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Notes and Comments

What Killed Lacrosse

It is an echo from old times to read of the goings-on at a lacrosse game in Ottawa. Witnesses in police court proceedings—where a player was fined for common assault—described the game as "one of the roughest ever played in junior league history," told of the accused jumping on the referee and hitting him about the head, and the prosecutor called the incident the sort of rowdiness which could stop lacrosse from making a "comeback". The referee, incidentally, is to be commended for taking the case to court.

Lacrosse is a spectacular and exciting game, and once was very popular in Canada, rivalling hockey in public favor. It lost its place when it degenerated into a brutal slugging match, rowdiness took control and deaths resulted.

But the game never was quite dead; periodically it shows signs of revival. One such is the Ottawa Junior League. It has all the elements necessary for a popular public spectacle, but there has to be overcome the bad reputation of lacrosse for brutality. Players and managers of today's lacrosse teams have the future of the game in their hands. They can build it up again, or they can convince the fans that lacrosse hasn't changed and remains an exhibition of assaults and battery.

Even more than hockey does lacrosse require restraint and self-discipline in the player, whose instrument of play can so readily become a dangerous weapon. The game makes severe demands on the player's skill, agility, strength and courage. Well played, it can be a stirring and exciting sport, but violence has no proper place in it any more than in baseball and hockey.—Ottawa Journal.

Insufficient Reasons offered to Exclude European Doctors
 (Evening Telegram)

In view of the fact that in Canada there are only 13,000 doctors for a population of twelve millions and that consequently there are many areas where medical care is lacking rather than primitive, the layman is justified in wondering whether Dr. T. C. Routley has disclosed all his reasons for opposing the introduction of more doctors to this country.

That ignorance of English would be a handicap to a European in Canada in ordinary intercourse is a difficulty which those Europeans recognize and which they overcome with their remarkable aptitude for learning foreign languages. But more to the point is the fairly widespread understanding that pain and sickness, like music and mathematics, speak a universal language comprehensible to the perceptive mind. The inarticulate cries of a sick foreign child convey the same meaning as the inarticulate cries of a sick Canadian child and call for the same treatment, and a broken arm looks the same and requires the same surgery whether it hangs from a Canadian, Austrian or Czechoslovakian shoulder. The medical officers of the Canadian Army showed in Italy, France, Holland and Germany that their linguistic deficiencies proved no barrier when they were required on innumerable occasions to give medical care to the civilian population.

The statement that most European doctors "are very rusty" because they have not been in practice for a number of years is a generalization which provides little basis for reasonable discussion. It merely raises questions—does "most" include all the doctors who want to come to Canada, were they not utilized by the Germans even in concentration camps, does absence from practice for "a number of years" cancel all the knowledge acquired after study at famous European universities and after a number of years in active practice? And is it not the easiest and soundest way of determining how "very rusty" a doctor is by the usual examinations which the Canadian doctor must pass before he is allowed to practise?

Canada, as has been said in and out of parliament, needs immigrants. If every profession and trade raises

the same sort of objections that Dr. Routley raises and succeeds in excluding doctors, plumbers, engineers, shoemakers and the rest. Canada can resign herself to a static position.

The Matter of To or For

The late G. Howard Ferguson, one-time premier of Ontario, once said that the difference between a good world and a bad world was just a matter of a couple of small prepositions—the difference between wanting to do things to people and wanting to do things for people. In its simplest form you could prove this contention from almost any issue almost any daily paper.

"Let me take you back to an incident of last winter, says Joseph Rutledge in the Financial Post, "to the great February blizzard that for days paralyzed motor traffic in most of Ontario, and to the farm home of John Kneeshaw at Fennell's Corners on Highway 11, a few miles above Bradford.

During that February night, as the snow wrapped its white pall over stranded cars, weary and half-frozen people turned eagerly to the friendly light that shone from John Kneeshaw's home. As the night wore on, as many as a hundred people crowded into the kitchen where Mrs. Kneeshaw divided her time between her excited three-year-old Joan, and the needs of the hungry visitors.

The 30-dozen eggs that she had ready for market were a godsend. It was well too that there was an extra store of meat and bread set by in anticipation of just such weather. Occasionally, hardier travellers would get the idea that, fed, warmed and rested, they might break through. They borrowed pails and shovels and anything that might serve to release a car from its mantle of snow. Maybe they succeeded for pail and shovel were not returned. Someone, viewing the mounting pile of dishes and the weariness in Mrs. Kneeshaw's face was moved to a momentary generous impulse. A hat was passed among the scores of derelicts. When it had made the rounds, it contained something less than five dollars. Five dollars for the shelter and warmth and friendliness for the night of unnecessary effort, and the 30 dozen eggs and all the rest.

They were probably average people, no better and no worse than the rest of us, but they were too absorbed in their own problems and their own discomfort to have much concern for the problems of others. Only Mrs. Kneeshaw had a word to say: "You can't see people hungry and cold," she said. "I would do it again even knowing that I would not meet expenses."

A letter to the paper, addressed from one of Ontario's smaller cities, told of an elderly gentleman sent out to do the family shopping. Doing his fumbling best he stumbled on a prize, a package of jelly powder, the last on the shelf. As he stood waiting in place to make his payment he felt a hand in his basket. Looking back he saw a youngish woman, triumphantly putting the jelly powder in her own basket.

