

Editorial . . .

U.M. Church Is Moving Ahead

The United Missionary Church is moving ahead. Everywhere we look throughout this community, United Missionary congregations and Sunday Schools are out-growing their present facilities. Only this week, the sod-turning ceremony was performed at Gormley to begin a \$40,000 expansion project there. Something similar is proposed for the U.M. church at Altona and an enlargement of the building at Dickson's Hill is already underway. North Markham has a

beautifully renovated sanctuary and the accommodation at the U.M. church here in Stouffville is once again inadequate.

This is a marvellous sign, especially since the shortage of space is being felt as much, or even more in the Sunday School. We believe that United Missionary parents are setting the example and their children are following close behind. The youth of today are the congregations of tomorrow.

A Difficult Law To Enforce

We are in complete agreement with Police Chief Orland Keating's recommendation that some controls should be placed on the sale and use of fireworks in town.

Anyone who attended the public fireworks display in the Memorial Park last May must surely have been shocked over the complete disregard for persons and property within the grounds. Parents allowed their children to run wild and although one minor fire was started, it was only good fortune that someone wasn't injured.

We feel that a bylaw is only as good as the ability to enforce it. We feel that restrictions, to be practical, must be province-wide. A merchant

here in town could refuse a sale to a 14 year old, but this doesn't mean that he couldn't buy it at Ringwood or Claremont. What is to stop a 17 year old from buying them by the hundreds and then distributing them to his friends, regardless of age? How do the police propose to nab the offenders? It could drive them crazy.

It seems to me that there is also a law that prohibits the sale of cigarettes to minors. It is flouted every day, and right here in Stouffville.

We still think that the onus lies with the parents. If they aren't concerned for the safety of their own children and the property of others, then all the bylaws in the world won't be worth the paper they're written on.

In The Name Of Justice

When a driver, suspected of consuming too much alcohol is taken to a police depot, it is customary to put the party through several routine sobriety tests. The results of several cases arising from such incidents are listed as follows:

"He was unsteady on his feet," the arresting officer testified.

"Well, your worship, I sprained my ankle when I tripped over our cat on the way to the car."

Case dismissed.

"He smelled of alcohol," said the officer.

"It wasn't alcohol. You see I had just finished rubbing my face with after-shave lotion."

Case dismissed.

"His eyes were blurred."

"I'm a non-smoker and both front-seat passengers were puffing on cigars."

Case dismissed.

"He failed to pick coins up off the floor."

"I've got a lame back, your worship."

Case dismissed.

"He couldn't, on one foot, pick up a cigarette lighter from the floor," said the officer.

When the judge asked the officer to try it himself, he fell head over heels.

Case dismissed.

By no means does such superficial evidence invariably produce dismissals. It can, and often does, have the opposite effect and produce questionable convictions.

Why, in an age where crime de-

fection has reached such a level of professional perfection, are we attempting to resolve the alcohol-transport conflict by such primitive means?

The blindfolded lady of justice is trying to serve a public which is prepared to accept as justice, a magistrate's guess tinged with some degree of forgiveness or a game of wits between prosecutor and defence counsel.

Science, however, offers no guess and no kindness and it doesn't play games.

It says, this driver had a blood-alcohol factor of x per cent — do with it as you will.

One thing stands in the way of obtaining justice and highway safety through adoption of the blood-alcohol factor — society's refusal to make blood-alcohol tests mandatory.

There is a point of view that because a test can put a driver in a self-incriminating position, it must be voluntary.

But what is voluntary about the possibly self-incriminating act of driving through a radar trap? If society can draw what it deems to be safe limits for speed, surely it can draw what it deems to be safe limits for alcohol content in the blood.

Let's take the blindfold off justice and enact compulsory blood tests for drivers, and using the same wisdom which we put to work to set speed limits, let's put a legal limit on the blood-alcohol factor.

And in the name of justice to drivers and the public, let's get on with it.

How Much Do Motorists Really Care?

As one who has done a great deal of travelling by air, we recall repeating to a good many persons that we believed the most dangerous part of any plane trip for someone in Stouffville, was the driving on the highway from here to Malton. Frankly we have lost much of our fondness for motor trips. It's just too dangerous and nerve wracking. This is how serious it appears from one man's corner.

There is a great list of tragic deaths every week — the list grows longer and it no longer startles us. We believe that the great majority of people accept it as a way of life.

Some members of Parliament have already petitioned the Prime Minister to back a safety campaign, and any rise in interest should be greeted with enthusiasm. However, do you think it really is? We wonder if people are really concerned. This has become an age of easy come,

easy go, and that seems to be creeping into the matter of life itself. "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." — are there too many drivers on the road with this attitude? Certainly it's beginning to look that way.

