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Editorial

Park name - who else?

The Stouffville Park needs a name. And there's only one resident in Town who should be so honored.

He's Arthur Latcham. There's no need to re-list the many projects he has promoted and paid for in the last twenty years. Just about everything that's there has been provided through his generosity. The latest, still on paper, but as good as completed, is a new community hall.

In the past, we have been opposed to 'another hall' in Stouffville - for two reasons. First, it would be an additional expense to the taxpayers. Secondly, there are enough halls here already to satisfy the needs of a community of 4,500.

The Latcham offer, like the others

before, would be a 'gift' to the town, thus cancelling out the number one concern. And second, the halls we now have, for one reason or another, have not provided the accommodation that clubs require.

A community centre of the size suggested by Mr. Latcham, would fill every need, at a cost all organizations could bear. It would also provide a location for teen activities, something the young people feel is lacking here.

So once again, Arthur Latcham, Stouffville's benefactor in countless ways, has put his hand in his pocket again.

Surely, the least we can do, is name the park in his honor.

Flowers for the living, we say.

Reduce non-resident hunting permits

While we do not always agree with policies as recommended by the Dept. of Lands and Forests, we believe the suggestion as put forward by Sidney Dorland before a committee meeting of Markham Town Council has merit.

Mr. Dorland has asked that rather than an outright ban on hunting throughout the municipality, including residents, the Council cut in half the sale of permits to non-residents. He placed the limit at 200.

While we would go even further and abolish non-resident licence sales entirely, the department's recommendation is certainly a step in the right direction.

As councillor Murray Henderson pointed out during a recent discussion on the subject, it is not the resident hunter (the farmer) that poses the problem. It is the trigger-happy urbanite, or many of

them, that break down fences, tramp through cabbage patches and mistake tame ducks for wild geese. There's no place in Markham, or any municipality for that matter, for people of this kind.

But the majority of responsible hunters should not be penalized for the irresponsible actions of a few. The correct procedure is, in our opinion, withdraw the privilege from the people that pose the problem.

The Town of Markham admittedly is a growing area - more homes and more residents. But the rural area or farming community is by no means extinct. Nor shall it be for a few years yet. Therefore, we say, limit the hunters but don't prohibit hunting. An outright ban would create more problems than it would solve.

Another summer gone

We can hardly believe it, but September is here and another summer is gone. The C.N.E. has run its course again and it's fall fair time. How did all this time pass so quickly?

It's been a normal summer in our opinion, weatherwise. There has been an ample supply of moisture and the heat has not lasted too long at any one time. From all reports and observations, crops are good.

It's amazing how we move from one season into another, and our thoughts move as well without us even thinking about it. Soon there'll be organization

planning for local fall activities, clubs will be getting underway and the arena will swing into action once more. Soon we'll be enjoying delightful fall weather with its freshness, its briskness and those glorious autumn colors.

However, before the snow falls or even the leaves fall, it looks as if we will have a provincial election to occupy our minds. It would not appear as if there will be a federal election this year. With the exception of the general economic slowdown which is not a Canadian problem, but a worldwide situation, we cannot see any worthwhile election issue.

Editor's Mail

Dear Sir:

This is in reply to an article written by you in the August 19th edition, titled 'Exalted City - now a rural slum'. Being a resident of the area to which you refer I resent your article very much. First of all how can you refer to a city that never existed as being exalted? Perhaps the dream of this city was exalted but only by a select few. A majority of residents in Uxbridge Township have been uneasy about the project for well over a year and this became evident with the results of the last election.

For your interest we were one of the first to sell but to our knowledge it was not sold to Revenue Properties for the Century City Development but to an individual. It was some time before we found out for what purpose our land had been purchased. This was also the case of two other land owners that sold at this time and possibly others of whom we have no knowledge.

