

Editorial . . .

How About Fewer Vehicles In The Park?

Now that the days of warm weather, picnics and dust are here again, it has occurred to us that Stouffville Memorial Park, which is one of the finest small-town parks in the country, could do with much less vehicular traffic than at present.

In our opinion the number of vehicle entrances into the park are not necessary and it would be a much finer place to picnic and have small children running about, if some of these were turned into pedestrian walkways only. There is practically a thruway from east to west with cars swishing through at all rates of speed, not only making it dangerous but showering dust and dirt over picnickers as they go. In addition there is no need for vehicles to be allowed south on Church St. farther than the Memorial Park gates.

There is ample parking space on the arena side of the park, leaving road access to the sewage disposal plant and the east entrance to the swimming pool building.

Certainly pedestrian walkways from the park gates south and from the entrance to the park property on Burkholder St., would be much easier to maintain in addition to making our park a much safer, cleaner and pleasant place to picnic and spend leisure

time. There seems to be a great tendency on the part of people in this country to want to drive their cars practically inside the building or centre they are wanting to get to. The idea that they might walk a bit has apparently never occurred to them. Keeping vehicles confined to the east side of the park would create no hardship. Certainly the residents on Church St. south and Burkholder St. would no doubt welcome the relief from the through traffic which in our opinion is not necessary. The present park bridge would then be quite ample.

As our community grows and as more buildings have been added in the park further eliminating the fine open space, our park has become none too large for the needs. The congestion that is caused by the great influx of vehicles plus those which constantly drive right through the centre of the picnic ground for no reason at all, adds to the space shortage as well as making the place much less attractive. Let's keep the park for its recreational purposes and people on foot.

Some properly placed pedestrian posts, signs, and a little more asphalt for the people to walk on would do the job nicely.

A Sports Leader Is Badly Needed

Stouffville's summer sports program is in a chaotic condition and this hit and miss operation should be corrected and soon. The main problem lies in the fact that there is no over-all organization, no leader to take charge and give a little direction.

Right now here in town, with a population in excess of 3,700, we have only two organized teams in action with a third, a girl's club, in the planning stage.

Some attempt is being made to get the young lads going but how can two or three men cope with a potential of two hundred? It's just not possible.

It's time for Stouffville to acquire the services of a recreational director, a paid employee who can afford to spend the time necessary to handle the job.

Duties Should Be More Defined

Road foreman Elgin Wagg was subjected to some criticism by certain members of the town council last week for work, or lack of it, performed locally during the past month. Deputy-reeve Laushway and councillor Parsons expressed particular concern over the cost of oiling and sanding completed recently. Their complaint in this regard may be justified since figures, as compared with previous years, are much higher.

We think there is some confusion however, over what the duties of a town road foreman should be. We feel that the employee himself, is at a loss to know just where he stands.

School Uniforms Look Smart

The Home and School Association at Uxbridge has approved the purchase of uniforms for public school pupils and the new outfits will be available for the opening of the September term.

