

Editorial . . .

No Purpose Was Served By Jail Sentence

Last week, a clean-cut, well-dressed Willowdale lad was sentenced to five days in jail by Magistrate Russell Pearce in Richmond Hill court following a conviction of consuming liquor while under the age limit of 21 years. It was his second offense and this repeat infraction was contained in the charge. The boy was 18.

Although we don't condone young people's drinking habits as we know them today, we can see no cure or prohibition of the practice by putting a lad behind bars.

The magistrate was not to blame. He was only following the stipulations as contained in the law which states very plainly — imprisonment for a term of not more than three months.

We feel that too much leeway is left to the discrimination of the arresting officer who, if he wishes, can overlook previous offenses and give the magistrate the alternative of levying a fine of not less than \$10 and not more than \$500.

Last week, in Whitby court, a 20 year old youth faced a similar charge. In the evidence that was presented by the police constable, it was learned

that he was a second offender. However, we presume that because the charge did not read as such, Magistrate Harry Jermyn imposed a fine of \$50 and costs. It would seem very strange that two cases so similar should be treated so differently.

The solicitor representing the Willowdale lad, charged that the law was out-dated and some leniency should be shown toward his client. This, of course, could not be done. We feel, that since the law is both out-dated and impractical, the police must use discretion and many do. We would suggest that 75 per cent of boys between the ages of 18 and 21 have, at one time or another taken a drink. This may be a shameful thing, depending on your view. Is it also a shame for them to fight for our country at 18: to drive a motor car or to cast a ballot? We as adults, appear to enjoy the gentle art of pushing our young people with the left hand and restraining them with a whip held in the right. Well it doesn't always work but a few of the less fortunate must pay the price, like the lad who spent five days in jail.

Improved Public Relations

It would appear that as far as the Pickering Township Council and Planning Board are concerned, the issue concerning the moving of a Claremont district woodworking shop to a new site on the same farm is a closed book.

This is a regrettable problem, one that has caused two separate parties much trouble although in our estimation, neither is to blame. Mr. Howard Burton, the applicant, went through all the proper channels to have his plans approved. The complainants, Messrs. Bishop and Whittington are only attempting to protect the interest they have invested in their own properties.

Could Bring Complaints

Properties purchased for speculative purposes in the Twp. of Pickering may soon be assessed at a higher rate if and when an arrangement is finalized between the county assessor, Gordon Hepditch and the Dept. of Municipal Affairs.

Pickering could well find itself subjected to another wave of complaints with real estate firms on one side looking for sales and farmers on the other, wishing to sell.

Increased assessments, although only pending, could put a serious

Illegal To Sleep In Church

We just returned from a business trip to Montreal, and as usual we ran into a bit of news which we think is subject for comment. Sleeping in church is only legal in Montreal during services. Since churches in Stouffville are not open here during weekdays we don't know how serious an offence this would be, though we can attest to the fact that plenty take advantage of the Sunday morning hour for a snooze.

In the Montreal case, four men were fined from \$50 to \$100 each, with alternative jail terms when they were found sleeping in a downtown

Library Week Means Something Here

This Saturday, April 17th, marks the conclusion of national library week in Canada. During this week we are asked to give some thought to our local library, to the services available. Here in Stouffville we have a good library, and each year the number of books and the quality has been increased. There is reading material for every taste.

