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Editorials

Stouffville residents may expect to be visited shortly by a representative of the Lord's Day Alliance and a good response is hoped for towards this worthwhile effort. While we admit not having upheld Sunday observance to the strict degree it was taught in our younger days, we are among those who would be sorry indeed to see a wide-open Sunday as it is known in the United States. There is something twinges our conscience when we visit cities across the border where one can find a large number of the stores in full operation with no sign whatsoever that it is the Sabbath Day.

As one local minister expressed the view last Sundays — It was the church which gave the working man his Sunday, so let us beware lest we lose it altogether.

This country has come a long way in the last few years in the non-observance of Sunday and each time a further barrier is let down, we come a little closer to not having a Sunday at all. In this we are speaking of wholesale commercialism of the Seventh Day. Further decline in the observance of Sunday can only lead to a further decline in the moral fibre of the citizens of Canada as a whole.

Pepper Once Bought Freedom for Serfs

An apparently insignificant pepper pot on the dinner table contains a large part of the world's story, says the Irish Digest.

Pepper was one of the earliest staple trading commodities between east and west. It was brought to Europe by the Ishmaelite caravans. It was prized as a stimulant to appetite, as a preservative for meat, and as a medicament, being used in wine against colds in the chest, and in oil as an ointment. Because it was so highly valued and came from so far by such hazardous ways, it appeared as tribute and tax.

It was part of a city's ransom, Alaric the Goth demanded among other things, 3,000 pounds of pepper from captured Rome, and after the sack of the city, annual tribute was paid in pepper. In the medieval province of Burgundy, one pound of pepper was the price of freedom for a serf.

In feudal England, quantities of pepper were paid as rent for land tenure. Pepper was a profitable cargo for the earliest mariners and the prize of many a pirate's cruise.

The search for it created great voyages of discovery, as well as fierce and national rivalries. It was one of the principal sources of wealth of the Portuguese crown from the time of Vasco da Gama until the 18th century. It led to the foundation of great merchant companies, and to the massing of large fortunes.

It is in the marketing, and not in the growing of pepper, that money has been made. The producers are peasants who grow a few pepper vines near their dwellings and sell the berries to eke out their livelihood.

The pepper vine is a perennial climbing shrub, native of the forests of south India. From there it was introduced to Indonesia which rapidly became the principal producer. The Japanese occupation of Indonesia during the last war and the troubled conditions of post-war years have seriously affected the production.

The Flags of June

The iris come to blossom, the iris named for the rainbow that, once spanned a springtime in Greece. The yellow iris, sometimes called corn flag, and the purple iris, sometimes called blue flag, and all the other early iris that have been dear to the hearts of country folk for generations. And in the meadows and pastures and down along the brooks the wild iris, large and small, come into their own, from the big blue fleur-de-lis to the miniature blue-eyes grass, which is probably the least of all the iris and one of the daintiest.

It's a venerable flower, the iris. Some say it was the "hyacinth" of ancient mythology. The Saracens long ago grew them in their cemeteries as symbols of their grief. In early Flemish art the white iris was an emblem of the Virgin. It supplied the pattern for France's heraldic fleur-de-lis. For more than five centuries the iris was a part of the royal emblem of England.

Several species are native to America, including a few which were used by the Indians as a foodstuff. Orrisroot comes from the iris, for the perfumer and the pharmacist. And the bees love all the iris that bloom.

But for most of us the iris are garden flowers, simple and old-fashioned or hybridized and complex and exotically beautiful. They grow beside old garden walls and along old dooryard fences and in special beds of their own. To an older generation the simple ones were always flags, and they bloomed when the tulips began to fade. Flags and lilacs and peonies all belonged to June. —New York Times

"I HEAR YOU CALLING ME"



LAFF OF THE WEEK



"I'm gonna' make a lamp out of her—THAT'S what I'm gonna' do with her!"

BETWEEN OURSELVES



The Black Sheep

JESUS ONCE FACED AN unusual congregation. The social outcasts of the city gathered to hear him preach. They were the people who were not respected by others and probably had lost faith in themselves. They were the lost sheep of the House of Israel.

