

Editorial . . .

Are There Too Many Members

We hear a lot today about the coming redistribution of seats for the federal government. This may be all fine in so far as equality of representation by population is concerned. However, as one who has witnessed a fair bit of action in the House of Commons, the thought that comes to our mind is whether or not there are too many members.

For a great part of the time, the House is only half filled, and when you consider that the members are being paid at the rate of \$18,000 per year, it seems to me that we should make every move we can to get value for our money.

From our observation there appear to be a great many "seat-warmers" and nothing more except when they are called on to vote year or nay as instructed by party leaders.

We continually harp on the subject of efficiency in industrial plants

and there is no doubt in our mind but that the nation's business could be conducted much better if in the hands of a smaller group.

There would be little complaint about the \$18,000 salary if it were being paid entirely to members who were worth it. However, this is not the case, and in our opinion, a good many are not worth it. There are some who have ideas but cannot express them, the party organization sees to that. Policies are set by the Cabinet and all the backbencher can do is vote accordingly. Proof of this fact is to read occasionally that the Prime Minister will permit a "free" vote on some item or other.

We pay a lot of good money today for nothing but gibble-gabble which does nothing to advance or improve the administration of the country. Representation we need — but by how many?

Congratulations, Juniors

By the time this issue of The Tribune reaches our readers' hands, the Stouffville "Clippers", newly crowned Junior "D" group champions, will have advanced into the first round of the Ontario playoffs. Their current opposition is Wellington.

Three men, coach Geo. Stark, manager Ken Roberts and secretary-treasurer Ralph Corner have put a good deal of time and effort into the formation of this team and now, with a little help from Lady Luck, could bring the town its first O.H.A. title in thirteen years.

It's been a rough road for

Messrs. Stark, Roberts and company and on occasions, the thought of tossing in the towel must surely have crossed their minds. With luke-warm fan support producing a pittance of pickings at the gate in some games, only unyielding determination that marked coach Stark as a player, tended to keep him on the job. Only those closest to a hockey club know the headaches that accompany such a chore.

With the group honours tucked away, the "Clippers" now set their sights on a higher goal, a provincial championship. We hope they make it.

Public Meeting Might Clear The Air

It would appear that much confusion surrounds the finalization of a zoning bylaw that will govern future properties around the resort centre of Musselman's Lake.

It was obvious at a meeting called on Sunday by the newly-formed Ratepayers Association, that many people are dissatisfied with some of the requirements as set forth in the proposed bylaw.

A township cannot impose zoning rules and regulations without stepping on someone's toes but the rights of individuals should be considered for the sake of good public relations, if nothing else.

Rather than let this Lake Association carry their torch of dissen-sion before the Ontario Municipal

Board, the council could perform a good service by submitting desirable changes to the O.M.B. themselves in the form of amendments.

We would suggest that the council should set aside one evening to hear these complaints, either en masse or from a representative committee and rule then and there on their legitimacy. After hearing these recommendations, if the council is not convinced that alterations are necessary, then it will be up to the Municipal Board to rule. If however, certain suggestions appear sound, the council could act on the ratepayers' behalf.

No one has yet denied that zoning at Musselman's Lake is a good thing. If, however, changes should be made, now is the time to act.

We're for Leaving The Flag As It Is

The King's County Record, weekly newspaper in Sussex, N.B. recently put forward a powerful editorial in favour of retaining our Canadian flag as it is. The editorial has been widely quoted and we do not propose to repeat it here. We would however, endorse much of its contents.

Looking at the color reproduction of our present flag on the cover of the I.O.D.E. magazine, one would wonder why anyone would want to give up such a beautiful time-honoured symbol in favour of some new fangled novelty. After all, a symbol means just whatever those who use it agree to have it mean and the Red

Ensign with the Canadian Arms in the field is recognized throughout the world as the symbol of Canada.

Back in January, of 1961 nearly forty pages of Hansard was taken up with a discussion of the flag question. There had been a resolution calling for a referendum on a choice between the Red Ensign and some other design. One member got to his feet and made the comment that "the longer we talk, the less chance there is of its coming to pass this year.

We would like to add to this latter comment that the longer they talk about it the longer we can be sure of having our old flag.

"The feet are familiar, but I can't place the face"



Sugar & Spice

by Bill Smiley

AND BRING YOUR FRIENDS

I was warned by my family not to write a column about this; however, no fearless columnist has ever been deterred by threats. I can always get a room at the YMCA for a few days, if worst comes to worst.

