

Editorial . . .

Week To Honour Senior Citizens

This is Senior Citizens' Week across the country, a week to give a little more than average thought to those who have led this country along some pretty rocky roads and deserve smooth sailing now. Some towns have Senior Citizens' Clubs where these folks can gather once a month and enjoy good fellowship and entertainment together. One such club flourishes in Markham.

It's interesting to trace the history of the average senior citizen of our community, in common terms. A citizen who is between sixty-five and seventy was born before the turn of the century, a simple mathematical fact. Since then there have been events in many cases which have left these people in an unenviable position.

They were born into an age of far less luxury to begin with, and just as they were reaching maturity they were called off to war. Back in civilian life again they were able to set about establishing themselves only to run full into the depression of the thirties. This was followed by another war and by then they were past the prime of life and could not take full advantage of the rising trends.

They had possibly saved and scrimped to put aside hard-earned dollars to provide for their old age, only to find that these dollars are worth far less than they had contemplated. In some instances they have had to turn to their children for support. It has not been altogether an easy road. Let's give them a little extra thought this week.

Grist For Red Propaganda Mill

If the Soviet Union was running short on grist for the propaganda mill, it can certainly take heart with the fresh supply being churned out every day in the southern States of America. It is to be hoped that we here in Canada do not become tarred with the same brush by those in other lands who have looked on this hemisphere as the great haven of all free-loving people.

The treatment of the southern Negroes by the Americans is disgraceful to say the least and while President Kennedy's desegregation moves do not endear him with the southern whites, his slowness to act in the face of this mounting degradation, will win him no popularity contest in the north.

Are Negroes not human beings? Are they not every bit as good human beings as those who unjustly use them, and better than many? Are they to be treated as criminals just because they dare to attend so-called Christian church services, to eat in

restaurants, drink from water fountains, use municipal parks and enter retail stores?

Some think we shouldn't judge because we don't know the problem that exists in these southern States. Some say we shouldn't criticize when we don't have the same discrimination and prejudice here. These we believe are only excuses for ducking out of our responsibility to denounce such actions towards mankind anywhere in the world.

We have every right to protest just as we protest any discrimination when it shows its head in this country. The black man doesn't claim he is any better, but that he is equal. We believe he has this right, and that he is every bit equal.

Certainly the Negro's experience in this White world cannot create in him any respect for the standards by which this White world claims to live. His own treatment is proof enough that White people do not live by these standards.

Little Chance For Local Talent

It has been suggested that Markham's new ice palace may be the home site for an entry in the Metro Junior "A" hockey group next season, possibly Knob Hill Farms.

In our opinion, this would be a tragic event. Too many clubs in the Metro loop are controlled and operated through the Maple Leaf chain. The pick of the players are corralled together on the roster of Marlboro or Neil McNeil (formerly St. Michael's) while Knob Hill was utilized as a practise ground for borderline performers or second-raters who might, through coaching, develop into future big-league talent.

For the most part, it is Toronto vs. Toronto and the individualism of player and team competition is lost in the continuous drive toward professionalism. Last winter, there was little doubt concerning the ultimate winner in the league. Regardless of the victor, whether it was Marlboros, Neil McNeil or Knob Hill, when boiled

down, it still spelled out Toronto with a capital "T". Whitty and Oshawa only helped to round out the circuit and provided the Leaf proteges with practice games.

We feel that Markham boys and Markham fans should be entitled to a team that will utilize home-brew talent and attract local patronage. We would suggest nothing higher than Junior or Intermediate "B" for a start. Let the Maple Leaf hockey "octopus" remain inside the Metro borders where it belongs. Markham fans may be "starving" for organized winter sport but unless we're mistaken, they will not rally behind any suggested program that will merely "use" their ice and "use" their money to mould a third Toronto team. The Metro group may be paying off in the Leafs' long-range build-up of player personnel but fan interest, according to reports, fell off badly. You can fool some of the people some of the time but not all of the people all of the time.

Publicity Prevents Crime

We have had a few comments within recent weeks and a number of complaints from readers concerning the fact that reports are published with regard to offenses committed in the district and how they are dealt with in the local courts.

Several readers have pointed out that in some cases, the people who suffer most are not the guilty ones, but their families, in some instances children going to school. They are subjected to the unintentional cruelty and unfairness of their own age group.

This point is only too true. It is a point, however, that many people committing the crimes, overlook, assuming perhaps, that they won't be caught.

We believe that we cannot make exceptions in these cases and that

the strongest crime deterrent, particularly in minor offenses, is the knowledge that, if caught, there will be publicity.

If a person accused of speeding can pay a fine secretly, without a court appearance, the amount might sometimes be small enough to make the crime worthwhile. This picture changes radically when the speeder is not only fined but everybody knows about it.

The more serious the crime, the more serious the penalty and consequently, the more publicity. But as the crime becomes more serious, the attendant publicity becomes less important in the eyes of the accused. A man accused of murder may be hanged. The fact that he suffers from newspaper publicity is a very small part of that penalty.

