

# Editorial . . .

## Liberal Stock Hurt

Despite Prime Minister Pearson's reshuffle of his Cabinet, Liberal stock has undoubtedly been hurt by the Dorion Report and by the Prime Minister playing politics in hanging on to discredited ministers to appease Quebec. This is the most disturbing element in the whole affair. Retaining Guy Favreau in even a minor post when he should have been shown the door in a hurry, is merely a move to try to retain favour in Quebec.

It is certainly evident to the rest of Canada that the Prime Minister has got himself into hot water by surrounding himself with too many old line French politicians. Like the French in France, they have absolutely no scruples when it comes to poli-

tics and will turn any sharp corner to gain their ends.

The announcement that Mr. Favreau will have special responsibilities in the field of Dominion-Provincial relations is a joke. Certainly his record in the Ministry he has just left will never inspire any confidence with any of the other provinces.

We have a most high regard for Mr. Pearson as a diplomat but in this latest shuffling, in his office of Prime Minister, he has let personal loyalty go against good judgment and has shown a continued tendency to "play around" with the old Quebec party machine that has shown itself to be anything but trustworthy. There is no question but Liberal stock has suffered in these latest moves.

## An Unfortunate Accident

On Monday evening of last week, an 18 year old Stouffville cyclist suffered a broken right leg when his bike slammed into the side of a car on Main Street.

It was the first serious accident here since the "Honda" craze hit this community.

To say "we told you so" is a cold, meaningless statement, but such an occurrence has been predicted here for some time, even by the bike-owners themselves.

These machines, or most of them, just aren't heavy enough to stand up under high speed operation and at least a half-dozen young lads have ended up on the seat of their pants when the bikes have skidded out of control on sharp turns. In

addition, many boys lack the necessary experience to handle them, and in an emergency, they just hang on and hope for the best.

By an odd co-incidence, John Willis was not a reckless rider, in fact, according to his friends, he employed good, common sense and cared for his machine with a good deal of pride. Fate shows no favours, however. For one unthinking second, he will be forced to spend much of the summer in hospital.

It's unfortunate that someone must suffer injury to set an example for others, especially a likeable lad of John Willis' type. But we hope that his misfortune, as serious as it is, may prevent a recurrence of further mishaps that could prove fatal.

## No Hero In Our Books

The management of the Markham Community Swimming Pool employs a standing rule that no person "with long hair" may enter the water without a bathing cap. This regulation applies to anyone, man, woman, girl or boy. Of course, by today's standards of good grooming, 99 per cent of the bathers effected are girls.

Last week, a teenage boy appeared on the scene, sporting a Beatle-type cut that all but covered his eyes. He was immediately informed of the "long-hair" rule and told to put on a cap or leave. He objected and left.

To a few who witnessed this scene, the lad at once became a sort of "hero". "I didn't want to be pushed," he was quoted as saying. Delving

a little deeper into the matter, we learned that the youth, a non-resident, had also run into trouble at his school in Downsview over the same problem and had been cautioned at another pool in Metro.

It wasn't that this 14 year old was so opposed to wearing the cap. He just didn't want to do what he was told. He objected to standard procedure.

Before he, or others like him, go through too many more years of their young life, they'll be told and they'll listen. Open resentment hurts no one but themselves.

We give credit to the Markham pool manager for sticking by his guns. The lad was the only loser in this case.

## No Paradise Across The Street

Ask anyone in a small town what he would like about living in the big city, and he'll probably talk about theatres, hockey games, wrestling matches, night clubs and the like. He may point out that any night of the week there is something doing for those fortunate enough to live in the city.

Ask any big city man what he would like about living in a small town and he'll probably tell you about restful living, good fishing a few minutes' drive from home, and the pleasure of talking over the back fence with the neighbors.

In practice, however, it doesn't always work out that way.