My son Hugh is going to present a piano recital in a couple of weeks at the Conservatory, in the city. The announcement has created a flurry of excitement, alarm and despondency that will likely be unequalled until the day my daughter declares that she is going to be married.

Needless to say, the one who is excited, alarmed and despondent is not I. Nor is it my daughter. Nor is it the star of the evening, himself.

In fact, he is quite cool about it. So cool, indeed, that he isn't quite sure of the date, the place, the time, or how much it will cost his old man.

No, it's his mother who is panicking. First of all, she demands to know, in the name of all that is ridiculous, how he hopes to have his pieces ready in such a short time. "It's impossible!" she wails. "It's out of the question. You are a nut!"

The next minute, she's dolefully predicting that nobody will come to the recital, and that we'll be disgraced, shamed forever in the eyes of . . . uh . . . I don't know whom, exactly.

We fight back, of course. Hugh goes into a vague, involved explanation of how he can get his pieces in shape. It has to do with turning over new leaves, letting no grass grow underfoot, nose to grindstone, shoulder to wheel and stitches in time.

"Hah!" snorts his mum. "The only thing that will save your bacon is divine intervention," or something of the sort, she intimates.

I step in to pour oil on the fiery waters, or tears of rage, as some call them. I assure her that the hall will be filled, the applause will lift the roof, the critics will proclaim a new Paderewski, and we'll all be proud, rich and happy ever after.

"There'll be nobody there but the family," she says flatly. She hadn't even heard me. "Not a soul will come."

We proceed to prove her wrong. We count up the aunts and cousins who HAVE to come. We count up the friends and students who MIGHT come. Total is about 23.

"You see?", triumphantly. "You people aren't realistic. We'll be a laughing-stock. It's going to be a big flop. Everybody we invite will say they'd love to come, but they just can't make it that night." Bitterly.

Then I have a bright idea. I'll probably have to do it when Kim is married, so I might as well give Hugh a send-off. I explain to the Old Battle Axe. It's the only way to assemble a crowd in these troubled times. She agrees, feels better, even grins.

At the bottom of the invitations we will have printed: "Refreshments afterwards at the Blank Hotel, Room So-and-So."

They may not know Tschalkovsky, from Krushchev, Beethoven from beet soup, a Bach score from a sore back, but our friends will be there, even if they have to drive 300 miles. Won't you, chaps?

By the way . . .

ANNE ROSS

I'm afraid I've got spring fever and probably need a good dose of Grandma's spring tonic. Here we are, entering a new month and a new season, for in spite of the slow start, spring really is here — poor shivery robin I saw last week is proof of that. Easter has come and gone — felt more like Christmas than spring festival. For the High School crowd, cramming and the pressures of Easter exams are over, and they're enjoying a well deserved rest. Me too. I'm just coming back to earth from outer space after having coached our teen-ager for each of her dally ordeals, and willingly confessing my abysmal ignorance of such things as hypotenuses and hypodermis, I return to the comfortable habit of splitting my infinitives, ignoring my subjunctives and generally acknowledge my subjectivism. I freely admit to being a coward who wouldn't attempt to write even a Grade IX paper. Well, thank the Board of Education, exams are over, and with them are over the tears and sulks, the frustrations and fears that kept our young folks out in limbo for the past few weeks.

So now, in spite of the wintry weather, it's spring . . . that in-between-time before the first daffodils when we are confronted with grimy thoughts, grimy streets and grimy windows so that we have to go outside to see if it is really such a cloudy day.

The next upheaval is spring cleaning, and with some women this is a real phobia. No husband dares to sit down for five minutes to relax or he's apt to be shaken out with the rugs. The experts can tell us the most practical, most efficient method of keeping a home is through weekly and monthly cleaning of drawers and closets and rooms, but we seem to have a built-in mechanism that compels us to tear the house apart every spring and give it a real "going over", driving the whole family to distraction, and husbands to leave home until the dust storm blows over. Welcome spring!

Editor's Mail

Stouffville Tribune, Stouffville, Ontario.

Dear Sir: In a paragraph in "Roamin' Around" in the March 26 Tribune concerning the no-mill rate charged by some Pickering township school boards, it is implied that exorbitant charges were made from the ratepayers in 1963.

In speaking for the Altona school board, we can say that it has been common practice, which has been approved by our ratepayers, to carry a surplus from year to year. We have found it to be good business practice to have a surplus on hand to take care of emergencies and also to provide for seasonal lows.

At the annual ratepayers meetings, the state of the section's finances are revealed, and at no time have there been any objections to the surplus we have had on hand.