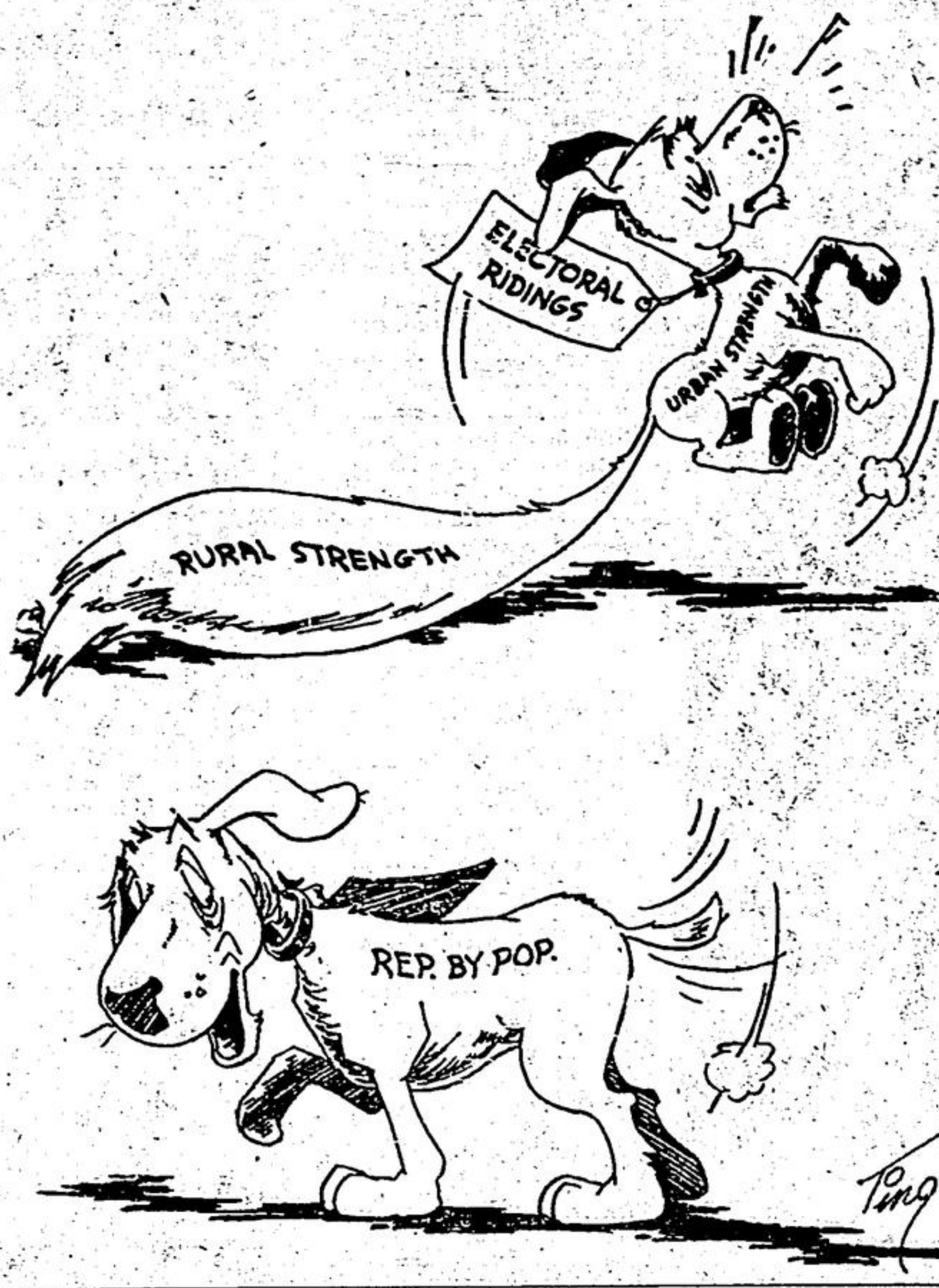
We viewed them for the first time last week and we think they look exceptionally smart. It is not compulsory for students to wear them but the idea has apparently been well received by many parents.

At the present time, he is doing both manual and supervisory work. Is this expected of him? One member seems to feel that it is while another contends that it isn't. The foreman is left in the centre, not knowing which way to turn.

We feel that supervision over work programs is of prime importance and should hold priority over all else. Pick and shovel jobs should be delegated to others who are hired specifically for this purpose. If this is the council's wish, then they should make it quite clear in order that problems of a similar nature do not occur again.

The girls' dress includes a white blouse and a Black Watch tunic. For boys, it is a Black Watch shirt and gray trousers. In the summer, the boys may wear a green sweater as an alternative.

We have always been in favour of student uniforms and we feel that a similar program should be promoted here. Although it should not be made compulsory, we think that most parents would be impressed with the pupils' appearance as we were.



School Of Dance In Stouffville Founded By Former London West End Star

by mollie stewart

Backstage at Stouffville High School Auditorium last Saturday night saw ballerinas, folk dancers, mechanical dolls, toy tusslers and other small, make-believe folk, busily preparing for curtain time.

Students of the Edgevale School of Dance were showing a packed audience of proud parents and friends their progress of the past winter term.

Under the direction of Principal Mrs. Mollie Mumford, C.D.T.A., and accompanied by pianist Isobel Coghlin, the students went through their respective routines with a finesse comparable to more professional dancers.

Included on the program were a medley of national dances; choreography from the Broadway hit musicals "Hello Dolly", "Oklahoma", "The Toy Shop Ballet"; and a Punch and Judy dance routine.

