

The Stouffville Tribune

ESTABLISHED 1888
A. V. Nolan & Son, Publishers
Member of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association and the Ontario-Quebec Newspapers Association.

OUR EDITORIAL COMMENT

One of The Pains of Growing Up

Last week, a one year old Markham Twp. girl died en route to the Scarboro General Hospital. In spite of emergency treatment by a doctor and police, the child was pronounced dead on admittance.

The very thought of such a project casts a spell of uncertainty over municipalities and private citizens.

A Town Band, Gone But Not Forgotten

Everybody loves a band. There's not a human pulse that does not quicken to the beat of a big bass drum or respond to the lively step of a gold-braided majorette.

A few years ago, almost every town and village pointed with pride to its brass band. A large majority of its members comprised high school students.

During the past decade, there has been a sharp decline in band organizations. The once-flourishing symbols, blaring horns and rolling drums have weakened and died.

For many years now, the Mark-

More Encouragement for the Drones

Stouffville employees are among the millions across Canada who recently had a new dent made in their income as unemployment premiums were increased, in fact nearly doubled in the higher brackets.

This raise in premiums following more than a dozen years of high employment seems out of line. Why? Because it encourages too many to work only enough to qualify for the dole.

In our printing trade very few of the workers collect as our men are employed on the year round basis and if sickness strikes they are covered by our own health plan.

We, as a small business, are highly criticized if we raise our rates. Some folks in our business have not raised their rates in years but paper,

An Unauthorized Disposal Plant

A factory in the town of Aurora is using a lot in the township of Whitchurch for an unauthorized open disposal plant. According to members of council, raw sewage is being transported in tank trucks from a tannery in Aurora to a piece of property on concession 2, Whitchurch.

To describe the situation in few words, we would say that it constitutes a menace to the life and limb of every child in the area. One accident around the edge of this "acid pot" would mean instant death. Even

Hospitals are built only after weeks, months and sometimes years of fund-raising campaigns. Further financial donations are needed to keep them operating on a financially sound basis. With such thoughts in mind, residents are loathe to promote such a project.

Hospitals are of little concern for the healthy. Fund-raising drives are above the financial means of the sick. Who then is there left to shoulder the load? Perhaps the value of emergency hospital treatment could best be described by the parents of the little girl that died in the Markham police cruiser.

Stouffville too, has a band. A high school group, under the leadership of Mr. Jerry Waite has, to date, confined its activities strictly to extra-curricular presentations within the school. Their numbers at the recent commencement brought a host of complimentary remarks from those in attendance.

ink, labor, have gone up each year. The small business with stiffer credit regulations, higher taxes and the new rates for unemployment of which it pays half, either goes under or joins the merry round of inflation.

Residents in Stouffville, like many other small towns, find it very difficult to get people to do odd jobs. We go along with the fact that older people and younger unemployables should be looked after, but we cannot condone the encouragement that is being given to the work slacker.

Add to that their indirect spending, that is, the money spent by their parents on clothes and cars for them, foods and fads for them, schooling and spoiling for them, and they are probably the most expensive and economically influential segment of society ever spawned.

We may have to go back a few years to get a real sense of values and fundamental honesty.

It is rather difficult to understand why property in one municipality should be "mutilated" in order to provide a service to a firm in an adjoining town. The matter has been the topic of discussion for many months among members of Whitchurch council but repeated warnings have apparently fallen on deaf ears.

It's not complaining, or saying it's all wrong. I'm merely observing. Nor do I blame it on the kids. Start feeding a new pup choice morsels from your table, even though you know it's wrong. Pretty soon he's clawing at your leg if you're not handling it down fast enough.

For Parents Only

"GOOD-BYE MUMMY!"

What happens when you leave your child with a baby sitter and go out for a short time? Is your small son or daughter in tears over your departure? Perhaps he rebels so violently that it takes the edge off those few golden hours when you are free from home responsibilities!

You cannot give in to his crying and stay home! But you can try to discover the reason why he makes such a fuss. Time has little meaning for a child. When he watches your departing back through the window, it may be he fears you will never return.

Never try to deceive your child by slipping away when he is having his afternoon nap. Don't vanish when he is preoccupied with play! These methods destroy his confidence in you.

