

Editorial

A Community Get-Together

Any measure of success that Messrs. Ted Topping and Hal Gibson may have attained last fall in their promotion of the Mongolia Open Golf Tournament was bypassed on Saturday in one of the finest single-day recreational programs ever organized here. More than one hundred entries were registered and each foursome took to the course on schedule. With each passing season, more and more persons are being bitten by the golf bug. Teen-agers, as well as grown-ups have taken to the sport and scores chalked up by the younger set have caused some raised eyebrows among the more mature populace.

The tournament has come to

mean more than a game of skill. It is an opportunity for local and district townfolk to loosen their collars and ties and meet together in a spirit of good fellowship, one with another. For some, it marked their initial venture into the sport. For others, it would be another game in a lengthy list of summer tournaments.

Messrs. Topping and Gibson are to be congratulated on the success of their project. Through their annual outdoor program, they have been able to break down that invisible barrier that often separates neighbor from neighbor in a growing community. This, in itself, would make the promotion well worth the effort.

Police Radio Needed Here

From the comments expressed regularly at meetings of town council one would gather that the members are well satisfied with the operation of the local Police Department. We can only state that if court convictions are any criterion, then the officers are certainly doing their duty. Almost weekly, Main Street traffic offenders are being hauled up on the carpet at both Buttonville and Newmarket and the fines that follow would tend to make district drivers more cautious of the rules of the road.

Stouffville residents should understand that the policing of a town of 3,000 is being accomplished here by a two-man force. They lack a modern radar device and the lone cruiser is not equipped with a two-way radio system. All in all, it would

appear to be a rather antiquated method to provide an up-to-date service.

Within recent weeks, at least two break-ins have been thwarted by quick police response. In each case, the would-be robbers have escaped. It has been necessary for the officers to race to the nearest telephone and notify surrounding departments at Markham Village, Markham Township and Vandonr O.P.P. in an effort to nab the wanted men. Through the use of radio, the efficiency of the force could be increased ten fold.

We do know that the purchase of a police radio has been discussed by council but the members have winced at the cost involved. We feel that if the local citizenry is to receive the protection it deserves, the acquisition of radio communication is a dire necessity.

Consolidated Schools On The Way?

It would appear possible that the trend in many rural sections may be toward consolidated public schools. Although the pros and cons have no doubt been discussed by the majority of trustee boards, little action, if any has been taken. Many areas have been faced with accommodation problems during the past few years. Each has been dealt with and for the most part, new additions have been erected to the old structures. Some sections now discover, however, that before their current building debt can be written off, they have run head-long into further extension projects. It would appear to be one of the headaches of "growing up".

The first minor approach to a consolidated school system has been formulated at Green River. The enrollment in the school at Brougham has climbed considerably since September, 1959. There was a similar

attendance problem at Whitevale. The trustees from Brougham, Whitevale and Green River put their heads together and decided that nineteen pupils could be accommodated in the three-room Green River school. It has now become a consolidated school, serving three separate sections on a temporary basis, at least.

The hiring of qualified staff personnel is often simplified in multi-room schools. In this day and age when teachers are continually setting their sights in Metro fields, the little rural structure is too often left wanting for adequate instruction.

The costly problem of transportation still represents a thorn in the side of the promotion towards consolidated schools. It would appear to matter very little whether the money is taken from the left pocket or the right, it's a case of providing the best educational value for the money expended, that really counts.

"Extra Wide" Permit

Recent cases involving farmers moving extra wide equipment on the highways without a permit has prompted the Ontario Federation of Agriculture to look into the matter, according to Gordon Greer, President. "Section 19(1) of the Highways Traffic Act states that traction engines and threshing machines having a total width of 110 inches are permissible, but some of the modern-day machinery exceed this width by several inches."

"However, the Ontario Department of Transport reports that it has a new policy in effect, which allows farmers to get a special permit to move their extra wide equipment without being charged for violating the Act," Mr. Greer said. "All a farmer has to do, if he plans

on moving equipment by road, is to apply to the Special Permits Division, Department of Transport, Parliament Buildings, Toronto. The permit is good until October 14. After that, he will have to renew the permit if he wishes to continue moving his equipment on the highways."