What's Happened To The Park?

Now that the summer picnic and visiting season is upon us we expect our town park to be looking its very best. Picnics are booked every weekend and dozens of visitors are stopping by to enjoy the shade, the pool and avail themselves of the picnic facilities.

However, the park is presently in the most untidy state we have seen it for a long time. Grass is not cut, fences are down, straggling

weeds are everywhere and the stream which adds so much is littered with refuse of every kind.

The budget for keeping up this work has been inched up each year and there is certainly no excuse for the park, of which we have been so proud, to look so "down at the heel." If the caretaking help is not sufficient something should be done about it. The park has not looked so poorly in many years and at this very time it is most detrimental.

" - - we stand on guard for thee"



By the way . .

Anne Ross
"Familiarity breeds contempt" so goes the old saying, but I'd like to paraphrase to say "familiarity becomes a blinder." To those people who have lived in this area all their lives, Stouffville is just a "small town" and far pastures are much greener - other places seem to offer greater advantages. But what do we have here in Stouffville?

Well, to begin with, as I've said before, Stouffville is a good community in which to raise our children. Through the efforts of school and church and service club, there are numerous activities and projects in which young people may participate. There is a wholesome atmosphere in this small town which provides a safety-rein on their behaviour. Juvenile delinquency is not a problem. Of course there have been, and probably will continue to be, minor incidents in defiance of law and order, human nature being what it is, but here in Stouffville our young folk are growing up to be fine citizens.

What else do we have? We have an attractive Main Street, of up-to-date stores where merchants are the personal friends of their customers. One doesn't merely shop for the necessities, one visits on a trip downtown, and this makes shopping a pleasant interlude in a routine day. Then, there are the stores themselves. Many of us are prone to ignore the goods and products available here, and dash off to the city to find what we want. But it's a fact that right here in town we can generally find just what we're looking for in one store or another on Main Street - and at prices comparable with those in the city. I have always found that if a merchant doesn't have the particular item I'd like, he is most willing to get it for me; and even where choice is limited, I wouldn't change shopping at the friendly stores for the vast, confusing array of goods in the impersonal, assembly-line rush of city shopping - traffic to cope with, parking a problem, tired feet, aching back, crowds, rush, confusion - not for me! Stop and think. Isn't the leisurely visit to the local stores a pleasant privilege? Many city folk envy us, you know.

Then, finally, to the newcomer it is evident that Stouffville has a special character or personality of its own - an air of pleasant, gracious living away from the hubbub of city living. Just notice the well-kept homes, the attractive gardens, the "uncluttered" look of the streets. Is it all too familiar to you? Well, just take another look and you'll see what I mean by familiarity being a blinder.

In the name of progress it was necessary to cut down the beautiful old trees of Main Street. In the interests of progress, we must expand and bring industry into our village. Let us hope this is done with a minimum of damage to our existing landmarks - our trees and lovely old homes. There is a danger of the little old Anglican Church becoming a victim to our time of change. It would be a crime if this priceless treasure of our past, dating back to 1867, were torn down or sold for commercial purposes. What a wonderful location it would be for a local museum - a perfect setting for a collection of books and historical records; a treasure house of furniture pieces from the original settlers' homes. We would be short-sighted indeed if the need to realize a few thousand dollars on the property, over-rides the need for a tangible link with the past, for "need" it is, in our hurry to keep up with the time. For our children, and their children, we owe a legacy of evidence of the toil, the industry, and the faith of their trail-blazing predecessors. Stouffville has something. Let's keep it!

On The Farm Front . .

Weed sprayers should be going full blast this week. This is the time to get a good kill and killed while they are small, weeds haven't had a chance to take very much moisture and plant food from the crop.

The most costly mistake that can be made in weed spraying is in leaving it too late. Weed control in corn requires some special thought. Cultivation combined with 2,4-D spray is still a good program. However, Atrazine should be considered for very weedy fields or where it is difficult to get enough cultivating done. Atrazine should be

Whence Cometh Knowledge?

(By Tim Wees)
With the time approaching when many Ontario students will be graduating from thirteen years of hard study, I think it is appropriate to discuss what I consider the faults of the examinations.

Our educational system is one largely based on memorization. Indeed, if one examines the examinations that the Board of Education gives to Ontario's students, he can quite easily reach the conclusion that it is completely based on this practice. Is this good? Is a purpose attained? I think not.

If one desires to learn then he will have to discover what he wants to know for himself. Our present system falls down on two counts immediately. First it is based on the principal that "one goes to school to be taught" and that the man at the front of the room with the yardstick has the sole obligation to teach. All that the teacher can really do is to create the desire, he can not cram down a student's throat what the student is not interested in or, in other words, what he does not really want to spend his time learning. I think that the "teacher" would attain more success if he would merely create the desire in the student to learn and offer him the answers to the questions that arise. His should be a position not of teaching, but of guiding.