After a hard day at the office

and a tough battle with traffic on the way home, the city man is often too tired to take in a night at the opera or an evening on the town. More than likely he putters around the house and he may even get to talk to the neighbors across the back fence.

The small town fellow often finds himself so involved in good works and the social round that he doesn't have time for fishing or the life of leisure. He probably has meetings to go to which keep him out most nights of the week.

It all goes to show that you shouldn't expect to find paradise on the other side of the street.

The good life is where you find it. And, as the fellow said: We might as well be here as where we are.

## Remember The Bacon Rumpus

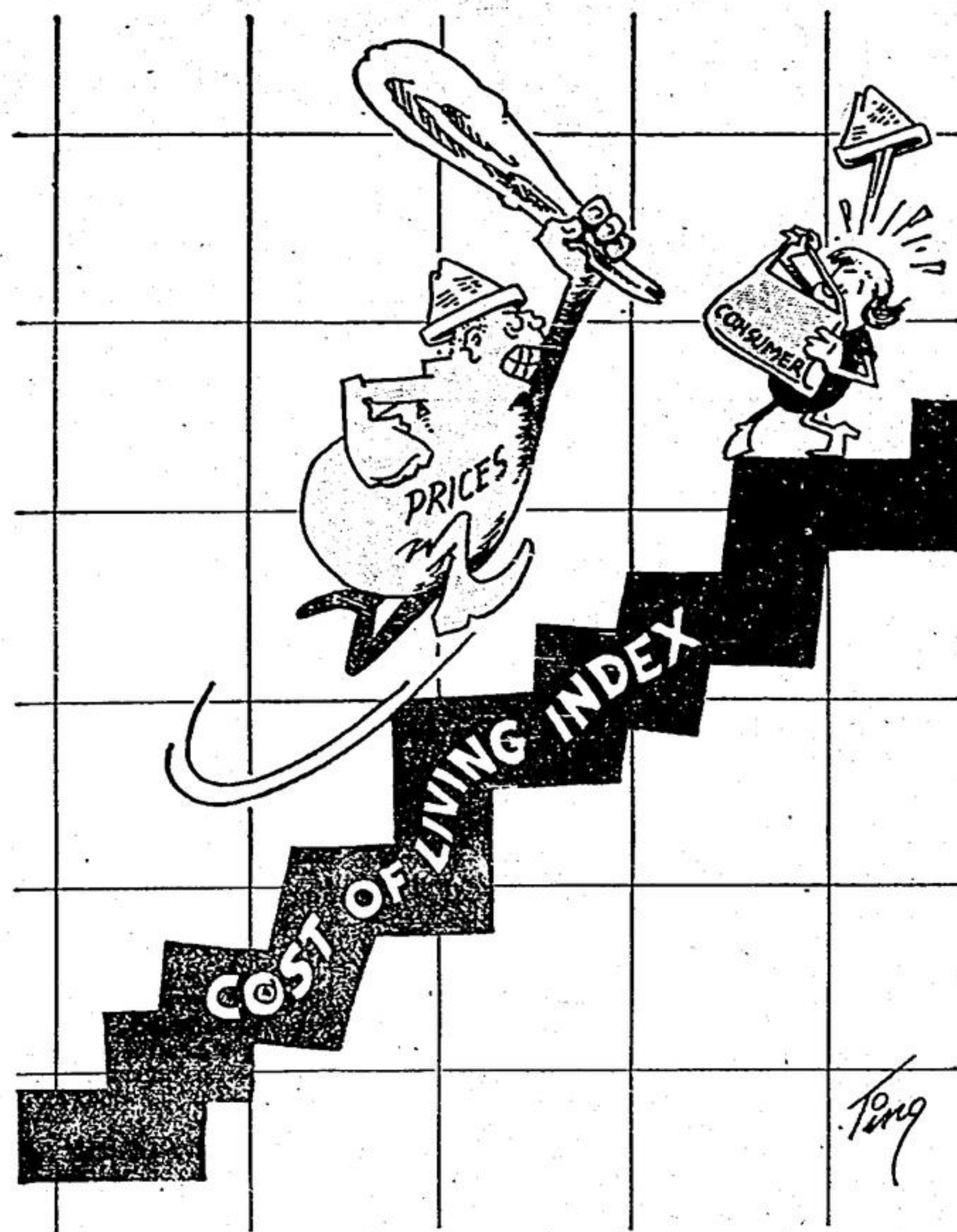
It's interesting to recall that it's just ten years ago now that it became illegal for packing plants and meat firms to package bacon in wrappings with red stripes. The idea was to prevent the processor from creating the illusion that the bacon contained more lean than it did.