Due to the fact that a new system of school government will be inaugurated in 1965, it would seem reasonable to use any surplus funds in the section from which they have been levied. This will place all sections on an equal basis as they enter the township areas.

We would imagine that other Pickering township school boards would offer a similar explanation.

S. S. No. 17 School Board, (Altona).

8 Saxony Cres., Weston, Ont., March 30, 1964.

To the Editor, The Stouffville Tribune, Stouffville, Ont.

Dear Sir: An organized and very vocal group of residents, and some cottagers of Musselman's Lake claim the proposed by-law, planned and designed by Whit-church Township Council to safeguard the Musselman area from further abuse will make worthless the value of some land there.

We who are concerned for the future of the lake question their reasoning.

Since when did adequate land requirement for every dwelling built for either permanent or summer use lower land values?

In a final area, or a town for that matter, isn't a house or cottage on a decent amount of land more valuable, more attractive, more in keeping with its country-like surroundings, than a row of dwellings squashed onto 25 foot lots? The Whit-church council made it perfectly clear their by-law would not be retroactive; where such conditions presently exist they could continue. But should the whole area of the lake, a natural and unique God-given beauty spot, be allowed to suffer from a lack of future planning because a few ratepayers are unwilling to accept any restrictions on what they can do to their property?

Responsible people accept laws designed for the good of the area and the population as a whole.

Many of the original cottage owners at the Lake through age or for other reasons have been forced to sell in the past few years. The cottages, ideal for summer use, or even for six months of the year, sometimes on small parcels of land, can be bought very cheaply. They can be altered slightly and immediately resold, still very cheaply compared to home prices elsewhere. This is the open door to abuse, speculation and very low housing standards.

No one objects to those people who call the Lake home — providing they meet an adequate, sensible housing standard designed to protect the area and its residents, as set by the municipality of Whitchurch.

Cottagers do not require schools, paved roads, sewers, a year round water supply, yearly police protection, or municipal relief aid.

Roamin' Around . . .

It has been announced that a second shopping plaza will open this fall in Markham Village, a totally ridiculous venture in this writer's view. The site of the centre is located quite close to the present one and will contain an estimated 20 stores. Competition may be the spice of life but there will be little life left if these plazas keep cutting each others throats.

A Pickering Village Pastor has suggested that local organizations are taking up the torch for racial prejudice when they hold minstrel shows complete with the black face, banjo and related negro paraphernalia. What nonsense. Such programs in no way hold the negro up to ridicule but rather depict a way of life that we all admire and appreciate.

False alarm calls continue to plague eastend garage operator Bill Sanders, who accepts the majority of calls at his station depot. In a single afternoon last week, he received five fake reports, all from children. "If my arm was long enough, I'd reach through the phone and grab them by the neck," said Bill, obviously disturbed by the inconvenience that is caused.

Measles have been running rampant in Stouffville's Orchard Park Public School according to reports with no less than 15 children absent in one of the rooms. It is possible that the Easter vacation period may halt their spread.

We have seen a copy of a Report from Parliament, written by Conservative, Michael Starr, M.P. which appears this week in The Tribune. The information contains a very excellent outline of the proposed Federal Pension Plan which, we feel, the majority of Canadians do not understand. It's well worth a few minutes of time to read it over.

To our knowledge, no permanent move had been made to improve the controversial washroom facilities in the public school at Bethesda in Whitchurch Twp. The issue was the subject of much discussion at several public meetings and even a threat by Dr. King, York County, M.O.H., to close the building, has failed to stir much action. One may be sure that if and when the program of school consolidation comes to Whitchurch, the Bethesda structure will be one of the first to go.

The face of deputy fire chief, Fred Castle was as red as his proverbial reel last week when a smoking chesterfield chair in his backyard brought questions concerning the trouble. It seems fearless Fred awoke in the middle of the night to see columns of smoke swirling over his bed. Clad only in a pair of pajamas, he bolted downstairs to discover one article of furniture aflame. Employing all the muscles in his Sampson-like frame, he lifted the chair bodily from the floor and carried it outside. P.S. — The brigade was not called.

It is reported that Tom Hughes of Richmond Hill is paying a pretty healthy chunk of cash to attract softball players to his camp this summer season. The move could not only break up the once-powerful Markham "Aces" and Richmond Hill "Dynes" but also drive another nail into the coffin of amateur softball sport in this area.

