

Editorial . . .

Better Arrangements Should Be Made

If it is going to be so late in the season when the highway department passes through town painting the centre white line, some better arrangements should be made to keep our "courtesy walk" at Mill and Main Sts. painted.

At the present time there are practically no lines left at all and the season is well advanced. People continue to stream across the highway at this point with danger to life and limb. There is absolutely no indication to any motorist who is a stranger to town that he may expect to have pedestrians strike across the street in front of him at this point. This is dangerous and should be rectified with the paint brush as quickly as possible.

The highway paint crew has not

been on the scene yet and there is no indication of when they can be expected. We still believe that more definite markings should be on the road when the job is done and have recommended that a wide lattice-work of white should be used to further emphasize that this is a point where pedestrians can be expected to cross.

Lines were also placed at Civic St. and Main and these too have been completely obliterated. The traffic through town has been increasing by leaps and bounds and a large percentage of the motorists are strangers who have no idea that these "courtesy walks" are here. While these are not the safest type of cross-walk, let's at least keep them painted up and give both drivers and pedestrians some chance.

A Hazard To Be Removed

We were pleased to learn last week that a bridge on the 6th conc. of Markham Twp., near Cashel, is to be replaced.

The structure, that must surely have been engineered with the horse and buggy in mind, has rolled up quite a record of side-swiped fenders and frayed nerves over the years.

There is actually room for two cars to meet between the scarred abutments but very few motorists

have accomplished this feat successfully. Many have tried it, however.

According to engineer Dusan Miklas, the project won't cost the taxpayers a single cent since the municipality's share will come out of a fund established following the ravages of hurricane "Hazel".

We would wholly endorse the immediate go-ahead of this contract and we're sure that persons who use this road regularly will favor it too.

Work On A Percentage Basis

We were confident that a decision by the Pickering Twp. Parks and Recreation Committee to allow grants to teams in the Claremont Community Softball League with only 100 per cent township resident players in their lineups, would blow up a verbal storm. At a meeting on June 9th, the storm broke and at the conclusion of the heated discussion on the issue, the committee chairman Donald Beer submitted his resignation and walked out.

This is a regrettable situation since no resident in the municipality has worked harder over the years in the promotion of local sports than Donald Beer. Summer and winter, softball and hockey have occupied much of his time and his efforts as a member of the Recreation Association have been continued in the same way.

There are, however, valid arguments for both sides. Why should funds, raised by the taxpayers of Pickering Township, be used to assist teams who employ the services of players who live perhaps in Ajax, Pickering Village or Goodwood?

Team representatives argue that the league would be inoperative without a minimum number of imports.

We feel that to resolve the problem, each club should submit to the Recreation Committee a list of its players and resident addresses and that grants should be paid on a percentage basis, according to the number who actually reside within the township borders. In this way, some financial assistance would be forthcoming and it might also prompt coaches to use the fumble-fingered kid around the corner rather than some "ringer" from another town.

Little Highway Advertising

Where do you turn to reach a town called Stouffville? This is a familiar question posed many times by strangers in the area, especially during the summer season.

The location of Stouffville has confused many a visiting hockey club in the winter and a sports writer from Owen Sound once dedicated his entire column to this challenge.

We doubt that any town of comparable size, receives so little bene-

fit of highway advertising throughout all Ontario.

The old slogan "The Lord Helps Those Who Help Themselves" also holds true here. It's nice to know that the Lions Club plans to locate two welcome signs at either end of the municipality and all it will cost the town is \$32 plus some assistance to erect them. We think it's a fine gesture and one that will serve a very necessary purpose.

A Policy That Should Be Questioned

At a coroner's inquest here last week, it was learned that an 82 year old Toronto motorist, involved in a fatal accident near Markham, recently, had received a temporary permit to drive, in spite of the fact that he had failed his test last May.

The man's wife, a passenger in the auto, was instantly killed in the crash.

This policy, apparently practiced by the Dept. of Transport, is indeed a

rather loose one. No one appeared to have any concrete explanation for it and the jury expressed some surprise when this information was revealed.

What good is there in making driver's tests compulsory for 75 year old motorists if, despite a failure, they are issued a temporary licence and allowed the very same privileges?

Following the hearing, the jury recommended that this practice be reviewed. We can't understand why it was ever started.

