

Editorial . . .

Every Improvement Helps

The new business block just east of Park Rd. which now houses York Cleaners and the new Bowling Alley, is a great improvement to the business section of town. It is a fine looking addition and the bowling alley adds much to the community's recreational facilities as well.

Stouffville's main business section is within the central four blocks which is now being extended. This is good and the way that was visual-

ized during the days in which the town's zoning was being worked out.

It is regrettable to have vacancies and here in Stouffville we have been fortunate that over the years there have been few. As the town grows there are openings for more and more business establishments and a gradual growth over a period of years such as we are having has its advantages over a sudden upsurge which has been experienced by some of our nearby communities.

Two Strikes Against It

A suggested "drag strip" on the Ninth Line of Markham Township, requested last week at a meeting of council may have caused beads of perspiration to appear on the faces of rural residents in the area.

The letter, written in pathetic English, is quoted in part as follows—"I would like to arrange us a sitting or what is ever necessary to explain to the council what a Drag Strip is and the benefits of a Strip in this area as this is a new sport in Canada very few elderly people know anything about it and without this information I feel it would be unfair for the council to turn us down".

We must admit that said "rec-

reation" is not well-known in this district by either the old or not-so-old. We would suggest too that few citizens on conc. 9, Markham would care to become acquainted with the sport first-hand.

Drag-racing is an enterprise that has its place but where the location should be is a good question. We would fear that the council would be burdening themselves with a prime noise and general nuisance problem by giving the green-light to such a program. Ward 3 representative Charles Hoover will do a little Sherlock Holmes work on the request but we think that its chances of survival are next to nil.

The Present Points To The Future

The enrollment figures at both Summitview and Orchard Park Public Schools in Stouffville with the opening of the September term would indicate that there is no relief in sight as far as future pupil accommodation requirements are concerned.

At Orchard Park, 53 per cent of the total attendance is contained in the classes from Kindergarten to Grade 3. At Summitview, about 49 per cent of the enrollment is at the primary level. Fifteen per cent of the children at Summitview are Kindergarten beginners. Fourteen per

cent of the boys and girls at Orchard Park are in the Kindergarten class.

It is unlikely that there will be any marked decrease in attendance anywhere along the line but instead as today's primary grade pupils move into the more senior level of learning, their places will be more than filled by "tots" now in diapers.

Stouffville's residential development is not setting any new record pace but neither is it standing still. With new homes comes new residents with new children meaning new planning headaches for prophetic trustee boards.

Lady Drivers Take A Bow

Not so many years ago, the DRIVING of an automobile in North America was almost exclusively the prerogative of the North American man. The left front seat was then, as a rule, the undisputed throne of the male member of the family circle.

Not so today as revealed by W. S. Chalmers, Manager of Member Service Division of Dominion Automobile Association.

During the past 15 years, operator's licenses acquired by female drivers have increased three-fold. The fatal accident rate to drivers on the distaff side, however, remains fairly constant. In 1960, seventy-

four female Canadian drivers were killed. In 1962, this number had increased by only eight to 82. During the same period, the increase in fatal accidents for male drivers has risen 23 per cent.

In Ontario, in spite of a tremendous increase in female driver registrations, the female drivers death toll has gone up by only one from 1960 to '62.

If the present trend of increase in lady drivers continues, there is a glimmer of hope that eventually the motor accident curve may have a change in direction for the first time in 25 years.

Getting Tough For The Politicians

Forgetting about the big salary melon Ottawa politicians recently sliced up for themselves, it might be well to take a look at the politician's life today, particularly with an Ontario election in the offing. Now they must promise more and still more in order to get the votes of the people who in turn these same politicians are depriving more and more of dealing with their own problems.

It's getting too that no level of government is free from any other level of government. Provinces are always claiming the federal government owes them X number of dollars and at the same time municipal governments like our own are looking for handouts from the province and even eyeing the federal treasury.

Provincial governments are continually handing out more and more money to bolster school boards and municipalities.