"Possibly the problem calls for a study of the Act with the idea of requesting amendments, so that farmers need not obtain special permits," Mr. Green continued. "The only other recourse is for the machinery designers to produce farm equipment that is within the requirements of the Highway Act. In the meantime, I urge all farmers to observe proper caution on the highways to avoid accidents to themselves and other people."

EDITOR'S MAIL

Oshawa, Ont. Sept. 9, 1960
Editor, The Tribune, Stouffville, Ont.

Dear Sir,
Thank you for calling to our attention the poor reproduction of the photograph in your paper. On checking through our engraving machine, we found that it was caused by poor mechanical conditions. This has now been remedied.

Please rest assured that we will endeavor, at all times, to maintain your top quality production as we realize that your photographs have been excellent. It's always the little devil next door who starts a fight with your little angel.

Yours very truly,
K. G. Typney,
Asst. Gen. Manager
The Oshawa Times.

The Stouffville Tribune

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Frustrated?

By ERNIE

Have any of you husbands ever experienced the following? Saturday is supposed to be your reward for five days at the sweat shop, but your beloved spouse has the rare faculty of coming up with a succession of chores that invariably take up most of the day. How trivial and unnecessary these jobs seem to you, but according to the missus, they need doing.

Take the lawn, for instance. To you it looks like an over-grazed sheep pasture, but in reality, the grass is so long that robins walk around on stilts searching for worms and other tasty tidbits. Then there's the rug-beating episode; you've whacked that thing into submission so many times before, that it practically follows you out whenever you pick up the broom. Or what if the wringer doesn't work on the washing machine, what's wrong with hanging out clothes that are slightly moist? The garage needs tidying up again, only to have the kids mess it up for next week-end. The family chariot definitely can do with a wash, but the only soiled area you can find to justify a rinse is the dip stick. This sort of nonsense goes on week after week.

Then your belief in justice is restored when your wife rocks you with the information that, on this particular Saturday afternoon, she and some of the girls have planned an out-of-town expedition. In spite of your prostration, following the shock, you welcome this bit of news as the greatest since the passing of the automobile crank. Boy, what a pleasant, lazy, undisturbed afternoon you contemplate, with nothing to do but maybe watch a good Western.

So, when the time finally arrives, with a wave of the hand and a last reminder to "have fun," you watch the little woman take off. Feeling not the slightest degree of guilt, you steal a look at your neighbours, all as busy as little bees in their respective yards. With a smirk on your pan, you disappear into your castle, proudly rubbing your hands. Once inside, you head directly for the "fridge, select some refreshment, and after switching on the teevee set, plunk yourself down on the couch, fully intending to relax and enjoy the next few hours. Your placid frame of mind is further enhanced by the knowledge that the children won't bulldoze in, at least not until their insatiable appetite commands it. Man, this is living!

As you recline there in solid comfort, the horse opera is about to start when there's a knock at the front door. Annoying as it is, it could also be important, so you hasten to open it, only to find the baker on his regular call. Suppressing the instinctive urge to grab one of those gooey cakes from his basket and massage his kisser with it, you pay for the bread and waste no time resuming your prone position on the soft couch.

By now, the show is under way and the hero's equine pal is really churning up the dust in hot pursuit of some renegade. At the very moment he is overtaken, and the fistcuffs com-

mence, the ringing of the telephone ends the exciting fight, for you anyhow. Obviously, ants at a picnic would have more consideration for your personal enjoyment. With reluctance, you again leave your cosy nest and answer the phone. Wouldn't you know it, some idiot has called the wrong number. Naturally, this incident is no help to your chafed disposition and you strive to restrain from verbally blasting this jerk at the other end of the line by counting to ten. As gently as can be expected under the circumstances, you replace the receiver and cut this nunny's apologies off short. Then you have another go at the couch.

No sooner are you comfortably re-settled than thumps summon you to the back door. What's with all these interruptions? If allowed to continue, this kind of foolishness could very easily lead to lid-flipping. So, with accelerated pulse, you open the door, determined to assert yourself in no uncertain terms. But alas, it is your neighbour wishing to borrow your pruning shears for the purpose of trimming his hedge. What a diabolic scheme has suddenly sprouted in your dome with the mention of shears. No, you must not even think of it. Instead, you assume an air of good buddyism and amble over to the garage for the desired tool. As partially expected, you find it not hanging in its proper spot, but on the floor, partly covered with an old inner tube that apparently the kids have been carving into mud flaps. You hand it to your neighbor and return once more to your inviting divan.