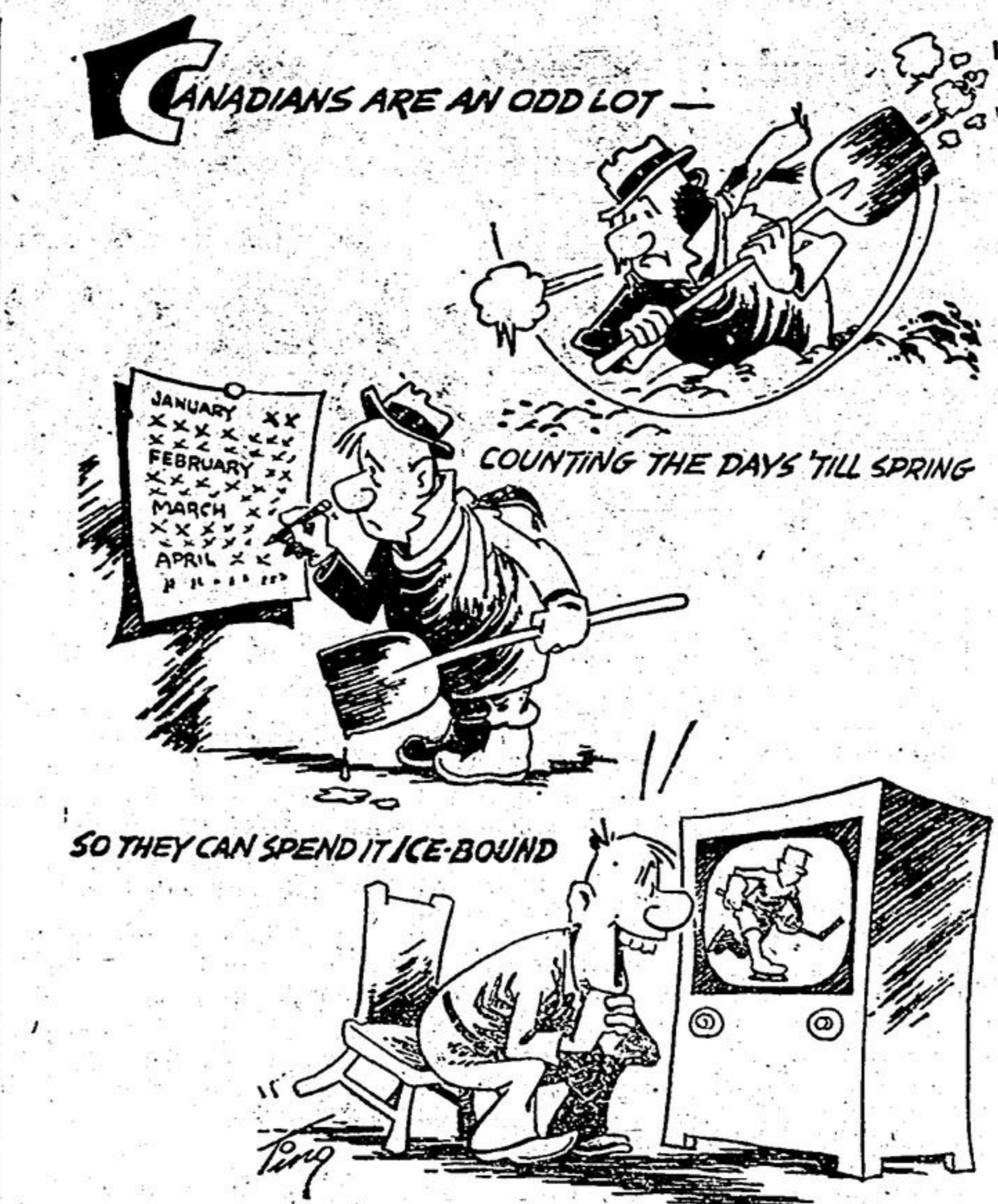
It has been said that the first person to take a book out of a public library was involved with adult education, whether he realized it or not. No matter what the purpose was, the person was seeking ideas and growth and this is what adult education is.

In our Stouffville library it still

only costs a few cents to get a library card. It is one of the few areas not yet affected by inflation. The doors are open to young and old alike, whether used for only a moment to check a point of reference or to take out several books each week.

The facilities have been greatly expanded over the years, and the number and variety of books has been going up and up.

Our library board has kept up to date in an attempt to keep quality of the library material high. You could show your appreciation to the library board by paying a visit with the family and observe the fine facilities available.



A MENNONITE VIEWPOINT

The Christian And Fences

Do you find it comfortable sitting on the fence? Just as there are physical fences which define areas of property there are also spiritual boundaries which determine our eternal destiny. The Bible says, "No servant can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. He cannot serve God and mammon."