Prepare your child by telling him what you are going to be doing when you are away from him. State exactly when you will be back. "By Supper Time" or before "Daddy comes from the office." If he is four or five, show him where the big and little hands of the clock will be when he can start watching for your return.

When you come back, take time to describe to him something you have seen or done. If possible, bring some little surprise home with you, as a pretty serviette from an afternoon tea party.

It is much easier for your child to take your going "in his stride" if he enjoys the company of the grown-up who is caring for him. Have you discovered that there is no better substitute for mother than father? A man may feel awkward or inadequate in his first baby-sitting sessions. But there is nothing which will make him prouder of his youngster! Son or daughter discovers that it is fun to have daddy in charge.

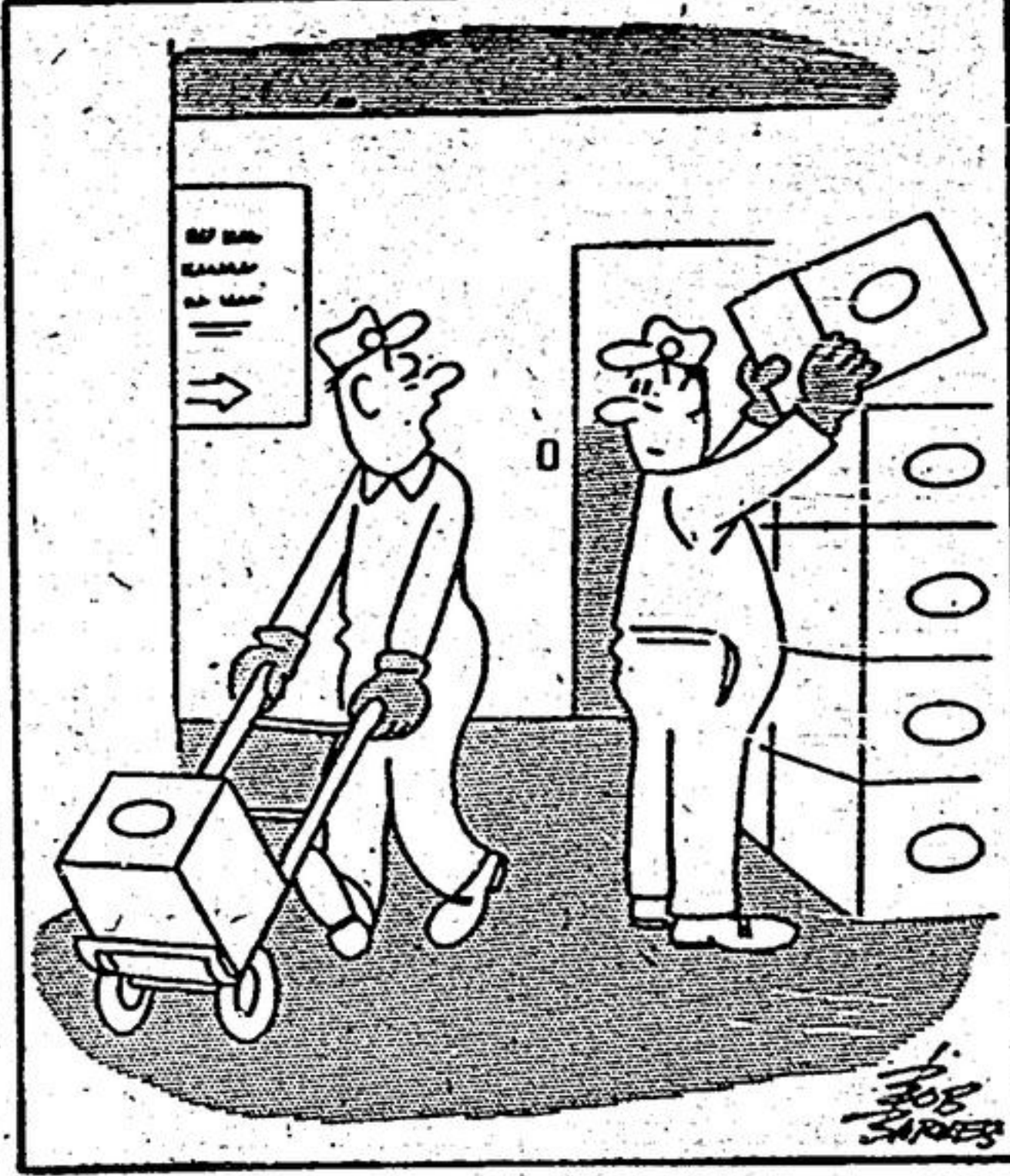
As baby sitters, grandmothers and aunts often rate high, too. Most mothers have a list of two or three reliable older girls or women who are fond of children and know their child's schedule. Each friendly person who cares for your little boy or girl increases his confidence in other people outside the home circle.

