

# Editorial . . .

## An Act Of Extreme Heroism

Items that appear in this and other newspapers from time to time, often castigating the teenager for actions and habits that, in our modern-day society, leave something to be desired.

Last week, a 15 year old Markham Township girl cast a refreshing light on this over-worked subject when she performed a feat of bravery that would far exceed the abilities and accomplishments of the majority of adults. With no thought whatsoever for her own safety, Gail Hallman, 19th Avenue, west of Dickson's Hill, rescued a 58 year old woman from the waters of a deep farm pond.

## The Bend Is Gone From "The Devil's Elbow"

The Fifth Concession of Markham Township is, in our estimation, one of the most scenic rural roads in the municipality. A landmark is now missing from this country thoroughfare that, if once blessed with a mouth, two eyes and two ears could have told more tales, seen more sights and heard more secrets than could be contained in a volume of encyclopedia. The referred location was commonly known as "The Devil's Elbow".

This intersection, that must have been engineered by a road foreman with a warped ruler, was located at the semi-circular cross-over of 17th Avenue and conc. 5. It was cursed by winter motorists and loved by summer sweethearts. It represented a most weird, confused network of road wizardry ever perfected by man and machine. It was a jig-

Persons closest to the scene, including veteran police and firemen, have acclaimed the act as one of extreme bravery.

Verbal pats-on-the-back are fine but they are not long-lasting in the memory of the public. With this thought in mind, this writer has proceeded to pass on the information to provincial and federal organizations in the hope that something more concrete may be forthcoming.

This young girl's response in a time of need is monumental evidence that the over-played term of "teenager" is something worthy of praise and admiration rather than continuous complaints and criticisms.

saw puzzle of confusion where a driver merely pointed his car in a selected direction in the hope that he would eventually end up in familiar territory. Some never made it as indicated by stripped fence posts and shredded wire that yielded to a drop of forty feet into an abyss of trees, mud and water. Some never tried, as bared parking areas provided a convenient rendezvous for couples bitten by the love bug.

All this is now changed. The devil's elbow has been straightened out by the same men and machines that once created it. It is now just one long arm of monotonous roadway. Gone are the hair-pin curves, the splintered guard rails, the scenic parking spots. Gone too are the couples who, almost over-night, discovered that their private privileges had been opened to the public.

## Little Things Mean A Lot

This town has a "little league" that provides weekly activity for an estimated ninety young boys. The entire program is operated by a mere handful of adult promoters and next month, the all-star teams in squirt, pee-wee and bantam ranks will advance into the Ontario playoffs.

There is little fan-fare connected with this organization and funds are made available in part through an individual entry fee although as we understand it, this charge is not enforced to the letter of the law. Throughout the season, the coaches and managers are continually digging into their own pockets to purchase balls, bats and other pieces of equipment.

Under such circumstances it is understandable that these gentlemen

are appreciative of little gestures of generosity that make this business of minor softball all the more worthwhile.

Last summer, the Stouffville Branch of the Canadian Legion donated a set of sweaters for one club. Mickey Hunt at the westend Sunoco station did the same. This season, Telf Rennie came to the rescue of the new Squirt club and they will be suitably outfitted for O.A.S.A. competition. On Saturday, the Goldfish Supply Co. donated sixty tickets for the lads to attend an International League game at Maple Leaf Stadium.

Too often, these little things are permitted to slip by unnoticed and unannounced. One can rest assured that they are very big and very important things in the eyes of the boys and the personnel that direct them.

## Keeping On Schedule

Although the water restriction program that was introduced this month has not been enthusiastically received by the rank and file of local citizenry, there have been very few persons who have openly rebelled against this authority.

Some may begin a few minutes before the 7 p.m. starting time and extend a few minutes past the curfew hour of 9 but all in all it would appear that co-operation has won out over complaint.

One resident in the east end of town seemed to have a legitimate beef when he told The Tribune that he didn't mind being restricted to a schedule of Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday but complained that in his area when all the lawn-watering systems were on "full" he didn't have enough pressure to rotate his sprinkler.

With the arrival of the steady downpour on Sunday, it is expected that the grass will now grow and blood pressures will recede.

## Signs Believed Beneficial

There has been criticism in a number of towns and cities throughout the country concerning merchants' signs. Some communities have passed by-laws restricting the number and type of signs allowed. Many of us know the saying, "I think that I shall never see a billboard lovely as a tree," yet signs are useful and they can be attractive.

What would Piccadilly Circus in London be, or Times Square in New York, without their lighted signs?