Mrs. Mumford opened her school of dancing in Stouffville in 1959. For the past few years she had held classes in the Auditorium at Markham Shopping Plaza.

She Wowed London The former professional dancer is originally from Lanner, Cornwall, England. Her parents moved to London after the First World War.

Mollie was enrolled when a small child in the Cone School of Dancing, Oxford St. London. Her teacher had been a member of the Royal Academy.

Mollie studied at the school for a number of years with the intention of becoming a dance teacher herself. After becoming proficient in ballet and dance techniques, she obtained small parts in West End musicals and shows.

"I guess the theatre is in my blood," she said. "I starred in 'Floodlight', a production by Beverley Nichols; the choreographer of Fred Ashton, now Director of the Royal Ballet."

"Then I studied tap under Eddie Bradley. We played in many musicals, films, cabaret shows. Amongst the places we were billed was the Victoria Palace, Princes Grill, Grosvenor House."

Did War Service "During World War II I took part in ENSA shows. Once we did a Command Performance for Queen Mary at Badminton Hall. The place was crowded with servicemen. The Queen mother was grand when we chatted with her afterwards."

From 1941-1942 Mollie served with the W.R.E.N.S. She was stationed with the Foreign Office in Germany from 1945-1946 but kept her dancing up. She starred in a Hamburg musical.

Then came marriage to an Englishman and emigration to Canada. "I felt the need to start a dancing school here when I found out children do not have compulsory physical education. I think they need something," she said.

One of Mollie's best pupils auditioned for the Bolshoi Ballet when it played Toronto and passed the examinations. He is Danni Sandiford.

He also auditioned for the National Ballet and won a scholarship. He has appeared with the Kiev Ballet and the Royal Ballet. This August he will star in the National Ballet when they go to Washington.

SUGAR AND SPICE by Bill Smiley

NEW BREED OF PYGMIES

Well, father, how did you enjoy your day? Personally, Father's Day saddened me, as it saddens me each year.

The mere existence of such a day is an indication of the new low to which the father has sunk in the family unit. Just a few decades ago, every day was father's day, and there was no fooling about it.

When I was a kid, there was none of this nonsense of father helping around the house. Nowadays fathers scrub the kitchen floor on their day off, and help with the dishes after dinner. In the good old days, father didn't have a day off, in the first place, and mother wouldn't have let him dry the dishes, in the second, because she knew her place, and his.

Perhaps it's the increase in leisure time that has turned the head of the house into the foot of the family: a substitute baby-sitter; an unpaid domestic slave; a handy wailing-wail; and in general, a pale reflection of his dignified, respected male forebears.

Until a couple of decades ago, father worked a six-day 60-hour week. But he didn't get ulcers, or drop dead at 45. And do you know why? Because he didn't see as much of his family as the poor, cripple-gutted creature who brings home the bacon today.

Nowadays, father gets a day off. Does he potter in the garden? Does he go fishing? Does he play golf with the boys? Would it were so. He is kicked into the street with the children, while mother does whatever modern women do around home, with \$2,000 worth of labor-saving machinery.

There is nothing more pitiable than the sight of a father, on his day off, wandering forlornly about a supermarket, trailed by two or three whining kids.

When my Dad got home from work, he didn't have to set the table, run around looking for the kids, then jump in the car and go to get a quart of milk. Nor did he have to "pick up a few things on the way home," because mother looked after her own shopping.

No, sir. When my Dad got home from work, he was greeted affectionately, but politely, and left alone. He retired to HIS chair, and read HIS paper, until he was called for supper. During the meal, he was not forced to listen to a 30-minute monologue about the terrible day mother had. Nor did he have to break up quarrels among the children. They wouldn't have dared squabble.

And on the weekend, my Dad wasn't expected to turn into a party boy. He was tired on Saturday night, and he went to bed. If he felt like going to church next day, he did. If he didn't, he didn't. But he wasn't pestered all day Sunday by kids wanting to be taken swimming, or wife wanting to go for a drive, or "have somebody in." He made the decisions. If he just wanted to sit on the verandah and look at the grass growing, he did.

