

CANADIAN ENTRY IN INTERNATIONAL AIR SHOW



In this 125 horse-power monoplane, Mrs. Dorothy Rungeling of Fenwick, Ont., will fly from St. Augustine, Fla., to Welland, Ont., in the

fifth all-women's international air race. The race, scheduled to start on July 4, will have two Canadian entries and the remainder will be from the

U.S. Last year's winner, Miss Margaret Carson of Ottawa is the other Canadian entry. Mrs. Rungeling, who finished 7th last year, is the mother of a five-year-old boy.

Bumper Crops are Predicted in England

By George Abell of Stouffville

It seems hard to believe that there would be dry weather conditions in the misty little island but a good soaking rain would be appreciated by most people at present and especially those of us who have vegetables almost ready for the table.

Haying has been in full swing for two weeks (since the third week in May) and the crop is the best for years.

The quality is exceptionally good and for once the farmers are happy about something although they are gloomily predicting floods and famine later in the

season to make up for the present sunshine.

Fifteen miles away at Guildford, which is a well known town to Can. ex-service men, there is a community hay drying and processing plant. A group of dairy farmers formed a limited company to finance the operation a few years back and it has certainly been busy this past month. As some of the clover mixtures make four crops here in a good year it is expected to have a busy season. Every day, rain or shine, forage harvesters cut and blow the crop into big trucks which haul it to the plant. In a very few hours

from the time of cutting it is dried in electric dryers, ground in big hammer mills, squeezed into pellets and bagged up for the farmer who owns it. As the moisture content by weight is averaging much less this year it is expected that nearly a thousand tons more than in average years will be processed before winter.

Fall wheat is ripening fast and by the time this is in print the probabilities are that the binders will be at work in it.

Every few years Britain has a bumper harvest and it looks like this may be one. A big grain and root crop at home would go quite a way towards the problem of food supplies for next year.

Yesterday was the annual show of trooping the Colours in London. As you have heard the commentary on the radio and seen it in the news reels I won't go into detail except to remark that we have a very good looking Queen and Princess. As the carriage containing Princess Margaret drove towards the Palace I am sure that among the cheers could be heard a few male wolf whistles. A few hundred years ago to whistle like that at a Royal Princess would have meant a quick march to the Tower, kneel down at the chopping block and a soldier's farewell to any mere male who dared do such a thing, but times have changed.

The Queen drew the admiring cheers of everyone when she rode by looking every inch a Monarch. In this day of atom bombs and jet propulsion the traditions and pageantry surrounding the British Royal family may be a bit out of date but is something to be proud of after all.

A five-year-old boy on a bench beside me gave me all the intimate details in that patronizing manner boys can so easily adopt to grown ups.

I was told: (a) The first troop of horsemen were Horse Guards because they wore blue tunics and red helmet plumes. (b) The next troop were Life Guards, reason, red tunics and white plumes. (c) The Duke of Gloucester who attended the Queen, must ride on her left with his horse's head on a level with the part of the Queen's horse where the tail joins on. (d) I thought the Guard's regiment in scarlet tunics and bearskin bus-bys were Grenadiers which showed how stupid one can be. Couldn't I see that the officer's tunic buttons were in groups of three denoting Scots Guards? After the parade passed I was glad to escape from this horrible little mine of military information and start working through the mass of people between me and Trafalgar Square, 300 yards away.

The job looked hopeless as there was the biggest crowd I've ever seen shuffling their way out of the Park.

A popular exit was up the place

EDITOR'S MAIL

Editor,
"The Tribune,"
Stouffville, Ont.

Dear Sir:

Your editorial ("Shorter Hours... More Pay") deals in smart style with what the columnist describes as "to-day's widespread but not very constructive habit of working as little as possible for as many dollars as possible".

I must leave to the experts the job of answering your direct questions (1) Can we continue to develop Canada on a basis of a 40-hour week? (2) Can we go all out for defence on the basis of a 40-hour week? and (3) Can we fight inflation on the basis of a 40-hour week?

