



The Tribune

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## Editorials

### OMB plays hero this time

The Ontario Municipal Board is either a hero or a villain, depending on your point of view.

There are those who see it as an authoritarian planning dictator, and others that see it as the defender of the little man against the irresponsible decisions of municipal government.

This week the OMB turns out to be a hero, to us and to the residents in Cedar Valley. The board turned down a request for an industrial park on the northeast corner of the 6th Conc.

### Enforce rules

Go Karts are definitely not toys! The death of a Cedar Valley boy on one at Goodwood track last week points this up in a striking way. They are not to be fooled with, and rules regarding their operation must be strictly enforced.

The accident was a freak, the first one in the 15-year history of the track. It is no way typical of the dangers of the sport, but it does point up the need for operating rules that are enforced at all times.

The machines must be respected by all who use them, for their potential for death. Proper use of them could mean that Murray Appleton's death will be both the first and last at the track.

### Train riders increase

We are interested in the increase usage of the Stouffville-Toronto commuter train as a result of the Toronto Transit Commission strike. It seems that people are more willing to leave their cars at home when heavy traffic is the deterrent. It makes one wonder whether an outright ban on cars in certain parts of the city would not also induce people to leave their cars at home.

At any rate the strike has pointed up the

and Vivian Rd. The action was somewhat startling as the old Whitchurch official plan had designated the area industrial.

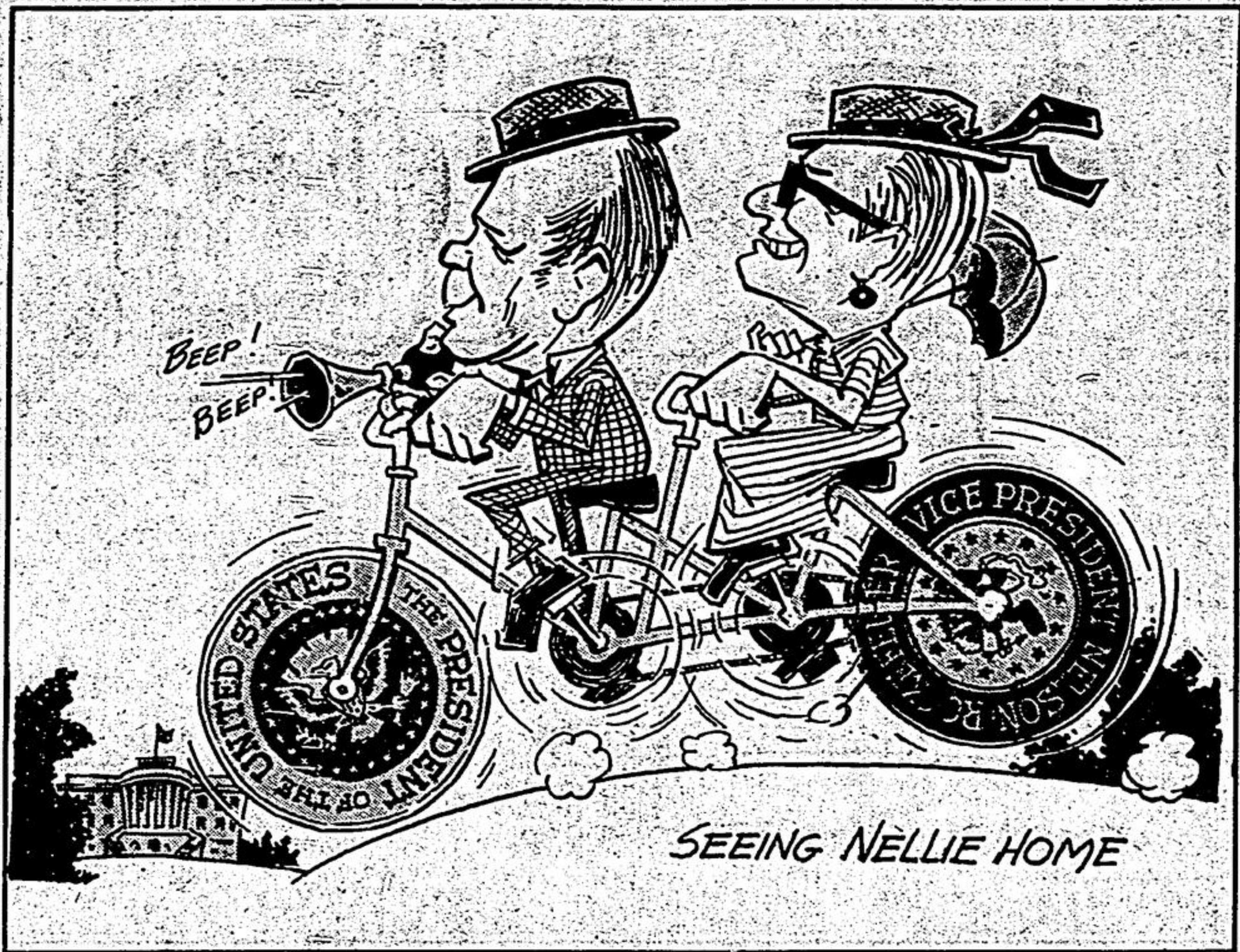
Another startling fact is that the OMB seemed to be citing good planning as the criteria for turning down the industrial park. The decision states that the application is premature until the region's official plan studies are completed. The lack of services and the increase in traffic on Vivian Rd. were given as some reasons for rejecting the plan.