Not that he was an ogre. Usually, we went for a picnic on Sunday. But there wasn't any dam foolishness about Dad doing the cooking on an outdoor grill. Mother made the lunch, and Dad would sit on a stump, in his Sunday best, gazing with dignity and a certain amount of distaste, at nature. After lunch, he would recline on a blanket; in the shade. He was relaxed, that man.

Another reason for his unquestioned head-of-the-house status was that we didn't argue with him. Now you have to discuss everything with the brats. Today's father can get into a 20-minute argument with any kid over the age of five, at the drop of a suggestion. And come out whimpering.

One generation has turned fathers from giants to pygmies. And now, if you'll pardon me, I have to go and make the beds, while my wife dries her hair and watches a little TV.

Pension At 69 For 75,000 Ontario Residents

Over 75,000 residents of Ontario will soon be eligible to receive the Old Age Security pension at age 69. 37,000 of these will reach age 69 during 1965 and should apply immediately in order that cheques may be received commencing January, 1966. Another 38,000 will reach age 69 during 1966 and should apply six months ahead of the 69th birthday so that cheques can be received commencing the month following the 69th birthday.

This has been made possible as a result of a recent change in the Old Age Security Act. Beginning January 1, 1966, the eligible age will be reduced to 69. There will be a similar lowering of the age requirement by one year in January of each succeeding year until 1970 when the pensionable age will be 65 years.

Persons receiving Old Age Assistance or a Blind or Disabled Persons allowance do not need to send in an application form. The Provincial Department of Public Welfare will apply on their behalf.

Roamin' Around . .

We ventured into another world on Saturday night. A world so awesome and strange that even its seeing does not guarantee ones believing. The location is only one block from civilization and less than 25 miles from Stouffville. It is called Yorkville Village. The scene surpasses any sideshow at a circus and the actors are the spectators. We became one of that milling audience. It was about 11:30 p.m. when we joined a crowd of hundreds and hundreds of people, jammed into an area that would extend no further by comparison than from Mill to Church Sts. The throng, mainly young folk in their late teens and early twenties, was so thick that they spilled out on the roadway. The seething mass of restless humanity was constantly on the move, walking up and down, back and forth. The most amazing part of this gathering was the kind of persons who comprised this crowd. Some looked weird, especially the girls, with hair looking like a bleached pile of sun-soaked hay and clothing of many colours. The boys sported everything from Beatle to brush cuts. We spotted several with beards and many wore dark glasses although the light weren't that bright and the sun certainly wasn't shining. The coffee houses were doing a booming business, even at 25c a cup and the sound of "music" from the various night spots echoed out on the street. All along the sidewalk there are little pockets of young people gathered in intense discussion. One group was talking religion, another, art while another was sizing up the attributes of a pair of unescorted girls. The crowd was an exceptionally orderly one although an every feeling of tenseness permeates the air as if, at any given moment, the milling audience could turn into a frenzied mob. We noticed only one sign of suggested physical disorder and this pair of grade school pugilists were quickly separated by an older lad who warned "Cut it out or the cops will grab you." As for law enforcement, we spotted only three policemen on the beat although more were possibly located nearby in case of trouble. Nothing short of an army unit could have quelled that crowd if something had developed. All along the Yorkville route, literature is distributed. We accepted one free sheet that advertised a rock and roll dance on Sunday night. The place was called "The Devil's Den." Another be-whiskered peddler was calling for a halt to America's participation in the Vietnam war while another was selling issues of the Yorkville newspaper at 35c a copy. All in all it was a most exciting halfhour of mystery, comedy and intrigue. A sort of "twilight zone" in the city of Toronto.

The Stouffville Park was swelled by more than 800 children and adults on Saturday afternoon on the occasion of the annual congregational picnic of Calvary Baptist Church, Toronto.

A sort of off-season get-together of the "Clipper" hockey team has been arranged for The Willows golf course on Saturday, July 10th. This is the first such mid-summer gathering and we think it's a fine idea.

It is reported that a genuine wolf den inhabits the Glasgow area of Uxbridge Twp. To date, no one has been able to find the brood although several lads have combed the district in search of it. We think that the two-legged species are the ones that require watching.

P.U.C. Secretary Elmer Daniels reports that on a normal day, water consumption in Stouffville amounts to about 350,000 gallons. During hot weather, however, it will soar to 550,000 gallons, due mainly to the use of lawn sprinklers.