Ten years have gone by but it doesn't look as if the regulation has really served much purpose. Bacon is presently wrapped so that you almost have to put your foot on it to

force open the cellophane window in which the bacon is all nicely laid out in peek-a-boo fashion. Did you ever notice that the arrangement of the slices is contrived to suggest that the product is almost all lean meat. One is invariably crushed when he opens the package at the disillusionment.

Only way around apparently is a law to make it necessary for the package to show the full slice, but even then we would be fooled if the slices were stacked one upon the other.

## Escalating the War



## Editor's Mail

Stouffville, Ontario, July 10, 1965.

The Editor, The Tribune, Stouffville, Ont. Sir,

It is with some hesitancy that I write you this letter but I think its time that someone spoke out in support of your recent editorial concerning a lack of leadership in an over-all sports program in Stouffville.

I'm not taking anything away from the men in both hockey and baseball who are trying their best to promote these activities here. On the contrary, I really feel sorry for them for they are doing their best under extremely difficult circumstances.

We only need to look to our neighbour to the south to compare notes. At Markham, especially during the summer, they have a sports program that's really organized — softball teams galore and now lacrosse.

We here in Stouffville are continually bragging about our marvellous park facilities (free gratis) but we are not taking advantage of them. Referring once again to Markham, we attended a game there last summer with the N.H.L. all-stars. The crowd was estimated at over 1,500. Last winter the N.H.L. "Old-Timers" played in their rink. The crowd was estimated at 1,200. Last week, a team of clowns from California were in town. Over 1,000 people attended. Their arena program is now a year-round venture with something going on almost every night of the week. Here in Stouffville, the rink is locked up in April and, except for some special events, is not reopened until September. What a waste.

I think it's time we pulled up our socks. Organized sports are good for our children, for teenagers and our town. But we'll never be organized as long as the program is allowed to operate in such a slipshod manner. If the town has to spend a few dollars, that's fine with me. We've been coasting along on hand-outs for years. It's about time we handed a little back.

Sincerely,  
A Taxpayer.

## Plant Cuttings Take Root

Many woody plants can be increased by means of soft wood cuttings, state horticulturists with the Ontario Department of Agriculture.

Softwood cuttings are taken from the wood of the current season's growth. They should be approximately four to six inches long, each piece being cut off just below the node or leaf axil. When taking the cuttings use a sharp knife to give clean cuts. Remove leaves from the basal end, leaving only the top few leaves.

The root end of the stem may be dipped in a suitable commercial rooting hormone before placing in the growing medium. Plant the cuttings just deep enough to hold them upright in a good medium such as sharp sand, vermiculite or perlite.

A cold frame or a box covered with plastic is a suitable place to root cuttings. If only a few are required, plant them in pots, bulb pans or similar containers.

It is most important to shade them from the sun and to keep the surrounding atmosphere as humid as possible. Do not allow the medium to dry out; keep it uniformly moist but not saturated. Cover the containers with plastic or glass. Be sure to ventilate when the cuttings have started to root.

Plants such as lilacs, forsythias, privets and viburnums will root readily for the home gardener.