It's Camp Time Again

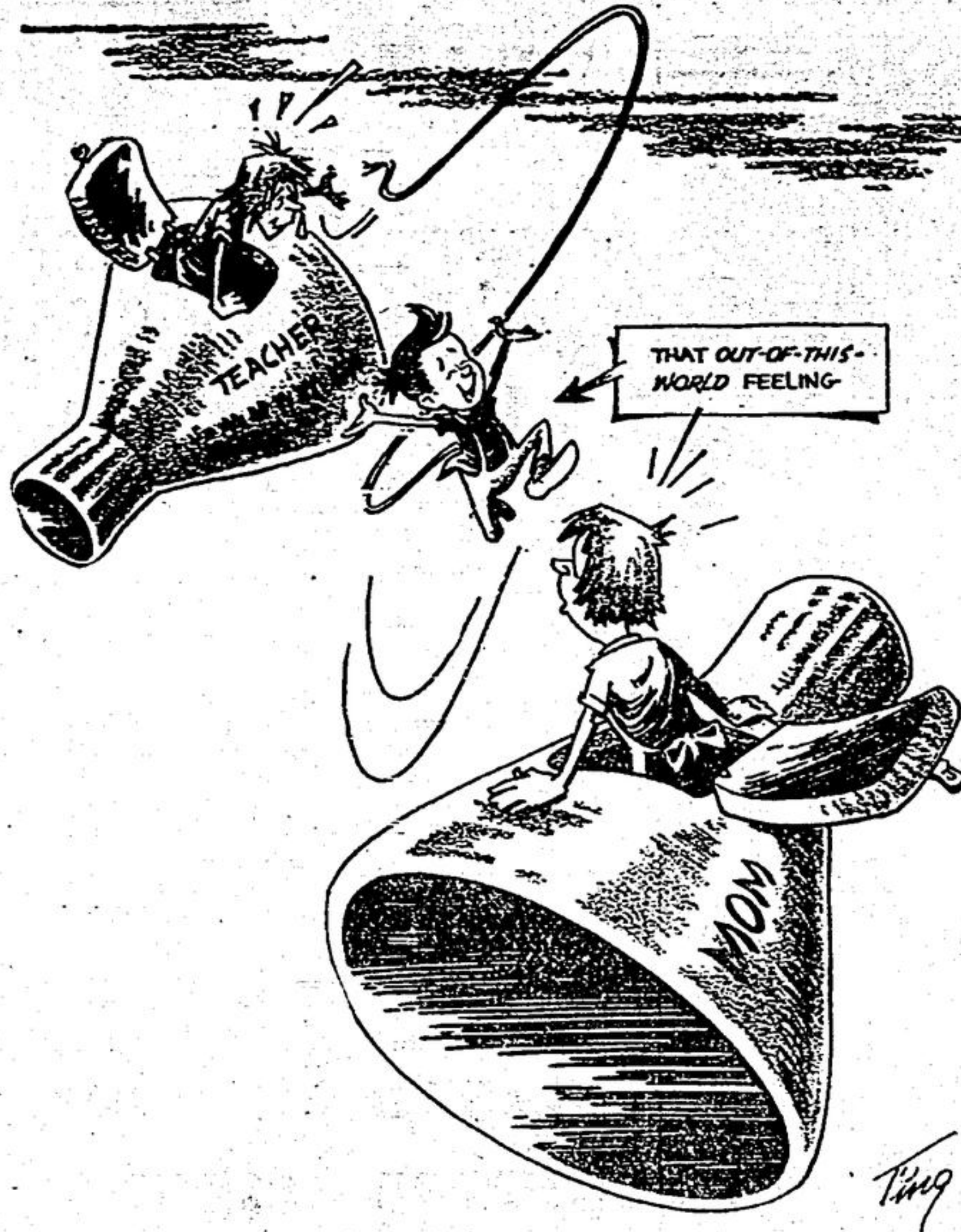
It's camp time again. Beginning this week a number of our young people will be off once more to summer camps. There's a real magic about these camps which boys and girls remember all their lives. It's a wonderful experience for them.

It's a great experience into democratic living. The young people are introduced into thinking not just of their own wishes, but the desires of the camp as a unit. Under the wise

direction of able counsellors, they learn to carry out an activity where each must take turns and carry his or her own load.

Any good camp is a marvellous investment. It pays big dividends in health, growth, in skills and character. You could do no better than send your boy or girl to camp this summer if they've a yen to go. The years when these young people long to go to camp pass very quickly and there is no substitute for this experience.

