

# Editorial

## Some Ministerial Standards Are Inadequate

Within recent years, the Stouffville district has been the scene of numerous tent evangelistic campaigns. Some have been supported by a local Ministerial Association while others are merely fly-by-night operations dedicated to saving the world in six simple lessons.

We would contend that such unrecognized programs are becoming all too common and it is high time that certain rules and regulations were attached to these projects. It is a very easy matter for any individual to erect a mobile tent in some farmer's pasture field. Supported by a gift for oratory and aided by a wide-spread publicity promotion, it is not too difficult to attract an audience of listeners. If the interest and revenue is sufficient, the campaign will be extended. If not, the travelling troupe will simply move on to more lucrative grounds.

It would appear that the majority of these open-field services are promoted by spokesmen from the United States. When the Canadian climate warms up to their liking they head, bag and baggage across the border. In the autumn, they return to winter in the Sunny South. Pretty

nice work if you can get it.

Town and township officials are apparently unable to enforce any taxable restrictions on these temporary structures due to their short period of stay within the municipality. Police are often quite unwilling to act even if promoted by complaints due to the front page newspaper publicity that would undoubtedly follow. And so, these unauthorized "sky pilots" are permitted to rove through the countryside, free agents, to sell religion like so much soap suds or toothpaste. With the doors of our local churches continually beckoning the public to attend Sunday worship services, we feel that these open-air meeting houses serve little purpose.

We have attended the evangelical meetings in the arena. We have attended the gatherings at Pike's Peak. We have been inspired by the ministerial messages and gospel music of these services. We cannot, however, condone any high-pressure salesmanship of religion, comparable to a barker at a cheap circus side-show. This is exactly the type of promotion that is being offered here each summer by persons whose authority, in our opinion, is highly questionable.

## What About The Trees?

Both the Stouffville Municipal Council and the local Public Utilities Commission have had discussions on the problem of whether or not the trees at the west end of town should be allowed to come down with the proposed highway widening. To date no final decision has come from either body and there is a difference of opinion among the members.

Only a few weeks ago, council was in receipt of a petition of west-end ratepayers asking that the trees be spared.

While we fully sympathize with the tree-lovers and are just as anxious to see every tree preserved possible, it is our opinion that the trees will have to go. We certainly appreciate the pleasant approach which the great maples have made to the western entrance to town, but to put it bluntly, they have had their day.

To view it from the practical standpoint — if one will realize that a number of these trees are not in good health and will shortly have to come down. They have been pruned unmercifully by hydro workers to add to the decay. It will also be necessary that a number be removed in order to make way for proper widening of street entrances, particularly Orchard Park. In addition, if the trees do remain, they have further pruning to undergo, both at the roots and above. Hydro lines will be moved back, making for cutting of more branches, and telephone lines will run beneath.

## Worst Accident Month

July is the worst month for farm accidents, which is as good a reason as any for the selection of a week during the month as Farm Safety Week, which starts July 24. As Dr. H. H. Hannam, president of the Canadian Federation of Agriculture states:

"A recent national survey of farm accidents in Canada indicated that one in every four farm families is involved in a farm accident annually and one in every 50 such accidents is fatal. As 13 per cent of last year's accidents occurred during July, we think . . . that this is an ideal time to conduct such a safety program . . . Every person who realizes the tremendous losses incurred by Canadian agriculture through farm accidents becomes immediately aware of the need for an effective accident prevention program."

From the National Safety Council come these tips on how to avoid harvest hazards:

"Moving machinery on public roads is a necessary but dangerous harvest job: obey traffic laws; warn motorists with flags by day, safety lights and reflective material by night; post flagmen if visibility is

limited by hills, curves or obstructions.

"Child victims of harvest accidents are often injured or killed in driveways or farm yards. Do not allow small children into work areas, unless accompanied by an adult who can give them full attention. If older children want to help, supervise them carefully.

"Combine operation requires good judgment. Know your machine. Shut off power before cleaning, adjusting or lubricating. Be certain that everyone is clear before engaging the power.

"Sunstroke and heat exhaustion are also hazards. Wear a hat and cool clothing to protect from the sun. Drink plenty of water and take a salt tablet with glassful, or add a table spoon of salt to each gallon. Avoid excessive fatigues.

"Drive carefully while hauling grain. Tractor brakes are not very effective in stopping a loaded grain wagon. Keep hitches in good condition. Use a safety chain when hauling on public roads. Never work under a lifted dump box and carry no extra riders."



SELLING RELIGION

## Sugar and Spice

By BILL SMILEY

Yes, it's true, all right. It's taken almost 14 years of quiet plotting to organize it, but I've done it. I've GOT AWAY FROM THE FAMILY. That may not sound like much to you young people. But every father, every mother, knows it's just about the next hardest thing to walking on top of the waves.

