

Editorial . . .

The Bomb

This writer's home at 331 Rupert Avenue in Stouffville is still standing although for thirty long minutes on Saturday night, its life was worth little more than the garden of dandelions that surrounded the site.

"If you know what's good for you, you'll be out of house by 8:30," vibrated a baritone voice into the receiver. The short, one-sided conversation ended as abruptly as it started.

A hasty call put through to the police found three individual departments already checking on a similar incident reported to them minutes before. We decided to embark on a little private detective work on our own.

"If someone was going to plant a bomb in your basement, where would be the most logical place to conceal it?" we considered prior to our descent into the cellar. Would it be in the washing machine, a pickle jar, the garbage can, a flowerpot or a vinegar jug? Could the ticking sound of the timing device be heard above the roar of the furnace, the steady drip of a leaking tap or the clatter of the power mower still idling outside? After tripping over our daughter's sleigh, hitting my head on the cage of a deceased canary, knocking a jar of preserves on the cement floor and collapsing a collapsible ping-pong table, we decided it was time to return to ground level.

By 8:15, Rupert Ave. was "alive" with police cars. The evacuation order had gone out. What an upheaval. Daughter Susan was getting ready to crawl under the bed covers and son Barry was crying for his bottle. Wife Jean was attempting to tend to both at the same time and husband Jim was doing nothing but spread grass clippings throughout the house.

Outside, the street looked like the Martians had just landed at Ringwood. Blockades had been set up at both ends of the block. With the exception of an odd protruding head from a bathroom or a bedroom window, the human element had vanished into thin air. It was a veritable Dodge City before a gunfight.

At 8:31 every piece of brick and mortar was still intact. At 8:45 the police conducted their own personal search. At nine o'clock the all-clear was sounded. At 9:15 we returned to our abode — Susan to her bed; Barry to his bottle; wife, Jean to her supper dishes and I to the most unpleasant task of gathering up the remnants of a jar of preserves, re-erecting the collapsible ping-pong table and sweeping up the grass clippings strewn through every room.

Were we frightened? No, not really. Just a little disturbed and more than a little curious concerning the identity of the anonymous messenger.

A Difficult Position At Best

The position of welfare officer in a municipality the size of Pickering Township must represent a tedious task even under the best of conditions. For any employee to be subjected to public ridicule as has occurred within recent weeks at Brougham, presents a situation that, to the majority of persons, would be unbearable.

Fortunately for the Administrator and perhaps for Pickering Twp. also, one Albert E. Cane has the ability to strike back when the irons in the fire become a little too hot. Last week, he was given the opportunity to defend both his character and his post and, from our vantage point, he proved himself equal to the task.

Reeve Sherman Scott has called a halt to further discussions in public of welfare matters. We feel that the move, although a little late in

coming, should end the controversy that in our estimation accomplished absolutely nothing.

Pickering, like some other adjacent townships has its particular areas that "breed" welfare cases. There are the worthy recipients but there are also the good-for-nothings who would rather live off the country than get out and earn a living wage. A welfare officer must try to filter the chaff from the straw and in doing so, he is bound to make enemies.

If an employee is to do his job and do it well, he must have the full and complete co-operation of all members of the council. This is particularly true in positions where the personnel are in direct contact with the people in performing their daily duties. If their backing is divided and with a dozen "Indians" howling for a scalp, the chances of survival become almost nil.

You Might Spark A New Industry

If you could help bring an industry into Stouffville, wouldn't you do so? If you are as keen as the average citizen should be you would spare no effort to help along the productivity of your town.

It has been pointed out not once, but several times, that individuals have more opportunities than they realize to help the future of the community.

When a manufacturing firm decides to move a branch plant into a small town it is not uncommon for one of the executives of the firm to take a short tour throughout the area. He may look over several communities, taking note of the location, transportation and other services. These items can be noted without too much trouble.

In the end he will narrow the choice down to two or three, and then

he will begin to look a little deeper, into things which don't appear on public records. His best way to find out about the spirit of the community is to start dropping in on a few merchants.

Is business good or bad — would the merchant move if he could sell out, would be some of the questions he might ask. The answers he gets may largely determine whether or not he is ever seen in the town again.

