

The Tribune
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CHARLES H. NOLAN, Publisher
JAMES THOMAS, Associate Publisher and Editor
ROBERT McCAUSLAND, Advertising Manager

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Editorial

Police service not satisfactory

The general public and most particularly, the business fraternity, is already realizing that their worst fears of an integrated police force are coming true. Surveillance accorded such urban sections as Stouffville and Markham is only a shadow of former days.

In Stouffville, noise and lawless driving take full swing on the main thoroughfare in the evenings, completely unhindered by the sight of any police protection.

Some effort was made in the early days of the new system to have, at least one officer on the beat but this idea has apparently 'gone by the boards' and to come across either an officer or a cruiser in the evening is a rare sight.

"I told you so", is common comment from those who have always held to the opinion that the new system could only mean, more money with less service. As

traffic increases and population grows, the service must of necessity be increased not decreased.

There are complaints of difficulty obtaining police help even after trouble occurs. Residents from one end of Main St., to the other are finding that once darkness has arrived, bedlam and drag-strip activities take over, and living in the downtown area becomes more and more unbearable.

Our complaint, and we trust, those of townfolk too, is in no way to be taken as criticism against individual officers who comprise the York Regional Force. Most we have met are courteous and efficient. But the area to be patrolled appears far too large to provide the personal service Stouffville residents once knew and still expect.

Taxpayers won't be threatened

What is the basic summary of the new Committee on Youth Report? It is a vast program of handouts for youth running into the millions of dollars, all to be paid for from the public treasury, and a threat that if these giveaways are not forthcoming the youth will make trouble. It is most unlikely that the Canadian taxpayers and their representatives in government can be whipped into line in this fashion.

In all these tremendous schemes there is nary a word nor a tear for the poor taxpayer. He will suffer in silence but

only for so long. Youth programs are fine but to say, "pay us or else" will not be tolerated. More welfare, more free travel, bigger loans are all wonderful, but they're just as wonderful to hundreds of thousands who are not in the youth age bracket. For one group, which because of age is only transient, to make such demands under threat is ridiculous.

There is no limit to the committee's proposal for access to public funds. Even the fact that the government itself should spend a half a million dollars on a report with so little knowledge of reality must make the hard-working taxpayer cringe.

Each can play a part

About four weeks ago, Wm. Hodgson, M.P.P., York North, posted throughout the Riding, 19,000 questionnaires.

The questions, eight in total, were simple-straight forward.

They didn't require as much as a yes or no reply, only a tick in a space provided.

We filled out the form in something less than three minutes.

And yet to date, only 6 percent or 1,130 have been returned.

A pathetic response.

On several occasions, John Roberts,

M.P., York North, has conducted similar opinion polls.

The response has been comparable.

Strange isn't it how we, the electorate, continually complain about alleged incompetence and inaction at both provincial and federal levels of government. And yet, when we're offered an opportunity to participate, to let our Members know how we feel and where we stand on important public issues, we suddenly grow weak and silent.

Government by the people? We don't deserve it.

Editor's Mail

Dear Sir:

It is hard to put into words what we felt after reading your editorial Buyer Beware. Words such as "disgust" and "alarm" might serve as well as any.

It may be that editorials are a necessary thing, but yours was based only on the hearsay of the Go Kart track owners themselves and is certainly less than acceptable. It is my feeling that this is nothing short of cheating the public and trying to force a biased and uninformed opinion upon them.

It was after a visit to your offices, at which time we tried to present to you our case on behalf of the concerned residents of the 2nd concession, that your editorial appeared. Why is it you chose to completely ignore what we had to say? We suggest that you get out of your ivory tower and collect the facts which are available at the Township offices.

We who are most concerned with this noise garbage which is being thrown over the fence of the Go Kart track and the seemingly complete disregard of the existing by-laws demand also to be heard.

Trusting that you will not totally disregard this letter also.

H.J. Magill,
R.R.3, Stouffville.

