

# Editorial

## Worth Advertising

Stouffville's Memorial Park and Community Swimming Pool are products that are well worth advertising and two recreational commodities that shouldn't be hard to sell.

With this thought in mind, the Lions Club pool committee has taken steps, this summer to post prominent posters in town and on the outskirts of the village to attract the attention of the travelling public to the modern facilities here.

One of these signs is already up

and four more will be erected shortly. We think that it is an excellent idea and hope it will bring the desired results.

With the arena, swimming pool and park all in the same general area, we would suggest that the Arena Co., the Lions Club and the village might give some serious consideration to a pooling of resources to erect a larger electric neon sign. In this way, all three projects would benefit at a minimum of cost.

## Fire Bugs On The Loose

A number of persons responsible for the recent wave of grass fires throughout the district within the past few weeks are slowly beginning to wend their ways into local courts of law. A number of convictions have already been handed down and more undoubtedly will be forthcoming before these cases are finalized. We have had an opportunity to listen in on some of these hearings and to date, not one of these accused could present a legitimate excuse for his actions.

The most common complaint submitted concerns an ignorance of any existing fire control bylaw and its accompanying regulations. We agree, that there is a lack of publicity on the part of some municipalities concerning this matter, but that in itself is no cause for utter carelessness. An individual must assume some responsibility and ignorance of the rules is no excuse. An example must be made of certain, unfortunates in the courts in order that others may learn their lesson.

## Where A Boy Is A Man

Your son may still be just a boy in public school but as a member of the Boy Scouts, he has taken his first solid step towards manhood. This was the impression gained by your writer on Saturday when he visited an open-air camp of 20 Scouts of the Claremont Troup on the Sanderson farm, near Balsam in Pickering Twp.

We dropped in unannounced and viewed the general routine of scout activities that is familiar with this world-wide organization. We would suggest that if every parent could see his or her boy from the vantage point where we stood, early Saturday morning, they, like ourselves, would have been more than slightly surprised.

These lads showed amazing initiative. They pitched their own

tarpaulin tents. They cook their own food. They wash their own dishes. They make their own beds. They cut their own wood and kindle their own fires. The majority take great pride in their own uniforms and in spite of the rather rugged open-air program, some had been freshly ironed and pressed. We were certainly impressed with the "Yes Sir" and "No Sir" replies tendered by the troupe leaders when questioned by the Scoutmaster. No smoking is permitted.

A neutral observer to a Scout camp under actual operational conditions only tended to increase our faith in the good works of such an organization. By gaining membership in the Boy Scout movement, every lad is taking a major step forward in the right direction.

## Floodlights for Free

There will be no charge to local and district softball and baseball clubs for use of the Stouffville floodlights this summer. This policy was adopted last week at a regular meeting of the Park Board.

The move was made after a check with past accounts revealed that the lights, a gift to the town, were being used very little and the amount of money collected was only "peanuts" over an entire season.

We feel that the move, on a one

year trial basis, is a wise decision. The floodlights are an excellent advertisement both for the park and the town but no one benefits when they are turned off for five nights out of six. The power consumption is negligible in dollars and cents with the major expenditure being a monthly service charge.

Only time will tell if the board's policy will attract more team activity to the park. The service is ready and waiting. It's merely a matter of pulling the switch.

## Cross Walk for Stouffville?

Now that all our highway construction through town is completed, and summer traffic is once more upon us, has any more thought been given to the one-time proposed cross-walk near the post office?

At the present time a great many people are using the white line strip at the Market St. corner as a cross-walk, and a great many motorists, particularly local drivers, observe it as such. However, it is dangerous, since strangers, not aware that pedestrians are accustomed to step out at this spot, drive through without slackening speed.

We are quite aware that Stouffville has its share of jaywalkers — persons, who cross the main street at any point which pleases them and