I'm attending the special summer course for high school teachers. Don't ask me why. It's all rather confusing. Except that as I watched those teachers' salaries go up and up, and I pondered over that big, fat two-month vacation every summer, it suddenly dawned on me that I was a dedicated teacher.

So here I am. Normally, I'd be sitting at the kitchen table writing this, at 2 a.m. The ash tray would look as though an Indian princess had just been cremated on it. I'd be on the third pot of tea. And the Old Lady would be hollering down that I was out of my mind and why didn't I come to bed like normal people.

But I've got clean away from that bourgeois and distracting atmosphere. I'm sitting in a cell in a men's residence. The ash tray is piled high with butts. There's no tea. And there isn't a sound to disturb me. Except the bird in the next cell pounding the wall and offering most rude suggestions about what I should do with my typewriter. It is only 2 a.m.

Ten years as a dedicated editor have left me thin, harassed, twitching, and with an abiding hatred of the telephone. So it is with a deep sense of nothing that I turn over the editorial chair to my temporary successor. Guess who it is. This will murder you.

It's none other than The Old Battleaxe.

For the past ten years, she has told me, and believed, that all I do is sit in the office and talk to people. She has compared this leisurely life to her own lowly estate: scrubbing floors, doing the laundry, painting and wallpapering, putting out the garbage, and a lot of trivial stuff like that.

That's why I can't understand why she gets so sore when I roar with laughter, every time I refer to her as the new editor. All of a sudden, she has not only changed her tune, but the words as well. She wails: "But what am I going to do? I won't know where to begin." And when I tell her all she has to do is sit in the office and talk to people, she turns white.

She's been editor for one week!

now, and already she's got an ulcer. Also a bad heart, high blood pressure, the jumping cancer, and a lung condition. I assured her that all these symptoms will vanish as soon as she gets the paper out on Thursday, and she can go back to being a plain, ordinary, neurotic housewife. Until Friday.

When this deal first came up, she was full of sympathy for me. "I certainly don't envy you," she said. "Sweltering down in the hot old city, studying like mad, living like a monk." This was when she thought somebody else would be editor, and she'd be lolling around all summer, taking the kids for swims, and waiting for me to get home Friday nights.

Now the refrain goes something like this: "Certainly envy you. I'm stuck here with the kids, and the paper, and the house, and you'll be down there in the city, meeting interesting people, nothing to do but sit in lectures. I suppose you'll study for an hour in the evening, then go out to a nightclub, or to some interesting place to eat, every night."

I don't know how she figures I can do this on the \$9.75 she's allotted me to live on, but she's positive I'm going to be hanging around cocktail bars, forming liaisons with beautiful women, living it up with old friends, and arriving home every Friday night, gaunt, frayed and good for naught.

The other night, before I left for another wild week of debauchery at teachers' college, I pointed out to her that this deal works two ways. "Think of the fun you'll be having," I told her. "There's the thrill of answering that wildly ringing phone at 3 a.m., excited because you know it's a big story. It may be only one of the town drunks, wanting to tell you about this here letter-to-the-editor he's composing, but you never know."

"And don't forget, you'll be attending banquets, and all sorts of interesting shindigs, as The Press. Provided they don't forget to invite you, and there's a place left for you, and you take 8 pictures and print them all, and you report verbatim the hilarious toast to the ladies."

Oh, I cheered her up with a lot of fascinating facets of the editor's job like that, and when I left, she'd stopped crying and was working on an editorial about closing the pubs at 6 p.m.

## The Sunday School Lesson

AMOS WARNS AGAINST FALSE SECURITY (Lesson for July 17) Amos 5:14, 15; 6;

GOLDEN TEXT — Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.—1 Cor. 10:12 THE LESSON AS A WHOLE Approach to the Lesson

A reading of the entire portion for today's lesson makes it abundantly clear that devastating judgment was inescapable for Israel unless there was speedy and genuine repentance. This, and this alone, could avert righteous condemnation.

The prophet-preacher continued to thunder on his warnings. But despite all this, the leaders of the nation wrapped themselves in complacency and pleasure seeking. Why should they worry? This uncouth Amos from the south was not to be taken seriously; the best that could be said of him was that he was a rather harmless fanatic.

But we know from the historical sequence how very right he

was. No fanatic was he. Rather, he was a voice for God whose warnings and woollings were actually the very heart-throb of Jehovah Himself as He yearned over His wayward people. But it is well to note that these earnest remarks are addressed particularly to the officials, and not to the commoner, for these officials are occupying places of responsible leadership. It is a most severe indictment of their spiritual obtuseness.

The Heart of the Lesson — The sin of these leaders of Israel was not only that of commission, but also of omission. It was not so much what they had done, although that, too, was serious, but what they had not done. They were not concerned one whit about the Lord's honor and His fame.

They had taken the confidence that they should have placed in the living God and placed it in their mountain, their capital, and their material prosperity. Smug, complacent, and secure, they indulged every appetite, and thus built up a callous tolerance toward current iniquity. Thus they became utterly indifferent toward the spiritual paralysis that prevailed everywhere.