We remember a time when politicians, local and provincial had a less complicated time and dealt with less complicated subjects.

Our various groups of people were different too. The farmer prospered or he didn't prosper depending on his own ability and the weather. There were no floor prices or butter subsidies to lean on. A man was scorned who acted as if the world owed him a living. People took pride in supporting their own families. It was unheard of that people should accept help from the public purse as a right.

C-R-U-N-C-H

On Saturday evening, we were invited into the downstairs dressing parlours of one, Dick "The Bulldog" Brower, at the conclusion of a three-round wrestling encounter in the local arena.

The 270 pound bone-bending heavyweight was soaking up a hot shower along with his equally muscular partner, Johnny Valentine.

A formal introduction brought a huge arm out between the curtains for a soapy handshake. The arm was followed by a massive chest and a face that, with all respect to the breed, had none of the characteristics

of the 4-legged canine.

Although out-weighted by a mere 130 pounds, the friendly, out-of-the-ring features cast away all fears that he might rudely mistake me for a mop and attempt to wipe clean the water-soaked floor before leaving.

Without hesitation, the two right arms were extended in a manner of extreme cordiality. C-r-u-n-c-h, my fingers cracked in the grip of a giant meat hook that had succumbed many a ring-rival in the past. The secret was then and there revealed that this "bulldog" lacks only for teeth in his right forepaw.



By the way . .

By Anne Ross.

I hesitated for some time, questioning the moral rights of making any comment about the intrusion of our park by a wandering religious zealot; a man who has taken it upon himself to determine what it right and what is wrong in others; a man who calls everyone a sinner who does not confess to having been "born again". Had I the right to express publicly my personal reaction to the faith of others, no matter how vastly it differed from my conception of the worship of God? Instinctively, I resented the exhibitionism of a religious sect thrusting itself upon all Stouffville people in our lovely Memorial Park. I sympathized with those local residents living adjacent to the park, who were subjected to daily doses of evangelical exhortations and embarrassing emotional hysteria of the penitent, blasted over a high powered public-address system.

I listened with unbiased concentration to two "meetings", honestly trying to comprehend the compulsion of a faith that impels these ordinary people to make public spectacles of themselves in their religious fervor. Under the mesmerizing wooing of the evangelist's repetitious castigations, I was moved to nothing but deep pity for the simple people who could be so easily swayed to this narrow, bigoted interpretation of the words of the Bible. I was dumbfounded by their unquestioning trust of this self-appointed judge. I decided not to voice my opinion of the invasion of our park.

Then I learned that four enterprising young lads, determined to reach Toronto, had hiked over a hundred miles and had stopped in Stouffville, and asked to be allowed to sleep in the evangelist's big tent overnight. That Christian gentleman refused, and they spent the cold, wet night stretched out on picnic tables in the park. (Isn't there a parallel here to a night in Bethlehem almost a thousand years ago? Only the keeper of that inn didn't profess to be anything but a business man.)

Perhaps our good man was aghast at the thought of allowing four weary college and high school students to take refuge in the meeting place . . . a place for conversions . . . a place incidentally, made available to him, free of charge, by the Village of Stouffville. It couldn't be that he was afraid of them for he was well protected by a rather ferocious-looking and certainly ferocious-sounding big dog as well as a couple of alert guards on patrol of the tent and grounds, and he, himself, could retire to his own accommodation in the separate living quarters at one end of the big tent.

Perhaps if the kind-hearted folks who forked over their hard-earned money to meet the \$50.00 payment due on the evangelist's big truck, which he bamboozled from them by prayer and persuasion . . . perhaps, if they had known their pious preacher turned four weary travellers from their "tent-church" door, they would have saved their money so that he could have learned the lesson of humility and compassion, so that he could have known from experience what it is like to walk a hundred miles to achieve a goal.

On The Farm Front-

Fertilizer On Sod Just As Important As On Wheat Says Ag. Rep.

