

# Editorial

## Time, Not Money Is Most Necessary

The reeve of Pickering Township was, last week, granted an increase in his annual remuneration in the form of a \$1,000 expense account. In accepting the additional fee, the reeve suggested that the new wage scale might tend to interest others in shouldering the responsibilities of the post. We feel that the \$3,000 stipend will indeed make for increased enthusiasm among aspirants to the position, but we fear that too many will eye the office on a basis of dollars and cents rather than from an individual desire to work in the best interests of Mr. and Mrs. Taxpayer.

We were more than slightly

amazed to learn, last week, that Reeve Sherman Scott had attended a total of twenty-three meetings within a period of sixteen days. We would contend that no matter how rosy this salary might appear in round figures, there are few resident ratepayers who could spare the time that the post requires even if they were blessed with the ability to carry out its duties.

In short, Reeve Scott is holding a full-time position on a part-time wage. This is fine, for the present, but we fear that someone could easily sacrifice the welfare of the municipality for a selfish grasp for the \$3,000 plum.

## Tax Collector Getting His Share

Those who were working for a living in 1939 and are still at it probably are interested in how they are doing today, comparatively speaking, including income. Wages and salaries are away up, but so are prices, and to an extent so are taxes.

It is surprising that the rise in taxes in the higher cost of living picture receives so little attention. The pre-war \$60-a-week earner paid \$7 tax for the whole year; his counterpart today pays almost as much

for one week. Possibly the fact that the money is collected at the source and is never seen by the worker has been one factor in helping the higher government spending escape notice as a main element in higher living costs.

This factor should be kept in mind by Canadians who, in their demands from government, both municipal and in the higher brackets, overlook the fact that it is the people who pay.

## Could Serve A Dual Purpose

The old Markham arena building has been condemned. It will be completely dismantled and removed from the site. The decision was announced last week by the Fair Board President after numerous emergency meetings were held to discuss the issue.

There was a time when the once-proud home of the Markham "Millionaires" was the scene of thrilling hockey spectacles that attracted fan support from a wide area. The trend towards artificial ice in many neighboring communities, including Stouffville, saw winter sports interest hit an all-time low and during the past

decade the structure has been little used. The Unionville arena has helped, in part, to fill the vacuum created, but to many, it is still a foreign field.

In a few short weeks, the Fair Board will embark on a campaign to erect a replacement building. What a marvellous service could be done for the village and the community, if the members re-directed their sights toward the construction of an arena that would serve the needs of growing generations in a rapidly growing town. With a population in excess of 4,000, it is high time that such a project was seriously contemplated.

## Have Fun, But Take Care

Each year, summer vacations spell tragedy to hundreds of families as accidental drowning takes the lives of both children and adults. Next to the highway, the lake, river or swimming pool is the most lethal vacation hazard.

Swimming is fun and should be enjoyed. Safety is of utmost importance, however, and the All Canada Insurance Federation, representing more than 250 Canadian fire, casualty and automobile insurance companies, recommends these rules for saving lives:

- (1) Learn how to swim and teach the children to swim.
- (2) Do not swim alone.
- (3) Unless accompanied by a boat, do not swim far from shore. Swim parallel to the shore if you wish to try for distance.
- (4) Non-swimmers should not float

into deep water on inner tubes or other inflated articles. If the float begins to leak the swimmer is in difficulty.

- (5) Do not dive into unfamiliar waters and do not swim beneath diving boards.
- (6) If a swimmer is in difficulty, try to rescue him with a boat, a rope or an extended oar. Do not swim to him unless it is absolutely necessary. Often the rescuer also becomes a victim.
- (7) At public beaches, swim near the lifeguard stations.
- (8) Wait for at least an hour after meals before swimming.
- (9) Beware of undertows in rough water.
- (10) Do not swim during lightning storms.
- (11) Learn how to administer artificial respiration.

## Road Markings Give Protection

One of the less understandable of driving follies is the disregard of road markings.