Have a safety check campaign in your community and see how much response there is. Other communities have found there is not very much. This, in the face of the fact that faulty vehicles are blamed for a major share of road deaths. Over and over again this concern has shown up. If this is the fact, death tolls from accidents will never diminish and drivers will have no one to blame but themselves.

Unfortunately, many persons who are concerned about their safety to the point where they will do something to ensure it, will be innocent victims of crashes caused by the unconcerned.



The Bruce's Mill Conservation Area

The Bruce's Mill Conservation Area is the newest of twelve Conservation Areas operated by the Metropolitan Toronto and Region Conservation Authority. This 270-acre property lies in Markham Township near the headwaters of Bruce's Creek, a tributary of the Rouge River. The Area is located in the north-central section of the region under the jurisdiction of the Authority and thus fulfills a need of long-standing for this region.

The natural resources of the site provide the basis for the development of a Conservation Area. The Bruce's Creek and a small tributary which wind through the property form part of the headwaters of the Rouge River and their preservation for conservation purposes is an important part of the Authority's programme. The Area has a variety of woodlands including an outstanding maple-beech woodlot which will be managed for conservation and educational purposes. Reforestation has taken place to improve certain sections of the Area. The good agricultural lands will be used to demonstrate modern conservation techniques. The streams and wetlands lend themselves for the management of fish and wildlife and also form the basis for nature interpretation programme.

Consistent with the Authority's policy, this Conservation Area has been developed to provide a wide range of recreational and educational facilities. The present dam and spillway were completed by the Authority in 1964 to provide a recreational lake for the 200,000 persons who are expected to use the Area annually. A marshland community suitable for use on the Nature Trail will also be flooded by the new dam.

Ample picnicking facilities are available in the Bruce's Mill Area. The reservoir and stream fishing areas ought to whet the fisherman's appetite while the group camping area will open this site to a wider use. The Area offers the natural terrain for a full range of winter sports activities including skating, skiing and tobogganing. The opening of this new Conservation Area, marks, moreover, a new departure in the Authority's outdoor educational programme. The first self-guiding Nature Trail has been developed here.

An additional feature of the Bruce's Mill Conservation Area is its historical significance. Markham Township is rich in historical tradition; and this particular site with its grist mill dating from 1829 is especially noteworthy. The present Bruce's Mill was erected in 1858, with part of the original 1829 structure being used as the storehouse. Although first owned by Casper Sherick, the mill passed into the ownership of the Bruce family in 1843. From 1848 until the mill was closed in 1962, the business was operated under the name "Bruce Bros."

As with so many of the Authority's activities, Hurricane Hazel affected Bruce's Mill. An overshot water wheel powered the mill until 1929 when supplementary hydro-electric power was added; but Hazel so ravaged the dam and spillway that the operation was completely converted to hydro-electricity in 1954. The new concrete dam stands on the site of the original.

Opening this Conservation Area has been a co-operative effort. The Authority appreciates the interest of the Township of Markham in converting a former refuse dump into an area of usefulness for others. The project of the Toronto and York Roads Commission to provide improved access to the Area from the Gormley Road is also thankfully acknowledged.

SUGAR AND SPICE by Bill Smiley



STILL IN THE SWIM

Any of you old-timers noticed the gradual, but steady changes in the physical world about you? You have? Good. I was hoping it wasn't just me.

You know what I mean. The hills on the golf course are steeper than last year. The lawn grows larger each year. The dining room table grows a little farther from you each year. The weeds in the garden are a lot farther away when you stoop to pull them. You look up, instead of down, when you scold your children.

And there's one other change that is particularly evident at this time of year. The water in the lakes is ten degrees colder than it was last year.

I noticed this when I went swimming this week with the Old Lady. It was rather a historic occasion. With both our kids otherwise occupied, it was the first time we'd been swimming alone, together, without kids, since our honeymoon.

You should have seen the performance. We sweltered in the sun until there was no alternative to a dip. We advanced with the utmost reluctance to the water's edge. We stood there for ten minutes, peering gingerly at it and each other.

Driven by nothing but sheer male pride, I finally stuck one foot in.

Twenty minutes later I was right up to the knobs on my knees. The old girl had barely wet the paint on her toenails. We'd be standing there yet shuddering, had not a couple of six-year-olds dashed past us, splashing us from stem to gudgeon. And my gudgeon still hasn't recovered.

Now, how do you explain this? It was the same body of water my son has been swimming in since early May. He said it was great then. The weather has been hot since. But in mid-summer the temperature of the stuff was thirty degrees lower than in May. Something's wrong.