As for the show, you have seen very little of it so far, but surely you can enjoy the last part in peace and quiet. You lie back, still hopeful for some measure of tranquility when, once again, a tapping at the rear door. Oh no, not again! Your patience exhausted, you impulsively seize your hair with both fists, but the timely and horrible thought of your noggin resembling a cue ball prevents you from committing the inevitable. Muttering uncomplimentary adjectives, you yank open the door to be greeted by your neighbour for the second time; he is returning the pruning shears with the information that he was unable to snip even the tiniest twig. Right about now, you entertain visions of this guy's hide hanging from the clothes line. The audacity of this character; twice he has disturbed your siesta and now the shears won't cut. Your desperate efforts to curb your feelings are not entirely successful as you practically slam the door in his face, narrowly missing his proboscis. As you stand glued there momentarily, trying to regain your composure, you remember the shears in your hand and examine the blades. To your dismay, it is evident that the kids have been cutting more than rubber; in their serrated condition, these blades would serve a more useful purpose as steak knives.

By now, the western is over and you never did have a chance to see any of the more thrilling actions. Disgusted, you turn off the set and decide that forty

Cliff Of The Week



"Too big, huh?"

winks would perhaps be what the doctor ordered to calm you down when a faint knock at the front door shatters your reverie. That does it—a man can stand just so much. Whoever that is at the door is in for it, but good. This time, you're pulling out all stops; it's high time these intruders were made aware of the fact that you are not the moron they seem to think you are. Ready to blast away with both barrels, you open the door only to be stopped cold in your tracks by the sight of the paper boy calling on subscribers for his weekly collection. His boyish smile quickly dispels your barbaric intentions and this innocent kid will never know how close he came to being sent into orbit.

Alone now and disconsolate, you try figuring out why your well-planned afternoon was so loused up, but can't seem to come up with any genuine reasons. No doubt you would have derived more contentment had you swept down the cobwebs in the attic or gone bar-hunting. Better luck next time, Buster, if there ever is another opportunity.

Oh that we might give head to them,
Listen to their thoughts and discuss
Cause personal progress in this world
Is the growing knowledge of life's purpose.
Since through experience they have learned,
They want to tell us where to tread,
Thinking to save us grief and pain,
But most of us will not be led.
Like our Fathers who before us lived,
Learning Life through experience,
We, too, must tread the path alone
And through folly learn common-sense.
That's why our Dads in anguish weep,
"Cause we all act like simpletons.
Still—they would as if in battle,
Sacrifice themselves for their Sons.
—Myrtle T. Dowswell

York County "Dairy Princess" Central Ontario Winner

For the next year Elizabeth Barker of Headford, Dairy Princess of York County, will be the proud possessor of the Toronto Telegram Trophy. The trophy, emblematic of top Dairy Princess honours for the Central Area, was won by Elizabeth in the preliminary competition for provincial dairy princess honours at the Canadian National Exhibition.

The central area covers the counties of Durham, Haliburton, Hastings, Muskoka, Parry Sound, Ontario, Dufferin, Peel, York, Prince Edward, Northumberland and Peterborough. It is one of five Ontario areas and was won for getting high points in that area in the preliminary competitions. Along with the coveted shield, won on a basis of milking technique, personality and an agricultural talk Elizabeth won a smart hat-box type suitcase.

Despite the fact that her points were greater in number than some of the preliminary winners from other areas who went into the semi-finals, circumstances denied Elizabeth a win near the top.

"I lost to a fine winner and I'll be in there pitching next year," she said. "I really believe that on a basis of what I learned this year, I'll have a much better chance to compete in the finals next year."