One of the most inexpensive daytime child caring schemes is a barter plan between two mothers of small children. You care for Mrs. Smith's Susan in your home one afternoon and she looks after your Billy on another afternoon.

A busy child is a happy child and you should plan possible activities for your child in your absence. Have a few toys, a favorite story book or dolly put away, which are only enjoyed at these special times. If father takes a turn at minding his youngster, perhaps he could make a set of home-made blocks or a simple jig-saw puzzle, or a little pull toy, for Junior.

If your child attends Nursery School during the week, or a Nursery Class Session during

LAFF OF THE WEEK



Editor's Mail

Nov. 16, 1959

Dear Editor,

It was not my wish to be drawn into the Edwards-Town Council controversy, but in the light of the snide remarks, referring to me, which were contained in a letter appearing in your Nov. 12 issue, I feel justified in asking for "my day in court."

The issues in the Edwards-Council dispute and the dismissal of one of my employees stem from the same root. Fanned, in both cases, to a lot of smoke and small by members of Stouffville's Cafe Society.

Employee-Employer relations are simply this: If an employee by his or her actions tends to jeopardize customer-employer relations, it is time to make other arrangements.

There are no quarrels about who'll be doing the dishes with a "specialist" in the kitchen. In this new era of living better electrically, the automatic dishwasher (in many homes) does the dirty work, every day of the year.

The electrical servant that washes a family's dishes also helps protect a family's health. Tests conducted recently revealed bacterial counts as high as 10,000 on some hand-washed dishes but no detectable germs at all on 74 per cent of dishes washed in an automatic machine.

Today's housewife can choose her dishwasher from a variety of loading types—top opening, front opening or pull out. For apartment dwellers, or home renters, portable styles are available, requiring no special plumbing or installation.

Now, Mr. Editor, I would close by repeating: this letter was not of my seeking, but as my critic's champion will attest, I can't be intimidated and I don't get pushed around so pretty good.

Sugar and Spice

By BILL SMILEY

Do you know that in the U.S., the teenage population has a buying power of \$80 billion a year? A chap from the States told me that the other day, and I was suitably startled. Or maybe it was \$8 million a day. It doesn't matter.

I presume the same is true in Canada, proportionately. Let's say there are four million teenagers in Canada. A conservative estimate of their direct spending would be an average of \$2 a week, each. That's \$8 million a week, \$416 million a year.

Perhaps it is money that has supplied the motive power for the cult of the teen, which has smothered society, in the past decade, with something that has all the grace, charm and vitality of a well-mouthed marshmallow.

It began in the 1940's, when the war-time and post-war boom produced easy money, the like of which honest plugging people had never seen. Parents, delighted and ill at ease with their newfound affluence, passed some of it on to their kids. For nothing. Not for working, but just so they could hold up their end with all the other kids whose parents had given them money for the same reason.

It was not long before the sharples of society smelded a fat new market. Sociologists gave them a hand up by turning the full candlepower of their searchlight on the Youth of Today. The youth responded as youth always will, by pushing for a place at the trough.

Rather a shocker, isn't it? It was not always thus. Only in the past generation has the age group between 12 and 20 fastened on the body of society with a vampire's tooth, and inhaled with gusto. Never before in history have commerce and culture danced attendance on the maudlin mind of the teens.

with a bib below his jowls and gets snarly if you give him the half of your steak that has the gristle in it.

This adulation of the adolescent was non-existent when I was one. And don't give me that pap about today's teenagers being all mixed up and confused. People of that age have always been confused and mixed up. The difference was that we didn't know how to take advantage of it, and we didn't have enough money for anybody to be bothered with us.