Why does it happen? Every driver knows that markings are for the protection of all who use the roads. Why are they ignored so repeatedly?

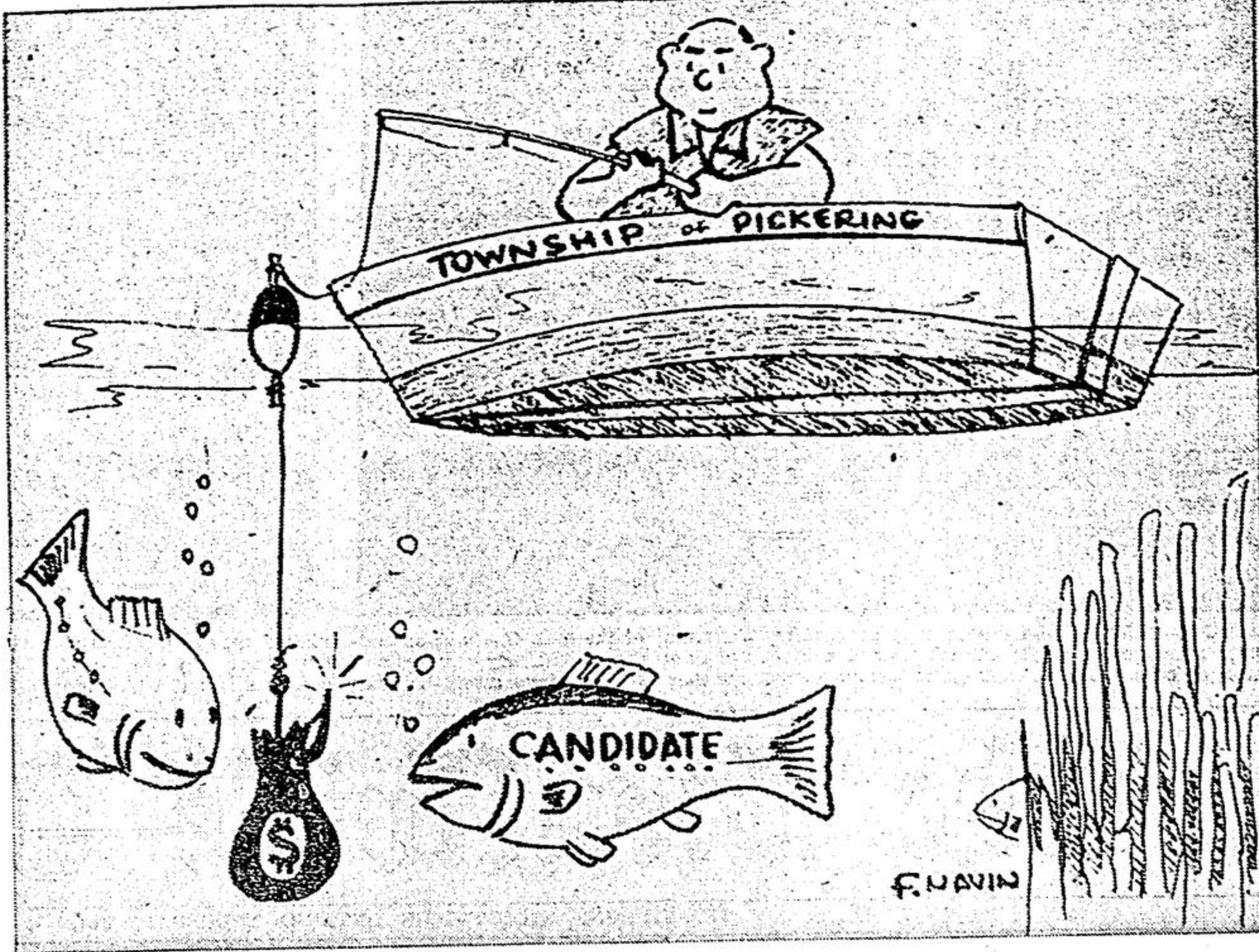
Other violations such as excessive speed, illegal or selfish parking, presumably offer some advantage—in the mind of the driver, at least. But it is difficult to understand the motivation of the motorist who habitually stops half way over the crosswalk, or straddles lanes. He can get nothing out of it—apart from black

looks, horn blasts, and an increased chance of getting into a hospital ward.