It should be quite clear that no one in the community can afford a pessimistic attitude about the town and its future. No industrialist is going to give much thought to a town where the residents are discouraged and unenthusiastic. Let's make our attitude bright and optimistic about the town in which we spend our lives, and where many of our children will spend theirs.

Time Of Decision Is Drawing Near

The time for final examinations in both high and public schools is drawing close at hand. Few students are looking forward to them, and a great many regard them with a special kind of dread. This is the time when actual marks become the be-all and end-all for everything educational.

Like money, it is not the marks themselves that are so important but what is represented. Marks represent the meaning of what we have really learned and what we have been able to store up in our minds to get the marks or failed to store up and in so doing, failed to get them.

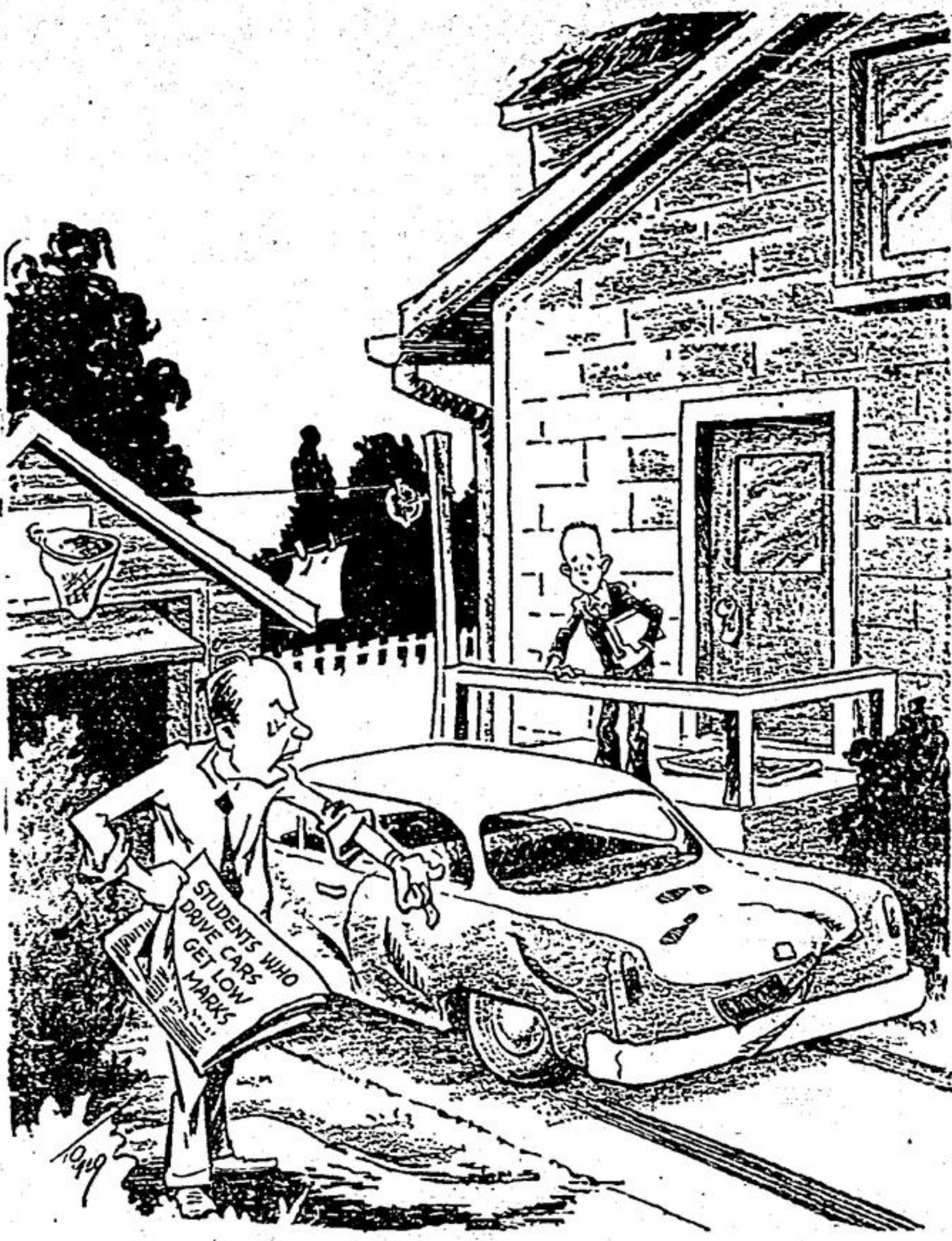
The dread which is built up in some students facing examinations is something which has raised the point time and again as to the actual

value of examinations as a gauge. Unquestionably many have failed to make the grade when they actually knew the answers, but because of this great tension, were unable to get them down on paper.