## Willow Whistles

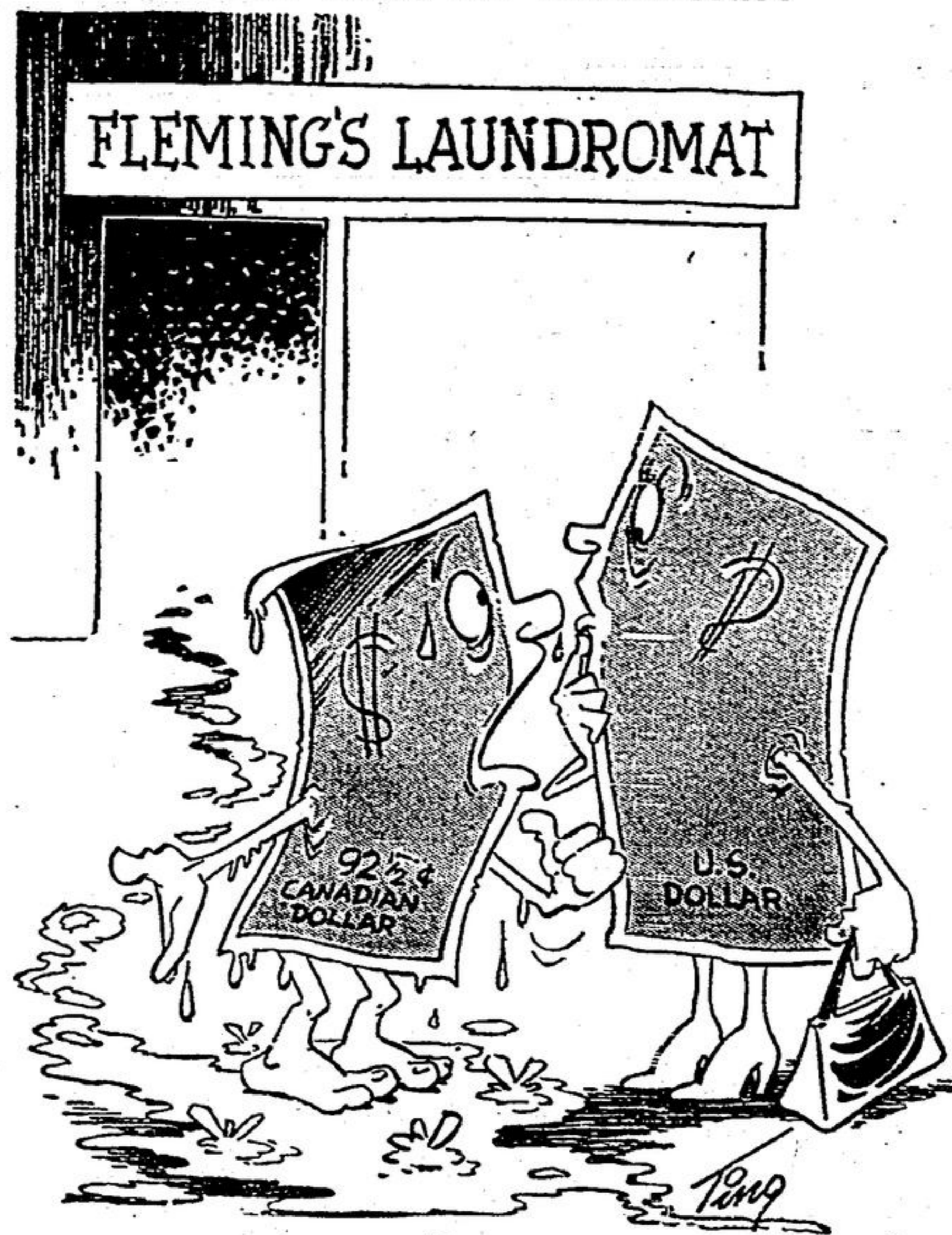
A fine spring day can start many a train of thoughts. That is why the old-timer is likely to wonder what ever happened to the boyhood custom of making whistles from sections of willow.

He recalls that when he was a boy most every lad used to cut a piece of small limb, crush the bark until the wood inside would slide freely. Then they'd cut a notch in the

wood near one end, cut a sliver out of the top from the notch to the other end, replace it in the bark and then blow. Made a nice whistle, with a pitch that could be varied by sliding the wood back and forth, in the nature of a trombone.

Of course, that was back in the days before youngsters had so many ready made toys provided for them. They had to find their own entertainment.

## "LOOK MOM, I'M PRESHRUNK!"



## FOR PARENTS ONLY

by Nancy Cleaver

**MOTHER — AND A CHILD'S TEARS**  
"Who ran to help me when I fell. And would some pretty story tell. Or kiss the place to make it well?"  
My Mother"

In these lines Ann Taylor pictures the experience of countless mothers who meet a child's tears over a tumble or some other mishap by a story and a comforting kiss.