In Luke 16:13 and in James 4:4 we read, "Ye adulterers and adulteresses. Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God." Each individual who lives in our generation under the sound of the gospel should awaken to the fact that there is no neutral ground. Our stand must be taken on one side of the fence or the other, not on it. If our lives are committed to Christ we will want to follow His teachings and allow His Holy Spirit to direct everything we do and say. The alternative is to commit our lives to the service of the devil with our soul's eternal fate "in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and of the glory of His power." II Thess. 1:8 & 9.

There is no peace of mind, or real security outside of the Security which Christ provides for those who serve Him. Why not get off the fence? "Behold now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of our salvation."

Heard about the fellow whose wife was always complaining she had so much work to do and nobody to help her? He bought her an electric washer, an electric dryer, an electric sweeper and an electric dishwasher. Then she nagged "Hah, and now I don't even have a place to sit down." So he bought her an electric chair.

WEDDING Invitations

ASK FOR
Forever Yours

- ☐ INVITATIONS
- ☐ ANNOUNCEMENTS
- ☐ ACCESSORIES

COME IN AND
ASK FOR YOUR
FREE BRIDAL GIFT
REGISTER
**Tribune
Office Supplies**

SUGAR AND SPICE by Bill Smiley

WITH A SPLASH

A chap from a paint company phoned the other day and asked me to write an article on housepainting. At first I was a little nonplussed, as I have never painted a house in my life.

Then I remembered the ham. One time the hog farmers asked me to write an article about pigs. I agreed.

My wife snorted, "What do you know about pigs?" "Exactly," I retorted. I sat down and wrote an account of the life and times of a hog that for sheer ignorance of the subject has never been surpassed. But the hog farmers liked it. And that Christmas I received a twelve-pound ham from a packing company, as a gift.

While I was chatting with this paint man on the phone, my mind began to race along these lines. "If a little feature on hogs produced a beautiful ham, surely a few hundred words on house-painting would be good for a house. Or at least some paint. And I have to paint the trim on my house this spring. So . . ."

While it is a fact that there isn't likely a man in North America who has spent more time not painting houses than I it is not quite true that I have never painted a house. At the same time, it is not quite true that I have painted a house.

Let me explain. One summer, in a period of acute mental depression, I spent my entire vacation trying to paint the trim on the ancient, sagging heap of first and second mortgages we'd just bought.

It was during the first nauseating bloom of the do-it-yourself sickness. The whole country was full of sweating, cursing, frustrated men struggling to assemble everything from golf carts to 50-yachts from their "handy home kits."

I was hooked, too. I decided to paint the house myself. Achieve personal satisfaction; bask in my wife's praise; save all that money.

There didn't seem to be much to it. "A few gallons of paint and you won't know the old place. Probably double its value." I rented a ladder, bought brushes, paint, and turps, as we old house-painters call it.

The house trim was about 60 feet off the ground. I climbed up to have a look at the old paint. Half an hour later, my wife came out to call the kids and found me there, clinging with both arms and both legs to the top of the ladder, white as chalk, moaning pitifully. She had to call the fire department to get me down.

I lowered my sights and decided that, for that year, it would be enough to paint the window frames on the ground floor.

First, I had to scrape, where it was blistered and cracked and peeled. Did you ever try to scrape flint - in hell? It was the hottest summer in 30 years.

I'd scrape for half an hour, clear a patch four inches by four, then climb down, dripping, and go in and fetch a cold beer. As I emerged, instantaneously, three or four neighbours would emerge from hiding behind their hedges and join me, tongues hanging out.

To cut a long story short, I got two and a half windows done that year. It cost me about \$200 for dried-out brushes, spilled paint, ruined clothing, and all that beer.

The next summer, I sensibly hired a couple of painters. They did a bang-up job and didn't even charge extra for all that paint they put on the brickwork, the window-panes the lawn, the vines, and the children.

But the whole business gave me a lasting interest in house-painting, and I formed a few maxims I'm happy to pass along to the novice.

