

Editorial

Why Not Dramatise Them More?

After every serious highway accident all haste possible is made to clear away the wreckage and get things back to normal. It is almost as though a determined effort is being made to avoid letting motorists in on 'the facts of driving without proper care'.

What would be wrong with dramatizing the deplorable Ontario accident incidence more in the hope that it might scare people into being careful? Instead of clearing away wreckage, leave it there (as nearly as

possible as it was found), use dummies to replace the human wreckage, post adequate warning signs at the approaches, slowing passing traffic so travellers would have a first-hand look at what happens when two vehicles make contact.

Oh, it wouldn't be a pretty sight but accidents never are and that's what safety-minded people have been trying to hammer (not very successfully) into the heads of those who drive. Maybe if more could see, more would heed.

Ajax At The C.N.E.

Once again this year, the town of Ajax will be represented at the Canadian National Exhibition. The project, the only one of its kind, is an attempt by its industrial commission to sell their municipality to industry.

With sixty manufacturing firms already tucked inside its borders, it might appear that Ajax, a community of 8,000 would tend to sit back and be satisfied with its accomplish-

ments. Not so. The C.N.E. display, that gained the town much favourable publicity in '61 will be right back in the public spotlight of attention again in '62.

Is the scheme paying off in industrial dividends? The Commission's most recent press report does not say so specifically, but we must assume that a return engagement is at least a tentative vote of confidence in favour of the program.

Equipment Put To Good Use

"We hope it will never be needed but if it's ever required, it will be available". Those were the words spoken last spring by the President of the Stouffville Legion, Mr. Stan Burkholder on the presentation of a stretcher and two woollen blankets to the town. They were received on behalf of the municipality by the Reeve, Mr. Timbers and the Fire Chief, Walter Smith.

On Sunday afternoon, the equipment was available and it was put to

good use. The blankets were used to cover an Uxbridge Twp. lady, rendered unconscious by smoke poisoning and over exertion. She was transported to the more comfortable quarters of her home on the portable stretcher.

With the oxygen inhalator, the blankets and the stretcher, the fire brigade and police have a three-in-one unit that can be life-savers in times of emergencies. The Legion can be well assured that their gift was sincerely appreciated on Sunday.

Business Was Booming

In these days of austerity, tight money, high interest rates, etc. there is still one business that, once started, is likely to expand at a phenomenal rate. It's the art of raising rabbits.

About one year ago, a Musselman's Lake family paired a couple of Flemish Giants. Soon, there were rabbits hopping everywhere, in fact the rabbit-raising business was so good that it has forced the owners out of business.

A complaint from a neighbour

Can't Win Many More

Railway workers have just won another wage round from the companies which could quite conceivably be the last. Knowing the present plight of the rail companies financially, it would appear that each round is just one more nail in the coffin, one more step down the hill towards the time when there will be few, if any, jobs for railway workers.

Food for reflection is provided by realization that, in the United States, the number of railroad workers has dropped from more than 815,000 to less than 700,000 in three years. Some of this drop is due to automation of course, but that is

regarding an unsavory odour from the adjoining premises forced Whitchurch Twp. Council to take action on the matter. The members, although perhaps a trifle reluctant to end such a flourishing operation, had little alternative since the owner's cottage lot did not measure up to the standard as required by bylaw to permit such a profession. So the rabbits must go, every last coddin'-pickin' cottontail and Whitchurch Township's most booming business is no more.

only one reason. Millions of dollars have been added to railway operating costs, mostly in wages. The amounts are so high that hardly any company is able to absorb them.

How will they be met? The freight rates seem high enough considering the competition. There is only one alternative, to cut the number of hand employed. Thus railway union leaders may wake up to the fact some day soon that they can't afford to "win" many more big wage increases from the railroads. This should be an interesting consideration and one with definite application to the railway situation in Canada as well as the United States.

Storage Tower Would Be Good Business

Consideration by the Stouffville Public Utilities Commission to erect a large storage water tank at some location east of the Summitview School is a move in the right direction towards providing safer and more adequate water service to the east end of town. Complaints of poor water service in this end of town have been a topic at P.U.C. meetings for many years. At least three years ago, a storage tower was recommended by engineers as a solution to the problem but no action has been taken up until the present.