Distracting a small crying child by giving him a favorite toy to play with, singing a nursery rhyme or showing him a picture book often works like magic. Quickly he forgets his grief.

**Father's Horror**  
In some families where there is very strict discipline, a father has a horror of his son becoming a "cry baby". He frowns on mother's natural reaction to reassure the child who is hurt with a loving hug, a kiss, and comforting words.

But some crying for a child is as natural as laughter. If a child cries too long and loudly over a small hurt, perhaps mother has been too concerned, too sympathetic about a minor discomfort.

Or it may be that the child longs for affectionate support but from experience mother is too busy to bother with him. He may sense his parents' disapproval of his tears. Crying may be his way of releasing his pent-up frustration or longing for attention.

**Substitute Action**  
A baby cries for what he wants but when he has left babyhood behind, crying should lessen. A sturdy, independent youngster, instead of crying for a desired object, will substitute action to get it. Mother may be lying down when Tommy comes in from play, hungry for an apple. Instead of crying for his apple, which is on a dish on the buffet, Tommy may push a chair over near the apple, climb up and get it.

When mother follows a routine, a child knows what to expect and this eliminates much crying and also extra work for her. Tommy knew that he could have an apple or some other fruit after outdoor play, and thus he did not have to cry for it, or bother his mother.

If parents have been too quick to anticipate every desire of their baby, it will not be easy for their small child to learn that occasionally a little time must pass before his wants are seen to. If there is a new baby in the family, or if mother is answering the phone or occupied with some other demanding task, a child may have to wait until mother can help him off with his rubbers or outdoor clothes.

**Beware Blackmail**  
Parents are fearful of spoiling their children but are sometimes puzzled about the mark of a spoiled child. One thing to beware of is allowing a child to blackmail a parent into giving him what he wants by loud and persistent crying. He must not conclude that this gets on his mother's nerves to such a degree that in the end she gives in to him. He should know when possible why his wish is not fulfilled and then he is isolated in his own room, if he tries the "big stick" of crying.

Some experts in mental health suspect that our culture has made too much of the importance of boys and men always hiding their emotions. A girl is allowed the luxury of a good cry to get over a disappointment or hurt, but a boy is expected to keep a stiff upper lip. No matter how he feels, it is considered unmanly for him to cry.

**Don't Be Ashamed**  
At times of family bereavement, what is more natural than for those who wish to cry, whether young or old, male or female, to do so? That wise rabbi, Joshua Leibmann, advises those who mourn to be unashamed of showing their grief. Tears which come from deep sorrow help to lessen this heavy weight. The little child, the parent, the grandparents, all should be able to relieve their emotions. It helps them accept their loss and once again face life with courage and with thankfulness for the richness of life which the loved one gave to them.

## MOTHER'S LOVE

A mother's love is always true.

She looks for all the good in you.

Forgives you when you go astray.

God made a mother's love that way.

A mother's love is always true, Where'er you go she thinks of you.

A welcome waits for your return.

The plans you make, she'll gladly learn.

When your best friends have proved untrue,

That mother's love you always knew.

Will help to drive away your fears.

You'll see her smiling through her tears.

There is one day of all the year, You can remember Mother dear.

Send her a card, do not delay, She may not be here another day.

The flowers you bring her when she's gone,

May help to cheer those looking on,

But the card or flowers you send today,

In memory's garden will live always.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Beach



If it's worth having, it's worth saving for!

save at **Scotia BANK**  
THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

## SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley



This spring, I was confronted by a difficult decision. It involved making a choice between two ways of life. I wonder what you'd have decided?

Oh, it wasn't a world-shaking decision, like giving up smoking or entering a monastery, or anything as serious as that. But it did require much mulling over, and I'd wager that the Old Girl and I got through about 400 cups of tea in the process of making up our minds.

It came about like this. An old acquaintance, and a very decent chap, had offered me an extremely interesting job. The salary was a big improvement over my present one. The holidays and fringe junk were as good. My training and background fitted me for the job, which was a challenging one. Green light all the way. Very attractive, even exciting.

Why didn't I grab it? Well, it was a matter of piling items on the scales — an advantage here, a disadvantage there — and in the process, my wife and I learned a lot about what we wanted out of life, for ourselves and our children.

I should mention that taking the job meant moving to a large city. It meant the second major dislocation of our children at school within two years. It meant saying goodbye to new friends we had made, and starting the process all over again. These were some of the things that took a little of the shine off the proposition.

