

Editorial

A Dastardly Act

Over the past weekend, more than 7,000 four-page leaflets were distributed throughout the Township of Pickering that contained such charges of immoral conduct against a municipal official to malign his character for the rest of his life.

Like human vultures, this literature was "gobbled up" by dozens of ratepayers who flocked to a public meeting in the Brock Road Red Cross Centre on Monday night to hear more of the same.

Although the name of this township employee was very cutely omitted from the document, the secret of his identity could not have been more vividly proclaimed if it had been written in red ink.

The charges, although supposedly confidential, were not new to the members of council who had discussed the issue in committee at some length a couple of weeks before. Not satisfied with their handling of the matter, all the dirty linen had to be

Two Sides To Every Story

In a recent letter to The Tribune, a Claremont district resident criticized the preparedness of the Uxbridge Cottage Hospital to render immediate medical aid to a teen-ager lad, injured in a Scouting accident earlier this month. According to the report, the boy was turned away and had to be driven all the way to Oshawa for treatment.

Since the information was submitted to this newspaper by the Scoutmaster, we have no reason to doubt its accuracy. It was written on March 4th and printed in the issue of March 14th. To date (March 24th) we have not received a single word of contradictory information or a single paragraph of explanation from the Uxbridge Cottage Hospital Board although we know that certain members of this executive were aware that such a letter had been sent to

The Electorate Is Worried

The voters are worried about the outcome of the federal election on April 8th. One thing upon which almost all agree is the terrible mess which has overcome our governmental operation and how much we lack good leadership.

We are inclined to go along with everyone on this score. However, there is a bright side to all this confusion. It is the concern that has come into the mind of the Canadian voter. The absence of strong leadership in all parties has caused voters to reflect on the need for sound government and ponder the consequences should a mistake be made on election day. The fact that the voters are more interested today, is no dream.

Political meetings which a year ago could hardly round up a corporal's

How About This For "Brass"

The chairman of the York Central High School Board (Richmond Hill), let it be known in no uncertain terms last week, that he has no consideration for the wishes or financial abilities of the taxpayers of Markham Township or any other part of the school area.

In addition to this bold statement he showed his disdain for municipal councils and the fact that as elected representatives they did show some consideration for the people who have to pay the bills. Markham Township received a jolting \$100,000 increase in this one particular school budget this year and called in members of the Board to explain "how come." They got their answer in no uncertain terms. The board chairman told council his group was not concerned with how high the taxes went up, and furthermore this was the reason the school board work had been taken away from councils whose members might be inclined to give a little consideration to the taxpayer which would be harmful to the educational system.

What the school chairman should remember is that if he drains the tax pot dry or bankrupts the taxpayers for whom he is supposed to be providing the service, he'll have no service to worry about.

This is the most forceful evidence we have come across to point up the need for elected high school boards. When members of any board take such a high and mighty attitude that they no longer consider the

hung out on a line across the township for everyone to see.

We realize that the councillors are hesitant to fight fire with fire. They have absorbed considerable abuse from a similar source in the past without retaliation. This time, however, the charges concern an employee's moral deportment, an employee whose dealings with the public are such that his character must be above reproach.

This officer has been castigated through the distribution of 7,500 pamphlets. By sheer weight of numbers, he cannot compete with this kind of trial that has condemned him in a kangaroo court of injustice. If the council has confidence in its official, it should come to his aid — now. A person can take a few good pokes on the chin but this time, we feel, the injury has been caused by a low blow well under the belt. It's time his managers came to his rescue and dreamed up a little offensive strategy on their own.

this office long before it was published.

In all fairness to this hospital, we do know that it serves a very wonderful purpose in both the Claremont and Stouffville areas. One regrettable incident of this kind, however, can do more damage in a week than a dozen miracle operations can re-build in a year. We know too, that through the generosity of many people, this hospital project was completed. We understand also, that another building campaign fund-drive will be instituted shortly. In all fairness to the staff and to the past and future donors, we feel that a letter of explanation from the directors should be submitted without delay.