Out'er School Rendezvous



All The Kids Want To See "Red Kelly"

Two young boys, who had been sitting at opposite ends of the Commons gallery, met outside the Parliament buildings and compared notes on what they had seen.

"I got a real good view of Pearson and Diefenbaker," said one.

"Yeah," said the other, "but you couldn't see Red Kelly I bet."

Mr. Kelly, Liberal member of Parliament for York West and star centre for Toronto Maple Leafs, sits at one end of the chamber, not in full view of the gallery.

Another day, a young tourist walked "up" to the "information" desk in search of two answers: "Where is Mr. Pearson's office, and where is Red Kelly's?"

Mr. Kelly's office, unlike the prime minister's, is somewhat difficult to stumble across, since it's off in an alcove in the west block. But a remarkable number of people manage to find it.

Often it's a busload of school children, invited to Ottawa by a member. Along with all the other attractions, they want to see Red Kelly.

"I hate to say no," says the quiet, almost shy, member, "but sometimes it takes a heck of a lot of time."

In most cases, autographs are involved, plus a jabbering question-period on hockey. Often, the sessions are unexpected — as when the red-headed member takes a stroll outside the Parliament buildings. Once he's spotted by a group of youngsters, the heat is on.

Every day, his mailbox contains invitations for him to appear at functions that vary from Sunday school picnics to celebrity dinners.

"Sometimes it's a little too much," he said. "But I really like to go to the small organizations which can't afford to hire speakers."

Mr. Kelly, elected to Parliament in 1962, is looking forward to a summer parliamentary recess so he can take an all-encompassing look at his future. He'll decide whether to continue playing hockey next season — "at the moment I think it's highly unlikely" — and whether he will aim at a life-long career in politics.

One of the factors that will influence his decision is his family life. His wife and three children live in Toronto and he sees them only on weekends when the House is not sitting. During the winter, when he's playing hockey, he seldom has a full day at home.

Uneven Light Can Be Home Danger

Darkness and glare are two of the most dangerous conditions in a home.

Poor lighting is the cause of a great many accidental falls and thousands of crippling accidents, cuts, burns and bruises.

Darkness alone is not the cause of tripping over an object or stumbling down a stairway. Momentary blindness caused by glaring light can be extremely hazardous. Glare is not caused by a high level of light, but by high contrast of light and surrounding dimness.

Another dangerous condition is dim or uneven lighting. This leads to eye fatigue and a dulling of the senses resulting in numerous accidents that might have been avoided by greater alertness.

Here are some lighting tips to give your family and home

SUGAR AND SPICE by Bill Smiley

WHEN MOVIES MEANT MORE

In one small town after another, the local movie-house, once the town's foremost center of second-hand sin and sex, violence and valor, excitement and ecstasy, is darkening its former bright spot on the main street, and closing its doors, to stand there in bleak reproach, mute testimony to the havoc that is being wrought on our culture by that one-eyed monster, the television set.

I read the other day that the theatre had been closed in my old home town, and it gave me quite a pang, like learning of the death of a boyhood friend still in his best years. For some of the most formative days of my life, that theatre drew me into its black maw with the awesome ease of a whale yawning to let one small herring swim inside.

As a small boy, I wept, shivered with fear, screamed with laughter and almost died of suspense, in that theatre: I chased Indians with Tom Mix, fell desperately in love with Marlene Dietrich and thundered through the jungle on the back of Tantor the Elephant with Tarzan.

I remember going to every matinee I could manage. Money was scarce in those days, and raising a dime was harder for a kid than raising a dollar now. Sometimes it took me a solid hour to wheedle the sum out of my kid brother, an industrious type who had a newspaper route.

There was a matinee Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, in those days, and it taxed my ingenuity to make all three, but I seldom missed. If I couldn't find any empty beer bottles to sell, and my brother was adamant in refusal, I'd hit up my pal "Egg" Slegg, an equally ardent aficionado of the silent screen, but one with a little more money. If he had only one dime, we'd buy one ticket, and both try to squeeze past the ticket-taker. He knew what we were doing, and if he was in a good mood, let us both in.

One time, I was completely stymied. I had to go to the show to see if Tarzan got away from the crocodiles who were converging on him last Saturday. I got his last six cents from my brother, but couldn't raise another sou. It's about 30 years ago, so I guess nothing will happen if I admit I swiped the other four from my mother's purse. It was the one time the show wasn't worth it. The sunofagun got away from the crocodiles, and I suffered deep pangs of remorse for weeks.