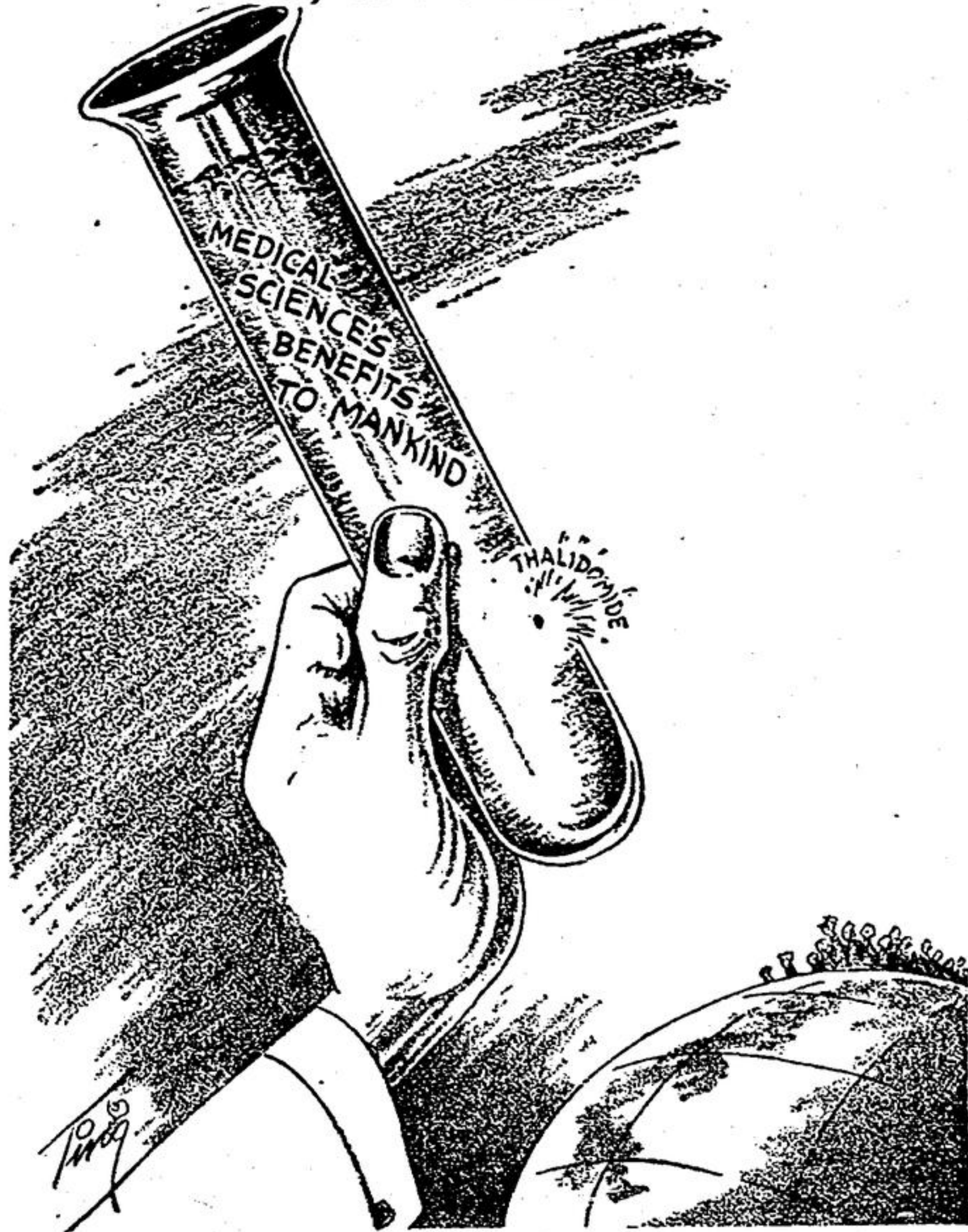
The tank would not only assure more adequate pressure to the increasing residents in this area, but would also assure some measure of storage protection should it be necessary to shut off service further

west in the main line.

Some move is required to give better distribution and the elevated tank would appear to be the best and most economical proposal. In addition to providing the much-needed increase in pressure it would also give storage for a limited period as opposed to simply laying additional mains. The Fire Department as well as residents are constantly commenting on the lack of pressure and now that annexation is all but complete, the suggestion of still further population to be serviced in this end of town, makes the need more urgent.

It would appear that all members of the Commission are agreed on the need for the tank and it is hoped that action on the Engineers' recommendation will be not much longer delayed.

Fly In The Ointment



SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

There is something deeply comforting to the human spirit in fire. Whether it's a log in the fireplace, chuckling cheerily or burning with a slow, dream-making flame, a bonfire on the beach pushing back the darkness, or just the gleam and warmth from the kitchen stove, fire soothes and renews the inner self.

I'm writing this column by the tiniest flame of all — a candle. There's been a hydro break and the lights have been out for hours. With the soft, little, yellow glow of my candle beside me, I don't care if they never come on again. At the moment, I would not trade this one candle for all the lights on Broadway, all the power that pours over Niagara Falls, and a light bulb personally autographed by Thomas Edison.