There are usually two sides to every story. We sincerely hope that this case holds true. Our columns are still awaiting a reply.

guard, are now being attended by hundreds. This is a most healthy sign. Even the lure of offering the voters bigger pensions, more hospital insurance and other self-interest inducements has lost much of its appeal. Voters, we believe, are concerned now with what is best for the country. Canadians appear to have at long last awakened to the fact that there is no such thing as a free hand-out from any government.

After being concerned in so many elections and even at the beginning of this campaign with what they could personally hope to gain from this party or that, the voters, we believe have emerged to the point where the chief concern is to pick the group which will provide the most sound and intelligent government at a price we can afford to pay.

people they basically represent, it's surely time for a change.

It's not hard to imagine the chairman's fate at the polls, should he make such statements and then ask the electorate to put him in office.

This was the same attitude which new councillor Stewart Rumble was continually fighting during his time as a member of the board. The members, all appointees, moved along in a free-wheeling, free-spending attitude with no thought about John Public who had to dig deeper and deeper each year to meet this fancy spending. If this is to be the attitude of school boards (and we know that in many cases this is not so), then some council is going to have to take the bit in its teeth and turn the school budget back. It's school boards' obligation to provide educational facilities not councils', and if the board cannot do so at a financial level the people can handle then the matter better be dumped squarely in the lap of the Department of Education.

We know of one instance before in this area where this high financing was tossed right back to the Department on a capital expenditure program. The Department was told the amount was much more than could be paid and unless the program was trimmed the school would close. Needless to say the Department backed down.

If the statements made to Markham Township Council are any example of appointed school board policy, then it's high time the "tune was called" again.

"LOOK, AUTOMATION!"



Bible Translations Will Soon Top 2,000

The Holy Bible has been translated into at least 1,181 languages and dialects, and 300 new translations are under way. The way of a translator is hard, but present day linguists probably face lesser hazards than their predecessors, the National Geographic Society says. St. Jerome who wrote the enduring Latin Vulgate Bible in the 5th century was vilified by traditionalists. He gave as good as he got, calling his critics "two legged asses." William Tyndale was burned at the stake as a heretic in 1536 for translating the Bible into everyday English. Even the revered King James Version was attacked when it appeared in 1611. "I had rather be rent in pieces with wild horses than any such translation by my consent should be urged upon poor churches," a noted scholar wrote. "The new edition crosseth me. I require to be burnt."

CLARITY OVER POETRY
Some 340 years later the King James Version was defended with equal fervor when the Revised Standard Version was published in the United States. The RSV and the British New English Bible exemplify a trend toward clarity over poetry.

In the King James Version, St. Paul writes to the Corinthians: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." In the New English Bible, published in 1961, the passage becomes: "I may speak in tongues of men or angels, but if I am without love, I am a sounding gong or a clanging cymbal." Translators try to clarify archaic terms that are no longer clear. In the new English Bible, scribes are replaced by lawyers, publicans become tax gatherers, mammon is money, and

surprisingly, the wise men are transformed into astrologers. Roman Catholic scholars in the U.S. are preparing an English Version of the Bible, based upon the original Hebrew and Greek, and drawing upon recent archeological finds. The Douay Bible, widely used by English speaking Catholics since the 17th century, derived from St. Jerome's Vulgate. The Hebrew University at Tel Aviv, Israel, has undertaken a long term project to revise the Old Testament using Dead Sea Scrolls and other precious documents. One of the sources is a thousand-year old manuscript that was rescued in 1948 from a burning synagogue in Syria.

Care for Easter Lilies

Although Easter is not until the middle of April, now is the time to tend to your potted bulbs. When the buds are visible, the plant requires 5 weeks to flower if grown at room temperature of 60°F. When the buds start to bend over, 2 wks. elapse until bloom. If your plants are late, horticulturists with the Ontario Department of Agriculture advise placing the plants in a temperature of 65-70°F.