A wonderful part of my cultural education in those days, though I didn't realize it at the time, was the music instilled in me at the show, when they were still running silent pictures. Down in the pit, watching the picture and matching its every mood with consummate skill on the piano, sat Lornie Noonan. How he could make you sweat as the wheels started coming off the stagecoach. How he could make you weak with hot, salty tears at a touching moment!

During the teens, the theatre was a different, but equally thrilling place. In its comforting darkness, the most timid boy would find the courage to reach shyly for the hand of his girl and sit there, clutching it fiercely until both their paws were slippery with sweat.

And if the girl whose hand I clung to on many a wonderful Saturday afternoon, with the teenage crowd in the gallery, reads this, I hope she won't be embarrassed.

It was one of the very nicest parts of growing up.

I'm sorry if you've been bored by these reminiscences. They started from my horror at the rapid decline of the small-town theatre. How people can sit and watch that appalling junk on TV, when there's a first-rate movie at the local show, I can't understand. When the theatre in their own town goes dark, those who have enjoyed a thousand experiences in it will be sorry. And none will more bitterly regret it than your humble servant.

greater safety and protection.

1. You should have one permanently installed light fixture operated by a wall switch in every room, hall, passageway and over every stairway.

2. All light sources, except for low wattage types should be shielded from direct view by diffusing materials or opal or ceramic-enamelled glass or other non-cleanable, but a new shield should be positioned so they are not ordinarily directed into the eyes. Certain lighting devices, like wall brackets or lighted cornices or valances need an opaque shield to conceal the light.

3. The basic lighting in any room should be provided by fixtures or structural lighting supplemented with local source of concentrated light from fixtures or portable lamps. This combination of general and local illumination combats glare and eye fatigue which can lead to nervousness, tension and fatigue.

4. Each entrance of the home should have outside lighting operated from inside the house.

5. One or more directional fixtures or post lanterns are desirable for protective lighting of the yard, driveway, walks and steps.

Roamin' Around . . .

On Monday evening of last week, two grade 8 students at Orchard Park Public School in Stouffville were named as joint winners of the coveted Richardson Award, emblematic of academic excellence throughout the entire year. We talked with both Kathryn Hambly, Glad Park Avenue and Peter Sanderson, Victoria Street in an attempt to learn a little more about these young people who had rolled up a year's average of 87.8 per cent. Kathryn is an extremely attractive girl at 13, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. P. Hambly. She is the middle member in a family of three. She has a brother, Peter, 16 and a younger brother, Ian, 8. Her parents moved to Stouffville from Guelph and Kathryn entered grade 4 at Orchard Park. As for her co-winner, she has always considered him "a good friend." She admitted to some academic rivalry between them. Her best subjects are Mathematics and Science. She loves sports and has been a member of the local Figure Skating Club. She holds an Intermediate swimming certificate and is a member of the Girl Guides. Mrs. Barbara Hambly has been an energetic trustee on the town school board but Kathryn says that she doesn't ask for much help with homework "unless I'm really stuck." A definite career is still a long way ahead, but at the present time, Kathryn leans a little toward the teaching profession. She didn't know she was to receive the Richardson prize until her name was announced. "Mr. Sutherland (the Principal) likes surprises," she said. She also received her school letter. Unfortunately, the Principal and teachers at Stouffville High will not be able to welcome Kathryn into grade 9 in September. Her parents are moving to Orangeville where Mr. Hambly will be employed with a new branch of Fisher-Price Toys Ltd. "I don't want to move," Kathryn admitted, "I'll miss my friends here, but at least Dad will be closer to home. We'll see him more." Well Dad was on hand last Monday night and Mother too. They surely must have been proud.