It's a brave, small, red candle, left over from Christmas. There are only about three inches of it left, and in an hour it will be just a burned-out candle. But right now it brings me comfort, companionship and memories.

Its flame brings back the nights of wonderful coziness, as a child, at the cottage in summer. Snuggled in bed with my young brother, I'd watch the grotesque shadows flicked over the ceilingless interior by the fireplace flames. But there was no real terror in the weird, leaping figures.

On the other side of the partition, my parents talked in the low, peaceful tones of people half-bemused by the open fire. The coal-oil lamps cast a sturdy, orange glow that chased the leaping shadows. The whip-poor-will on the hill behind the cottage called his cheerful good-night. And I drifted into sleep with a sense of security I've never had since.

The candle flame reminds me of the first time I fell in love. It was at a huge bonfire, I was 11. After the marshmallows and the sing-song, we grew silent, watching the deep red of the hottest inside of the fire, as it burned lower. This freckle-faced girl with the brown eyes and the white teeth and the golden arms was sitting beside me. She got a bit dopey, leaned against my shoulder, and fell asleep. I didn't move. Just sat there being madly in love.

Next day, I proposed to her, believing it was mutual. She gave me a bloody nose, and I was off women for years.

My candle flame brings other "fire" memories. Prison camp in Germany, December, 1944. The wind howls out of the Baltic. The only light in the room is a red flame shining through the crevices of the crude stove. The only sound is "drip, drip, drip..." Eighteen young flyers of half a dozen nations lie silent and watch the firelight dance on the walls.

They are of a single mind. Escape? Home and loved ones? A thick juicy steak? No, they're all listening intently to that "drip, drip" emanating from the homemade still hooked up to the stove, and wondering if the potato whisky it's producing will be fit to drink in time for the New Year's party.

Yes, fire is truly a blessing. Under its soothing light and warmth, even the chattering of women's tongues will desist. Under its influence, businessmen who would sell their own grandmothers into slavery if the net profit were right wax imaginative, sentimental and idealistic.

We have come a long way from the days when our primitive ancestors crouched before a fire in a cave, dimly wondering what was for breakfast. We don't wear skins any more. We wear bikinis and strapless bras. We don't kill people with a club any more. We use push-buttons. We don't tear the liver out of a newly killed animal and eat it hot and raw and juicy. We pay 60c a pound and eat it dry and gristly, with onions.

But freilicht has the same magic for us, after all the progress, as it had for our ancestor, Slob the Caveman. It can take the bitter lines from around a woman's mouth and turn her into a Madonna in T-shirt. It can put a look of sheer hellery into an old man's eyes as he looks into the flame and sees himself as he was 50 years ago.

It would be a sorry day for mankind if he lost, somehow, the great gift of fire. In the meantime, however, my column is finished, I feel like eating a fried egg sandwich, you can't cook eggs over a candle, and I wish the hydro boys would pull the pickle and get the power on again.

Sunday School Lesson

GOLDEN TEXT: Ye my flock of my pasture, are men, and I am your God, saith the Lord God.—Ezek. 34:31.

Approach to the Lesson
In our lesson last week we learned that Ezekiel was a God-ordained prophet during the Babylonian captivity, that he ministered to the exiles along the lines of both reproof and encouragement. The response to his prophesying was extremely meager, however. But of this he had been previously warned by Jehovah, so that he was not taken by surprise. Selfish religious shepherds were perhaps responsible for the atmosphere of complaint that prevailed among these discontented deportees. The Lord, therefore, pronounced woe upon all of these, and promised to provide for the flock one true shepherd who would ultimately gather them together in a security and a blessing hitherto un-

known. He dearly loved them, and would not forsake them. In the end they would know that He was the Lord their God.

The Heart of the Lesson
A general murmuring against the Lord's dealings with them had prevailed among the Jewish captives. "The way of the Lord is not equal," they complained. They apparently based this indictment on the plea that general judgment upon the nation was unfair to the individual. God therefore accepted the challenge, and declared the principle of individual conduct as determinative in His dealings with men.

Like a watchman on the wall, appointed to warn of approaching danger, Ezekiel was commissioned to convey Jehovah's Word to the people. Failure to warn them would bring condemnation to not only the guilty, but condemnation to the negligent watchman also. Heavy responsibility, therefore, lay upon both, and none could charge God with unjust actions.

The spiritual decadence of the captives was due in good measure to their greedy and oppressive shepherds. These hirelings were to be severely punished, and their removal would make way for the true Shepherd of Israel, the Lord Jesus Christ.