THE SCRIBES AND PHARISEES took it for granted that Christ's attitude to these people would be identical with their own. In ostracizing these social outcasts they felt they were pious and patriotic. They were sure they were the religious aristocracy; smug and self-complacent.

WHAT DID JESUS SAY to these people? He told three parables to illustrate love of God for all weak and wayward souls: The Parable of the Lost Sheep; the Lost Coin and the Prodigal Son. He dwelt, not on their weakness and shortcomings but on the infinite love of God for the last, the least, and the lost. His theme was the everlasting mercy.

THE APOSTLE JOHN wrote: Jesus came to make God known. CHRIST HIMSELF said: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." Here then is God's attitude to the black sheep; tender pity, infinite compassion:

"There's a wideness in God's mercy Like the wideness of the sea."

MEN GROW CYNICAL TODAY as they did in Palestine nineteen centuries ago. They lose faith in humanity and hold that can be done for certain classes. We have also felt that way sometimes; yet it is a hasty view. God, who alone knows all that there is to know about his creatures, has infinite compassion and wisdom.

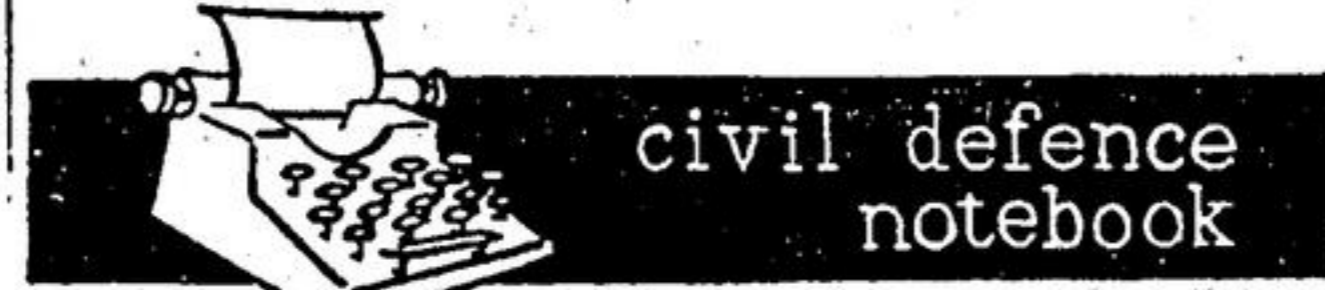
"The white sheep are placed and feed in quiet places; Their fleeces are like silver That the moon has known. But the black sheep have vigor In their ugly faces. The Best of all the Shepherds Wants them for his own."

The white sheep are gentle, And bend their necks together; They crop in God's pasture Grasses sweet and mild But the black sheep are starving Alone in heavy weather. Oh, Best of all the Shepherds, Feed them in the wild."

EVERY GREAT PREACHER almost without exception from earliest times to modern days began with a message of stern denunciation, by calling down upon men the judgments of God; but with growing experience came tenderness, understanding, and sympathy. A few years ago complaints were made in a great Scottish city that the men appointed as judges in the juvenile courts were too young. The sentences they handed out were severe and their attitude to juvenile delinquents was too harsh. The citizens knew that older men would have learned much during the years — experiences which would have made them wiser and mellow.

If I MAY COMMENT on the situation I would say that I have always found the best people, tolerant and charitable with human frailties. It is a hall-mark of deep spirituality. Whatever estimate they have of themselves they know that, but for the grace of God, they might themselves have been black sheep.

OUR QUOTATION today is by Arthur Guterman: "When I loathed and hated, I was wrong: When I loved and pitied, I was right."



civil defence notebook

Evacuation - The Effect on a City Dweller

(16th in a series of 24 articles)

The only really sure way to save the lives of persons living in a city threatened by attack with hydrogen bombs is to evacuate them to areas out of the blast's long reach. This is easier said than done, for it creates many problems. Civil defence planners are certain, however, that none of these problems is impossible.

If an H-Bomb attack were on its way to North America, there would be time only to clear out. Civil defence officials emphasize that people would have to flee from wherever they happened to be in a city when the warning came.

There would be no time to return home from the office and rejoin the family. Even those at home would have time only to grab what necessities were handy.

The chief problem of evacuation, of course, is keeping the traffic moving. Civil defence organizers plan to divide cities into sections, each one with its own exit route and destination in the country.