This inward struggle to keep calm in the face of final examinations is something which goes on within a large percentage of our students. It is hard for them to realize that life and learning which accompanies or should accompany the good life is too enduring and too precious and too necessary to be lightly translated into marks.

The right attitude to learning, the one which proceeds out of the curiosity for knowledge means you don't have to worry about marks — they will follow it as naturally as night follows day.

"Oh yeah? There's marks here, here, here and here"



By the way..

Anne Ross

Have you taken a really good look around Stouffville lately . . . have you noticed all the tidy yards and beautifully tended gardens? Up and down one street after another, Stouffville has assumed a clean and sparkling face, as a result of the painstaking efforts of homeowners everywhere. I took a leisurely tour of practically all the streets in town last Sunday — it was Mother's Day, remember, and my family took over the dish-washing chores — and it was a real delight to see the results of much picking-up, and raking, and cultivating and trimming of all the properties, so they now present such a cherished and well-cared-for appearance — the schools with their trimly clipped lawns — the well-swept look of the park — the spruced-up appearance of most business properties. And then I took a turn down Market Street. What a shocking eyesore exists between Aida Cleaners and the IGA Store — a front yard full of scrap metal, untidy scatterings of splintered wood and debris, empty containers strewn around in a real junk heap! The fire department should definitely look into this property to check the potential fire hazard, and taxpayers of the street should complain vociferously to have the mess cleaned up. This property, less than a block from Main Street, is no credit to Stouffville!

Discussion Needed

I'd like to direct a suggestion to the business men of Main Street. Seems at times that parking for the general public — your customers — is at a premium, while at the same time, much space on Main Street and nearby side streets is taken up by day-long parking of the cars of merchants and their employees. How about getting together to discuss off-street parking, using available space behind your stores and offices for your own cars, thus leaving Main Street clear for the convenience of your customers?

Problem Solved

When entertaining or just relaxing in the garden, most people don't know what to do with cigarette butts. You can't just toss them into the flower bed, and yet the wind has a nasty habit of blowing them out of ordinary ash trays. Here's the solution — an attractive, handy outdoor ash tray. Save large-size juice cans, wash them and put two or three inches of sand in each (for ballast). Paint them in bright colors and set them conveniently around the patio or sitting area of the garden where cigarette butts can be dropped into the top opening (which was originally punctured for pouring out the juice) and presto — no more cigarette butts littering the lawn!

Soak Grass Seed

Instead of waging war with the birds who choose newly-seeded lawns for their favourite restaurants, soak the grass seed overnight in a strong laundry bluing solution, sow the seeds next day, and not only will the birds refuse to eat them, but they will germinate more quickly and grow faster. And if your shrubbery proves irresistible to four-legged visitors, sprinkle moth crystals on and around the shrubs and dogs and cats will be deterred from hesitating near them, and will go on to the nearest hydrant.

Add Sugar

Do you hesitate to plant marigolds in the garden because of their unpleasant odour when cut for an indoor bouquet? Go ahead and plant them and enjoy their profuse flowering, then gather some for the living room, add a teaspoon of sugar to the water in your vase and enjoy their beauty indoors without offense to the nose.

Whether it's in the home garden, or at the cottage, have a happy, carefree week-end.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Golden Text: Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distress. Psalm 107:6

Approach to the Lesson

Many think that this popular Psalm (with the preceding one) was written by Moses for Israel at a time of national crisis. If so, they are the two oldest psalms in the Book. Accordingly Psalm 90 is certainly a plea for deliverance and Psalm 92 a song of thanksgiving. Between the two comes this hymn of trust and assurance, reminding us that there is often a period, sometimes quite prolonged, between prayer and the song of triumph. Here we need to learn and practice the secret of quiet, confident waiting for God.