MARKHAM TWP. JULY BUILDING

The value of new building in Markham Township in July was \$138,925 with the most expensive home priced at \$20,000, exclusive of land. Public buildings were valued at \$46,700, mostly

A wallet is not much a nice gift but it's not much use to dad until some time after vacation.

There must be some place like home the way men stay away from it.

FOR PARENTS ONLY

by Nancy Cleaver

POPULAR BUS TRAVEL
Not long ago we went from Winnipeg to the Canadian Authors' Convention at Edmonton by Greyhound bus. It was very interesting to see the large number of people using the bus for a vacation trip. This included several family groups going to visit grandparents and others on a sight seeing tour to an area they had never visited before.

We went the northern route via Yorkton and came home the southern way. Passing through parts of only three provinces we were impressed by the great contrast in Canadian scenery and by the beauty of the flaming colors of the dawn against the vast expanse of prairie, the green loveliness of wood-clad hills in the northern area, and the thrilling outline of the mountains which can be seen along the horizon on the road from Edmonton to Calgary. We chatted with a mother with her daughter who had been to Vancouver and who described the Rockies, as seen from the bus window, "the most magnificent sight" they ever hoped to see.

Each summer an increasing number of men, women and children travel long or short distances for pleasure. A network of highways from East to West including the Trans-Canada route via the north shore of Lake Superior, lures visitors to unfamiliar places. Bus travel is the choice not only of thousands of individuals but also of a large number of families.

It is true that with the tension and pressures of modern living, by vacation time some mothers and fathers have had almost too much of "togetherness" and a bus trip to a spot they have longed to visit, all by themselves, may be the very thing they need. They may agree heartily with William Hazlitt's verdict: "One of the pleasantest things in the world is going on a journey; but I like to go by myself".

Part of the fun of a holiday is the anticipation and planning for it before it begins. After a family decide how they are going to travel and where they want to go, let them delegate an older boy or girl to write away for tourist information from the areas and centres which will be visited.

Keep the attractive folders and literature which will be sent on request with one or two maps in a large, durable

envelope. Plan to let the children purchase post cards of local scenes at the longer bus stops. A picture diary of publicity material plus colored post cards can be kept en route with a small plastic squeeze paste bottle, blunt scissors and a durable scrap book. After the trip is over, this record will recall happy memories of places visited, enjoyable experiences and new acquaintances.

The safety of bus travel appeals to many people who are horrified by the number of road accidents involving private cars. Public transportation vehicles, such as those owned by Greyhound and other large bus companies, have a safety record of which they can be proud. On our trip we were impressed with the good judgement of the drivers in heavy traffic and with the stop they made at every railway crossing as well as opening and closing the door at this time.

Last summer a father who must have a lot of driving in connection with his job, chose to take his wife and son by bus to Vancouver. He remarked "I wanted to enjoy the scenery too, and really relax. How could I have done that with my eyes glued to the road on the twisting highways through the mountains?"

A highlight for children who must have a stay-at-home vacation, is a guided tour of their own or a near-by city. This will open their eyes to interesting places on their doorstep.

If the man of the house has a short holiday, a bus trip makes good use of every vacation day. The packaged tours are carefully planned, not only for economy, but to give the sightseer the maximum of interesting scenery, without being too exhausting.

Men are sometimes very critical of their wives driving. A mother, under her husband's eagle eye may find her turn at the wheel in the car on a family motor trip far from a pleasure. A bus trip removes this source of conflict. It also gives a commuting father a rest and change from the daily driving routine. Children, who have been coached by their parents ahead of time, are often very well behaved on a bus trip. They learn to amuse themselves and often practice the courtesy which, according to James Thomas Fields:

"Gives its owner passport round the globe".

YOUR GARDEN CORNER

The slug is one of the most common pests in the garden. Evidence of his work is never hard to find especially in cool, wet weather. Nothing is more annoying to the gardener than to see those plants that have just been set out, reduced to shreds in a few hours.

Slugs are not particular about their diet, and just about anything goes, so any of your plants are liable to be attacked. Even sudden periods of cold, drought or heat won't slow them down much.

Here are a few tips from horticulturist with the Ontario Department of Agriculture on how to control this pest.

One of the most important factors is sanitation. Slugs hide under all sorts of rubbish

during the day, so get rid of any debris lying around as well as weed beds and brush piles.

The fact that slugs like to hide under rubbish can be made use of in establishing traps. Set a piece of bark about 6 inches square close to the area to be protected. This will attract the slugs and should be regularly checked for their presence, preferably early in the morning. Any slugs present can be killed. An old roofing tile also works well.

Metaldehyde baits are also effective and are sold in many commercial forms. Apply the bait at dusk in small piles about the size of a fifty-cent piece in the area to be protected. Fresh applications are needed after rain. This is one of the most common forms of control.

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