

Editorial

How Many More?

How many more victims are going to be claimed by Bloomington's death corner before the road is improved? Four lives have been snuffed out already at this intersection. The latest fatality came last week when Russell Storry was fatally injured in a crash here. It is several years now since Whitchurch Township council first considered improvements at the corner. The matter has been discussed a number of times and various proposals to widen and improve the visibility have been talked over. However, there has been no action taken and each year brings another fatality at this blind corner.

While there are other blind corners in the area, much greater danger lurks at this intersection because of the continuous heavy gravel truck traffic which travels this road. In every one of the four fatal accidents to date, a gravel truck has been involved, and one of the victims was a gravel truck driver.

Few, if any other corners in Whitchurch, have claimed as many victims, and it is imperative that some effort be put forward at once to safeguard traffic at this point. Certainly the visibility should be improved and some type of warning signal would safeguard the intersection even further.

Helping Keep Them Alive

You may not be able to see the Stouffville Community Swimming Pool from Main St., but it can certainly be heard from a distance. Watching the little tots and those not so little splashing around in their swimming lessons, one can envy their carefree time. Right now children are really engrossed in this carefree time, so much so that they take little time to be careful or give thought to dangers which are very close to them during play hours.

The other day we observed a tot walk out onto a busy street fol-

lowing his ball. His back was turned to an oncoming vehicle. Quite unaware of the danger so close, he picked the ball up and returned to his playground. He was so absorbed in his play that even then he did not notice the car, patiently waiting for him to clear the street.

Imagine one of those highway hawks, ignoring all precautions and showing their driving ability tearing down the street.

We speak much of accidents when children get killed but seldom notice the incidents that keep them alive.

Gambled And Lost

Three lives were snuffed out at Ringwood on Saturday morning. The fatal accident was one of the worst to occur in this area in many years. Two other members of the party are in critical condition.

The Tribune has given considerable editorial space towards a move to have traffic signals installed at this busy intersection. The matter has been dealt with at all levels of government but to date, the installation has not been approved.

Although we still contend that more adequate stop and go lights are

needed, especially to control the heavy flow of Sunday night traffic, we would suggest that a wrought iron fence would have been little preventative to a loss of life on Saturday. Any driver who would gamble with human lives and race through a main thoroughfare at an estimated 70 miles per hour would require more than a red light signal to alter his plans. On another occasion at 6 a.m. on a Saturday morning, his path might have been clear. This time it was blocked and two innocent people are dead. The total toll could go as high as five. What a price to pay.

Stiffer Sentences Needed

It is high time that magistrates sat up and took a closer look at the increased number of gang war incidents that are continually blotting small towns, villages and communities throughout this area. There was a time when the verbal threats issued by these rampaging hoodlums carried little weight. Recently, however, these youths have resorted to more dangerous tactics. Their use of tire irons and chains has raised the ire of local citizenry. These practices must be stamped out before

someone is critically injured. The skirmish in Claremont on Saturday night is only one such grudge fight in a lengthy list of similar incidents.

We feel that the police are hesitant in acting against these roving mobs due to the rather weak sentences that are meted out in the courts. The pin money fines are an insult to the officers who make the arrests. Hitting these lads in the pocketbook would appear to be little deterrent to their high-handed actions. A few days behind bars might leave a more lasting impression.

Haying Made Easier

On driving through the country during the haying season you seldom see a farmer and his helpers out in the field wielding a pitchfork. Not so many years ago the pitchfork was very much in evidence in haying.

Time was when the hay had to be pitched onto the wagon, pitched off into the mow of the barn. This entailed hard work and caused blistered hands for those not used to handling a fork.

Early in the century came the hay loader, the device drawn behind the wagon. It conveyed the hay up onto the load. Combined with the large hayfork in the barn by which

the hay was pulled up into the mow, this expedited the work. But it was still a mighty tough job building the load of hay as it came up in long coils from the hay loader, and later unloading it.

Modern mechanism has further speeded up the job. Some hay now is chopped up green and blown into silos. But many use balers. Rolled up in tight bales the hay can be left until it is convenient to bring in, and suffers little from rain or other climatic conditions.