No laws have ever been suggested in Stouffville to curtail this type

of advertising. It has been believed here that local merchants who serve us in so many ways have a right to erect signs. These business people are important to all of us as sources of merchandise and as large sources of tax money. Their erection of signs, most particularly the illuminated ones, does much to enliven our community, advertising it as a whole.

It might also be pointed out that rather than present a traffic hazard these signs improve conditions. A great many motorists are looking for something and the less craning they have to do to find it, the better.

## A Very Partial Eclipse



## SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

Some people are addicted to drugs, others to drink, some to the weed, others to women. Teachers are addicted to summer courses. Why?

Ask a teacher and he'll tell you, "To improve my professional competence." Ask the chairman of the school board and he'll tell you, "So he can demand more money." Ask the teacher's wife, if you want the real truth: "So he can get down to the city there and have a big time running around and living it up while I'm stuck here at home with the kids." They're all equally right.

That's why I've been taking a Refresher Course in English. And don't think it hasn't been refreshing. It started off in rip-snorting style and the pace hasn't let up for a minute. Girls, drink, bawdy conversation and wild reunions with old comrades.

I hadn't really intended to get involved in anything beyond a few love affairs and half a dozen nights on the town. That's why I picked out what I thought was a fairly quiet spot to stay. My illusions were dispelled even before I got dressed in the morning. There was a surreptitious tap on my door. I opened it and was confronted by two young ladies, both stark naked and grinning broadly.

Talk about your Profumo affair. "Hi, Unca Bill!" chortled my nieces, Jenny and Susie, aged four and three. Well, that wasn't so bad. I'm used to bare-bottomed little girls, and these were the only ones I had anything to do with while I was away, so help me, Mom.

But the drink was another matter. I couldn't seem to stay off it, without the old Trouble 'n' Strife there to keep an eye on me. Morning, noon and night, I was into the stuff. I'm so sick of coffee I'll be a joy to get home, where a man can have an honest beer after a hard day's work watching the starlings decorating his new picnic table.

Then there was the shocking conversation I was exposed to. At home, the dialogue runs on pretty conventional lines. You know, stuff like, "When are you going to cut the grass? The place looks like The Petrified Forest." Or, "Hey, Dad, will you take us for a swim and play badminton with us and go bowling with us and give us our allowance and buy some watermelon and ice cream and a boat so we can go water-skiing and can I drive the car?"

Pretty tame stuff. But on the course, there were no restraints. Just a bunch of men, out for a good time, and no holds barred. You should have heard us throwing the bawdy talk around. Like, "Yeah, my old woman's the same. Sorta ovely." And, "Yup, these modern kids are spoiled rotten." And, "Guess I gotta getta new car, Body's shot." And a lot of stimulating stuff like that.

But this was nothing compared to the wild times at night. That's when we really cut loose. I'll never forget the first night I threw caution to the winds. Met a couple of the boys downtown in a bar and had a pretty raucous time, talking about how they had a hell of a time getting their kids to practise the piano, too.

Well, sir, they just couldn't stay with me. They faded. There I was, at 8:30 p.m., raring to go. And by sheer chance, I got into a terrific reunion with some old mates. It was the night of the premiere of The Great Escape, and I was passing the movie house. I wandered into the lobby, told the doorman I was an old prisoner-of-war (what the film was about) and he told me to go on in.

It was a thrilling show. At least that's what the critics said about it. In next day's papers, I snoozed. After the show, the old P.O.W.'s came out, grand in rented white dinner jackets and fat wives with borrowed mink stoles. And there was old Elmer, large as life. In fact, twice as large.

I hadn't seen old "El" as I called him, since the day the Russians liberated our camp, back in May, 1945. He hadn't seen me since then, either. As you can imagine, it was a hilarious reunion. Nothing would do but that I'd have a drink with him. We went off with our arms around each other's shoulders. At least, as far as they'd reach. Mine wouldn't go much past the nape of his neck. He had grown. Sideways.

We were just getting nicely into our reunion and swearing we'd reforge the strong bonds of those days behind the wire, and bring our families to visit each other, when El asked if I'd gone straight back to Calgary when I was discharged from the air force. As I've never been in Calgary in my life, I was rather taken aback.

A few minutes later, it had been revealed that Elmer's name was Elwood Middlehouse, and that he thought mine was Bill Wiley, who'd slept in the bunk above his in Stalag Luft 3. I was in Stalag Luft 1. We parted rather coolly, trying to out-fumble each other for the check.

There's nothing quite as refreshing as a refresher course. At least, I can tell my wife that I led my class. Down to the cafeteria every day, for coffee break.

## Sunday School Lesson

Golden Text: All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. —Isa. 53:6.