But as soon as he gets into the rural area, the small town or village, the city dweller who fled with scarcely more than his life would have a whole new set of problems to face.

First in the view of civil defence planners is that of reuniting families. They feel that the first thing a man who had to leave by one route for one destination while his wife and

children left by another route to another destination will want to know once he escaped the immediate danger is: "Where are the wife and kids?"

Civil defence officials believe they are solving the problem of at least arranging for families to learn where each member is once they've left the city. But it can only be done by setting up a nationwide network of civil defence organizations, built around existing services and facilities, which include trained volunteers who know how to count and identify heads in a hurry.

The displaced city dweller will also need clothing, food, a place to sleep, and money. Civil defence aims to develop means in every community so that these essentials could be provided if war ever makes them necessary.

The H-Bomb would wipe out whole cities and make them uninhabitable for months, years or possibly even a century or two through deadly radiation. That means many city dwellers would have to be evacuated on a permanent basis. They would have to find new homes, new jobs; in short, the whole population of some of Canada's biggest cities might have to be relocated. This would be a tremendous job, but if it were thrust upon the country by an enemy aggressor, it would have to be done. Death would be the only alternative for hundreds of thousands of city residents. "In my opinion," says F. F.

For Parents Only

Amateur Sculptors

By Nancy Cleaver

Have you ever watched the sheer delight on a small child's face who is making a mud pie? It is such fun to mix in the water, stir the mud around, add a little more earth, then mould it into pies of all sorts and sizes! Shaping and squeezing this material has a great fascination. Mother may be annoyed by the dirty hands and bits of mud smeared on play clothes, but both will wash, and in the meantime Junior glows with creative joy!

Plasticene is a favorite child's gift and a new box of it is splendid for the convalescing child who is well enough to sit up in bed and do handcraft. Mother's baking board serves as a good work tray. Unless wrapped in tinfoil or a damp rag, plasticene does get too dry for small fingers to shape. If there are two or three children eager to play with plasticene, it is less expensive to order several large bars of plasticene, of different shades, than buy a number of small boxes at a toy counter.

On baking day, when mother is making pies or tarts, a child loves to be given a small piece, (after hands are washed) to make a little pie. Tiny dough animals and figures can be shaped and baked on a cookie tin too. If Junior has listened to the story of "The Gingerbread Man", what fun it is to use a Gingerbread Cookie Man Cutter or have mother outline one with a paring knife! Raisins make splendid eyes and buttons down his coat. Icing sugar tinted red can give him a mouth and bright cheeks when he is baked.

On holidays and long days when a child must find something to do indoors, home-made clay is excellent play material. The necessary ingredients can be found right in the kitchen. Mix four tablespoons of corn starch with eight of salt, add hot water sufficient to make a stiff dough, then cook this mixture a few minutes. Remove from the stove, let it cool and divide into equal portions. If you have a set of little bottles with different vegetable colors for cookies or icing, each portion can be tinted a different shade.

This home-made clay can be shaped into round marbles, beads pierced with a metal knitting needle, tiny houses, igloos, or even moulded into little figures or doll dishes. The resulting articles should be thoroughly dried on a sheet of tinfoil, because they will crumble if

Worthington, Federal Civil Defence Co-ordinator, "the day of the great city with its population density is ended, or certainly will be ended if and when nuclear weapons are used in warfare."

"So far as we are able to determine, the best defence against nuclear weapons is space. Once a great city, such as Montreal, has been laid low by a thermo-nuclear weapon, a large area of 100 to 200 square miles in that city will be rendered uninhabitable for a very long time."

"Survivors from these areas must necessarily be distributed over small communities and newly planned and built towns. I do not think that great cities will be allowed to grow again in the haphazard way of the past."

handled before they are firm. But if the recipe is followed exactly and time is allowed for hardening in a warm place, the "works of art" will not fall into tiny pieces.

The older child who loves working with his fingers moulding things should be given a package of clay or a tin of clay powder from an art supply store. Often a school teacher who is enthusiastic about handcraft is glad to give a little guidance and encouragement. If the child is quite skillful, make inquiries about the possibility of his making not only brooches and small ornaments, but bowls and vases which could be "fired" in a potter's oven.