## SUGAR AND SPICE by Bill Smiley



### WE'RE COOL TOWARD HEAT

Year after year, we moan about the bitter winter, or dreary fall, or the backward spring . . . until July and August, when we take the rare-felt heat as a personal affront, and whine increasingly.

Along about the first part of July, we usually get a little whiff of that hot weather we've been looking forward to since Christmas. Nothing torrid. Just a little breath of warmth that a native of the tropics would sneer at. So what do we do? Do we cast off our long-handled underwear and burn it in the streets? Do we have a big welcome party for genial old Sol?

Not we. We totter around complaining even more bitterly than we did all winter. We adopt a harassed air. If we live in the city, we dash from one tomb-like air-conditioned building to another, inevitably catching a wicked summer cold in the process. We greet each other with anguished groans and that old folk-saying, "Hot nuff fer yuh?"

Some idiots try to fight fire with firewater. With remarkable ease they convince themselves that a long cool one is the only way to beat the heat. Which is about as effective as trying to put out a small blaze by pouring gasoline on it.

Others have an even more silly solution. Their idea of getting away from the heat is to hit the highway, drive for four hours in extreme discomfort to a beach where they lie baking with similar sweaty citizenry, before retiring to sleep in a cabin like a steam bath.

Most of the preceding remarks have to do with the male population, poor devils. I must admit that women and children stand up to the heat better. Big reason, of course, is their attire, or lack of it.

Small fry have less clothing on them in this weather than there is in the handkerchief their old man totes around in his hip pocket. Women, whose name is vanity, are interested in acquiring a tan, so expose every possible inch and ounce to the dazed gaze of the men. Women's summer garments are a delight to the eye, and the ultimate in common sense. Maybe that's why ladies don't sweat, but just perspire.

Not so the men. Unless they're on their holidays, they face the heat with a surly lack of compromise that would be admirable, were it not stupid. Most of them wear the same clothes in summer as in winter, except for an overcoat. The odd one will take off his jacket. A few sneakily remove their ties. And the wild individual will roll up his shirt-sleeves when it hits a hundred.

But that's about as far as they'll go. The vast majority of men wear wool socks, heavy leather shoes, long trousers of wool or flannel, and the same shirts they wear in January.

One more thing that makes a man miserable in the heat is the amount of junk he has to carry in his pants pockets. In cool weather he can spread it around in jacket and overcoat pockets. But when he has only trouser pockets in which to carry cigarettes, lighter, handkerchiefs, coins, car keys, pen, notebook, pipe and tobacco, golf tees, sinkers and about 50 other essentials, he looks about the shape of an old tree, covered with fungus.

Hot weather is not for men. They should all be given about six weeks off in the summer, while the scantily clad women and kids keep things going. The men won't be happy until they sniff the first nip of fall in the air, and can start grumbling about the cold, and what it costs to heat the place.

## Uxbridge Twp. Area Staff Now Complete

All teaching positions in the Uxbridge Twp. Public School Area have now been filled for the start of the fall term in September.

Sixteen teachers have been hired but only five of these are new staff members. The list is as follows — (Quaker Hill) — Miss Elenore Cholakis; (Webb) — Ronald Willerton, Mrs. Barbara Otter; (Fifth Line) — Miss Shelle Simpson, Mrs. Ethel Walker; (Glasgow) — Thomas G. Thompson, Mrs. Eleanor Todd; (Goodwood) — Mrs. June Snider, Miss E. Page, Miss Diane Oke, Mrs. Effie Foskett, Mrs. Clara Smith, Robert Morrison; (Siloam) — Miss Doris Grimberger; (Roseville) — Mrs. Luella Tompkins; (Pine Grove) — Mrs. Myrna Sharrard; (Music Supervisor) — Mrs. Francis Sandison.

teaching at Bayview Hgts. She will likely be in charge of grs. 4, 5 and 6. Mrs. Walker has also joined the Fifth Line staff but formerly taught at Garibaldi school. Mr. Thomas Thompson of Markham is the newly appointed Principal at Glasgow school, replacing the late Miss Jeanette Karantjas. He will teach in the senior room. Mrs. Eleanor Todd will have the junior room. Three new staff members will come to the Goodwood school including Mr. Robt. Morrison, the Principal of Aurora; Miss E. Page of Uxbridge who will have grade 2 and Miss Diane Oke of Pefferlaw who will take grades 3 and 4.