But I must admit, like all the other dopes, that "It's grand when you get ducked." There's nothing quite like a middle aged swim, with the old bursts in the shoulder crunching at every stroke, the heart pounding alarmingly, the chest heaving wildly for air.

It does have its compensations, though, this swimming without kids. No one expects you to act as a human diving-tower. You don't have to engage in duck-diving competitions. You don't have to race a couple of sturdy teenagers to the big rock. And your wife certainly won't compel you to see how far you can swim under water.

It's rather pleasant, really, swimming with the old lady. She dog-paddles about in the shallows with the four-year-olds. You wade out to the deep part right up to your waist, and hit out with a purposeful breast stroke for eight yards before taking a rest. After six minutes, you may return with dignity to the beach.

And there's no one dragging at your arm ten minutes later, demanding that you go back into that liquid refrigerator for another shock treatment. There's nobody bugging you for money for ice-cream or pop. There's nobody interrupting, with badly aimed beach balls, your aesthetic appreciation of the latest in bikinis. There are no squabbles to break up.

It's pretty nice, really, just sitting there in your folding chair, book on your knee, jug of iced milk handy, watching the human comedy. The beach boys, holding in their stomachs so hard they can't breathe. The beach girls, sticking out their bosoms so hard they almost fall over backwards. Human hippos. Human giraffes. Human gorillas.

But surely something can be done about the water. If we can devise rockets to hit the moon, surely to goodness we can figure out some way of warming up our lakes so that people over forty don't turn from sophisticated citizens into gibbering cowards the minute they get near the water's edge.

hen Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at ten.
All animals are strictly dry: They sinless live and swiftly die;
But sinful ginful rum-soaked men
Survive for three score years and ten.
And some of them, a very few,
Stay pickled till they're 92.
—Anonymous.

LIQUOR AND LONGEVITY

The horse and mule live 30 years
And nothing know of wines and beers.
The goat and sheep at 20 die
And never taste of Scotch or Rye.
The cow drinks water by the ton
And at 18 is mostly done.
The dog at 15 catches in
Without the aid of rum and gin.
The cat in milk and water soaks
And then in 12 short years it croaks.
The modest, sober, bone-dry

Roamin' Around . . .

"Heaven on earth" is the term used by one of the residents to describe the surroundings within Stouffville's new Parkview Senior Citizen's Home. We visited the premises last week for the first time since its opening on June 6th. The building is now more than half-filled with 34 occupants in the 54 rooms. The interior is immaculate and this spotless appearance is evident everywhere, from the laundry room through to the dining hall. Exterior improvements on the grounds will be left until next year when the lawns will be seeded and shrubs planted. There is no set schedule for visitors but the Superintendent, Mr. Allan Wideman is appreciative when people arrive in the mid-afternoon or early evening rather than during meal-time hours. Devotional services are held every Sunday from 6:15 p.m. and local ministers have very generously attended on a pre-arranged appointment program. We were again impressed with the friendly, co-operative atmosphere that exists among members of the staff and it is obvious that this attitude is truly appreciated by the residents. It was a gentleman who described the Home as a veritable "heaven on earth" and we later learned that the men have good reason to feel this way. They were out-numbered more than 3 to 1. The oldest person is Mrs. Effie Cleary, a charming lady who will mark her 98th birthday on August 24. Only one of the eight married couples' rooms is occupied. The furnishing of living quarters by local and district donors has been quite commendable. These persons who were not listed previously include — Stouffville United Church Women's Organization; Stouffville Women's Institute; Mr. Grant Thompson, Markham; Mr. and Mrs. Ross Winterstein and Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Winterstein of Stouffville; Mr. and Mrs. Merten Brown, Cashel; Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McKean and Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Smith. The Bethesda Women's Institute donated a new electrical wall clock for the dining and living room. A craft room is a popular place for many of the ladies and the skills of their handwork may already be seen in two completed quilts and numerous other articles. "We are happy the way things are going," commented Mr. Wideman. We could see without asking, how the residents feel.

Either the motor vehicle traffic on Main Street in Stouffville is too heavy or the train traffic is too light, but the C.N.R. crossing is currently one of the roughest spots in town. A minor fill-in job on the pavement would smooth things out.

The Community Swimming Pool is enjoying its best season since it was first opened. Manager Andy Williams reports that receipts are \$1,000 over '64 with a couple of good months yet to go. Although the reason for the increased attendance cannot be determined, it's likely that the new water heaters should receive most of the credit.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Smith of Ringwood are pleased to announce the arrival of a bouncing baby boy. They were hoping for a girl but when Mother Nature calls the cards, you merely take what's turned up. This little tyke was so strong and active that the Smiths were able to turn the colt out to pasture when only a few days old.