"But, that's mine," he said.
 "Not now," the woman said, coolly. "You hadn't paid for it, so it's mine now. Do you want to make a fuss?"

What's the matter with the world, people are asking. Why are we always living under a threat of possible war? Why can't we come to understand one another? It may be an over-simplification. And yet, perhaps we could, if we had the heart for it.

Culled from one of the Fourth Columns of the Toronto Globe and Mail is the story of a tired mother and her three children the oldest scarcely five. Moving to board a west-bound train at the Union station, Toronto the little cavalcade consisted of mother and baby and a railroad constable and a Woman's Aid worker with the two small children.

It wasn't that anyone, except the little family, stood to benefit much. There was only one fare among the four of them. But the conductor took time out to get a bottle warmed for a hungry and querulous baby; and the brakeman, who hadn't seen his two children in almost a week, stopped by, between stations to hold a fretful child in his arms until it fell asleep.

These are small incidents. Maybe they amount to nothing. Yet, in their thousands and their tens of thousands and millions, in their progression into groups and industries and nations and ideologies they represent the good and ill in the world—the isms that claim they will do so much for so many, but only if the money will go "our way" and no other—the "me for me" attitude that moves people and nations alike, and that looks coolly on misery that is distant enough. Basically, it is as simple as Howard Ferguson's two prepositions. Those who would do things to people can wreck a world. Those who would do things for people can save it.

New Play! Friday & Saturday, Oct. 17-18
"BEAUTY AND THE BANDIT"
"TROUBLE WITH WOMEN"

Monday & Tuesday, Oct. 20-21
"Temptation"
 with Merle Oberon—George Brent
 Adult Entertainment

"FOTO-NITE"
 Thursday!
"BEGINNING OF THE END"
 Brian Donlevy—Robert Walker
 Selected Shorts
 Wednesday & Thursday, Oct. 22-23
\$200.-\$155. OFFER!

Friday & Saturday, Oct. 24-25
"SUDDENLY ITS SPRING"
 Fred MacMurray—P. Goddard
"JOE PALOOKA, CHAMP"
 Leon Errol—Elyse Knox
 News

STOUFFVILLE STANLEY
 Theatre of the Stars!
 Monday & Tuesday, Oct. 27-28
"IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN"
 F. Sinatra—Kathryn Grayson
Coming!

leisurely life of the small town. We heard only last week of a young married couple who are planning to move away from it all, but they cannot simply get up and walk away from their life-time opportunity. Nevertheless, if the present-day pace of living continues, we feel that there will be many of them gradually finding their way to smaller centres where they will find living less strenuous, and leisure in more plenty.
 —St. Mary Journal-Argus.

MAJ NOT BE SAFE BACK IN QUEBEC

When court stenographer George Taylor read a charge of fraud to Miss Doris Moloy, Longueuil, Quebec, in police court today, the 23-year-old girl said, "I plead guilty to selling tickets, but to the fraud, I don't know anything about that." Magistrate F. E. Ebbs remanded her for sentence on October 17 "until we find out more about her." The girl was arrested on October 3 when she was selling tickets at

50 cents each "in aid of the Crippled Children's Unity Club Building Fund." Printing on the tickets read, "Subscription to The Ontario Girl's Basket League. First prize—\$5,000 second prize—\$3,000, third prize—\$1,000. To be held in Toronto, November 11, 1947."

Crown Attorney A.C. Hall asked her, "What is the name of the man who gave you the tickets?" "I'm sorry but I cannot say," she replied. Said Mr. Hall, "You're in Ontario

now, it is quite safe."

"Yes, but when I go back to Quebec it will not be that safe."

Magistrate Ebbs suggested to the accused, "I suppose every town between here and Montreal was hit on the way up."

"I sold a few," she answered. Mr. Hall remarked, "There may be a vicious organization in operation."

The girl's replies to questions regarding her personal life were

vague and evasive. His Worship promptly reached the decision to investigate her record.

LESS STRAIN, MORE LEISURE OFFERED IN SMALL TOWN LIFE

The hustle and bustle of city life seems to us to be much greater in these post-war days than it ever was before. That is why it is not surprising every now and then to find a writer in the metropolitan newspapers referring to the more



Canadian Legion colors were proudly unfurled by parading Veterans marching down Main street on October 5 the occasion of a drum head service at

Memorial Park, and laying of the corner stone for Veterans Memorial Hall. Bands from Newmarket and Markham enlivened the parade with their

music. The streets were lined with people. Minister of Veterans Affairs for Canada, Rt. Hon. Ian Mackenzie and civic author-

ities headed the procession. Every Legion in York County was represented in the ranks of the marching veterans



Rt. Hon. Ian Mackenzie performs the official act of laying the corner stone for Veteran Memorial Hall at Stouffville. Although taken by a professional photographer, the picture presents many faults. The Minister appears more in the pose of a cricket player, than a stone mason busy pointing up the mortar. Cameraman tells the workman to look at the camera instead of at the job he is supposed to be doing. Hat hides the inscription on the stone, which reads: "This stone was laid by Rt. Hon. Ian Mackenzie,

Minister of "Veterans" Affairs, October 5, 1947." The corner stone is a Canadian rock from Queenston, and is a popular stone for such purposes since it is found in many public buildings throughout our country, including provincial government buildings. It takes a good polish. Lettering on this stone was done by a veteran, Henry Shuttworth, as a contribution to the erection of the building, which stands near the corner of Main street and Ninth concession, at the west end of the town.