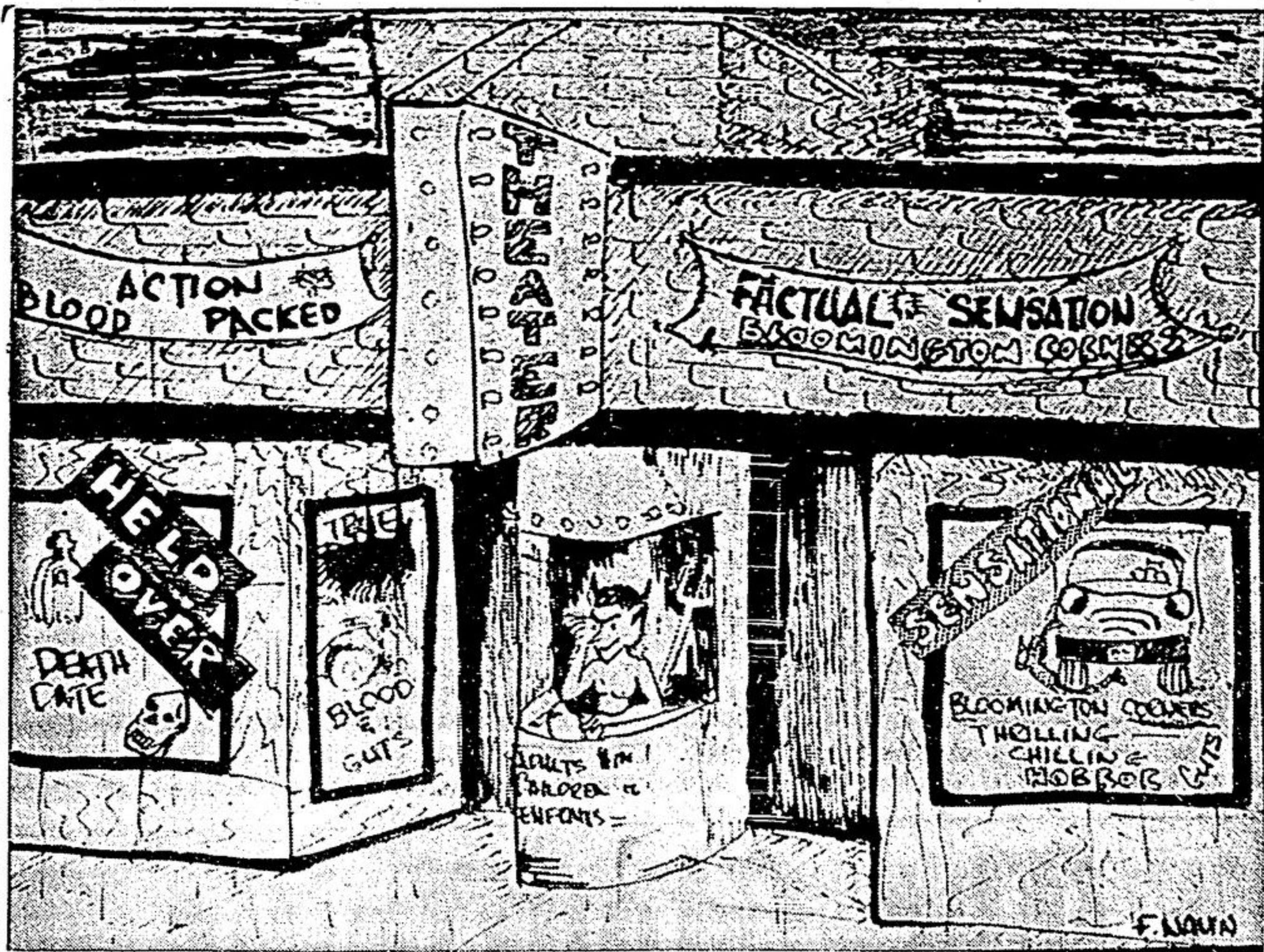
It is still a tough job, however, tossing bales of hay onto the top of a load or lugging them around in the now.

Respect Power Mower

A power mower is hardly an efficient tool when it chops off your fingers and toes. Its skill at firing sticks, stones and pieces of wire in all directions adds to its high rating on the danger list. Here are a few suggestions from safety specialists with the Ontario Department of Agriculture. Keep hands, feet and loose clothing away from all moving parts of the mower. Wear good, sturdy shoes. If

the blades should get to your feet, there'll be some protection, at least. Never leave a mower running with no one to look after it. Know your machine. Be able to disengage the clutch at the least notice. Know the cutting path of the blades with respect to the mower housing. Never cut down a slope — always sideways. Keep people (children in particular) out of the area to be mowed. Also keep people out of the

range of the grass discharge opening. They can be easy targets for flying stones and other hard objects. Disconnect the spark plug wire before working around the blade (such as in cleaning and sharpening). Mowers have been known to re-start from the very slightest turn of the blade. If you have an electric mower, remember this: the blades are still whirling around mighty fast, even after you have shut off the power. Give them time to slow down — and be safe.