But there were many items for the other side of the scales. I have nothing against large cities, and my wife likes them. They have cultural advantages the smaller centre cannot provide. There is a certain excitement in the city, with its good restaurants, its theatres, its concerts, its major sporting events. There is a definite feeling, however, little it may be justified, of being at the centre of things.

Taking the job meant saving money. It won't be long until the kids are ready for university. Think of what we'd save if they could live at home while attending college. Right now, it would save me about \$7 a week, which it costs to get my son to the city for a music lesson every Saturday.

Taking the job meant higher expenses. Parking, lunches, garage, public transportation, pre-lunch martinis, more costly entertainment: all these would easily neutralize those vast sums we saved in the last paragraph.

Accepting the position meant moving from a house we like very much, set in a huge lot currently festooned with tulips and daffodils, shaded by huge, spreading oaks. We shuddered at the memory of all those dreadful, little, suburban brick boxes jammed in rows with just room to park a car between

each pair. I seriously considered, with half my life spent, whether I could afford the sheer waste of time imposed by city life.

Hours are stolen from each week, simply getting to work and home. More hours of traffic-battling and parking-frustrations are snatched from your leisure in the process of getting places, whether it's to visit friends or go to church or go golfing or go to a show.

Here, a minimum of time is wasted in the boring business of getting where you want to go. I'm five minutes from work, golf course, curling rink; three minutes from church and shopping; five minutes from good swimming for the kids; 15 minutes from a trout stream.

Taking the job meant getting away from the heavy snows and deep cold of winters in these parts. It meant escaping the long, wearing drive to the city, so often necessary. On the reverse side of the coin, it meant sweltering summers in the city, or the expense of a cottage in the north country, and the long, wearing drive to the cottage.

This sort of dithering went on for weeks. Finally, we found the item that tipped the scales. We decided that life looked a little better in this land of trout streams and trees, of black squirrels and blue water, of friends and flowers, than it did in the concrete canyons and the self-conscious suburbs. Do you know what swung the decision? We realized we were too darn lazy to tackle moving.

## EDITOR'S MAIL

Stouffville, Ont., May 3, 1962

Editor, The Tribune, Stouffville, Ont.

Dear Sir:

Through your column I wish to bring to the attention of parents of High School students the utter disregard their children have for property belonging to others. Their inability to remain on the sidewalk without walking or chasing others across lawns and gardens. Grass, trees and plants have been ruined. The students apparently do not take advantage of the facilities provided by the school cafeteria but prefer to eat their lunch and carelessly toss the remains over lawns or into the ditch or wherever they might be at the time. The students who have a bit more spare time on their hands will make it an open competition to see whose lunch or cigarette or candy boxes will go the farthest onto a lawn when all are tossed from an equal distance.

Gardening is a job that people put a lot of time and hard work into. It is very discouraging and so unnecessary to have private premises treated in this way. If the students of this age haven't any more respect for other people's property, in later years they will have even less for their own.

—DISCOURAGED

May 2, 1962

To The Editor:

The following statement was submitted yesterday, May 1st, to the Hon. John P. Roberts, Premier of Ontario, by the Board of Directors of The Ontario Temperance Federation meeting in the city of Toronto: "The sweeping relaxation of the liquor laws of Ontario by the Legislature of this Province in the face of increasing consumption of alcoholic beverages, increasing alcoholism, increasing drunkenness and crime — in our opinion will still further aggravate an already serious problem.

"The legalization of hotel bedroom drinking, and the licensing of motels, tourist lodges and summer resorts will inevitably contribute to a serious decline in moral and safety stand-

## \* Reminders about your ONTARIO HOSPITAL INSURANCE

\* 19th Birthday?

**KEEP INSURED!**  
Separate premiums are required for your insurance from now on. Obtain application form at a bank, a hospital or the Commission.

\* Getting Married?

**KEEP INSURED!**  
The Family premium must be paid to cover husband and wife. Tell your group OR, if you pay your premiums direct, notify the Commission.

\* Changing Jobs?

**KEEP INSURED!**  
Follow carefully the instructions on the back of the Certificate of Payment Form 104, which your employer is required to give you.

Always keep your Hospital Insurance Certificate handy. **ONTARIO HOSPITAL SERVICES COMMISSION** 2195 YONGE STREET, TORONTO 7, ONTARIO

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