At a recent hobby demonstration at a home and school, out in the hall several expert handcraft men and women demonstrated how to make various things — driftwood ornaments, hammered pewter and vases from clay.

By far the largest crowd of youngsters stood gazing at a potter moulding pitchers on a small wheel with deft fingers. One poorly-dressed little girl with shining eyes said to her chum, as she gave her place to another observer, "Is that ever fun!"

If there is a pottery centre in your area, that welcomes strangers, visit it with your child! It will be a rewarding experience for both of you! If you should return home with a package of clay, you will be prepared for your youngster next time he is shut indoors and asks "Let me make something new! I want to be an amateur sculptor!"



More Coffee?

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From our EARLY FILES

(From the files of the Tribune) June, 1926

Mr. William Wagg who carried mail from Uxbridge to Port Perry 38 years ago, was in town on Thursday, with his cousin, James Wagg who lives just north of Stouffville one and a quarter miles. William Wagg carried His Majesty's mail for 40 continuous years.

Mr. Jacob W. Reesor has disposed of his store business at Mongolla, together with the house and lot, to Mr. John Cowan of Browns Corners. J. W. intends to resume his former pursuit of farming this fall.

Our friend Jacob W. Reesor of Mongolla, is generally regarded as a great joker, but this time it has gotten into his henery. On Thursday he went to gather the eggs and lo, in one nest was a sample of hen fruit which resembled a duck egg in

size. One of his Rhode Island Reds had laid an egg weighing 3 1/2 ounces, and alongside it was another egg so small that a robin would be ashamed to own it.

Mr. Noah Hoover has had the fence removed from the front of his property next to the Standard Bank, which adds much to the general appearance of the street. It also removes a favorite "roosting place" that the men and boys have long enjoyed.

On Friday evening last, Mr. R. J. Rogers of Newmarket was in town when he met representatives of the school sections participating in Stouffville School Fair being held this September, arranging for the prize lists.

Will the party who took a rake by mistake from the cemetery grounds on June 5th, kindly return same to John McKinnon, caretaker.

LONDON LETTER

June 6, 1956 After weeks of sunshine and fine weather it was just too bad that the week just past should be very wet. The farmers naturally are extremely pleased and it has certainly gone a long way to relieve the threat of a water shortage, which according to all accounts was fast looming up in the minds of the men who are in control of the nation's water.

Unfortunately for the racing public, this was the week of the famous Epsom races, and the start of the first Test Match at Nottingham between England and Australia at cricket. The shock at Epsom was the winning of the three major races by the French horses. The Derby by Lavandin, Coronation Cup by Tropique and The Oaks by Sicarella. However, the weather has certainly placed England in a very strong position in the first Test Match, so far.

The flowering trees, chestnut, lilac, red and white May are now really worth seeing. In fact everyone agrees that never in former years have they been so magnificently covered with blossoms as this year. Some of the streets in the suburbs are really fascinatingly beautiful with alternate trees of Red and White May.

One of the most delightful coach rides from London is to the Malvern Hills in the West Country. Leaving London on the A40 Highway one goes through Buckinghamshire to Oxford, the 1st large city. Through Oxfordshire with its lovely hedges, then on through Gloucestershire with the scenery all its own, through the Cotswold villages to Cirencester, a delightful old world market town, then on to Tewkesbury, another old town for lunch—famous for its fine Abbey Church, one of the best examples of the Norman Period in the country.

Here also is the Old Mill mentioned in "John Halifax Gentleman"; in the novel the town figures as Newtonbury. Leaving Tewkesbury one is soon into Worcestershire and the Malvern Hills. The group of township which constitutes this area is an inland health resort of considerable charm on account of its setting with relation to the valley of the River Severn and the highest of Malvern Hills, the highest of

which is the Worcestershire Beacon, rising to an altitude of 1,000 ft.

It is ideal for motoring and among the peaks are North Hill Sugar Loaf Hill, Swinyard Hill and the Holly Bush and various others. The Parish Church in Great Malvern dates from the year 1085. Don't forget this trip when you visit the Old Country.

"You can train a child to do many things by strict discipline," says the Wall Street Journal, "except to run into your arms when you come into the house."

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