During growth, plenty of light and moisture should be applied; once the buds have formed reduce syringing to prevent rotting. After the plants are 6 inches high, feed them with a complete soluble fertilizer, such as 20-20-20, at the rate of one ounce to 2 gallons of water every 2-3 weeks. Do not force the plants at high temperatures for long periods of time as it will be difficult to maintain a humid atmosphere, and the blasting or drying of the unopened flowers may occur. A severe check in growth may cause the flowers to split. After flowering, the bulbs are useless for forcing again. However, if the bloom is cut off and the bulb planted out of doors after frost, they may bloom again in the fall.

No Action On East End Water

After over two years of periodic discussion regarding the lack of water pressure in the east end of town, there has still been no action or definite plan laid down to remedy the situation. Between twenty and thirty more homes will be added this year to the Watson Heights subdivision to further aggravate the situation. Home owners and fire department alike are concerned.

Three plans have been suggested from time to time as a remedy for the situation. The one idea is to bring a complete new line from the reservoir across the north side of the municipality; another, the erection of a large overhead storage tank at the east end, to provide additional storage and added pressure as well; and the third, to boost the pressure by means of pumps.

Many items are given considerable discussion time at P.U.C. meetings and many believe to be of a lot less importance than an improvement in east end water pressure

which has been hanging fire for years.

The P.U.C. waterworks finances were never in better shape than at present and the surplus on hand would provide at least a start. This type of project points up the need for some long-range planning so that situations do not become suddenly acute and drastic financial action has to be taken to the disadvantage of the taxpayer.

While there would be the possibility that some development could occur on the 10th line north which could be called on to assist financially with the building of a new line across the top of the town, this is only in the probable future and little consolation for those presently putting up with the shortage.

The need for some plan of definite action on the situation has been acknowledged for a long time but month after month goes by with nothing started. This problem is important and should have the Commission's attention.

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SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

There's nothing quite as destroying as being torn between two women. Some fellows are ripped asunder by a wife pulling in one direction, a mother hauling in the other.

Other chaps are split down the middle by the big decision: should I marry Mabel, who is good, kind, sweet, homely, dull and crazy about me; or should I run after Torso, who is bad, cruel, mean, eye-popping, exciting, and couldn't care less if I dropped dead?

I remember one time when I was about 18. It may be hard to believe, for those who know me now, but that was the year I had two girls keen on me. At the same time, I was pretty fond of both. One was sweet and innocent. The other was a red-head with a wicked shape.

I don't know how it happened, but by some miracle of mismanagement, I made a date with both girls for the same night, same time. When I realized the pickle I was in, I knew that each would be furious if I stepped out with the other one. So I took the sensible, cowardly way out, stood them both up, and went to a country dance with the boys. Both girls recovered from the blow with amazing speed and eventually had the good sense to marry somebody with some guts.

It is only we cowards who get into these jams. And I'm in another one, right now. This time, my wife and daughter are tearing me in two. They're worse than politicians. Each bends my ear with intensity when the other isn't around, trying to persuade, bribe or inveigle me into joining her side.

It's all over those crazy kittens. Four more arrived two days ago. It's the fourth batch in two years. Our cat, needless to say, is a real sexpot. The first batch was an event. The kids witnessed the wonders of birth. There was tremendous excitement. The kittens were nourished and cherished. The maw was fed dainties. I bought cigars.

When the kittens were weaned, I had a talk with my daughter. She wept, but agreed that we might have a problem if we kept them all. I put an ad in the paper. It was on a pretty lofty tone, demanding a good home, suggesting that nothing but the best would do. We got rid of them all easily.

Next time around, a little of the gloss had worn off. It took two ads in the paper, to get rid of only two kittens. Finally, a little boy turned up. He wanted only one, but I told him they were inseparable twins, bullied him, threatened him, cajoled him, and finally, he took them, when I gave him half a dollar apiece.

The third batch brought ultimatums from the Old Battle-axe. And I don't blame her much. Have you ever tried to get dinner with four mewling little beasts tottering about underfoot, widdling on the floor at every step? Even their own mother became fed up with the grocery-gutted little punks, who gave her never a moment's rest.

Three ads in the paper produced one reluctant customer. My sister came to visit, and, her normal good sense destroyed by a pre-dinner martini, in which I craftily tripled everything except the olive, she was a fairly easy victim. That left two kittens.