How old must a boy be to enroll as a Junior Farmer? Well, according to the Stouffville police, seven years isn't old enough. P.C. Grimshaw stopped a young lad on Rupert Avenue, Saturday afternoon, driving a regulation farm tractor. He had no trouble reaching the starter and the gear shift but his right foot was a trifle short for the brake. He was escorted home, inside the cruiser.

We're always envious of anyone who can speak more than one language. Most of us have enough trouble with English but Mrs. H. B. Roderick, a resident in the former Winterstein home on Main Street West in Stouffville can speak no less than five including English, Estonian, French, Russian and Finnish.

What people don't know about their neighbours, John Watkins, the super car salesman with Chas. Cooper Ltd., in Claremont is a veritable Arnold Palmer on the golf course. As proof of his prowess, he has a handicap of 2, that's right TWO. Without giving away his age, he once caddied for Sammy Sneed back in 1931 and received a crisp \$10 bill for his efforts. Those were the days when ten dollars would really buy something too. John was one of several who took in the big tournament of Mississauga recently, but this time, only as a spectator. He probably could have competed favourably with Richmond Hill's Ernie Nerlich who took 14 strokes to get rid of the ball on the 18th hole.

Did you know that the boys driving the Good Humour trucks on the mobile ice cream routes in town are all University students? We talked with one likeable lad who was studying for his M.D. degree. Although many mothers may not appreciate these door-to-door salesmen during the summer months, we would personally rather be coaxed into buying a 10 cent cone than a \$400 set of encyclopaedia.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fuller, now of Pickering Village and formerly of Pickering Twp., will mark their Golden Wedding Anniversary on Saturday, July 31st. A portion of their wedding cake of 50 years ago, has been retained by the couple and will be on display at an "open house" in the Brougham Hall. A 1965 model cake will be available for eating but the original of 1915 will be "to look at" only.

Talk about nerve. After attempting to steal a quantity of miscellaneous articles from the trailer camp at Cedar Beach, Musselman's Lake, one of the youths charged in the theft spree asked the owner, Vern Davies to post bail for his release. Now we've heard everything.

Fretz Bros. and Cliff Harper will officially open their new butcher shop premises east of Stouffville on Friday, with 2 days of big bargains and draw prizes. Let me tell you, it's worth the price of a pound of sausage to catch a glimpse of the pretty clerk behind the meat counter. She's Frances Dauphinals and the line forms on the left.

Members of the newly-organized Stouffville Tennis Club were out in full force on Saturday, readying the courts for competition. The work will be completed early in August and this includes a new fence and new nets. Lads assisting in this project include — Ted Suzuki, Brian, Randy and Allan Hathaway, Graham Frisby, Jim Knox, Jim Rehill, Harry Dykstra, Peter Hamby and Gerald Pegg. Sr. memberships in the club (18 yrs. and over) — \$5.00; Juniors (under 18 yrs.) — \$3.00. The Secretary-Treasurer, Jim Rehill, will be pleased to add your name to the membership list. The President is Harry Dykstra; the 1st Vice — Gerald Pegg. The work to date, has been all free labour and the boys deserve a good deal of credit. Digging post holes through elm roots is no easy chore.

Harry Young has been playing softball for Markham for so many years, he's almost lost track. At "past 36," his active history with the team dates back prior to the charter organization of the "Aces." He's hauled down fly balls from the best of batters and he's poked out base hits from the best of pitchers. He still roams the outfield when required and only last week he belted a home run in the East Gwillimbury Park. "He lost it in the sun," said Harry in all modesty, "he should have put it in his hip pocket." Who are the best pitchers he has ever faced? Harry's pick include — Ray Judd and Bill Bowen. "They all have their good and bad nights," he said. He predicts that Dale Pegg of East Gwillimbury could, with a little more experience, climb close to the top. No Markham softball player can comment on the game without mentioning the name of "Peg" O'Neill. "He could pluck with the best of them," said Harry, chewing on the remains of a two inch cigar, "they might hit him 15 miles on the first shot, but the second time, look out." In Markham's march to the Intermediate Title in '52, O'Neill hurled both ends of a doubleheader against Amherstburg, winning both games. Harry added the cause by hitting two home runs. Who was the team's best batsman? "That's easy," said Harry, sorting through a basket of tomatoes, "Morley Petch was the best by far. Not only did he hit consistently, but he could play any position in the field. He quit five years too soon." Harry could scoop up fly balls like a two-legged bushel basket but a weak throwing arm has always plagued his efforts. "A guy could walk around the bases while I was throwing the ball in from shortstop," he joked. More often than not, the throw-in would come on a relay play. Harry's enthusiasm for softball has not ended on the diamond. He's always been ready and willing to dig into his pocket for funds when the club required uniforms or equipment. "It's been worth it," he said.

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