First of all, you must have the proper equipment for house-painting. Two basic items are a house and some paint. A third thing that makes the job bearable is a wife who likes painting.

Oh, yes, one more thing. You should have a swimming pool. Drain the water and fill the pool with turpentine. You'll need it, every drop. Happy house-painting.

Tree Planting Tips

Deciduous trees may be planted in the spring as soon as the frost is out of the ground, say horticulturists with the Ontario Department of Agriculture. On receipt of the trees from the nursery, make sure the roots do not dry out before planting. Submerge the roots in water or cover with wet burlap to keep them moist.

Holes for the trees should be dug larger than the actual width and depth of the roots, so that good topsoil mixed with organic matter, such as well-rotted manure or peat, can be worked in around the tree to encourage the development of new roots.

Set the tree at the same depth as it grew previously. Fill in the soil, and at the same time, move the tree slightly backwards and forwards to allow the soil to settle among the roots. Then tramp the soil firmly.

After transplanting, the trees should be staked securely until they are well established. A single, stout stake driven firmly into the ground should be sufficient. Finally, give the area around the roots a thorough soaking to prevent drying out.

Roamin' Around . . .

We, along with an estimated 1,000 other folk, attended the Springtime Ice Revue, sponsored by the Stouffville Figure Skating Club in the arena on Saturday night. The two-hour show was a fine performance with excellent lighting bringing out the eye-catching colour of the skaters costumes. The crowd reaction to individual numbers was the only disappointing part of the whole program. Many appeared to be present in body only with their mind firmly fixed on such television personalities as Johnny Bower, Henry Richard or Davey Keon. The majority sat silently in the stands like a bunch of cold fish and except for an occasional back-stage cheer from on-ice participants, one could have closed his eyes and visualized a funeral march rather than a skating procession. This, of course, is typical of many Stouffville audiences. They come to hear, but not to be heard. This type of gloved-hand reception provides the performers with little incentive or satisfaction. The crowd warmed up to a slight degree with the introduction of guest star, Debbi Wilkes who, clad in a glittering sequined costume of gold lame, was the semblance of beauty and grace. Their reaction maintained this level for Claremont's Fred-Peddie but his display of mid-ice acrobatics should have warranted a standing ovation — and would have, in a home-town rink such as Markham or Unionville. He was sensational, equal to any high-priced personality that could have been imported into the show. Still, many people sat on their hands. The M.C. had to call for an encore. The audience should have called for two or three. In another act, the twosome of Janice Smith and Fred Peddie turned in smooth effort that could, and should have raised the rafters. It didn't. If there was an audible sign of appreciation noticeable, it was for the wee tads, the little guys and dolls that appear to be plentiful with the local Club this year. It speaks well for the future of the organization. As for a stimulant to awaken the deep-seated enthusiasm of the conservative crowd, the instructress, Jean Barclay could possibly have done the trick with a solo number but that's only an optimistic guess. All in all, we thought it was an excellent effort. We enjoyed every minute of it and we're sure that 1,000 others liked it too, although they didn't show it.

Wendy Wilkes of Rupert Ave. and Debbi Wilkes of Unionville are both figure skaters with the same surname and appeared in the same show on Saturday night but are no relation.

In spite of the advance publicity for the Beatle show in Maple Leaf Gardens in August, teen reaction here has not been enthusiastic. We have contacted several and not one has indicated any desire to attend. Of course, a big build-up is due in the next four months that practically assures the financial success of the venture.

Following the blaze in the Bank of Nova Scotia in Markham on Friday morning, one customer enquired of a lady teller if the management planned to hold a fire sale to dispose of old, water-soaked twenty dollar bills.

Speaking of banks, both the Commerce and Nova Scotia in town will be closed on Good Friday and Easter Monday. They will be open for business on Saturday morning from 9 to 11 a.m.

This Wednesday, some lucky lady was the winner of a new Easter bonnet and a new dress in two separate draws conducted at the Stouffville Bakery. To be eligible, all you had to do was buy two loaves of bread.