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The problem, as we see it, is to provide industrial parks in areas suited to that development. Putting an industrial park in a rural area without services is less than good planning.

The Whitchurch official plan, as Councillor Jim Wong has said, is not a bible. Recent developments, including the amalgamation of Stouffville and Whitchurch, have shown that many parts of the plan are obsolete. The need for an official plan for the whole town of Whitchurch-Stouffville is obvious.

We are very glad that the OMB, in the absence of an up-to-date official plan, has seen fit to reject this proposal. It is in fact very premature. In this case the board has been indeed a boon to ratepayers.



Bible thought for the week

Six stone water pots were standing there; they were used for Jewish ceremonial purposes and held perhaps twenty to thirty gallons each. Then Jesus told the servants to fill them to the brim with water. When this was done he said, "Dip some out and take it to the master of ceremonies." When the master of ceremonies tasted the water that was now wine, not knowing where it had come from (though, of course, the servants did), he called the bridegroom over. "This is wonderful stuff!" he said.

John 2:6-10.

### SUGAR AND SPICE

### Visitors add spice to summer

By BILL SMILEY



Perhaps I sounded a bit grumpy last week because this has been one of those summers when a chap feels that he hasn't done anything, seen anything, or been anywhere. And it has.

But that is not to say that it has been without interest and incident. Last week, I whined about our scanty social life: one funeral, one wedding.

However, we've had some very interesting visitors. Almost every day. Roofers, painters, a columnist, a student, a syndicate man, a physiotherapist, and — the most interesting of all — my granddaddy.

And I reckon I've learned a wee bit about human nature in the process. Perhaps that's what it's all about. I like physical nature as well as the next man, but I am fascinated by human nature.

Physical nature is interesting and fairly predictable. You plant a seed properly, nurture it, give it plenty of fertilizer, the right amount of sun and water, pluck out the weeds, around it, and you wind up with a dandy cucumber or turnip, or whatever you planted.

But you can't do that with humans, though you try. Maybe we give them too much fertilizer, or don't pluck the weeds. We plant what we think is going to be a rose, and it turns out to be a cabbage. Or vice versa. Any parent knows this.

By the way, don't get excited, or nervous.

This is not a tract on Freudian sexual symbolism. It is merely a middle-aged man trying to express his astonishment at the variegation of the human species.

Once again, I drift into one of those remote channels that end up in a swamp. Why not stock to the main stream? Back to our summer visitors. There are two categories: those who caught us at home, and those who did not.