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

Around the county these days, one can't help but notice familiar patterns of farm work. Wheat being seeded is a common one of these, and along with a tractor and drill, there is nearly always a wagon load of fertilizer in the field. The fertilizer is there, but hardly noticeable because it's so common. The use of fertilizer on wheat is well accepted.

I have to stop and take a second or third look though, when I see someone out in a hay or pasture field with a load of fertilizer and going up and down the field with a rotary spreader. This rates special attention because I don't see it very often. Despite the fact that it isn't commonly done, I think the man in the sod field is making more headway than his opposite number in the wheat field.

Research from O.A.C. tells us that usually a dollar spent on fertilizer for wheat will bring extra yield worth around \$2.00. The same figure for hay ranges between three and four dollars. Fertilizer on sod is almost sure to pay, and if there is any doubt, a soil test gives a fool-proof answer.

Work on alfalfa shows too, that an application of potash in the fall can save up to 20% of the plants from loss of winter-killing.

Soil tests bring up another angle. I spend a lot of time these days, doing fertilizer recommendations. It's important work, but again, I make about fifteen recommendations on wheat for every one I make for sod crops. I think in a good livestock county like York, I should be doing about four on hay and pasture for every one on wheat.

I am making my annual pitch for soil testing now too. It's a strange thing that the use of fertilizer is well accepted for good crop production but soil testing is looked on by many as an unnecessary detail. Putting on fertilizer without a test is almost like the fellow I ran across one day who was feeding laying mash to his steers. Still, quite often, if the fertilizer man doesn't get around to take the samples, the testing never gets done.

We have the soil sample boxes at our office, and many of the feed stores in the county have a supply too. Fall is a good time to get samples for next year's crop, and getting them is time well spent.

Sunday School Lesson

Golden Text: But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you: That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. —Matt. 5:44, 45

Joseph's life in Egypt, from the time he was taken there as a slave to the events portrayed in today's lesson, is a wonderful demonstration of a man living by faith in the promises of God amid incessant opposition. Adversity, lies, temptation, the undependability of others, the atmosphere of the pagan court of Egypt—these and many other pressures were brought to bear upon him over a period of about 22 years. But, although at the beginning only a lad of 17, he quietly maintained his integrity and faith though far from home and its influences. Neither was he sustained by special visions or manifestations as had been granted to Abraham and Jacob.

After the boyish dream there seems to have been no special revelation to him, but, by God's grace he walked with Him in obedience and so his life became the great turning point in the history of Israel. Joseph recognized that which today we are in danger of forgetting—indeed, that which from many circles (and not least educational ones) we are urged to forget—that moral laxness is fundamentally a sin against the holiness of God, and therefore to be avoided at all costs, even though it is largely accepted in our culture.

The accuracy of this narrative, that once was questioned by critics, is now noted by authorities. It once was argued that wine was unknown in Egypt, but this was proven untrue. "An interesting Hebrew idiom reveals itself in this narrative. True to Egyptian custom, the butler describes how he placed the cup upon Pharaoh's palm, . . . Egyptian cups had no handles or stems, hence were placed on the palm" (New Bible Commentary). "The term marsh-grass or reed-grass is . . . Egyptian for which there is no Hebrew equivalent . . . because . . . it was peculiar to the banks of the Nile . . . We now know that there was a special priestly caste in Egypt . . . to whom not only the religion but the science of the country was entrusted . . . We feel books was entrusted to two classes of learned men, whose titles exactly correspond to . . . 'magicians' and 'wise men'". These brief quotations from many available sources illustrate the precise accuracy of our narrative.

Our external circumstances are very different from those surrounding Joseph, but the stresses and temptations are similar. We shall find many a hidden lesson in this familiar and wonderful story.

Someone has said, "A Christian should destroy his enemies—by loving them into being his friends." Joseph exemplifies this in his affectionate dealings with his brothers despite their previous actions, and in so doing anticipates our Lord's own teaching: "I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven."