### Approach to the Lesson

A most casual comparison between the idyllic scene at the creation of man and the present condition of humanity must convince us that a catastrophe of the greatest dimension has occurred. Instead of reigning over created things, man is chained by evil habits, vicious attitudes, excessive greed and self-assertion, so much so that, were we not inured to all of it by habit, the mere viewing or reading of the daily news would be a tremendous shock. Read Genesis 2 and the second half of Romans 1. Then notice how the latter is reproduced on the crime page of your local paper. The stark difference will "stab you sharp awake." Look closer and you will find that the catastrophe is in moral and spiritual realms. It is not that in essential things the world of nature is different or that man bears no traces of his divine ancestry—there is much even in many of the worst of men and women that is very appealing, and man on occasion still rises to the sublime heights, but that the whole is irreparably tainted and tarnished. Man strives for peace, happiness and fulfillment and fails miserably as the climbing crime and suicide rates in prosperous countries indicate.

Yes, something is radically wrong, not only with others but with ourselves. "It is plain to anyone with eyes to see that the present time all created life groans in a sort of universal travail. And it is plain, too, that we who have a foretaste of the Spirit are in a state of painful tension, while we wait for that redemption of our bodies which will mean that at last we have realized our full sonship in him" (Rom. 8:22, 23, Philippians). Why is this? When did it happen? What is the remedy? Our lesson today will answer these questions for us.

The Bible nowhere provides a philosophical or speculative account of the ultimate origin of evil. As the book of redemption it describes the mode by which sin made its entry into the sphere of human experience. This is an historical account of the fall of man. Some expositors invoke the concept of myth to explain this passage but myth, even in its technical and legitimate sense is not required for the narration of historical events. The idea of forbidden fruit is familiar in ancient stories, and these stories may be regarded as memories of the way in which man's fall occurred. The important theological point in this record is it teaches that temptation came from without and that sin was an intruder into the life of man. Sin cannot be regarded... as good in the making; rather did it spoil a world made good.

The Heart of the Lesson We are taught in this passage the perennially fresh lesson that the root of all sin is willful disobedience, that the first consequence of all sin is a guilt complex causing us to run away from God, and that this leads to exclusion for the Eden of blessing for which we long. It further reveals the "love that will not let me go." For immediately after sin was committed, God took steps to mitigate its consequences and find for man a way back to Him and His blessings.

Commissions are not paid on arguments won but the sales made.

# By the way . . .

Anne Ross

Did you ever stop to think just how many modern developments of science have become so familiar with daily use, that we take them completely for granted, without any wonder at the marvels they perform? Take plastics, for instance. "Plastics" is a family name like "cloth" or "metal." Just as there are many kinds of cloth and metal, there are many kinds of plastics, each with its individual characteristics and qualifications for certain jobs. No matter how commonplace plastics have become to us, it is well to know their various names, if we can, because they differ widely in their use, and in the care they require.

Plastics are synthetic, or man-made materials which have been developed by chemists in search of durable and attractive substitutes for the more expensive natural materials such as wood and metal. All are made from combinations of carbon with oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, chlorine and sulphur. By varying the combination of these ingredients, the chemist can create a plastic to suit almost any need. In addition to serving as substitutes for natural products in a variety of household articles, plastics are being spun into new and amazing textiles, and used to form dirt, stain and wrinkle resisting finishes. They are used in making wet-strength paper for grocery sacks, hand towels, money, tea bags, transparent film for protecting foods, dishes, linens, clothing and silver. Plastics have found their way into laundry starches that will last through numerous washings, and into certain paints. New uses and new types are being developed almost daily.

There are ten main branches of the plastics family, each developed for a specific purpose and each having its peculiar advantages and limitations. They fall into two main groups. First are the thermo-plastics. These are the ones that soften when exposed to sufficient heat, and harden when cooled... the acrylics, cellulose, nylon, polyethylene and vinyls. The second group consists of the thermo-set plastics which are set permanently by heat into various shapes during forming. Heat applied later will not soften them... the silicones (used for instance in ironing-board covers) the amino plastics such as are used in dishes such as "Melmac."

Each branch of the plastics family, except nylon, is represented in advertising by various trade names, which of course, is very confusing to us who buy. However, we find that all plastics can be cleaned safely with warm water and soap. (Wiping with a dry or even a damp cloth has a tendency to scratch the surface as the dust particles are wiped off.)

Properly cared for, plastics in any form, can serve many a useful purpose over a long period of time. They are economical, hard-wearing and easily cleaned to maintain their original fresh look.

Just for fun, take note of the many forms in which plastics serve us in our every-day routine... from floor to ceiling... from basement, through the kitchen to the bathroom... on appliances... in furnishings... in the car... on the boat... even parts of planes... from the soles of our shoes and our clothing, to the curlers for our hair. Wonderful discovery... plastics!