Those in the latter category came around when we were out doing something exotic, like shopping. Or at night, when we were cringing in the TV room, lights out, doors locked, phone off the hook, arguing about whether we'd watch the John Wayne 1940 western or the Audrey Hepburn 1953 dazzler.

Among these were two people who left notes. One was Doris Humphries, a lively columnist in the Renfrew Mercury. "Darn you, Bill Smiley. I came all the way from Renfrew. Sorry, Doris. I'll buy you a dinner, next time. I read your column every week in one of Canada's best weeklies. And remind your boss that he still owes me a dinner. (He was a terrified infantryman when I was a terrified Typhoon pilot.)"

Another note was from a student. Sharp mind, headed for university and law. Beware, you lawyers of five years from now. Don't fool with this young lady? punk? woman?

person? She'll murder you. Typically, with the deep respect my students have for me, her note began, "Hi Smiley, I came around and you didn't even have the decency to be at home."

A few of the visitors caught us at home. One was Bill Craig, of Argyle Syndicate, who has more to do with getting out this column than anyone except me. Our previous acquaintance had been on the phone. I expected a smart-alec young punk of about twenty-six with the big sideburns, the big pants, and the hearty manner.

I was shattered. He and his wife Betty arrived that notorious pre-dinner appetizer. They have an eighteen-year-old daughter and a sweet, shy little son, James who is five. Bill is a Korean war veteran. He demolished me at two games of chess, and played a fair piano. So much for preconceptions.

Some of the others who caught us in were the painters and the roofers. When we were up at the crack of dawn, ready for any questions, they didn't show up. When we were up at the crack of noon, not expecting them, they were buzzing the doorbell at 8:30, like hornets. I report, not happily, but just as an observer, that they were all stung severely by a number of hornets in our roof and environs.

### Don't let it slip away

Regional officials are studying the possibility of putting a day care centre in the old Stouffville Post Office. The new one is scheduled to open later this year.

Health and Social Services Commissioner, Dr. Owen Slingerland, has said the old building would be suitable and we support such a move. It would be natural for such a

use and is centrally located for the convenience.

Following a staff study at the region, the project must be given the go-ahead by the provincial government. We hope such approvals will be forthcoming before the Federal government decides to sell the building.

### Planners are necessary

Whitchurch-Stouffville council has given its tentative blessing to a development near Musselman's Lake that would see up to 100 low-cost housing units. Another proposal on Bethesda Rd. was turned down at the same meeting.

The two proposals and subsequent council action shows a lack of concrete, long-range planning. One might call it creative planning. That is a long-range concern for the actual purpose behind what the town hopes to do.

It is very important, with development pressure growing daily, to have some conception of where we want this area to go, as far as urban development. Only long-range goals can provide this framework for both developers and future councils.

Some kind of local planning staff, armed with clearly defined goals and objectives could provide this needed leadership. Right now the town is moving piecemeal toward development that we may be sorry about in the future.

### VIEWPOINT

### Indian problem goes very deep

By DON BERNARD



Members of the Ojibway Warriors Society gave up possession of Anicinabe Park in Kenora last week, ending temporarily at least, a somewhat bizarre episode in the relationship between white society and the people who originally inhabited our land. While I am not equipped to comment on the particular situation in Kenora, I nevertheless cannot help but reflect on my own experiences amongst the Indians, and some conclusions that I might draw from them.

Near the end of my year at teacher's

college, I was looking for a teaching job for the following year. An ad in the Globe and Mail for teachers in Manitoba caught my eye. It was for the Manitoba Region of the Department of Indian Affairs. The closest I had been to an Indian, up to that point, was seeing them slaughtered weekly in television westerns.

An interview was set for Toronto it was rather short. The man asked me two questions. The first one concerned my teaching qualifications and the other involved whether I would teach in an isolated reserve or not. Nothing was said about my attitude towards Indian people, or my motives for wanting to teach Indian children.