The second count is that many subjects that the student is interested in are simply not taught. Philosophy, music, art, and dramatics are only a few of the countless subjects that are absent from our curriculum. Why is this?

Is not the absence of the abstract subject due to the fact that it is virtually impossible to give an en masse examination in a subject that can only be examined from a personal point of view? For instance: what other way is there to evaluate an actor's worth but to put him on the stage and actually watch his work? There is none. What is the solution to these problems?

To give the teacher a free

Sill, the advantage in feed value is enough to justify cutting early. The higher protein content is worth a lot, but even more important is the difference in palatability. In a test at O.A.C., cows ate about 40 lbs. of early-cut hay per day, compared with only 20 lbs. of late-cut hay. The difference in milk production was about 5 lbs. per day. Cutting should start when alfalfa is in the late bud stage, just before the flowers open. Grass hay should be cut just after the heads have emerged from the leaf sheath. At this stage, yield will be high as it will ever be, and the cattle like it best.

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SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

June is back in town, busting up all over. She busts up those dream castles of young love, picks up the pieces and turns them into the mortgaged bungalows of marriage.

Every woman's magazine in the land is loaded with articles giving advice to the June bride. This is ridiculous. As though there were a woman alive who needed advice on running a marriage.

It seems to be an effortless transition for the damsels who forsake the wall of the jukebox for the roar of the vacuum cleaner, the Saturday night dance for the Monday morning wash.

But my heart goes out to the youth who is deserting the delights of the poolhall for the drudgery of bringing home the bacon and beer, who is bidding farewell to the fascination of the street-corner to say hello to the horror of changing loaded diapers.

First of all, son, what made you do it? You were in the clover. There you were: living at home cheaply; eating Mom's cooking; spending your own money on something sensible, like the '48 Dodge; getting slicked up and wowing the chicks every Saturday night; and having a good roar with the boys now and then.

However, it's too late now, and I wouldn't try to turn you from your course, even if I could. In fact, I wouldn't want to see any young fellow miss the character-building institution of marriage. Welcome to the club.

But just as I'd hate to see our dopy little spaniel tossed into a pit with a badtempered mastiff, I don't like to see you going into a battle that's going to last your whole life, with no weapons but your own dim wits.

Therefore, and in view of the propaganda pouring out of those women's magazines, I think you could use a few tips to even the odds. Think of yourself as a young, untried soldier. Think of me as a scarred veteran of many a matrimonial skirmish, stiff with wounds, but bearing them proudly. Ready?

First thing to do, after the ceremony is over and all those dumb relatives of hers have been shaken hands with, is to let her know who's boss. When you start on the wedding trip, have a quiet little talk with her. Don't get nasty; just be firm. When she stops crying and you stop apologizing, it will be all settled who is to be boss. But don't allow a little setback like that to get you down.

When the baby comes along, don't let her pull that "little mother needs her sleep" routine. Stand on your rights. Demand that she get up every second night and walk with the little squawk-box. She won't, but you'll feel better because you've stood on your rights. It's good practice. After awhile, when you haven't a leg to stand on, you can always stand on your rights.

Another important thing in the marriage is to be able to lie while looking her straight in the eye. Practise in the bathroom. Any old husband will tell you it can be mastered in no time. From then on, every time you look her straight in the eye she'll know you're lying, but you can't win them all.

Something else that will come to you automatically, in a short time, is the ability to change the subject without seeming to. There's no particular set of rules about this. Just observe closely how your wife does it, and you'll soon find yourself equally adroit when you don't like a direction a conversation is taking.

Make it a point to hang up your clothes every night. In fact, it's not a bad idea to lock them up. Never, never get the idea that your wife is above such a thing as going through your pockets. And never, never leave in them such items as a book of matches with "Murphy's Tavern" printed on it. You know you've been out roistering, and will never believe any thing else.

Most important of all, perhaps, is this. Never admit anything, my boy, unless you are caught redhanded. If you are, of course, throw yourself first upon your knees, then on her mercy. Tell her you're weak and sinful. Tell her you need the support of her strong and lofty character, if you are to be saved from evil companions, such as poker, drink, women, or whatever you've been up to.

Suddenly, I feel better. With these few pointers dispensed, I can look with more equanimity on the procession of lambs to the slaughterhouse, this month.

hand in the guidance of his students and to make it possible to broaden the curriculum to include the fine arts, the examination system as it stands should be abolished. Smaller educational areas should be set up to facilitate the personal examination of each student. Examinations should examine not the student's ability to memorize but his ability to think and form conclusions.

Knowledge cometh not from the absorption of fact, but from the realization of fact, from the discovery of new fact, and from the formulation of this fact into conclusion.

SCRATCH PADS
from Jumbo Size
down to
Note Size
The Stouffville Tribune

A neat, easy way to roll out pastry is between two sheets of wax paper, say Home Economists at Macdonald Institute at Guelph.

Half Of The Week



"When I commented on your appearance at breakfast yesterday, I didn't expect you to take such drastic measures."