It is just as easy to conform to, as it is to disregard the guidance of marking lines. And very much safer.

The good driver observes all road directions, without question. He feels at ease, driving at the correct speed in the correct position. It is automatic for him to keep within the protective boundary of the lane lines.

A good driver, says the Ontario Safety League, does not leave the comfort and protection of his lane without sufficient reason. The possible saving of a couple of seconds is not a sufficient reason.



FISHING FOR REEVES

## Sugar and Spice

By BILL SMILEY

There is no social catastrophe more appalling than having people take you up on one of those casual invitations you don't really mean, to "drop in and see us if you're up our way." It happens to us every summer, and on several occasions has almost destroyed our marriage.

You know how it is. You're at a wedding or something, in the city, back in February. During the post-nuptial conviviality you get to chatting with some cousins of the bride, a nice couple you hadn't met before. They are charming, and so are you. You'd love to see some more of them, because they think you're so witty. You insist that they come and see you for a weekend, in the summer. Your wife starts eyeing you with that look that means it's time you left the party. So, while she's getting her coat, you make your new chums promise, right there and then, that they'll come and visit you. You even make them pick a weekend.

Then some Friday evening in July, you're mowing the lawn and sweating like a horse. You have your shirt off, and you're unshaven. Your wife has a cold-sore and has just washed her hair and put it up. Your kids have just come home from playing at the sandpit, and are a charming composite of sweat and sand, from head to toe. And a big car pulls up at the house. This stranger climbs out, and his wife and three kids climb out after him.

"Well, here we are, old buddy," he grins happily. "Better late than never." You have never seen the man before in your entire life. There's a squeal from the Old Girl, and you hear the door slam behind you, and her feet pattering up the back stairs. The kids come over and stand beside you, wiping their noses with the backs of their hands and staring at the strange kids, who stare back with interest.

It's not until you ask them into the house, and the man pulls a pile of suitcases out of the car, that the full impact is felt, the dreadful realization that these clunks are here for the weekend, and that they were probably invited by you in one of your more expansive moments, at some forgotten ball, months ago.

In the meantime, your wife is congratulating Elsie, as she turns out to be, on having such lovely children. At this juncture, there is a wild scream outside, and one of the lovely children runs in bleeding heavily from the nose, which your small daughter has just punched.

Let's just draw a veil over the rest of the weekend, shall we? Except to mention that: Ernie had a nasty habit of telling, in front of your wife, about how he scrubs all the floors for Elsie, every Saturday; one of their lovely children got into some lovely poison ivy on the picnic you took them on; and Elsie turned a bit frigid after overhearing one of your kids pipe: "Isn't she a silly lady?"

You know your wife is weeping hot, salty tears of pure rage upstairs. After some draggly conversation, during which you have offered them a cigarette and called him George and had him tell you his name is Ernie, you suggest a cold drink. They accept with alacrity. You check your stock. It consists of: a half-consumed bottle of orange on the kitchen table, with a fly in it; two-thirds of a bottle of stale beer that's been sitting in the refrigerator, open, for three days; one warm bottle of soda water, left over from Christmas. The vendors are closed. So you send the kids to the corner for some cold pop, and sit around grinning at your guests in amiable agony.

Your wife comes down, a bit red-eyed, but looking pretty fair. She's taken out her curlers, and buried the coldsore under a quarter-inch of make-up. She's smiling with ferocious gaiety and says what a lovely surprise to have them drop in. And when she walks past you to make a pot of tea, she throws you a look like a knife.

With a faint glimmering of hope, you ask Ernie if he likes to golf or would care to go fishing in the morning. "Never could see much in it," says Ern, and your heart hits your heels. Ernie, it turns out, is a curler, and he spends the next 40 minutes of a hot summer evening telling you about the trophy his rink woulda won last winter, if one of the boys haddena hadda noff night.