All other teachers are remaining in their same positions for the September term. The Garibaldi school will be closed although it may be used on a temporary basis until the new addition at Goodwood is completed.

# Roamin' Around . .

It's an ill wind that doesn't blow someone some good. The finding of the abandoned baby in Markham last week and the subsequent safe-keeping as provided by Constable and Mrs. Rod. Junkin is, without doubt, the best piece of good police public relations to hit that department in years. Pictures and news stories have been published in every newspaper across the country in addition to coverage on T.V. and radio. The wonderful thing about the whole affair is the fact that P.C. and Mrs. Junkin are so sincere in being offered the privilege of taking care of this child in spite of the fact that they have six children of their own. The baby has been the main topic of conversation on every street corner and in every home in the village. Although the wee tad doesn't know it, he has grown from complete obscurity to become the most famous personality in town. Even reeve Alma Walker honoured the little tyke with her presence and took a turn on the end of the bottle to show positive proof that she hasn't lost her touch in that department either. The baby still has no official name although there have been many suggestions. We only hope that the concluding chapter to this story can be as pleasant as the ones that have preceded it.

Friends of John Willis may get in touch with him on the 3rd floor of the Scarborough General Hospital, Room 301. John suffered a severe leg break last week when he drove his motorbike into the side of a car on Main Street.

We understand that plans are moving ahead very well in the finalization of arrangements for the International Plowing Match at the Massey-Ferguson Farms. Already more than 120 commercial exhibitors have signed contracts for space. The Tented City will cover 60 acres and the streets have been named as follows: Timbers Avenue (Timbers' family); Young Street (Clark Young); Sutherland Avenue (Bill Sutherland); Markham and Milliken Streets. Local firms still wishing display space are urged to contact the O.P.A. office or Mr. Clark Young as soon as possible.

The inquest hearing in the death of Glasgow sod-grower, Ronald Ross, will be held on Monday, July 26th. Mr. Ross was killed when his plane crashed and burned on May 11th.

It's interesting to learn that Stouffville's own Alike Cadieux has caught the interest of a Yankee scout and may be given a tryout at a local camp. The way the Yankees have been going lately, it would appear that they could use his services immediately.

Wayward dogs in Stouffville are no doubt jumping for joy these days since this town is minus the services of an official canine catcher. The resignation of Ollie Pellett from the post in Whitchurch has also left the position vacant here since Mr. Pellett served both municipalities.

The Ontario Humane Society has been called in to inspect the premises of a part-time farmer on the 7th conc. of Markham Twp. We have learned that several recommendations have been put forward and no charges will be laid if these orders are carried out.

An interesting comparison occurred last week during a game between Brougham and Clarendon in the Clarendon Community League when the veteran Bob Miller of Brougham rivalled Clarendon's Geo. Redshaw. With a wild guess, we would estimate an age difference of close to 35 years between the two pitchers.

On the same subject, an all-star team will be picked out of the Clarendon League this month for competition against a rival club, possibly Brooklin.

All men set themselves up as professional judges of feminine perfection. We too, hold some claim to that ability. It was back in June, 1958 that we first met a pretty 13 year old girl by the name of Patricia Rankin, then a grade 8 student at Lloyd Public School in Whitchurch Twp. She was the senior champion at an inter-school track meet. We knew then and there that she had both the appearance and personality to go places. Well Pat, now 20 and a resident of Newmarket, has won just about every local beauty contest and recently, she was a runner-up in the preliminary competition for the Miss Toronto prize. The finals are scheduled for Varsity Stadium on July 24th.