Fourteen year old Peter Sanderson is almost a native of Stouffville. Actually, he was born in Toronto but came to town with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. (Bud) Sanderson at the tender age of two months. He is a big brother to one sister, Jane, 11. Peter attended at Summitview through part of grade 2 but was shifted to Orchard Park when the new building was opened. He's an all-round boy who gets enjoyment out of playing hockey, building model cars, beating his Dad at golf or tapping out a tune on the drums. His favourite subjects are History and Geography. With respect to the new course in Mathematics that would make many an adult wince in dismay, Peter feels it's a change for the better. "It gives a student a better grounding in high school math," he explained, "especially Algebra." Mr. Sanderson is a member of the staff at Maurice Cody Public School in Toronto. He helps his son with homework when asked but so far, Peter has done pretty well on his own. Peter is the first to admit, however, that his Dad gave him excellent guidance in the recent York County oratorical competition at Newmarket. With respect to his co-holder of the prize, he recalls the day when Kathryn first came to Orchard Park. "We've always been close friends and even sat close to each other — until this year. In grade 8, she was on one side of the room and I was on the other." He agreed that they competed for the top marks and the separation between them was only by a decimal point. "We're pleased that in the end, they should both finish in a tie," said Mrs. Sanderson. "It is rather unique that Peter's mother should be the first winner of the Richardson Award some (?) years ago. Peter, like Kathryn, has no definite career in mind but, at the age of 14, if he made a choice, he would favour Medicine. In our brief conversation, we couldn't help but note a close relationship between Peter and his parents. He's setting a fine example, both at home and school.

In spite of the construction strike in Metro, work on the addition to the Stouffville Dist. High School and St. Mark's Separate School is proceeding without interruption. The contractors are confident that both structures will be completed on schedule.

We were briefed last week on the new piece of radar equipment that has been acquired by Markham Village police. The unit is so compact that it can be carried around like a portable typewriter. It is extremely sensitive and, when set up in front of the Fire Station on north Main Street, it picked up the speed of a car crossing the railway tracks. Since June 11th, 65 charges have been laid. The cost of the set is about \$1,300.

Marlene Brooks, 17, of Green River, was named Miss Kinsmen in a recent beauty contest and parade at Ajax. A grade 13 student at Pickering High, she hopes to enter the teaching profession following graduation. Our only comment to this decision is — lucky kids.

We couldn't help but smile at a Personal Item in a local weekly paper last week. A husband had inserted a notice that he would no longer be responsible for debts incurred in his name. Immediately below, was a second similar ad, submitted by his wife. It's some satisfaction to learn that the couple were at least getting together on something.

A comment we heard from a police officer recently. "I never saw a man so intoxicated. He was hanging onto the grass like he was about to fall off the end of the world."

There's nothing official yet, but we believe that an exhibition softball game is shaping up in the Stouffville Park between the Lions' and the Kinsmen's Clubs.

With respect to the Lions, we attended the barbecue and dance (spectator only) in the park on Wednesday evening, an extremely successful affair. Even to watch the current dance step craze is a mystifying experience. So separated are the partners, that a fellow could take one girl in and walk out with another and neither would ever know the difference.

We were pleased this week to visit with a long-time cottage resident on Appleton Drive, Musselman's Lake. Mr. Wm. Graham who has been making the local resort centre his summer home since 1927. He was accompanied by a close friend, Mr. Charles Allan of Toronto, also a veteran Lake resident for the past 38 years.

Recently we followed a Dept. of Hwys. truck through Pickering Twp. On the roadside, very much in evidence, was a sign that read "Fifty dollar fine for persons dumping refuse." All the while, chunks of orange peel kept rebounding off our windshield, tossed out by the driver ahead. It's another case of — do as I say, not as I do.

There's nothing like being prepared. We noticed one engraved tombstone in the Stouffville cemetery recently, but the couple whose names appear on it, are still very much alive.

Five hundred members of the Second Mile Club in Toronto held a two-day picnic gathering at Cedar Beach, Musselman's Lake last week. All of the participants are 70 years old and over although you'd never know it to see some of them move about on the dance floor.

Rev. D. R. McKillican, Padre of the Toronto Scottish Regiment and a resident of Markham, was presented to the Queen Mother during her visit to Toronto.

Five ladies from Scarborough took a nasty tumble in the town park recently when a bleacher seat, used by the ball players, overturned, throwing them heavily to the ground. Fortunately, none was seriously injured but their pride was hurt enough that they sent in a letter of complaint to council. We understand that new stands had been ordered by the Park Board prior to the accident but the old one had not been removed. It has since been dismantled.

What many a farmer wouldn't give for a pasture irrigation system like the one in use on the Bruce Harper property in Stouffville. The only problem now is that the stream, the source of the Harper supply, has been reduced to a mere trickle by the drought.

There are some beautiful beds of peonies around town but few can surpass the ones grown by Mrs. Eleanor Crossen, Church St., South.

It's a small world. Joseph Bauer of Robinson St., Markham and a regular customer at Kierman's Drug Store in the Plaza viewed the Crothers-Snell race at Varsity Stadium over German T.V., while visiting that country recently. Bill Crothers is a pharmacist at Kierman's.

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