Dear Sir:

Your editorial "Buyer Beware" in the August 19 issue truly amazes me, especially after Mr. Magill and myself visited your Office to show you the letter

you call the "anti-kart" protest. This letter, contrary to your suspicion is certainly not the work of "newcomers" since more than half of the residents that have signed it have lived in the area for more than five years. "But why" you ask after ten years in business, is all the "fuss" made now? Well let me tell you residents of the 2nd concession have complained more than five years ago about the noise and one of them actually moved out because of it. The question "is the firm operating longer hours now" certainly cannot be answered no since the operating hours were extended from 9 p.m. to 10 p.m. by the by-law No. 1559 on April 27th 1970. Let me also assure you that since 1966 when I bought property near the go-kart track, the noise has most certainly increased simply because the number of Concession karts has tripled. Before the complaint had been submitted to Council Mr. Magill and myself visited the go-kart track and found eight karts running completely without mufflers and that one cannot call co-operation or consideration on the part of the operators.

In a recent meeting on which you reported a letter from the Canadian Environmental Law Research Foundation was introduced saying that noise readings had found a minority of karts exceeding the 90 decibel limit set by the by-law and the track operators responded by saying readings taken by "Pollution Probe" on their behalf had shown no kart exceeding the 90 decibel limit. Since the letter introduced in the meeting was



FOR SOME LABOR DAY IS YET TO COME



SUGAR AND SPICE

Farewell, Old Car

By BILL SMILEY

Well, it looks as though any more travelling I do before summer bids us farewell will be on foot. Kim passed her driving test today.

It was a pretty tense morning for both of us. She was afraid she might fail her test. I was afraid she might pass it.

Just to complicate matters, she turned up for her test at 9:30 a.m., only to discover that she was slated for 3:30 p.m. She claims it was their mistake, but knowing my daughter I have a good idea who made the error.

However, the chaps giving the tests managed to work her in at 10 a.m., when someone else failed to show up. So that meant I had time for only about ten cigarettes as I waited, pretending to read the morning paper.

But it gave me a chance to look at the people preparing for their tests. Quite a cross-section. They ranged from a

addressed to me I would like to clarify this matter.

The Canadian Environmental Law Research Foundation and Pollution Probe is affiliated and we are talking about the "SAME" readings which were taken by Mrs. Reed who works for both organizations. Mrs. Reed will verify that she informed the operators of the go-kart track that some of the concession karts did exceed the 90 decibel limit which certainly makes me doubt the credibility of the statements made by the operators of the track.

G.F. Lauterback,
R.R. 3, Stouffville.

Dear Friend:

I have just re-read your editorial in the Aug. 5 issue of The Tribune entitled 'Co-operation only doesn't work'.

And yes, I agree, it is unfortunate. But honest efforts to at least try, as you exemplify, are commendable.

Wouldn't it be a wonderful world if people would use their God-given grace of common sense?

I wish also to express my appreciation of your articles and news items concerning birds and bird-watching, long a keen interest of mine.

In the story 'Three boys enjoy bird-watching' (Aug. 5), I appreciate the inclusion of the information that 'their politeness and respect for other peoples' property is a credit to their parents as well as themselves'.

Again, I say, as I did in a previous letter - "Kids today aren't all bad".

E.M. Starr,
R.R.3, Newmarket.

skinny 16-year-old boy who wanted a driver's license for his motor-cycle, to an old chap with a hearing aid and almost blind in his left eye. Both passed, but I hope I never meet either on the highway.

Then a couple of former students of mine walked in. They are the type who have probably been driving for several years without a license and have finally been nailed. They are pleasant lads, but while neither is dumber than an ox, neither is smarter.

Their procedure was typical. They filled out the application cards wrong, and had to do them over again. When Mike was asked by the officer where he lived, he jerked his thumb at Peter and said, "Two houses down from him", while the officer rolled his eyes. He wanted an address.

Then the pair sat down at the long table to fill out the written test. Ten minutes later they were sitting, brows furrowed, with about three out of forty squares ticked off. I toss them a word of encouragement, "It might be easier if you could read and write, eh?"

Unfazed, they just grinned. Peter retorted, "Yeah, we shouldn'ta gonna sleep in all them there English classes." Fine physical specimens both, they'll probably make excellent but dangerous drivers.

I'm not implying that the driving tests are easy. They're quite tough. When I got my license, the job of testing aspirants was a political sinecure. The tester told me to arrive at his place of business at 6:00 p.m. He locked up the store, told me to drive him home, about eight blocks, I gave him two bucks, and that was it.