## My Little People . . .

(Tim Wees)

I am, for this month of July, the theoretical (and I mean theoretical) leader of seven little children. Their age doesn't matter, for all children are alike though at different stages. They are really my task-masters and not I theirs. They crack the whip at dawn and rouse me from my sleepy repose to struggle out from the covers, to cover myself with the neatest clothes, to slide and slip down the dewy grass and rock that in vain guards my cabin from the shrieks and screams. I go down and formally, after they have been destroying the sanity of the staff for hours, tell them to arise from their dreams, and go for a cool dip. Thus starts their day and ends mine.

Oh but they enjoy themselves. Do they ever!

The counselor (c'est moi) gains the upper hand for a short while as the little dears tactfully, after having discovered the point at which our loving patience will snap, let us tell them where to put their clothes and how to make their beds and the multitude of simple things that they have probably figured out for themselves, but which they still let us think, out of due respect for our vanity, we are teaching them for the first time. This is where the already harassed counselor soaks up his second wind. The onslaught is yet to mercilessly follow.

Breakfast. (That may be a no sentence, Mr. Smith 'my English teacher' but to the initiated, the verb, object and all else is well understood.)

This little gathering warns and warns up the counselor and more or less (mostly less) prepares him for the oncoming day.

Grace is said, but where it ends and the meal begins, no one has yet fully been able to define. The counselor must, to avoid fights, struggle diplomatically for the food at the kitchen counter. He must then carry the first meal to the table and enjoy what he can of the aroma, for that is about all that he will get. To wage open warfare with the campers at the table for something to eat, has long since been discovered useless. The counselor receives instead, a barrage of questions: "Tim, can I go aqua-planing—come on — but you said — No, I won't!" And so ends the meal, (not to be judged of course by civilized standards) with the counselor defeated by brute verbal force and starved.

Through the long, and seemingly never-ending day, the little youngsters cavort, kibitz, harass and charge in military formation all over the camp. Occasionally the camp director tries, (but only when absolutely necessary) to sneak through a section. He may get ten yards, or even fifteen, but more often than not, he is discovered the second he enters the gate and is immediately set upon by a whole herd of galloping, set-to-kill, little monsters who have their fiendish little hearts counting on the exquisite exotic joy of this intruder in the lake. However, our director is a very well-trained veteran in the art of child welfare and quite often eludes his pursuers and accomplishes his mission, much to their frustration. Ah, the poor, poor counselor. In the next period, he must receive the brunt of their disgust at their own failure. He is used as a dummy blow for the next direct attack. And so goes the day.

All through the day, little

tools such as bows and arrows, air rifles and 22's are put to the uses that have been dreamed about all through the night. Instructors are crushed on trampolines, dis-membered by craft shop saws and drowned in free swims. But, nevertheless, we have achieved the purpose for which we were hired; the children are enjoying themselves.

But in spite of all this overwhelming and factual evidence, true love and warmth is brought out in children when the counselor puts them to bed. They listen with wonderment to ghost stories, Hardy Boy Mysteries and advice given during the past day. They are tired and finally slow down to the pace of the counselor and show him the kindness that he has been yearning for all day. Peace prevails.

The Lord's Prayer is said softly and in this moment of bliss, the worn out harbinger of peace retires to his cabin with his reward for a hard-fought day, a memory of the angelic side of his children.

## FARM REPORT

A. A. Wall, Agricultural Representative, York County. The annual Sunrise Tour is coming up next week. This tour, sponsored by the Crop Improvement Association, is held each year to give everyone a chance to see first hand, some of the newer crop methods.

Usually, farms here in the county are visited but for this year, an important change has been made. The tour will go to the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph. There are all kinds of experiments being done at the College on crops, and they are well worth seeing. We will spend a fair amount of time looking at their work with forage crops. The performance of different mixtures and plants can be judged quite accurately where definite information is kept on yields.

We will be looking at results of different methods of weed control too, and several tests on fertilizer treatments will be interesting to see. No tour or meeting these days is complete without something on corn, and naturally we will see lots of work on corn at Guelph.

Arrangements for the tour are the same as usual. Everyone goes by car, and we will meet at the Colls Building at the O.A.C. at 10 o'clock in the morning. The date is next Wednesday, July 24th. Those on tour can either take their lunch with them, or lunch can be purchased at the college dining hall.

This is a good chance to visit the O.A.C. All York County farmers are invited. The Crop Improvement Association is anxious to have a good big crowd from the county at Guelph, so put a circle around July 24th, on your calendar, and check with your neighbours and make up a carload.

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