Spring fever has surely hit this area. On Sunday afternoon, we saw Harold Dixon, Main St. E., out for a joyride on a motorbike. The wanderlust has even hit the animal kingdom. In Markham, P.C. Rod Junkin was called into the Sherwood Park Subdivision to subdue a ramblin' muskrat that had ventured into the residential area. When he could find no takers for its pelt, he quietly laid it away in an unmarked grave.

Houston's have just concluded another 1c sale at their Rexall Store and business was exceptionally brisk on Saturday. How a company can promote such a sale and still remain in business is a mystery to this writer. It's like Patrick Motors selling one new Pontiac for \$3,000 and a second one for your wife at \$3,000 plus one cent.

Mr. and Mrs. Vern Davies marked the 35th anniversary of the opening of Cedar Beach with a large gathering on Saturday night. Mrs. Ivan McLaughlin, one of their original employees of that day, officiated at the cutting of the cake that measured 4 ft. by 5 ft. More than 300 guests were in attendance. Dance visitors at Cedar Beach back in April, 1930 included — Dr. and Mrs. Barker, Mr. and Mrs. Gar. Lehman and Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Rennie, all of Stouffville. A lot of water has flowed up on the old north shore of Muselman's Lake since those days.

Although we don't profess to be a provocative drama critic that would come close to the abilities of a Nathan Cohen, we attended the Stouffville Players' presentation "Doctor In The House" for specifically that purpose on Friday night. It was standing-room only at the Legion Hall for Friday's performance. The crowd was smaller for the opener on Thursday but this is understandable since two teams of professional players were competing in a nation-wide telecast and rivalry of that nature is difficult to match. The scene of the entire two-hour performance was centred in an apartment flat occupied by three medical students and, more often than not, the fiancée of one of the would-be physicians, curvaceously played by Elsa Bevan. Two of the students, (Frank Steele) and (Denis Epton) gang up on a third (Jerome DeLaurier) and introduce him to a pretty nurse (Jewel Stoyan). To their dismay, they learn that she is a niece of the much disliked matron (Pat Dymond) and even worse, they are told that the two plan to marry. Working together with the hospital porter (Wif McWhinnie), the head surgeon (Frank Barker) and a second nurse (Jean O'Neill), they attempt to discredit the moral honour of their fellow-student's fiancée. The play has an excellent introduction as Tony Grimsky (Frank Steele) announces rather convincingly that their leading lady has been involved in a car accident and the opening will be delayed until her injuries are treated. As a sigh of regret goes up from the crowd, he calls for medical aid and the two students, (Jerome DeLaurier and Denis Epton) run up the aisle onto the stage. All parts are played well and if any prompting was necessary from the sidelines, it was never noticeable. The pronounced native accent of both Frank Steele and Elsa Bevan, especially in the flurry of heated argument in Act 1, had us straining our ears to catch the words but this problem was overcome as the verbal pace became more normal. The borrowed English accent employed by Wif McWhinnie was excellent and added much to the humour of his performance. All spoke out loud and clear especially in the love-scene act played by Jewel Stoyan and Jerome DeLaurier when their voices could have become lost in the chesterfield cushions. The almost continuous drinking sessions would never enhance the play's grading with the Temperance Union and we thought this point was a trifle over-done. It seems too, that every play, to be a success, must be tinged with "four letter words" and although many may find such expressions humorous, we feel that it is often done to death. Had not the play been advertised as "adult entertainment" we would have criticized several quotations such as — "now my virgin needs no urgin", there is nothing she won't do" or "later, old girl, the mood is right but the moment is wrong." We thought that Denis Epton had one of the best lines when he asked — "why do women have to have babies, why can't they just bud like flowers?" or Frank Barker's question — "have I not operated on you?" and Wif McWhinnie's reply — "there was sometaik of it sir, but you decided to let me live." Response by the audience was good and individual comment was most complimentary. The next production is scheduled for October. If it's comparable to the last, it will be well worth seeing.

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