When my wife got hers, some ten years later, it was the same procedure. The police chief had her pick him up at the office, they drove around three or four blocks and she took him home to lunch. (At his place, not ours.)

Today there's a whole battery of physical tests, a written test on the rules of the road, and the actual driving test. A good many people are flunked, and I'm all for that. What I'd really like to see is a compulsory test for every driver about every two years, and a good stiff one.

Could you pass, Jack with your color-blindness? Could you pass, lady with your total inability to parallel park? Could you pass, Grandad, with your arthritis? I think a great many of us would be put out to pasture.

Anyway, Kim returned. I expected to see her with a face as long as a foot. She was beaming. My heart sank.

There's going to be a fight here every day until she gets back to school.

ROAMING AROUND

A 'shining' example on Main Street

By Jim Thomas

It was a Thursday morning. The day was sunny and warm - a bit on the humid side; one of those kind of lazy days that most folks long for on weekends.

Some couldn't wait. A few lads in their teens, were spread out in the shade at the corner of Market and Main.

A bare-footed traveller, with a bedroll on his back, was quenching his thirst on a Coke in front of the clock tower.

Behind him, two children waded about in the cooling waters of the Town Square fountain.

Carefree or careless? Perhaps a bit of both.

Continuing on west, a voice, seemingly out of nowhere, attracted my attention. "Shoe shine, sir?" he repeated.

While still not certain to whom the question was directed, the very fact that a young lad should address anyone as 'sir', was reason enough to stop and say hello.

But greetings of this kind, no matter how sincere, do little to satisfy the hunger pangs of a boy's piggy bank. So I set my size 10 on the top bar of his little wooden box and he went to work.

Oh how he did work, spreading on the polish and snapping the shammy like a pro.

I was impressed - not only by the high shine he restored to my shoes or by the gentlemanly manner with which he went about his business, but by the idea that any eleven year old should be ingenious enough and, yes, ambitious enough, to seek employment entirely on his own.

Between rubs and buffs and snaps, he talked. But never once did he take his eyes off his work.

I learned without asking, his first name was Van - Van Carter. The informal introduction was branded into the side of his box. In the few minutes that followed, I learned a lot more.

Van resides at 111 William Street, coming from Toronto to Stouffville, two years ago. He has six brothers and sisters. Two are married.

In spite of his age, Van, with his curly red hair, freckled face and appealing blue eyes, boasts considerable experience. For a couple of summers, he applied his trade at the corner of Queen and Yonge where shoe-shiners are plentiful but so are people. In a single hour, it wasn't uncommon to attract twenty-five customers. In Stouffville, he's waited an entire evening and attracted none.

"My folks say it's fine and it gives me something to do", he explained. A boyfriend made his shoe box. He purchased his own brushes and polish.

Van rotates his 'shop site' between Main Street (in front of Bing's Restaurant) and the A. & P. Plaza. He's the first to admit that much of the downtown pedestrian traffic is in and out of the I.G.A. Unfortunately however, most of these folks, according to Van, are women and women don't make good shoe-shine customers.

Most people are friendly, he says ("as long as I'm careful not to get polish on their socks"). He has no set fee. Folks pay what they think the job is worth, ranging from they cent to \$1.50. Only one customer refused to pay anything, but he was drunk, Van said. The usual is twenty-five or fifty cents.

Van denies that shining shoes is really hard work. "Anyone can do it", he claims - anyone, that is, except girls. He therefore fears no rivalry from his 10 year old sister, Jill. "It takes muscle", he said, "and girls don't have much of that".

Since Van is self-employed, he establishes his own working hours. His goal is to earn enough money for a day at the 'Ex'. After Sept. 6 however, his business will be restricted by school, but Van intends to set up shop on weekends, if nothing more than to retain the franchise in Town.

The interview over, I left, walking proudly on shoes that sparkled in the morning sun.

Across the road, the group of teen lads still loll in the shade.

In front of the clock tower, the bare-footed traveller 'begs' for a ride.

On the north side of Main, a boyish voice calls out - "Shoe shine, sir?"

Now there's a man.