In a letter that appeared in The Tribune from the Chairman of the Stouffville Public Utilities Commission last week, we noted with interest that Mr. Atkinson had contacted the secretary-treasurer of the P.U.C., Mr. Daniels concerning the investing of surplus funds. The Chairman used the word "I" which would lead one to believe that he and not the Commission as a body had discussed this matter. With all respect to Mr. Atkinson's energetic enthusiasm in this office, he should not attempt to make it a one-man show. And how about that surplus account. Something like \$70,000? Wouldn't it be nice if the P.U.C. could see their way clear to lower the hydro rates just a little rather than continue to milk the customer for that over-fed "kitty."

The intersection of Main St. and Winona Drive continues to be the roughest corner in town — and right on the reeve's way home too, unless he takes the longway round, via Rupert Ave. or can't feel the bumps in his '64 Pontiac.

It's nice to see two young people who have advanced so high up the ladder of fame and yet never lose sight of the common folk standing on the ground. This is our impression of figure skaters, Debbi Wilkes of Unionville and Guy Revel of Newmarket, who placed third in both the Olympic and World competitions this year. The pair were honoured at a public reception at Unionville last week. Both have been totally unaffected by their accomplishments and exposure to hero worship.

It is only a matter of time until a vacant building becomes the target of vandals. We noticed last week that some irresponsible person had taken delight in hurling a stone through the plate glass window of Gordon McGrath's former store in Clarendon. Next door, the windows of the former Clarendon bakery building, now used as a church, have been pelted with rocks.

The installation of washroom facilities in the Memorial Park here, a project approved by the town council, will be appreciated by everyone who uses this playground and this means many hundreds of people. Previously, picnickers had to use the facilities at the swimming pool, an arrangement that was not too satisfactory. Our only hope is that the toilets may be retained in a good state of repair and not fall victim to vandalism as often happens to park properties.

Confusion reigns supreme with respect to the purchase of the old Anglican Church by the town. Although a copy of the resolution did not specify the erection of a firehall on this site, we believe that 99% of the people, including this writer, had considered this to be the ultimate objective. We only hope that the pros and cons of the whole issue will be aired on Thursday evening (to-night) or at the council's earliest convenience.

Don't look now, but a copy of Fanny Hill is making the rounds around town.

Young lads around the village had better pick their female companions with care and caution or they may be liable for more punishment than a mere hat pin in the posterior. Several local lads have joined Lorne Schell's judo school and according to reports, have become quite proficient in the art of self defence.

Tuesday, March 31st was the final day for the removal of fish huts from the ice on Lake Simcoe. Although the government notice arrived too late for publication, much of this work was done by the high winds that swept over the lake area a couple of weeks ago.

Because of the closeness of Musselman's Lake to Metropolitan Toronto and other towns, and the tremendous appeal of the area to picnickers and summer vacationists, cottage and land values there would never suffer as a result of a well-planned by-law, they would increase in direct ratio to the expanding population and overcrowding of resort areas in other parts of southern Ontario.

Yours Truly, Betty Ross.

Boy Scout Leader to troop: "Remember, men if you're lost in the woods at night, get your bearings from the sky. A glow will indicate the nearest shopping center."

Government, Municipal and Corporation Bonds

Preferred and Common Shares

Inquiries invited

Russell Beare

213 Main Street, Markham
Telephone: 294-1523

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Spring's The Time To Repot Plants

Repotting should be done whenever necessary, but the best time is in the spring say horticulturists with the Ontario Department of Agriculture. House plants need repotting when the plant is too large for its present container and the pot has become full of roots; or when the soil has become exhausted and the plant is unthrifty.

A good mixture for repotting old plants consists of 7 parts sand, 2 parts peat, 1 part rotted manure, and 2 parts sand. It is often more convenient to buy a pre-mixed potting soil from

garden centres or stores selling horticultural supplies.

Take the plant out of its old pot by turning the pot upside down and tapping the rim of bench, keeping the fingers over the pot on the edge of the soil to prevent the plant from falling. To provide good drainage, place pieces of broken flower pots, concave side down as well as some roughage, over the drainage opening. Add a little soil and then put in the plant adding more soil on all sides, firming the soil with the fingers or a narrow slat of wood. At the same time tap the pot on the bench to help settle the soil. Do not fill the pot completely, but leave 1/2 inch at the

Well done is better than well said.

Land Donation Not Considered Practical

Stouffville municipal council has received an offer of five acres of land for industrial purposes on the former Mertens farm which is at the extreme west side of town south of the highway. It was pointed out that the land would be 80 rods south of the highway and would require council install sewers and roads.

The offer was made by Mr. Ron Fenson, but council after some discussion instructed the clerk to advise Mr. Fenson that the offer was not practical in view of the cost of development.

The Stouffville Tribune

ESTABLISHED 1928

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