And thus, in the 1950's emerged full-blown that phenomenon—the Teenager—master of all he or she surveys, as capricious as Catherine the Great, as misdirected as a moonson. One can only look forward to the 1960's with utter foreboding.

Glorification of the teenager has had several results, all of them dire. It has unleashed a veritable flood of garbage in the fields of entertainment and publishing. It has convinced even the more sensible of our youth that they are as important as the sycophants say they are.

It has made them believe that they are enjoying the most exciting, the richest years of their lives, which is pure crap. It has played hell with family life, because it has assured them that everyone who is not a teenager is either infantile or an imbecile.

Don't ask me for the answers. I just have the questions. The only thing I can suggest is to cut off ruthlessly their finances. Which would bring down about our ears a torrent from the soft drink companies, the record companies, the drive-in movies, the people who specialize in clothes and shoes for teens, and everybody else who has a finger in that big juicy pie.

Don't think I am attacking the teenagers, or that I have a formula for revamping society. It's just that I have a problem. I have a son who is 12. When I was 12 I wanted to be a cowboy, Tarzan-of-the-Apes, a great explorer, or, on dull days, maybe just a millionaire. You know what my kid wants to be? He wants to be a teenager. It's very depressing.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(Lesson for November 29)

SAUL CONFRONTED BY CHRIST Acts 9:1-9

GOLDEN TEXT—Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.—Acts 4:12

THE LESSON AS A WHOLE Approach to the Lesson The conversion of Saul of Tarsus on the road to Damascus and his spiritual transformation into Paul the apostle to the Gentiles paved the way for a rapid Gospel advance into distant lands.

He was indeed "a chosen vessel" (Acts 9:15). In him three cultures blended in a remarkable way. He was "an Hebrew of the Hebrews; as touching the law, a Pharisee" (Phil. 3:5). Steeped in the Old Testament, at home in both Law and Prophets, trained at the feet of Gamaliel, and understanding the intricacies of Hebrew tradition, he was eminently qualified to meet the Jews on their own level.

Paul was also at home in Grecian surroundings. He spoke Greek, was versed in Greek philosophy, and felt at ease even in Athens, the capital of Greece (Acts 17:22-34). What a boon this was! For his task was to cross the Mediterranean from Asia Minor to Greece, to reside there for years, and to establish Christian assemblies in many parts of the land.

But more, Paul was a free-born Roman citizen (Acts 22:28) entitled to all the privileges and protection such citizenship entailed. It was this fact, for example, that hastened his liberation in Philippi (Acts 16:37-39) and later enabled him in an hour of crisis to appeal to the emperor (Acts 25:11), thereby hastening the carrying of the Gospel to Rome.

Yes, on that Damascus road the Lord Jesus laid His mighty hand upon one who was prepared to become a mighty servant of God.

The Heart of the Lesson Saul's conversion was dramatic, swift, and complete. It changed the course of church history. For the fiery young fanatic whose life was revolutionized became the Christian pioneer to Gentiles in "the regions beyond" (2 Cor. 10:6), author of one-half the books of the New Testament and master theologian of the ages.

Dramatic? The flashing light from Heaven which engulfed him, the brief but overwhelming view of the exalted, radiant Saviour, the gentle but authoritative voice from Glory—and over against this the form of the leading enemy of the Christians lying prostrate in the dust. It was a truly startling scene. It is described three times in ever-increasing detail in the Book of Acts.

But it was also swift and complete. No sooner had the scales fallen from Saul's eyes than he was baptized and began to preach Christ (9:18-20). The destroyer and defamer had become the devotee. The accuser and assailant had become both advocate and apostle. The persecutor of the faith had become a professor and propagator of the faith. His transformation was assuaged as the flash from Heaven.

We should thank God that the Lord Jesus has not changed. His transforming power still prevails. Never regard any man—Hebrew skeptic, Gentile infidel, misguided follower of a spurious sect, drunken Bowery sot—as beyond the reach of the Son of God. The light that blinded Saul's physical eyes but illumined the eyes of his soul still shines. Keep praying. Keep witnessing. Keep expecting miracles. The Lord of the Damascus road is still Lord of human life and destiny.

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