We shall find this secret in these verses. As the theme is the security afforded the believer, and all men face an uncertain future, the unfailing popularity of the Psalm should cause us no surprise. We need to breathe this refreshing air of trust and to cultivate the quietness of repose in God. "This Psalm is generally regarded as

a companion to the previous one . . . In support of this relationship it may be observed that they are both an elaboration of the same phrase in Deuteronomy 33:27a, and that the message of security through intimate fellowship with the Lord in Psalm 91 is the counterpart of the theme of human insignificance and desperate need in Psalm 90. The two Psalms also have a related structure" (New Bible Commentary).

Matthew Henry writes, "It is a writ of protection for all true believers, not in the name of King David, but in the name of the King of kings, and under the broad seal of heaven." In our days of unprecedented restlessness and uncertainty, we surely need the message of assurance of which this speaks.

Heart of the Lesson

Robert Keen has caught in verse the meaning of the Psalm and put it into New Testament language in the hymn, "How Firm a Foundation." It closes: The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose, I will not, I will not desert to

Farm Report

(A. A. Wall, Agricultural Representative York County)

A farm that is well known in a community for its high yielding crops, is nearly always a clean farm. Weed control influences yield, and my guess is that more yield in York County is lost through weeds than for any other reason. Poor fertility, disease, insect and poor seed, all result in losses, but weeds take the highest toll.

There may have been a time when weedy crops had to be tolerated. With the weed weapons we have now, a good manager can beat the weeds almost every time.

Weed sprays are a most effective weapon. Spraying is not expensive, and it can be done without upsetting crop rotations. I have seen sprays work successfully many times, but I've seen some horrible failures too. The failures are often caused by spraying at wrong times, using the wrong material or not using the right amount.

Generally, spring grain does not get sprayed early enough. The best time is when the crop is six to eight inches high. When the crop goes past this stage, the weeds are harder to kill, they have done most of their damage, and there is some loss from the crop being tramped. It is almost impossible for custom sprayers to serve all these customers at just the right time. Smart customers will get their orders in early.

2,4-D, and MCP are both recommended for grain. MCP is a little safer to use but it has to be put on at much higher rates than 2,4-D to get a good kill on the weeds. Over the years, these materials have been used on grain seeded to legumes. This is risky business because damage to the legumes may easily be greater than the benefit of the weed control. 2,4-DB can be used safely on new seedings.

A fairly high rate of water going on with the weed killer, helps to ensure a good kill. 15 to 20 gallons per acre is ideal. Small amounts may work when the weeds are very small, but as the crop advances, more water is necessary.

Black Cherry trees will attain a height of 60-70 feet and a diameter of two feet under normal conditions. It is the largest member of the cherry family in Canada, and occasionally grows to a height of 100 feet.

BRIDGE: A card game in which a good deal depends upon a good deal.

his foes; That soul though all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never, no never, no never forsake!

SUGAR and SPICE
By Bill Smiley

I visited a mental hospital recently. A couple of nights after that I watched television "comedian" Lenny Bruce. Both experiences produced the same reactions: fascination, repulsion, and sadness. They also made me ponder the causes of the growing neuriticisms of today.

Surely we can't blame it all on The Bomb. That's too easy. I think there are a couple of ingredients a little closer to home, on which we can focus. If we eliminated them, we might even eliminate The Bomb.

The two elements in modern living which are increasing our population of nuts at a frightening pace are speed and greed. Speed is the delly of the 20th century, reason that of the 18th. We worship it cynically, but unashamedly.

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Greed is the fat, slobering little beast inside us that makes us repulsive if we feed it, frustrated if we don't, and happy only if we strangle it at birth.

Everything is speeding up. When I was a kid, people used to sit around on their porches on a May evening, shooting the breeze, then go off to bed soon after dark. They slept all night. No pills.

If you sit around on your front porch nowadays, all it means is that you're a bum, because if you were any good you'd have enough money so that you could either be chasing around the lawn behind a power mower, or sitting inside watching television, like a decent citizen.

Speed has ceased to be a means to an end, and has become an end in itself, though we refuse to admit it. We speed up production to that we can "turn out the article more cheaply," as soon as the new method is in operation, the price goes up. "Higher overhead." We speed on the highways to save time, and spend six months in the hospital, when we fall to make that curve. We speed house work with new gadgets, so the good wife will have more leisure time — to sit around with a bottle, or go out and play bingo.