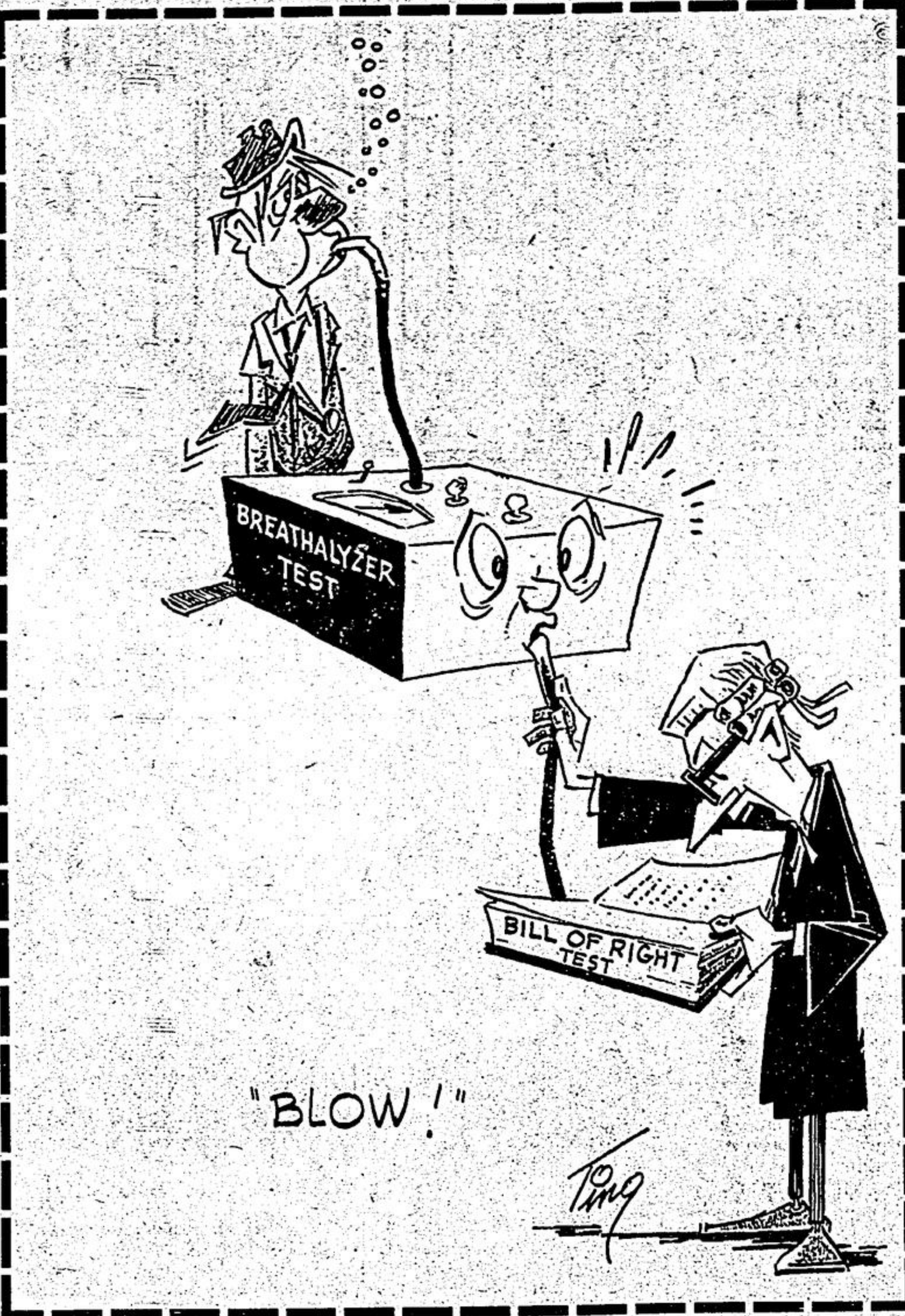
Under the picture of the barn you say: "Farm Buildings, like the one above are common throughout the 'Century City' area of Uxbridge Township, giving portions of the community the appearance of a rural slum". Lets deal first with the "are common" bit, the definition of common as taken from the Oxford Dictionary is: "Shared by or affecting all those concerned alike, often, of ordinary kind, occurring often, not exceptional, of the most familiar or numerous kind". Taking these meanings

into consideration and if you had not looked for the worst, perhaps instead of common, the word rare would be more accurate.

Secondly lets deal with "rural slum", you not only used it in your title but three times throughout the article. How would you feel if somebody said you were living in a slum? Yes, you would feel the same as I do, hurt! I'm sure many other residents in the area feel as I do. If I felt this area looked anything like a rural slum I would not be writing this letter. Slum means: "Dirty crowded poor district". Now I ask you, can you stand by the Century City sign, go up or down the road and see a dirty crowded poor district? All I see as I go up this townline towards home are well-kept farms (still being farmed), beautiful homes with well-kept grounds and ponds and I dare say you will find these things I speak of throughout the Uxbridge Area. What you speak of in your article in reference to "rural slum" such as the barn, are few and far between.

When I read an article like this in what I call my home-town newspaper, I would be remiss if I didn't do something about it. I have always felt that a local newspaper is to serve the community, and I thought the area of Uxbridge Township was included in this service. Articles such as this do the area of which I speak, a great disservice.

What would outsiders knowing nothing of this area conclude from this editorial?



SUGAR AND SPICE Even teachers glad to go back

By BILL SMILEY

Well, it's that time again, when the nation's biggest body of baby-sitters goes back to work, and the mothers of the nation blow out a trumpet-like sigh of relief. Back to school time.