The first thing I noticed about God's Narrows (population 600 native people and 50 whites), was the distinct division between the native people and the whites. All the white people lived on an island just off the reserve. Only the teachers lived right on the reserve, and they were not very happy about it. The basic distrust between the two peoples was the most striking aspect of my stay there.

I soon discovered that most of the white people had a condescending attitude toward the native people, that bordered on outright contempt. The native people on their part only expressed their hostility when they were drunk. There was however a deep distrust and even hatred. Sober they would smile meekly as they passed you, but drunk they could be vicious and even violent.

This impression was re-inforced by some incidents that took place. The first involved a native man who came to the school one day and tried to pick a fight with one of the teachers. Another teacher helped subdue him and the native man was taken home and put to bed.

That really shook me. It was then I realized what was behind that behavior. A basic feeling of oppression and inferiority was the cause. The man only could get muster courage to express it when he was drunk. Sober the same person was friendly and meek as a lamb.

None of the white people seemed willing to see the horrendous injustices that had been perpetrated on the native people. None seemed willing to realize that white society had destroyed the purpose for their lives.

For instance, one teacher there insisted that if the Indians could be educated and given jobs, their problems would be solved. He

failed to see any cultural destruction and only saw western middle-class values as the salvation for the Indians. Make them good white people and they would be alright, he said to me many times.

The white people in God's Narrows were almost without exception misfits of one kind or another. They failed to see any white blame for the situation there.

From the outset, my basic sympathy was with the native people. One night another teacher and I were sitting at home when we heard a knock at our door (three of us shared a house provided by the government). We answered it to find a young Indian man there, so drunk he could hardly stand up. He wanted to visit and after some hesitation we let him come in.

His name was Billie and he had come to visit us. After sitting down, we started talking and he began to tell about some of the Indian legends that his grandmother had taught him. He told of the northern lights and how they come down if you whistle at them. After a three-hour visit he left.

The next Saturday night he returned, a little less drunk than before. Again we talked and he left late in the night. Finally he came almost sober. He had no humorous Indian legends that time and said, something that struck at the heart of the problem facing native peoples.

"You're in the middle class," he said to us "We feel like we're in the lower class when we come to visit you."

A basic feeling of inadequacy. The young man had two years of high school, but could not feel comfortable in the urban environment of Winnipeg. He had returned to the reserve to take a job as a clerk in the Hudson's Bay store. But that didn't satisfy him either.

I could go on and on with heartbreaking stories. Somehow the people there had lost heart. They were going nowhere. After 10 months I left there frustrated and saddened and feeling there was no solution to the problem.

The Indian culture has been smashed. Whether it can be resurrected in our modern society is questionable, but somehow these people must find their way.

The incident in Kenora is in only one visible part of the problem that permeates every Indian community in Canada. The solution is not easily found; for it involves intangibles such as pride and dignity.



Students at Altona Public School in 1899 line-up outside the building for the school picture. The teacher who is standing at the right, is John Tran. In the front row is (left to right) Virgie Mowder, Bertha Roper, Gladys Mowder, Cora Mantle, Myrtle Yake, Eva Brown, Gertie Mantle, Clarence Barrett, Mina Burnham, Lola Parker, Adie Hoover, Maggie Davis and Annie Davis. Second row — Millie Mowder, Mamie Hoover, Eddie Roper, May Davis, Laura Forsyth, Ruth Burkholder, Bessie Mantle, Millie Barkey, Harold Elson, Roy Yake and Jimmy Cooper.

Third row — Zella Mowder, Della Lehman, Edna Bruels, Maggie Burnham, Clayton Baker, Peter Nighswander and Caleb Taylor. Fourth row — Louis Mowder, Martha Cooper, Laura Boothby, Libby Barkey, Florence Roper, Ellen Yake, Loyal Barrett, Freeman Mantle and Fred Lehman. Fifth row — Ernest Forsyth, David Nighswander, Art Roper, Pearl Boothby, Orvil Burkholder, Charlie Boothby, Roy Barrett and Ben Boothby.