But God is long-suffering. His servant Amos voiced, in turn, the reproaches, the remonstrances, and the pleadings of divine love. If they would only turn to Him in confession and repentance! They need not perish. The highway down which they were rushing was heavy with Heaven's road-blocks. It was heartbreaking to see them brush all these aside and plunge on to disaster.

Nor had the lessons of current history been learned to any real profit. The fact that the great and formidable capitals around them had been reduced to rubble by the battering-rams of their enemies seemed to make little impression upon them. "It can't happen here!" they cried. But we know from the aftermath how very wrong they were. Later on, their chains in a grim captive land proclaimed the fact that sin's wages are inescapable.

## New Stamps For Post Cards

The Postmaster General, the Hon. William Hamilton, this week announced that a new postage stamp impression will be used on post cards issued by the Post Office Department. The new stamp impression will also be used on the post bands sold for the mailing of newspapers and magazines, but there will be no change in the design used on stamped envelopes.

The stamp impression will bear the same portrait of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, reproduced photographically, as the portrait which now serves on all stamped postal stationery. The basic difference in the new stamp is the word "Canada" appearing in open Roman lettering on a solid background of colour, and the use of a larger numeral indicating the postal value. In announcing the new post cards, Mr. Hamilton stated that some cards of the old type are still in stock at post offices and that these should last approximately one month. The cards will come into use at various post offices whenever new supplies are required.

It will not be possible to provide first day cover service for philatelists with the new stationery because of the problem of addressing them. A stock will, however, be kept on hand at the Postage Stamp Division in Ottawa to supply philatelists who have difficulty in obtaining the new forms at any local post office where the old style form remains in stock. Philatelic orders from collectors will be serviced commencing August 1st. The post cards are being printed by the British American Bank Note Company for the Post Office Department.

## Handyman about the House

TAKING THE LUMPS OUT OF LAWN ROLLING

By Gordon Donaldson

A small crater in the centre of my backyard remains as a reminder of the awful day when first we rolled the lawn.

I had rented a roller from the hardware store for the day, determined to make an all-out roll and flatten everything in sight.

Hours of sprinkling and hosing had reduced the new-laid sod to a state of sullen soggliness. I tumbled and squelched the roller over it, leaving great, soft footprints.

Then it rained—I mean, really rained. I ran for cover. An hour later, as torrents of water gushed in from neighboring gardens, I watched the roller slowly sink in the middle of the lawn.

The moral here seems to be that a little gentle rolling from time to time does more good than an all-out one-day assault. So you need to have a roller of your own.

And anyone with the stamina and energy to do his own rolling can make his own roller.

A garden roller need not outweigh the anchor of the Queen Mary; nor does it have to be very large to be effective.

The type that you fill with water is handy for carrying around in the trunks of cars, but if you merely want a quiet domesticated roller that'll sit around the garden when not in use, concrete is as good as anything.

An oldrum at least 24 inches deep can be used. Find the centre of the bottom end and drill a hole to take the half-inch pipe axle. Cut out the top of the drum and fix a cross of one-by-twos across it, with another hole in exact centre to take the other end of the axle.

Take the axle-pipe — which should stick out at least three inches at either end of the drum — and drill six holes in it. Stick four-inch nails loosely through the holes at right angles to the pipe. These will be embedded in the concrete and stop the axle turning and working its way loose.

Place the axle in position — making sure it's dead centre — and fill the drum with ready-mixed concrete. As with all concrete jobs, tamp it down to keep out bubbles, and keep covered with damp rags for two or three days to allow it to cure slowly.

Another method is to mold the roller inside a piece of terracotta piping. For this you will need a solid wooden base on which to stand the mold, centred around a vertical hole which supports the axle, and a cross-piece on top. The piping mold can be broken off with a hammer when the concrete is set.

You'll probably need the help of a machine shop or welding shop in making the handle, if only because of the large holes that have to be drilled in it to take the axle.

A simple loop handle made of a flat bar one and one-quarter inches wide will do. Slip big washers made of larger-diameter piping over the axle ends and secure the handle with split pins.

To prevent the handle sides scraping against the roller, it may be advisable to put in a cross-brace of one and a half inch square hardwood fixed across the loop handle with 2½-inch screws.

Repeated sun-tanning can cause serious ailments, says a doctor. Almost as painful as the tanning some kids get.

**"Sure I'm Pleased!"**

"And why not? ... I've got a successful farm here which provides my family with a good living. And even if I should die I have a Sun Life policy which will take care of any mortgage that's left on the house and any debts on the equipment or livestock. And I have another Sun Life policy which will provide me with a retirement income at age 60, if I want to quit then."

"Sure I'm pleased. Wouldn't you be?"

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**SUN LIFE OF CANADA**

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