Cows need more water per unit of body weight than other farm animals. A cow producing 80 pounds of milk a day may drink as much as 300 pounds of water.

SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

Are we going to have a civil war in Canada? You may laugh at the question, but a lot of people in this country don't find it too hilarious.

La Belle Province is sick and tired of her Cinderella role. She has had enough of being the bright and beautiful, but bedraggled and badly neglected sister in the family.

Since Wicked Godmother Duplessis kicked the bucket and Prince Charming Lessage rode up on his white charger, a new life has dawned for La Belle.

She has realised that her wicked godmother was dishing her out of her inheritance, that some of her sisters, especially that Ontario, who was always a bit of a snob, were looking down their noses at her, and that the meek inherit the earth only when everybody else has tapped it.

As a result she has lost her inferiority complex. She has lost her faith in wizards. Her eyes are blazing. Her fists are up. She has a chip on her shoulder the size of a chunk of cordwood. And she is very definitely going to the ball, whether the rest of the family likes it or not.

Readers of this column probably don't realize how lucky they are to have the whole French-Canadian revolution and the separatist movement explained to them by an expert who just spent a week visiting La Belle Province, travelling in an English-Canadian owned hotel.

First let me say that the girls in Montreal still knock you stiff. They have a flair, a style, that makes old guys like me stop dead in their tracks and turn slowly, mouth open until a vicious poke in the ribs from the wife or small daughter shatters the moment.

Secondly the traffic in Montreal is still the most frightening, the cab-driving the most hair-raising, and the fares the most reasonable of any city in Canada.

Thirdly, the majestic bulk of Quebec, brooding over the St. Lawrence, with who knows what memories, is still probably the most imposing city in North America.

Fourthly the price of booze in Quebec province is fierce. Fifth, I can't stay up all night any more. Sixth, it was good to meet old weekly-editors and assorted friends and find out their golf is lousy, too. Seventh, after a week of dressing up and eating fabulous meals and tipping everybody in sight, it's wonderful to sit in the backyard like a bum, unshaven, to eat that real food which only the Old Girl can prepare, and to get up from the table without having to fish for a bill.

We enjoyed our trip thoroughly, and even the kids arrived home utterly exhausted, sure sign of a fine convention. It was tempting to devote this week's column to a "cute" travelogue.

But I came home with a deep feeling of unease concerning the mixed marriage which has, for almost one hundred years, confounded the experts by being apparently a happy one. I'm afraid one of the partners wants a divorce, or if not that, at least a completely new deal.

"Has the lady grounds for divorce?" you ask. Perhaps not, legally. Getting a divorce in this country has always been almost as tough as getting into heaven.

And like all ladies, her real reasons for kicking over the milk can are all mixed up with her emotions. She's sick of feeding a big family on her butter-and-egg money while the old man lives it up at the saloon with the proceeds from the beef he sold.

She's fed up with being complimented on her home cooking, when what she wants is a pheasant-under-glass and champagne dinner, like the other girls once in a while.

She's furious at the patronizing air of the ladies who praise her needlework and then swoop off in their mink coats. Hell, as the chap said, hath no fury like a woman scorned. Unless La Belle Province can be convinced that she is our only love, unless we court her with sincerity and intensity, she is going to desert her family, set up her own establishment and treat us with the hauteur we deserve.

In the meantime, I for one am going to start taking those Conversational French classes at night school.

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THE HANDY FAMILY

HEAVENS, WE'LL BE LATE FOR THE MOVIES IF I DON'T GOES WITH THIS DRESS

A BELT HANGER IS JUST THE THING YOU NEED, INDEED

BY LLOYD BIRMINGHAM

HERE'S HOW DAD MADE A BELT HANGER

INSERT SCREW HOOKS INTO CROSS BAR OF WOODEN COAT HANGER. IF MORE CAPACITY IS NEEDED, INSERT HOOKS ON OTHER SIDE OF CROSS BAR.

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