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Editorials

How Long Must They Wait?

The wheels of government grind ever slowly, and no group is possibly more aware of this fact than those farmers who sold their lands to the proposed Century City Development and now find themselves unable to collect on their mortgages. Somewhere along the line in the vast tangle of planning legislation, farmers have found their farms included in a total block of property from which it has been found nearly impossible to sever themselves for individual mortgage collection purposes.

More than a year ago, the Planning Department of the provincial government advised that an amendment to the Act had been worked out which would give relief. More than 50 property owners are affected.

Only a week ago the Department of In-

tergovernmental Affairs let it be known that this same amendment was still under consideration.

The provincial government has been a culprit in this affair from the very beginning as it allowed the Century City project to proceed in the first place, knowing full well final consent for the development was going to be refused. While the government has been only partly at fault, it has done nothing since to expedite the situation and continues to drag its feet in passing this corrective legislation.

The situation recalls some of the words of the late Lester B. Pearson who said that one of his greatest fears was that government today would become incapable of handling the multitude of demands placed on it and become bogged down in its own legislation.

Subsidies-But Not For Taxpayer

Subsidies, a subtle type of taxation hoisted on the general public is just another of a long line of socialist give-away programs delved into by our federal government under the constant prodding of the NDP. Each one milks the forlorn taxpayer a little more and sends him constantly to his employer for higher and higher pay as more and more chunks are lopped off his take-home pay.

A great deal of attention has been focused on cases of fraud and misrepresentation in connection with the Unemployment Insurance fund and the welfare rolls. The heat has been turned on the politicians for such pilfering but the subsidy system is overlooked and much of the grant system which hands out huge sums of hard-earned dollars for everything from

whittling stumps to cat-calling under the guise of artistic endeavor.

No blame can be attached to those receiving the grants. They might as well get in on the government hand-out of the taxpayers money as anybody else.

However, government should not be surprised at protests from the country's wage earners when they find out that some of these grant-receivers are taking home more pay than those who turn in a full week's work year after year.

It certainly rubs more salt into the wound as the weekly gash is slashed from the regular pay envelope. Having the government play Santa Clause was never popular and most taxpayers are becoming completely fed up with the entire deal.

Can Only Get Worse

Royal Commissions, special committees, special studies, have almost reached the stage of becoming a household joke since frustrated ratepayers view the majority as simply a delaying tactic of politicians. Numbers of these specials are merely sidestepping a common sense decision.

We have a case in point right here in Stouffville's westend where the urgent need for a traffic light has been already cited in this column on several occasions. Traffic in and around the plaza area from Thursday night on

was a shambles this last weekend. Very shortly A&P will be opening a vast new store in this area and the situation will be further aggravated. The number of residents and cars increases year by year so that the situation has only one way to go — worse.

We are told that a traffic study is being prepared which council can further study to try and come to some decisions. This may be fine in the long term but it requires no traffic study to know that a light is needed at Winona and has been for many months.

Clean-up Bylaw a Wash-out

Our Clean Yards By-Law is a bee without a sting all buzz and no business.

The buzz might be enough to bamboozel some erring home-owner into tidying up his property but it's been completely ineffectual against the commercial litterbugs at the west end of Stouffville.

It's not the fault of our enforcement officers. Stymied by old zoning applications,

they are given a feather duster of a by-law to work with when they need a crowbar.

There's no sting to the legislation. What is worse, there seems to be no appeal that will prick the conscience of these commercial property owners who are community residents, community businessmen — but not community minded.



SUGAR AND SPICE They're Robbing Me

By BILL SMILEY



Travelling is tiring. It's eleven o'clock in the morning, a perfect day with temperature in the 80's, and any self-respecting tourist should be out stumping around looking at a castle or something.

But my wife is on the bed having a snooze, and I myself am almost relieved that I have to write a column and don't have to get out there and tromp.

About tromping. If you're going to do Britain, bring along your oldest, most comfortable pair of shoes. That noise you hear in the background is the barking of thousands of tourists' dogs as the furriners wearily climb yet another flight of stone steps.

We're in the middle of a heat wave here in Chester. Back home it would be just pleasant beach weather, but the Brits, who suffer stoically through the normal rigours of their windy, rainy isle, can't take the heat.

This morning's newspaper reports that millions are fleeing to the beaches, that resort hotels are jammed, that the sale of deodorants is booming, and that it is expected there will be ten million cars on the roads this weekend. Thank goodness we're not touring by car.

Highways are completely inadequate for the volume of traffic. The cars are piled up in hundreds, about twenty feet apart, and when something happens, there are usually four or five cars involved.

An Englishman on the train told me that

"The trouble with England is that we never do anything until our backs are to the wall." He was commenting on those same highways, which were built for the traffic of twenty years ago, with no thought of the future.

Well, that's the way they've gone into every war, twenty years behind the times, but they've managed to muddle through, so far.

Speaking of wars, it is driven home to the tourist, through innumerable plaques in castles and cathedrals and other public places, what a tremendous toll of British blood was taken in the two great wars.

One plaque in the Castle in Edinburgh reveals that one Scottish regiment lost nearly 700 officers and almost 8,000 other ranks in World War I.

Edinburgh Castle is a fascinating place. My friend Dick Whittington, a history buff, would go right out of his mind and would have to be dragged away by the constabulary when he saw the magnificent displays of ancient and honorable uniforms, coats of arms, weapons and such.

