pressing Sunday problem always occurred at haying time. Father would listen to the weather report on radio, shake his head in obvious despair and predict a total loss of the entire crop. "Do you think maybe we oughta haul in a load or two?" he'd ask, "It sure sounds bad for to-morrow."

We never did. Mother saw that. But times change. Just think, after 114 years, even Markham Fair was open on the Lord's day.

Some did not go. Thousands did. It's a matter of choice.

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