HELD OVER - TOO LONG

Sugar and Spice

By BILL SMILEY

There's something mighty attractive about the city, in summer. Don't think I don't miss the leg show back home, as the tourist gals waltz down the main drag, all brown limbs, bare midriffs, red toenails, sun-bleached hair and dark glasses so you never know whether or not they're giving you the big eye, but you're pretty sure they are not.

But that's what I mean. For ten years I had that, and I'd grown as callous as the doorman at the Follies Bergeries. Down in the city, I climb on a stretcher, pull my shirt loose from me, and view with interest some doll, looking as though she had stepped out of a cold shower, cotton frock clinging close, spike heels, upswept hair and dark glasses so you never know whether or not she's giving you the big eye, but you're pretty sure she's not.

A few notes for the girls at home. The office girls in the city, who are usually right on top of fashions, are wearing shorter, skin-tight skirts. Not graceful, but attractively disturbing. There's also a new coiffure in vogue. Let your hair grow longer. Then gather it all up in both hands, pile it in untidy heaps here and there on your head, with plenty of wisps escaping, and stick some pins and things in it.

There is a vague resemblance to the hair style of the Masai warrior of Africa, but it is not so neat, nor do the girls plaster it with cow dung to keep it in place, as do the Masai.

Don't worry, I'm not going to talk about girls all through the column. After all, I've been away from home before. One weekend, back in '54, I will add only one remark. Fortyish friends of the male sex—we were born about 25 years too soon. I've had a pretty good

look at the crop of new teachers who will invade the high schools this September, and some of them are enough to start a riot. And I do not mean the men teachers.

Perhaps I shouldn't say it, but some of these babes should be cigarette girls in nightclubs, not teachers. I can just see them writing a sentence on the blackboard, jiggling like jelly, while the big lunks in Grade 11 blink hard to keep their eyeballs from rolling down their cheeks. If these fulsome females expect to impart any information beyond the fact that they are well stacked, they would be wise to put their hair in a bun, and don horn-rimmed specs, flat heels and Mother Hubbards.

These summer classes for teachers certainly produce a mixed bag. In my classes there are Indians, negroes, new Canadians who are going to teach English and can't speak it yet, a number of priests, a pregnant lady, a scattering of living dolls, a smattering of young punks just out of college, and two old men, another chap and myself.

Big shock to me was to find that I had to take Latin. Last time I studied it was 22 years ago, and I can't say that I had quite mastered the language, even then. After that interlude, the only Latin I knew was Magna Carta, habeas corpus and in flagrante delicto. None of these have come up in my Latin class, so far. If I have to teach the stuff, about all I can do is hurl myself on the tender mercy of the students. And teenagers, on the whole, have a quality of mercy about as tender as that of the Emperor Nero.

The university is crawling with teachers in the summer. They all look very serious, but I have a lurking suspicion that most of the men, at any rate,

are taking some sort of special course solely for the purpose of getting away from their families for a few weeks. An ignoble thought, perhaps, but fundamentally sound. There's nothing wrong with leaving a woman to cope alone with the house and children for a few weeks. Nothing that a session in the booby-hatch can't cure.

It's funny, when I went home for my first weekend, I thought my wife would be fascinated by my Latin, the dolls in the class, my timetable, which gives me afternoons off, and all that stuff. She wasn't even interested. She just gave me a long, hard look and started listing all the troubles she'd had during the week.

However, I cheered her up while she was doing my laundry, late Friday night. I sat there, cooling off, with a long drink, and recalled interesting little anecdotes about summer school to her, as she filled the tubs. Soon she ceased complaining altogether, and stalked off to bed, pausing only to observe, in measured terms, that she'd lost five pounds in the last week.

It was different with the kids, though. They were delighted to see me, and I got huge hugs and kisses. They listened enthralled to my gay little tales of summer school. For about four minutes, before silently sliding out of the room into the outdoors.

Oh well, I suppose I can't expect them to realize what I'm going through here in the torrid city, while they sport around in the cool north country. Why, some days it's so hot I don't really enjoy my afternoon nap, and I scarcely have the energy to walk the three blocks to the air-conditioned movie, in the evening. However, nuic dimittis, as we say in Latin.

HANDYMAN about the house

Summer is Season to Stop Noise

By Gordon Donaldson

Sitting one day in my basement — the only comfortable place to sit these days — I discovered a nice cool job for hot weather.

