

Editorial

Conservation Parks, An Important Project

There are many projects and promotions approved by Metro Boards which, although they absorb a share of the local tax dollar are of little visible benefit to the average citizen. We honestly feel that Metropolitan Toronto and Region Conservation Authority is above this type of criticism. We contend that this organization has done a marvelous job. One need only to drive a few miles to the west, north or east to witness the results of a few years foresight and planning. It was, therefore with some considerable surprise and disappointment that we heard the policy of the Authority come under rather sharp criticism from the Reeve of Pickering Township, Mr. Sherman Scott.

We realize that he must protect the interests of his taxpayers, but we feel he should look a little further than his own backyard when he condemns the present policy of the Conservation Board. We agree that hundreds of cars weekly from urban areas travel over the road leading to the Greenwood Park but by the same token, do not hundreds of Pickering residents commute daily to work over roads in Toronto and Oshawa? If each municipality wishes to retain

its roads for "residents only" perhaps a system of toll gates might solve the problem.

To date, the Authority has kept a very close count on the number of cars and passengers that frequent the parks every year. It might prove interesting if it was learned just how many Pickering Twp. residents make use of the Greenwood Park.

We agree that no country side-road is constructed to withstand the abuse of bumper-to-bumper traffic, but it should be made known to one and all that the entire expenditure for construction and maintenance of the Greenwood Road is not squeezed from the coffers of Pickering Township. A liberal government subsidy is made available to assist in such programs.

It has been suggested that a park, similar to the Greenwood project, will come up for approval before the Conservation Authority Board very shortly. It will be located southeast of Clarendon. Reeve Scott will hold an important vote on this scheme. His stand on the matter could transform some 300 acres of property into a recreational playground or leave it stagnant as it now stands today.

Something Is Missing

Cedarena, the popular pleasure skating rendezvous at Cedar Grove, has been in full swing for a number of weeks now, but something strangely is lacking in the Saturday night program that has been a familiar part of the open-air activities in past winter months. Piping hot coffee and sugar-coated doughnuts are no more—at least not for free.

We do not know the reason behind the cancellation of this late-evening practice. The rink-long coffee lineup was as symbolic of Cedarena as the glittering stars, the full moon or the frosty north-west wind. The majority of skaters would have even sacrificed the stars, the moon and the wind, but there is little replacement for hot coffee and doughnuts on a cold

Little Attention Paid Snow Bylaw

It was never more obvious than during this present winter that residents pay little or no heed to the town bylaw in Stouffville, which requires them to remove the snow from their walks by ten o'clock in the morning following a storm. We must certainly agree with defeated council candidate Allan Sangster, that bylaws without teeth might as well be scrapped, and that our snow removal bylaw might as well have the heave ho, unless council is going to see that walks are inspected and residents required to abide by the law. His complaint that some folks had to shovel and some did not, of course has no foundation in fact. We make this statement as we happen to know that an able-bodied relief recipient in town has never shovelled his walk and he could scarcely be put in the "sacred cow" class.

Be that as it may, there certainly is a serious lack of attention given to the walks and we should have some action along this line. In larger centres, repeated refusal to wield a shovel on fallen snow will bring a court summons.

Burying Those Overhead Wires

Following the recent ice storms which struck severely in this part of the province, much has been said again of the proposal to bury all overhead wires. Most people agree that it would be a wonderful thing, but there seems little concrete done about it.

While to tackle the immediate burying of all present overhead wires would present a colossal task, at least a start could be made, by burying all new installations, and working on the remainder on a long-term basis.

To clear the streets of all overhead installations would not only remove further hazard in ice and wind storms which are costly, but would remove the threat of expensive interruptions in power and telephone

winter's night.

One could always smell the coffee brewing around ten o'clock. At 10:15, almost in unison, every skater, young, old and in between, would form a queue, separated from the doughnut loaded sleigh by a trusty sling rope. It was strictly cafeteria style. If you missed your turn, you returned home, both hungry and thirsty. Quite often the coffee was enriched through the addition of a woolen mitten or a cow-hide glove, but no one ever cared. That was the Cedarena of 1959. The Cedarena of 1960 still attracts the capacity crowds. The moon still shines, the stars still glitter and the north-west wind still blows, but coffee and doughnuts are a thing of the past.

Cities have found it highly effective to have a policeman sent to the home of an offender and inform him that he is liable to a charge.

The strain on aching backs in removing snow and ice—in case you are one who believes in obeying the law—can be eased by following a few simple rules.

It might seem obvious that you need a snow shovel to remove snow, but a lot of folks have been observed using spades, coal scoops and even brooms.

So first of all, get a snow shovel and/or a snow scoop. The scoop works well on unpacked, fresh snow. Use the shovel for heavier stuff.

If you get only one, pick a lightweight shovel with a reinforced edge for breaking through hard-packed snow.