It's been a tough summer for parents. In July I thought we were going to have to start building an ark. August came in like a lion with a couple of violent storms, then settled down for some fairly fine weather. Fine for October, that is. Last night the temperature was three degrees above freezing.

This is the sort of weather that turns amiable little children into malicious little monsters who drive their mothers to the screaming point.

It's too cold to swim. It's too wet to play outside. They're sick of playing cards indoors. They want pop and hot dogs and potato chips at all hours of the day and night. They quarrel with each other.

I have no sympathy with the kids, but my heart goes out to their frayed mothers.

So much for the little kids. But at least you can give them a belt on the ear when

they become unbearable. Teenagers are twice as bad during a summer like this one. Those who aren't working, but just hanging around the family, in most cases are impossible.

They groan with boredom. They complain that there's nothing to do, though their mothers are putting in twelve hours a day. They demand the family car and sulk when they don't get it. And now that they can legally drink over 18, who knows what they're up to when they are allowed the car?

The girls tend to strike up an intimacy with scruffy-looking boys, and the boys pursue trolley-looking girls. Ah, parents must have hearts of solid steel these days to avoid a complete collapse.

That's why there's an almost universal sigh of relief when school opens. It's not that parents don't love their children. It's just that they can't stand them after eight weeks of a cold, wet summer.

Mother can pack them off on that blessed opening day, sit down with a cigarette and coffee and start turning into a kindly, loving person again. Father

can come home from work and not have to settle quarrels, fight about who gets the car, and spend two hours getting smoke in his eyes over the barbecue.

Even the kids are happy to get back to school. For a few days, at any rate. They meet old class-mates, lie wildly about their summer adventures, renew last year's romances, commence new ones, fill out innumerable forms, and check out the new teachers for pretty or handsome ones.

Their exuberance lasts about a week, until they have to start doing some work. Then the pendulum swings and they revert to their groans of boredom, though this is actually just a pose with a great many of them.

For college students, off for their first year, it's a time of rare excitement and anticipation. They're finally going to get away from nagging mothers and grouchy fathers and butterfly into the wild, free life of the university, the joys of learning. About 20 percent of them will be thoroughly disillusioned by Christmas and probably 30 percent will flunk their first year, because they get more interested in the flesh-pots than the philosophy.

So everybody is happy about school re-opening. How about the teachers? Believe it or not, they are too. Theoretically, they are rested, refreshed, cobwebs all blown away, raring to go. Most of them are. The small minority that doesn't really like kids or teaching, but is only in it for the security, will be their usual surly selves within a couple of weeks.

However, let's all try to be joyful, for the great 1971 baby-sitting season opens once again. I'll try if you will.

Alex Stanton.

ROAMING AROUND

A million volts from out of the blue!

By Jim Thomas

Twenty-one year old Glen Gauslin, Wixson Street, Claremont, is lucky to be alive.

In fact, the realization that he is alive and almost completely recovered, is baffling to those closest to his case.

For it was on the morning of July 13, just over eight weeks ago, that Glen absorbed the full impact of a lightning bolt while working on the grounds of Pine Hill Cemetery in Scarborough.

Estimates on the strength of the shock vary, but experts in the field suggest that at 3,000 feet, the power output would measure approximately one million volts or, as one person put it "sufficient to run the entire City of Toronto for 24 hours".

Glen, an employee at the Pine Hill site since March, had gone to work as usual that day. What happened then and 48 hours following that, has been blotted out of his mind.

Fellow workmen tell it this way. Glen, wearing a rubber rain hat, coat and boots, was operating a power mower near a small evergreen tree. A storm came up, but it didn't appear serious enough to force them to take shelter.

Suddenly, there were two flashes of lightning. One struck Glen on the right shoulder, passed across his body and down his left leg, drilling four holes in the ground. The impact was so severe, he was hurled a distance of forty feet. Every thread of clothing was seared off. So were his eyebrows and the skin on portions of his face, chest and leg. Treatment, including extensive skin grafts, extended over a period of six weeks in Scarborough General Hospital. Only his parents and fiancée were allowed in to see him. For a while, it was touch and go.

One physician, his father said, admitted he had never seen a lightning victim so badly burned as Glen and still recover. The family attribute Glen's good fortune to his rubber rain apparel - and the miracle of medical knowledge and facilities.

"Fifteen years ago, he'd still be in there," said Mrs. Gauslin. "Yes, and maybe dead," said Glen.

But even tragedies such as this one can have happy endings.

On Saturday, Sept. 25, Glen and Linda (Vint) will exchange vows at a ceremony to be conducted in the Claremont United Church.

An entire community offers best wishes and good luck to a guy who refused to give in and his girl who refused to give up.

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