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## FORECAST

By Olive Aldous Garrett

Car Plane — Goes Straight Up!

Called a "gyroplane", Canada's car plane will fly late in September or early October.

This aircraft, which will be cheaper than a helicopter, will be able to take off or land vertically by exhausting compressed air through rotor blades to nozzles at the tips. And no airfield is required!

The autogyro (another name for it, apparently) is predicted as the safe, cheap aircraft of the future. It will eventually sell at around \$10,000.

I guess it would be worth that to avoid that mad dash, in heavy traffic, to the cottage every weekend. (I hope I won't be forecasting traffic in the sky next!)

Coming — Graham Wafer Crumbs

Pie shells and desserts made from Graham Wafers will be even more of a breeze, now that

the housewife will be able to buy the wafers already crumbled — no rolling required!

They will be in a handy glass-lined, re-closable bag to preserve freshness — and printed right on the bag will be some new and unusual dessert recipes.

On the Milky Way —

— Is non-wax paper cartons for milk and dairy byproducts.

These cartons are completely plastic-coated with "Alathon 16" polyethylene resin. This superior coating makes a more durable and virtually leakproof carton which is tamper-proof, completely sealed, and has a convenient corner spout. They are square, and come in all sizes; half-pint, third-quart, pint, quart and Twin-Pak half-gallon, which consists of two quarts, individually sealed and adhesively joined. These cartons will be available in Canada, but not for some months.

## Sunday School Lesson

AMOS DEMANDS SOCIAL JUSTICE

(Lesson for July 10)

Amos 2:6-8; 8:4-6

**GOLDEN TEXT** — Hate the evil, and love the good, and establish judgment in the gate. — Amos 5:15

**THE LESSON AS A WHOLE**

Approach to the Lesson  
We learned last week that Amos, though originally from the southern kingdom, was divinely directed to speak his prophecies to Israel in the north, and that his forthrightness had awakened the opposition of the false religionists there.

Today's lesson brings us to the very core of the prophet's "burden" — God's demand for practical righteousness on the social level. This was not an unreasonable demand, but was in perfect consistency with the grace and truth that He had communicated to them. They were the most privileged of all of earth's people, and consequently their morality and ethics should have been of the very highest order. "Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required" (Luke 12:48). Light and privilege always bring with them a corresponding amount of responsibility.

But the nation had turned this grace of God into license, and their conduct was shot through with covetousness, love of ease, and an abandon to selfish indulgence. And over all this, as snow would cover a garbage heap, was a thin veneer of external religion. We must always remember that God demands truth in the inward parts, and that He abhors hypocrisy. Furthermore, we must be in right relationship with Him before we can be in right relationship with our fellow men. True religion and morality go hand in hand. The Heart of the Lesson

This salty ministry from Amos makes it abundantly clear that we all, as Israel of old, stand in deadly danger of substituting ceremonialism for holiness; external conformity for inward reality. There was an impressive parade of religion in the nation in the prophet's day, but this seemed to have almost no bearing whatever upon their ethics. Their sins are seen as covetousness, cruel oppression, bribery, and a scorning of law and moral rectitude. But they sought to screen this behind a religious facade. They offered sacrifices, kept feasts, and sang religious songs on the Sabbath, and then went forth the next day to victimize and oppress the poor at every opportunity. This called forth the vehement protest of God.

It is possible for us to become too doctrinaire, too concerned with the academic side of truth, and not enough concerned about its practical implications. We need not only to understand but to obey! "If ye know these things," said our Lord, "happy are ye if ye do them!" (John 13:17).

When we learn of the self-deception of God's people in Amos's day, perhaps we should ask: Is it possible that I have been guilty of adopting the same attitude? Do I use my religious conformity to cover a dark and hollow interior? Have I been truly born again? And do I have the Spirit of Truth actuating me from day to day? How we need to beware of paying more attention to the externals of the Christian ordinances, for example, than to the realities that lie behind these ordinances! Forms and frames are important enough, providing they are expressive of spiritual truths. Otherwise, we are guilty of Pharisaism. Let us ever remember that "the kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost" (Rom. 14:17).