For a long time I have been meaning to do something about the noises in the heating system. As the system now stands there, dusty and disused during its summer vacation, this is obviously the time to do it.

I have a forced-air system. The furnace comes on, heats up painfully, giving out agonized creaks and rumbles; then moans and shudders a bit and begins to clank steadily like a Mississippi riverboat.

All this noise comes along the metal ducts and megaphones into the bedrooms.

How to stop it? Hacksaw or snip through the main ducts a few feet away from the furnace. Cut out strips about two inches wide and replace the cut-out part with a flexible sleeve.

This can be made out of rubber, heavy canvas or thick plastic, screwed or riveted onto the metal. The sleeves should stop the worst noises transmitted along the ducts from the furnace itself.

Other creaks can be stopped — if you can trace them — by slipping rubber wedges under offending duct joints and supports.

Other annoying noises occur from time to time in water systems. The sound of an automatic washer may be broadcast all over the house through its connecting pipes. This can be stopped by cutting the pipes and clamping in pieces of hose-pipe. That hammering, banging

PARENTS ONLY

Behaviour by Fear Is Taboo

"If you're naughty, the Big Policeman will get you!" "Be quiet or I'll put you alone in a dark room and shut the door!"

Have you ever heard a mother talking like this in an effort to scare her child into being good? Threats are a poor way to enforce discipline. Children should look on a policeman as a friend and should be helped to be unafraid of darkness. Parents should lessen, not add to a child's fears.

Fear may seem to "work" in the immediate situation. But the parent who is constantly resorting to fear is harming the youngster's development. The goal of child training is a healthy, happy well-adjusted, useful citizen who can face his fears and accept responsibility for his own actions.

Traced to Childhood Our mental hospitals and medical clinics are filled to overflowing with fearful, worried adults. Much of their lack of mental balance can be traced back to an insecure, unhappy childhood. Fear was used too often to make them conform to certain standards of behaviour.

Everyone from the earliest days experiences some fear. A new baby exhibits fear of loud, sharp noises and is fearful of falling. Children fear getting hurt. Sometimes they are frightened of animals and of burglars. They dread being alone, being left in the dark. Strange sights, startling events and strange noises also scare them. Extraordinary natural events such as thunder and lightning sometimes frighten them. Children as well as adults suffer from bad dreams.

In a home where punishment is very harsh, or where the mother is ill-tempered or the father drinks, a child may live in constant fear. The older child dreads failure. Parents sometimes place a child in an impossible situation by expecting him to excel in sports or make high marks beyond his ability.

What does fear do to a child's body? Sometimes it is accompanied by an excess of energy and a child makes a quick flight. The shock may be so great from an overwhelming fear that the child is almost paralyzed. An anxious child is one in poor mental health.

A certain amount of fear is necessary for self-preservation. A child should fear the dangers of traffic sufficiently to stop and look both ways before crossing a street. Parents should encourage a child to face any fear and make an intelligent reaction to danger.

Cowardice Contagious There is nothing more contagious than cowardice! The mother who is terrified by thunder storms is bound to affect her child. She should help him understand what causes lightning and thunder. If she can calm herself, her own poise will reassure her child.

It is helpful if a parent helps a child to anticipate what might be a fear-provoking situation such as a dentist's visit. The child who is prepared is less apt to be afraid. Parents should never deceive a child about the cause of fear. Neither should they shame him or silence him when he expresses his fear. Repeating fear just drives it "underground" into the subconscious mind.

Talking over a situation which frightens him with an adult helps a child to face his fear, and understand it. A child who is fearful of dogs may gradually be encouraged to get to know and love one particular gentle dog. Unnecessary fear is a terrible handicap. Help your child to be free of useless fears and cultivate his courage to face necessary fears!

sound in the regular water-pipes is caused by inadequate air chambers. Either there are not enough chambers or they have filled up with water and need to be bled off.

So much for noises made by things. Noises made by people are worse. For years I have searched for a 100 percent efficient way of insulating a basement ceiling to keep out the thunder of tiny feet on the floor above.

Acoustic tiles are fine. But they are designed primarily to reduce the volume of noise inside a room, rather than stop the racket from without. Rolls of foam and plastic sound-absorbent material are expensive and these, again, won't stop noise transmitted through the joists.

The best solution appears to be a "floating" ceiling of half-inch fibreboard, mounted on one by two inch strips which are attached to the joists above by spring clips. If the ceiling is then faced with acoustic tile or acoustic plaster, life in the basement will be as peaceful as possible.

Perfect peace just doesn't exist. My neighbor is now learning the trumpet.



NO SEGREGATION HERE.

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