Speaking of dates, it was just twelve years ago that W. T. Rennie was appointed Manager of the Stouffville Arena. It was also back in 1953 that the floodlights were erected in the town park. Eight years ago, Mr. Andy Williams was named Manager of the community swimming pool. How time flies.

Residents of Baker Avenue are extremely pleased with the completed reconstruction job on their street. Well they might be. In total, the cost was something like \$25,000 for a distance of about 700 feet.

It's rather amazing how some ladies have difficulty in driving the family car into the garage without denting a fender and yet they can wheel a grocery cart, heaped high with a \$20 order, around the aisles of the I.G.A. Store without as much as grazing a hub-cap.

We're as pleased that the Metro Toronto and Region Conservation Authority has seen fit to retain the Bruce name in connection with the new Park Area that will be officially opened on Thursday afternoon (to-day). The property is already a busy place with several picnics and reunions scheduled.

The hanging flower pots on the lawn at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Keith Murphy, Loretta Cresc., is quite an eye-catching sight.

Markham Village police had a rather unusual call last week. A party asked that they arrest a swarm of bees that had become unwelcome guests on private property.

Only a half-dozen suites remain vacant in the huge Village Squire Apartment building on Main Street in Markham. This would mean that some 46 suites have been rented. Adults only, are allowed but in spite of this restriction, the demand has been excellent.

"Clipper" goaltender, "Chuck" Doyle topped the junior hockey golf tournament at The Willows on Saturday afternoon. Bob Wagg, Rod Nelson, Wayne Keeler and Bill Corner followed in that order. Twenty-five sat down to a turkey supper and prizes were awarded to the winners.

How good is your memory? Five years ago (1960) — Les Clarke was named President of the Stouffville Arena; The new community Park at Victoria Square was officially opened. Ten years ago (1955) — Town tax rate was set at 80 mills; 19 sheep and 1 horse on the property of Arthur DeRusha near Clarendon were killed by lightning; The I.G.A. Foodliner Store was officially opened; Top students promoted at Stouffville Dist. High School were — Gr. 9 — Caroline Ogilvy — 96%; Gr. 10 — Isabelle Dennie — 87.3%; Gr. 11 — Marion Stouffer — 84.1%; Spec. Comm. — Nancy Reid — 81%. Fifteen years ago (1950) — Dean Wagg is Worshipful Master of Richardson Masonic Lodge; Promoted to grade 9 at Clarendon P. School — Lois Skinner, Frances McCullough, Carol Johnson, Reta Finney, Ralph Pearson, Erla Symes; Aubrey Carson, Angeline Valentino. Twenty years ago (1945) — Pte. Roy McDonald of Goodwood heads Canadian troops into Berlin; Vernon Gooding of Gormley, captured in Italy and liberated by Gen. Patton's army; Al Greenwood sells East End store to Oliver McQuarrie; Elmer Daniels buys Central Feed Store from Reesor's Marmill. Entrance results at Clarendon school — Alex Beaton, Donald Beelby, Frances Fellows, Violet Hall, Catherine Hornshaw, Florence Johnston, Donald Manion, Elsie Miller, Charles Minaker, Wilfred Morley, June Sutherland, Kenneth Wilson, Helen Dickinson, Mary Herbert, Hans Kahn. Forty years ago (1925) — Stouffville P. School entrance results — Earl Ainsworth, Phyllis Baker, Tom Barnes, Betty Booth, Geo. Crawford, Robt. Ferris, Vera Harper, Donald Lewis, Mary Lewis, Margaret Lintner, Allan McConnochie, Reg. Stouffer, A. G. Valliere, Edna Watson, M. McKay and M. Cober.

Coach Maurice Binsted has four members of the Redshaw family playing on his Clarendon softball club in the Community League including — Allan, Bruce, Jim and George.

## The Stouffville Tribune

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