We couldn't move them. The market for kittens was apparently saturated. There were two alternatives—kittens or wife. Kittens can't cook.

All right, I admit it. I did it. I still shudder when I think of it. I've never been the same since. But I don't want to go into details. Just call me Eichman, for short.

Never again, I swore silently. Especially after my daughter came down in the morning, immediately spotted the empty box, pointed her finger at her parents, and screamed, "Murderers!"

The battle is on now. The old Trouble 'n Strife says they've got to go. Young Kim is watching me like a hawk, and reminding me of my past perfidy.

I haven't the nerve to murder them. I haven't the nerve not to get rid of them, some how. The only way out, as far as I can see, is to take them in a basket, suitable decorated, with an appropriate note inside, and leave them on the doorstep of our next-door neighbour, whose big, black tomcat is at the root of the whole dilemma.

DIARY OF A VAGABOND

DR. SIGMUND SAMUEL'S GENEROSITY
Not all of our Canadian ancestors pioneered in log cabins furnished in crude pine stained with buttermilk paint and that made from lamp black. This was obvious when Clyde Batten, information officer of the Royal Ontario Museum, arranged an afternoon for the wives of Ontario Weekly Newspaper Association members to view the outstanding Sigmund Samuel Canadiana Gallery during the recent convention of editors in Toronto.

This gallery is a permanent monument to a man whose "abiding passion for the arts and crafts of Canada was matched by his zeal for their preservation." Because of his generous gifts to the museum, including funds for the building and the acquisition of many of its treasures, priceless additions are being discovered, while others have been loaned to enhance the collection.

I was lucky enough to be included among those who attended and were greeted by Mrs. Helen Ignatieff, acting for the curator, Scott Symons. Having been an enthusiastic collector of Canadiana in several forms, I was particularly impressed with the small, but authentic, collection of early Canadian silver and glass. Mrs. Ignatieff pointed out the exquisite workmanship in several Quebec pieces of furniture with their 18th and 19th century influence, especially that of Louis XIII. Many of the English-Canadian articles were of tiger maple, curly maple or cherry.

A lover of old pine and one who has put much elbow grease and effort into the "restoration" of several pieces discovered at farm auctions, I realized I could have been guilty of destroying the worth of the beautiful old pine corner cupboard on exhibit had I discovered it before the Museum did. It looks imposing and quite natural in its several coats of emerald green paint with its shelves and interior a shocking pink reputedly fashionable for china cupboards, dating as far back as 1800.

Watch that Scraping
In the first flush of my collecting fever I once found a lovely old commode. When I scraped off a tiny bit of several coats of dark brown varnish I realized my \$2.50 purchase was old pine. I was elated but the family thought the cupboard was overworking for our small home so I sold it to friends after I had put hours into scraping its surface. They finished the job, and some months later learned the piece was authentic early French Canadian which, had it been left in its original coat of cracked and weathered varnish, would have been worth at least \$600 to any museum. In its present bees-wax finish, it is still one of the loveliest pieces of early Canadian furniture I have ever seen but of no value to a museum, though my friend has been offered several hundreds of dollars for it on numerous occasions.

While Mrs. Ignatieff conducted the group from one exhibit to another we caught her enthusiasm for this interesting collection. Even when we approached the truly ugly bedroom suite ca. 1865 made in Lucknow, Ontario, by M. Davidson for a Robert Graham and, according to the handsome catalogue, ordered for the visit of Sir John A. MacDonald who was campaigning in favour of Confederation, her blue eyes twinkled as she said, "It won first prize in the regional Fall Fair at that time". In comparison, the lovely old pine hutch nearby restored my faith in Canadian design.

I Sold an Heirloom
Somewhere in Canada there is a pearl grey bedroom suite which was made for the room in Calgary to be occupied by the Prince of Wales on his historic visit to this country following the First World War.

Complete with its three plume decorations, we bought it, after his visit, and carted it from one end of Canada to the other on our many moves until, in a moment of despair a sad association led me to dispose of it at auction. Some day, when it is old enough, it too may end up in the Sigmund Samuel Canadiana gallery.

by Dorothy Barker