Keep the shovel waxed or even lightly oiled. This prevents snow from sticking, eases and speeds the job.

If you find the snow frozen underfoot it may be wiser to scatter rock salt and calcium chloride on the surface of the ice.

service, to say nothing of the improvement in the appearance of the streets. This latter benefit is very noticeable in the Old Country where, at least since the war, few overhead lines are visible.

In a town such as our own, we are presently operating a similar plan on roads. All new roads must be paved, which means that little by little, the remaining gravel thoroughfares will be replaced by permanent top roads.

A scheme to bury hydro lines was proposed almost three years ago by Ross Strike, Ontario Hydro vice chairman. Little has been heard of the idea since. The problem has been given new urgency by the recent crippling storms.



Sugar and Spice

By BILL SMILEY

For most people, no matter how drab life is ordinarily, there is always a special excitement in starting on a journey. I've been on a few in my time, and on each occasion there have been the same sensations: anticipation, stimulation, and something akin to fear. I've started another one, and recognize the symptoms.

My first journey was when I was sixteen, and got my first job. It entailed hitch-hiking 400 miles, all alone, to get to it. That was quite an experience for a kid who'd never been anywhere or seen anything. It's a good way to see a fair chunk of life in a hurry—hitch-hiking across the country with \$2.85 on your pocket.

There was no let-down in the climax of that journey. The huge boat was there, tied to the vast dock. The stedevores were filling her innards, hundreds of people were bustling around knowing what they were doing, and I was standing there, mouth open, stomach churning with the knowledge that I'd soon be part of it, and a whole new life was beginning.

Then there was the first trip to college. What a deal that was for a small-town boy, clad in a cheap suit and a deep inferiority complex! Those other freshmen looked so sophisticated. Those girls looked so unapproachable.

There was no anti-climax then either. Soon there was the exhilarating exploration of the minds of great men, living and dead. And the fun of playing in the college football team, and working on the varsity newspaper, and making all sorts of odd friends, and falling in love once or twice a week. All of it was heightened by the beginning of war and the certain knowledge that college days would be brief.

The next trip, a short one to the recruiting office, triggered several years of exciting journeys, and not one of them was a disappointment. The first was a hilarious hitch-hiking jaunt to New York, with three other potential air heroes. We had about \$20 each and did the city up brown. One of my mates can still boast that he spewed the entire length of Broadway, out a cab window. We averaged 3 hours sleep a night. A cigarette girl in some joint promised to write me, and never did.

Next excursion was a big one, across the Atlantic. The only salt water I'd ever seen before was some my mother made me gargle with, when I was a kid. All I remember of the crossing is seasickness, submarine scares and a big, 24-hour-a-day crap game. But what a thrill it was to see the coast of Ireland, just as it was when my great-grandfather shook its dust off his teeb which were probably bare at the time.

Then the first journey to London, on leave. I thought I was a blasé young man, but my heart was pounding like a maiden's as the train rolled into that vast, smoky metropolis, the heart of the Empire. What a city it was then, before the Yanks took over by sheer force of numbers! Sailors and soldiers and armen of every allied nation, beautiful women everywhere and in the very air that special excitement which only a war can produce, sadly enough.

And more journeys, each stimulating in its own way, meeting new people, finding old pubs, in Scotland and Wales and six corners of England, and soon enough, the short trip, but the big one, across the Channel and into Normandy. No anti-climax there but the solid satisfaction of culminating interminable months of training by smiting the foe, hip and thigh.

Then the rapid, long leaps, to Lille, to Antwerp, and the first vivid impressions of the bubbling life of people newly freed after four intolerable years. Ah, Lita, where are you now?

Then into a plowed field in Holland, sans wheels, and beginning another long journey across a bitter, hostile land. A miserable trek, but not without its high points of excitement: attempted escape in Holland; being strafed in a German train by one of ours; rolling in a locked railway carriage through a night bombing raid on Frankfurt; meeting old friends, long since believed dead, in the camps.

This is getting monotonous. But there was one more exciting journey. It was made on foot, through about 100 miles of country crawling with drunk Russian soldiers and blood-thirsty ex-slave-labourers, and was accomplished with no other weapon than a big, scared grin.

What I really started out to say was that I've embarked on another journey, which promises to be as exciting as any of them. After a certain amount of arm-twisting, I'm launched on a journey of exploration. In short, I'm taking confirmation classes, reading the Bible after 10 these many years, and on the way toward a fighting chance at getting to heaven. A friend suggests that you can't swallow anything whole with your tongue in your cheek, but I'm going to give it a fair trial.

FOR PARENTS ONLY

CHILDREN CAN ENJOY BEING ALONE

In her diary, written when she was thirteen, Louisa Alcott, author of Little Women, wrote: "I have at last got the little room I have wanted so long, and am very happy about it. Mother has made it very pretty and neat for me. . . . It does me good to be alone."