## Casual Remarks Heard By A Water Lifeguard

"He's been here five summers, and I haven't seen him wet yet. I don't know whether the guy's allergic to water—or has simply forgotten how to swim."

"Would you mind diving into the water and pretending to be a porpoise? My little son has taken up skin diving and wants to test his new underwater gun."

"I hear he's a college man. No, not Yale—barber's."

"Glamour Only! Is it true that if a girl isn't young and pretty, you just go ahead and let her drown?"

"Would you mind signing this autograph book for my little girl? Don't sign your own name. Sign Mickey Rooney. That's who she thinks you are."

"How do you life guards live through the winter — by fishing through holes in the ice?"

"Yes, he does have a nice build, but I hear it isn't really his yet. He still owes Charles Atlas \$18.95."

"I think there's a shark out there. Would you mind swimming out and taking a look?"

"Me Jane. You Tarzan?"

Water, Water Every . . .

"Since they started allowing bikinis here, I haven't seen him look at the ocean once."

"Would you mind holding this shovel and pall while I take junior to the comfort station?"

"I want that little brat arrested this very minute. He deliberately stepped on my daughter's sand castle."

"Every time you blow that whistle you wake my husband up. Do you have to play traffic cop all day long?"

"My wife says that's a Russian submarine out there. I say it's just a beer can. What do you say?"

Family Stuff  
"Would you mind smearing this sunburn lotion on my back. I want to make my husband jealous."

"My little boy dropped his hot dog in the sand. Will you let him sit up there with you so he'll stop crying?"

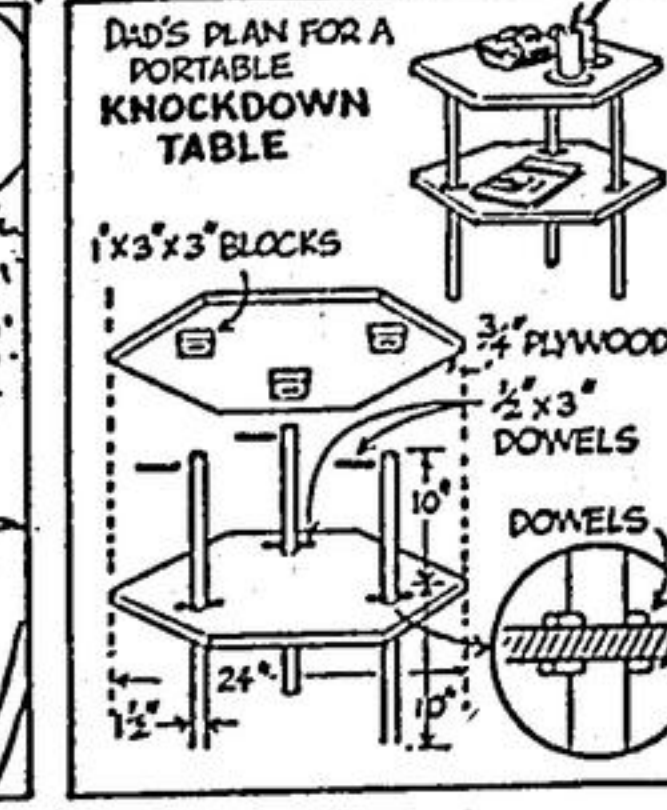
"Tell me, are there any crabs on this beach—besides my wife, I mean?"

"He was the only accident case here last year. He fell off his platform when a blonde busted her shoulder strap."

## THE HANDY FAMILY



## BY LLOYD BIRMINGHAM



A record 24,400,000 tons. That is the 1959 output of Canadian mines, up 55 percent over 1958.

Big blue cloud: Canadians in 1959 smoked 33,800,000,000 cigarettes.

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