High on the list of those latter-day Satans who cater to, tempt, and urge on this poor ordinary slob in his worship of speed and greed are the advertising men. If that seems a little harsh, don't take my word for it. Just pay a visit to a supermarket.

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Shopping used to be a leisurely, pleasant part of daily life for women. It was a hangover from the open-market of less frazzled times. At the grocery store, they met their neighbors, exchanged repartee with the grocer, pinched the meat, tasted the cheese, squeezed the bread, thumped the melons, prodded the chickens, and sniffed the fish. And above all, they chewed the fat.

Today, shopping is a frightening, soul-destroying ordeal. The only things the ladies can get their hands on are the vegetables, and there isn't much joy in pinching, thumping, or taking a bite out of a turnip. Where their grandmothers dipped a hand into a box or barrel to taste or feel, they worriedly read labels or anxiously peer into those vast, gleaming mortuaries which have replaced the old meat counter.

From every shelf, in every color, they are shouted at to "hurry, be quick, hasten, grab me, buy more," and harassed by "family size, special deal, limited time only, 10¢ off." No wonder they scuffle about furtively, snatching up packages like hot potatoes and throwing them wildly into their carts.

Everything spells out speed and greed: minute rice, instant coffee, pre-cooked ham, oven-ready chicken, ready-mix cakes, quick frozen fish. As a result, they buy twice as much as they need in half the time they should.

Then, instead of a mutually-suspicious but friendly tallying of the bill with the grocer, they dive for a spot in the line-up, the grub is whisked into bags, the cash register chatters its staccato song, and they find themselves sped into the street, a vast bag in each arm, and only the vaguest idea of how much they spent.

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I'd like to spend more time on this theme, but you'll have to excuse me now. I've got to hurry and finish this column, so I can rush down to the kitchen. My wife wants to know whether I want instant coffee or jiffy cocoa with the piece of pie (instant fill, ready-mix crust) for my midnight snack. Got to save time if I want to read my book digest before I go to bed. Think I'll have a big slice of gorgonzola cheese with the pie. Instant dreams, you-know.

2100 Acres Acquired By Metro Conservation

More than 2,100 acres of land have already been acquired by the Metropolitan Toronto and Region Conservation Authority in the areas where the flood control and water conservation dams and reservoirs are to be built over the next 10 years.

This information was contained in a staff progress report presented to the Authority's executive committee here today. A total of 11,515 acres have been acquired to date for all conservation schemes and projects including conservation areas, authority forest, and flood plain lands, it was pointed out in the report.

The Authority's 1963 tree planting program is almost completed and will see more than 300,000 trees planted on MTRCA properties during the period April 15-May 15. Also, some 35,000 shrubs for wildlife habitat improvement and river-bank erosion control are being planted this spring.

With reference to the Pioneer Village, the report points out that two new buildings are nearly completed, a harness shop and a boot and shoemaker's shop. There are now some 15 buildings ready for the opening of the Village for the 1963 season next weekend.

Already, school tours of the Village are booked solidly for May and June with some 245 classes scheduled.

The report also notes that the Albion Hills conservation school being built by the Authority through funds received through its Conservation Foundation, is well underway. Nineteen requests have already been received from Metro and district high schools for classes at the school during the Fall term.

This will mark the first year that the Authority will operate its camp school at Humber Glen Camp, north of Bolton, in conjunction with York Memorial Collegiate. The camp school will be held May 22-23-24 for Grade 9 students of the collegiate.

Commissioners Discuss Plans

Representatives of municipal hydro commissions throughout the county held their semi-annual load building meeting last week at the Summit View Restaurant, Jefferson. Commissioners from Richmond Hill, Aurora, Woodbridge, Stouffville, Markham Village and Sutton discussed how the local utilities can increase the use of electrical power. Newmarket, King City and Bolton were not represented at the meeting. Chairman Donald Glass of Aurora chaired the gathering.

The Stouffville Tribune

ESTABLISHED 1942

Member of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association and the Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association.

Authorized as second-class mail, Postoffice Dept., Ottawa.

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Issued every Thursday at Stouffville, Ont.

In Canada \$3.50 Elsewhere \$4.50

C. H. NOLAN, Publisher JAS. THOMAS, Editor JAS. MCKEAN, Advertising