It may do no harm to say that, so far as I can see, there is only one thing which would play more directly into Moscow's hand than a general application of the 40-hour week to Canadian industry, and that is, for someone to up and suggest the desirability of a 35-hour week!

From my grassroots viewpoint, however, the key paragraph in the above editorial picture ran as follows: "In all fairness, we should point out that the short work week is not common—far from it—in the small towns of the nation, except in the case of those workers who are employed by certain national firms. It is utterly out of the question on the farms of Canada."

This last sentence seems to this reader to be definitely linked to the problem of the migration of youth from farm life to city life? It would indeed be strange if the keen and informed young folk down on the farms could be unimpressed by either the age-old attraction of the city lights and or their ability to earn twice as many dollars in the secondary industries, by the expenditure of about half the amount of energy which the farm dollar calls for?

I do not believe that this unbalance, as between our rural and urban economy, will adjust itself easily or soon. Meanwhile, all leaders at both sides of the management-labor conference table should pause long enough in their plans, to ponder Lenin's formula: "The democratic countries must be either tempted or compelled to spend themselves into bankruptcy!"

BACK CONCESSION

known as "Duke of York steps" which lead up from the Wall to Lower Regent St. and Piccadilly Circus. The hundred steps, two hundred feet wide looked like a shot of sheep dipping in New Zealand as the endless mobs funneled up and then fanned out at the top on their various routes. On both sides at the bottom the St. John's ambulance brigade had stretchers laid out on every flat bit of ground and were doing a roaring trade reviving those who had fainted in the heat.

At the top of the steps, on his sixty foot column stands the "Grand Old Duke of York" whose only claim to fame is commemorated in the old nursery song, which tells us that "he had 10,000 men and marched them up the hill, then marched them down again." He was calm and collected for so many royal parades have passed before him in the last hundred years that there can be little interest left in them for him.

It was only two hundred yards from the steps to where I work (who said that bad word) in Trafalgar Square but at the first corner we met the vanguard of the elite coming from their grandstand seats at Horseguards Parade where the colours had been trooped.

The men were uniformly dressed in high silk hats, morning coats and striped trousers but the women, ah, the women. For them it was the first opportunity since the end of court mourning to wear their new spring dresses, hats and accessories. A lady's fashion reporter would have had a field day along Pall Mall and Cockspur St. but not knowing a Norman Hartnell casual from a Molyneux creation I can't make any comment. At least the old idea that English women dress drably and alike was dispelled for a short time that morning when the new Queen trooped the colours.

Youth for Christ

Saturday 7.45 p.m. Sec. Markham Baptist Church
STOUFFVILLE

7.45 — Organ Prelude.

8 o'clock sharp — Bert will be there to lead us in some lively choruses both old and new. Bringing us special numbers in song will be the Y.F.C. Girls' Choir and on the piano our guest is Joan Barrett of Gormley.

9.15 — Film "What Happened To Jo Jo?"

Listen to your friends and neighbors every Sunday over C.K.L.B. Oshawa at 9.05 a.m.

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Altona Public School Promotions

Names are in alphabetical order.
Grade 8—Walter Barkey, Charlotte Ann McNair, Ruth Nighswander.
Grade 7—Edwin Spenceley, Ronald Spenceley, Max Vague, Norman White.
Grade 6—Marilynn Beach, Gord-

on Eckardt, Alan Elson, Jean Lewis, Earl Thompson, Evelyn Whitty, Peter Yaworski.
Grade 5—Shirley Elson, Enos Nighswander.
Grade 4—Roy Lewis, Shirley Lewis.
Grade 3—Joyce Lewis, Esther Nighswander, Nicky Yaworski, Kenneth White.
Grade 2—Earl Elson, Robert McNair, Lorne Thompson.
Teacher: Mrs. Woodcock