In a home where there is a large family, it is often difficult to arrange, if not a room, a place which belongs exclusively to each child. Here prized possessions can be kept, without danger of their being touched. Here a boy or girl can retreat, away from other people, to read or think or day-dream.

Extra space can sometimes be found by making a room in an attic or a basement. Do-it-yourself projects are very popular because they cut greatly on the cost of re-modelling if properly carried out. Advice on how best to spend money on wall-board, ceiling or floor covering will be gladly given by experts employed by various commercial firms selling materials needed to build a new room.

Many magazines and newspapers carry features from time to time, giving definite instructions and approximate costs on re-modelling. In one family, two girls shared a large bedroom in an older home. They both greatly appreciated a partition dividing the room into two rooms, one for each sister. An older boy who had to share his bedroom with a much younger brother, fixed up his own bedroom in the basement, at the time a recreation room was being built there, while another boy with his Dad's help made a room and hobby corner in the attic.

It is a sad reflection on an adult's upbringing, if a man or woman cannot be happy in his or her own company. Great emphasis has been placed on "togetherness", but is enough thought given to enjoyment of a solitary time? Each person has different tastes and abilities and it is the wise parent who encourages a child's enjoyment in handcraft, reading, music and other activities which can be carried out alone. Even the very small child

Editor's Mail

Stouffville, Ont., Jan. 22, 1960

Tribune Editor, Stouffville, Ont.

Dear Sir:

I read with interest the editorial that appeared in the Tribune issue of Jan. 14th under the heading "Should Join Forces". I heartily agree with your stand on the subject. It would seem rather ridiculous to think that two congregations of the same apparent faith could not forget their differences and meet under one roof, especially when one group has been deprived of their church through loss by fire. If these members really and truly believe that all Christians are headed for the same Heavenly Home, surely the reasons behind such a split in their Baptist ranks must appear petty and foolish.

This same story is true not only in the hamlet of Whitevale but in dozens of other towns and villages throughout the Province. It's bad enough that our Protestant faith is divided into so many sects without having these divisions extended, still further. I commend the Tribune for fearlessly stating its views on a rather "touchy" subject. Your editorial has my complete endorsement.

Yours sincerely, A Reader.

Main St., Mt. Albert, Ont., Jan. 21, 1960

Editor, The Tribune,

Dear Sir,

The north seems to have vast opportunities for employment for single young men such as radar lines, mining (uranium) excepted, considering the current market for the ore, lumber and construction. I believe there are many single men such as myself, who would take a chance for employment in the north if they had a chance to begin.

Whom would they contact? How do they get to the areas where employment is possible? How can they get the required training to pass the heavy screening that blocks the passage into northern employment?

I recently saw Mr. H. D. Whyte of the Newmarket Unemployment Commission about this matter. According to him, a man must be of a very special type. That is, one who is very highly skilled in the first place, or at least, a semi-superman. He must have experience before he can get employment in the north.

Unless the prospective employers of the north are willing to take a chance on training more men and lift the heavy screening a little, then the development of Canada's north is going to be considerably slower than what it should be.

I remain, David Birch

"Laugh more if you want to live longer," advises a physician. Following this advice should have a cumulative effect in achieving longevity, as the longer a person lives, the funnier seem the doings of people.

A butcher in Michigan was arrested for using a scale that cheated customers. That should teach him to mend his weights.

You can always be proud of your blood relations—those with the Red Cross, that is.

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DISTRICT	LOCATION	DATE
Richmond Hill	15 Yonge St., North	Mon., 1 Feb., 1960
Schomberg	Community Hall	Mon., 1 Feb., 1960
Newmarket	64 Bayview Avenue	Tues., 2 Feb., 1960
Mount Albert	Community Hall	Tues., 2 Feb., 1960
Markham	Veterans' Hall	Wed., 3 Feb., 1960
King City	Masonic Hall	Wed., 3 Feb., 1960
Unionville	Veterans' Hall	Thurs., 4 Feb., 1960
Nobleton	W.I. Hall	Thurs., 4 Feb., 1960
Keswick	United Church	Mon., 8 Feb., 1960
Thornhill	United Church	Mon., 8 Feb., 1960
Aurora	96 Yonge St., South	Tues., 9 Feb., 1960
Sutton	Health Unit	Tues., 9 Feb., 1960
Stouffville/Ballantrae	Health Unit, Stouffville	Wed., 10 Feb., 1960
Oak Ridges/Lake Wilcox	Brethren Church, Aubrey Avenue, Oak Ridges	Wed., 10 Feb., 1960
Woodbridge	Health Unit, Pine St.	Thur., 11 Feb., 1960
Pefferlaw	Community Hall	Thur., 11 Feb., 1960

The Stouffville Tribune

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