But I think he might turn purple with outrage had he seen us eating Chinese food up there on the great brooding Castle Rock. Even I had an uneasy feeling that William Wallace and Robert the Bruce would be rolling in their graves as I chomped my chow mein on the massive rock where heroic deeds were done and the course of history changed.

Chinese restaurants are common here, but I don't think their food is as good as that in Canada, on the whole. I detest the stuff, but my wife loves it, so I wind up hacking an egg roll when I'd rather be getting into some Dover sole.

Food prices here are a little lower than at home, but not much. There are thousands of tatty little restaurants, something like our "greasy spoons." Poor food badly cooked, litter everywhere, and sloppy service.

At the other end of the stick are the classy joints: excellent food beautifully cooked, elegant surroundings, and four waiters hovering. But you'd better be well fixed with travellers' cheques if you wander into one of them.

There's not too much in between, though most hotels, even small ones, serve a decent dinner for about four dollars. Bars have sandwiches, and the good pubs have hot and cold lunches.

Something that irritates me no end is the coffee racket. You are served an enormous three-course dinner, so lavish you can eat only half of it. Then the robbers want eleven or twelve pence for a cup of coffee. Even though I'm dying for coffee, and the meal itself was reasonable in price, that bit of Scottish blood in me makes me refuse to pay about thirty cents for a cup of the worst coffee in the world.

That's about the only thing that annoys me, and it's childish on my part. Generally,

ROAMING AROUND

In September of '22

The Prime Minister of Canada arrived in Stouffville 51 years ago (Sept. 15), to all the pomp and fanfare a small community could muster.

Although early morning — torrents threatened to force carefully laid plans for an outdoor reception at Memorial Park, into Ratcliff Hall; by 8 a.m. the rain stopped and the sun broke through to dispell clouds and the gloom of the organizers.

Bunting and banners festooned the main street. Stores opened and the merchants warmed up to the business and excitement of the day.

Farmers and residents from outlying areas were already drifting into town.

Over at the Mansion House Hotel, horse and motorized rigs sheltered in the shed. The Hotel dispensed port and ginger wines at 10 cents a glass, Willard's carbonated ice-cream, Odgen's Cut Plug and Old Chum tobacco. The dining room was open for the ladies and served meals "just like mother prepared."

In W. H. Shaw's dry goods store, that summer sensation, the Billy Burke dress, was being supplanted by practical serges, ulsters in box beaver, worsted and pure wool cashmere hose, and Stanfield's Unshrinkables. Skirts were dipping down to earth (or 6" from it) and waists had slipped to the hip-line.

At the Market Drug Store, George Collard catered to a generation convinced that "irregularity" was the source of all ills. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and (for junior bowels) California Fig Syrup were all favorite formulas, along with Sloan's for aches, Cuticura for pimples, and Frezzone for corns.

The hit tunes, "Hotlips" and "Georgette" were among the selection of records at Geo. E. Baker's, as well as numbers by Henry Barr and the Billy Sundry Chorus. Models of the phenomenal phonograph were on display at prices ranging from \$15 — \$200.

Ratcliff and Co. stocked Quaker Flour ("The happy baker uses Quaker"), McLaren's Invincible Jelly Powder, Black Knight Stove Polish, eggs cost 28 cents a dozen, butter 35 cents a pound, onions \$1 for 75 lbs.

The 48th Highlanders' band arrived for the festivities by morning train. Directed by Captain J. Slatter, and led by pipe-major Fraser the men swung along main Street to the fire hall where they played a few selections for the appreciative spectators.

At 1 p.m. the Prime Minister of Canada, The Rt. Hon. McKenzie King, arrived by car.

He passed under the gaily decorated archway that had been built at Ringwood Bridge, just east of conc. 8, and was escorted into Stouffville by the Guard of Honor (5 mounted veterans, recently returned from the war), uniformed members of the fire department, and the 48th band.

Spectators thronged the main street. Public and continuation school pupils, lined up in the Station yard, joined the parade as it passed and everyone converged on Memorial Park for the afternoon picnic, games and festivities.

Reeve A. G. Lehman welcomed Mr. King to the village, and the assembled school children sang "O Canada."

The Prime Minister, speaking from a platform decked with plants and flowers, thanked Council and residents for their enthusiastic reception.

During the afternoon's sporting activities he presented Stouffville bowlers with the cup he donated for the winning team in the County Championships.

In turn, he was presented with a walking cane by members of the Women's Lib. (for Liberal) Association — a symbol, no doubt, of their support.

the English and Scots we've come in contact with are the soul of courtesy and friendliness. We've not had a single unpleasant incident, though I must admit that the natives have a penchant for doing most things backwards.

Example, in London, I booked a room in an Edinburgh hotel. I paid the agent the full price for two nights in the hotel. The hotel turned out to be the worst one north of the Tweed, not that's another story. O.K. Checking out of the Edinburgh hotel, I asked for a receipt. They wouldn't give me one.

But I've paid for the room. I expostulated: "Na, na, sorr, we canna gie ye a rreceipt because ye havena' gien us any monny. We hae only the voucher." I protested vehemently but came up against that indomitable Scottish spirit that has held the thin red line so many times, and had to retreat in disarray. Up the Scots!

Meanwhile, it's time for a half of bitter and a crack at Chester's Roman wall. Haven't walked it for thirty years.



A serene spot off the paved highway, the Whitchurch Conservation Area on the south side of Aurora Road offers shade and cool waters. The park and facilities are maintained by the Whitchurch-Stouffville Conservation Club. —Sheila McLeod.