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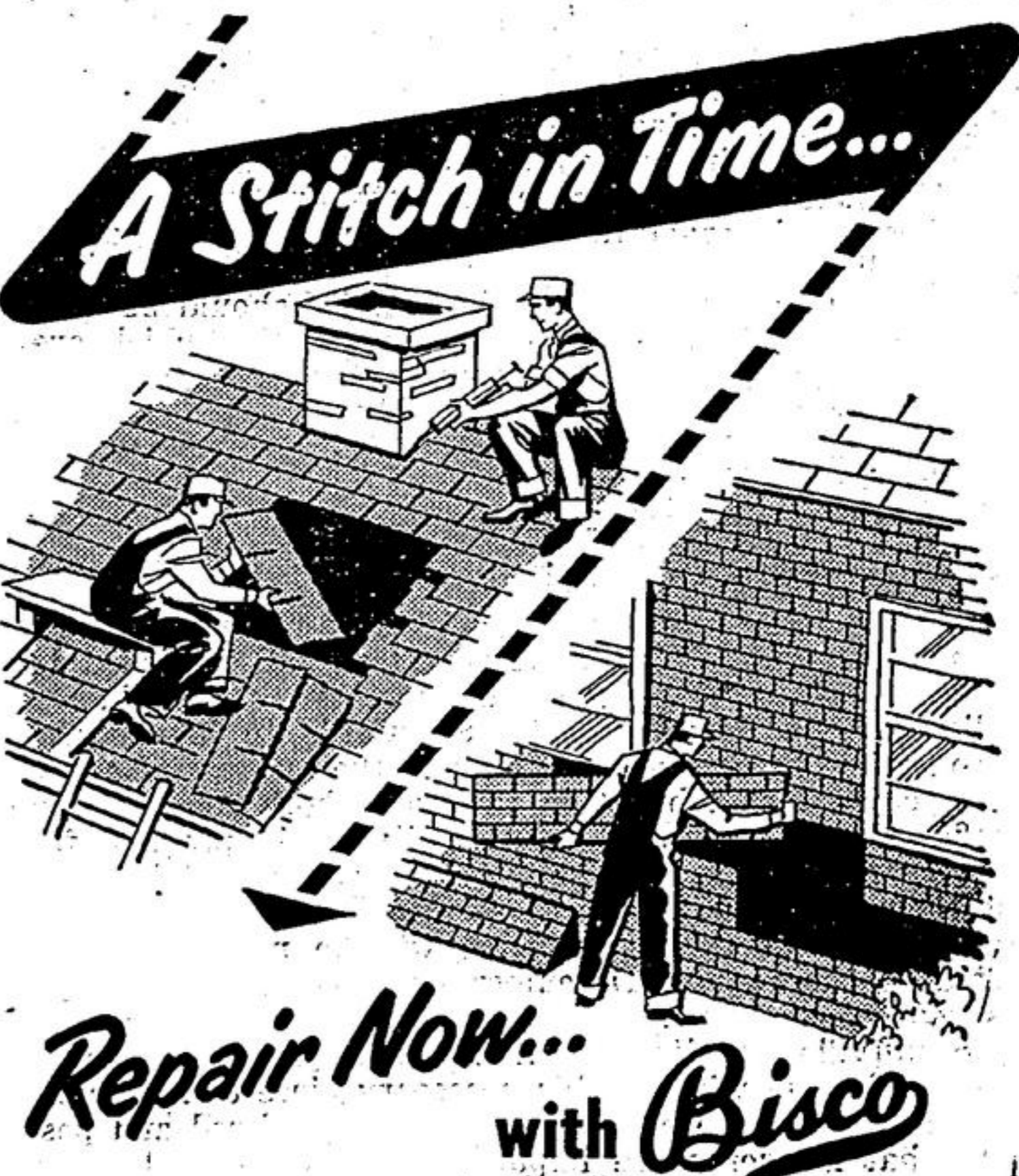
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