GET THEM AT
The Stouffville Tribune

ANNUAL MEETING

The 4th Annual Meeting of the
STOUFFVILLE DISTRICT CREDIT UNION LIMITED
will be held
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 19th, 1960
at 8:15 p.m. in
VETERANS' MEMORIAL HALL
SPEAKER — A. K. MUSGRAVE

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JIM ABELL

PHONE 237 — STOUFFVILLE

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

Sugar and Spice

By BILL SMILEY

Well sir, we moved last week. And the next time I have to be moved, I hope it's in a hearse. When the movers were giving us an estimate, they asked my wife how many cartons we'd have, besides the furniture and all the usual stuff. He meant cartons packed with books, dishes and odds and sods. She suggested there would be six. Alarmed, I told her I was sure there'd be at least eight.

We had something like 31 cartons, ranging from things the size of a shoebox to vast vast cardboard edifices which must have housed prefab homes, in their original state. These latter would go through doorways only when turned on their sides, when there would occur such a tumbling and a rumbling from their innards as to make my wife turn green and the eyes of the movers roll heavenwards.

I still don't know how it was possible for four ordinary humans, in a few years, to accumulate so much under the heading of miscellaneous. Perhaps it was because our house had so many closets. About the only thing that didn't emerge from them during the ordeal was a skeleton.

The sorry note about this junk we lugged more than 100 miles was that it was the bare residue. For a week before we moved, I ran about six trips a day from our house to the garbage dump. In fact, I got so friendly with some of the rats at the dump that they were eating out of my hand. Just the fleshy part, of course.

Perhaps we'd have been all right if we'd let the Old Girl throw out everything she wanted to. But the rest of us watched her like jackals following a lion. Every time she made a kill, we'd dart in, snatch a choice morsel, and carry it away. It was only by using these desperate measures that

we were able to save such valuables as my fur-teneck sweater that went all through the war with me, Hugh's collection of toothpaste caps, and Kim's box of beheaded dolls. I guess the Old Lady threw out some items as many as five times.

Young Hugh was the only one who showed any real enterprise in the big move. He gathered together several hundred comic books, from all over the house, went into the used-comic business, and did a roaring trade. He cleaned up \$6 and cut his sister in for 20 per cent. For his share of the stock. For days before we moved, every time the doorbell rang, there'd be a freckle-faced kid there, clutching some pennies, and asking: "Is this where the comics sale is?"

I planned to get in on a good thing, and filled two large cartons with used pocket books. But I couldn't find any customers. So I put the cartons out on the porch to take to the dump. You can imagine my gratification when both boxes turned up among the items the movers carried into our new home, along with two old mops, a broken-legged table, and a busted lamp, all of which we'd set aside to go to the dump.

Those movers were right on the ball. They were supposed to arrive at noon on moving day, and we were all ready for them. That is, we had just half a day's packing left to do, the stove and dryer to be disconnected, and few scores of other minor chores. So they arrived at 8 a.m., ready to go. The rest of that day made the Charge of the Light Brigade look like a Girl Guides' outing.

It was only the personalities of the two men on the moving van that saved the day. They were the essence of easy good nature in a basically irritating job. My wife expressly told them to leave her cosmetics kit

until the last. An hour later, she learned it had been packed 45 minutes before, just ahead of the stove, washer and refrigerator. There was the makings of an incident that would have made the Congo look like a Sunday school picnic. The situation was saved when one of the movers told her she didn't need no lipstick, she looked great the way she was.

During the scramble of packing, I stabbed my wife in the back of the hand with the scissors, while trying to cut some string. It went right to the bone, bled like a fountain, then swelled into a dark egg. I rushed her to the hospital. When we got back, the driver told her she was lucky. They'd moved an old lady last spring. She was fussy and critical, nagging their every move. Furniture all loaded, she went up the steps, key in hand to lock her door, and looking over her shoulder to give the movers a final blast, fell and broke both her legs. This story didn't cheer my white-faced wife noticeably, but it delighted the movers.

Some ten hours later, in our new house, one of these characters carried a box of books up to my new "den", a five-foot-square converted cupboard. Looking around at its cell-like confines, he quipped: "What's dis, de psychopatrik ward?"

We came through the moving very well, however, especially my wife. Oh, she cried three or four times the day we were leaving the old house, and she burst into tears the minute we entered the new one, but she's been a brick on the whole. Considering that none of the drapes fit any of the windows, that we had to put so many chairs in the cellar it looks as though there is going to be a meeting down there, and that you have to sit on the dining room table to play the piano.—TNS.