We were handed a picture recently taken in 1941 of the grade 5 and 6 class at the Stouffville Public School. So far, we haven't been able to name each of the pupils because, as one can imagine, their appearance has changed somewhat during the past 24 years. The teacher is Gladys Brooks and the students are — Verna Hogan, Alice Forsyth, Betty Woodland, Nora Harman, Evelyn Warriner, Betty Harman, Mary Willoughby, Gladys Keeping, Ted Barry, Bob Weatherall, Ken Wagg, Gord Forsyth, Art Keith, Harry Bridges, Fred Pugh, Fred Mantle, Doug Ward, Wallace James, Lloyd Jennings, Carol Weldon, Helen Law, Audrey Bell, Erlene Paisley, Betty Miller, Audrey Good, Kay Dowswell, Marion Sanderson, Audrey Thörn, Kay Barry, Eunice Corcoran, Bert Stouffer, Carl Wideman, Ray Madill, Normie Lehman, Bruce Paisley, Doug Coy, Lorne Schell and Percy Schell. Our apologies to the girls if we have revealed their ages.

That now-famous cat at Patrick Motors that gave birth to four little ones inside an old truck tire, has done it again. Last week, she produced number five, a sort of delayed action effort. The family is no longer living in the tire but according to Ken Patrick she should be both tired and re-tired.

On the same subject, Patrick Motors completed delivery on Saturday of a new G.M.C. tractor truck, their second similar sale in the past two months. The big machine minus the trailer cost \$23,000. The name of the purchaser is Mr. John Ford of Ajax.

Interested in the purchase of a racy Chevrolet Corvette? Hans deHeus has a for sale sign on his '59 with an asking price of something like \$2,500. It's a real beauty.

The go-kart fad is not entirely dead nor is the track at Goodwood according to a feature story in the After Four section of last Thursday's Tely. A crowd, estimated at over 800 attended the O'Keefe Rally in Uxbridge Twp. and this number according to the story, would have been doubled if the weather had been more favourable.

John Meakes, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Meakes, Manitoba St., is the lone Stouffville boy performing in the lacrosse league, active in Markham. In a recent game against Brooklin, Markham were the winners by a 5-1 score and John counted three of them. At Oshawa, the Green Gaels are burning up that league, posting one-sided scores against all opposition. One of the players with that club is "Sandy" Sandford of Whitby, a nephew of Mrs. Bill Lennox.

The gentleman responsible for the clean Main Street in Stouffville is Mr. Albert Sweeney, Montreal St.

Heber Down of Brooklin has been winning ribbons with his prize teams of heavy horses for many years. On June 12th at Aurora, his team of Clydesdales captured the top award in the class. Keith Hobden, also of Brooklin had the best team of Belgians.

It is now going on two years since a man was killed at the intersection of Steele's Avenue and the Don Mills Road. At the inquest that followed, it was strongly recommended that traffic lights be installed at this corner. As of last Saturday night, nothing had been done.

During the past two weeks, the Vance ambulance based in Markham Village, has handled no less than 16 calls.

How good is your memory? It was five years ago that the Stouffville municipal building was officially opened and the Greenwood school marked its centennial. Ten years ago, a double funeral was held for accident victims, Truman Eagleson and his sister, Etta, killed in a violent car-truck crash on the Don Mills Rd. The arena showed a financial loss and members elected to the new board included — Gar Lehman, Reg. Button, L. E. O'Neill, Les Clarke, Walter Brillinger, Ken Laushway and Les Wilson. Ratcliff and Co. joined the I.G.A. chain. Fifteen years ago, the local girl's softball team tied Elgin Mills 16-16. Hitting home runs for Stouffville were — Eleanor Crossen, "Weiner" Miller and Myrtle Staley. Stanley Ball, son of Dr. and Mrs. S. S. Ball received his B.A. degree from the University of Toronto. Thirty years ago — Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Button and son John were injured when their McLaughlin Buick overturned while travelling to their cottage at Hall's Lake. Miss Janet Bruce was honoured for long service as choir leader and organist at Melville Church. The following were granted entrance certificates without writing examinations — Phyllis Winn, Marjorie Farthing, Kathleen Turner, Ruth Lehman, Erma Dowswell, Muriel Tidy, Harold Good, Freddie Holden, Lloyd Wideman and Mary Davis.

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