

# Editorial

## The Components Of Champions

The curtain has fallen on another summer sports season. With the crowning of champions in both local league and provincial playoff competition, it is common practise for the winners to meet for an end-of-the-season banquet or party. In this way, the successes of the past can be discussed and plans may be formulated for the year that lies ahead. One is not revealing any hidden secrets when it is noted that alcoholic beverages are often consumed in a liberal manner.

The Tribune learned recently that the softball club at Mt. Zion, current holders of the Ontario Intermediate "D" title had held such a

get-together. A non-active member of the team informed this paper that not one player on the club roster would accept a single sample of the free liquor handouts. The party, who would wish to remain anonymous, stated that in his many experiences with junior, intermediate and senior class clubs, it was the first time that an entire group had taken such a solid stand.

For this, and many other reasons, the Mt. Zion softball organization has gained the sincere respect and high recognition of all sportsmen, both local and province-wide. These young men possess all the components of champions, both on and off the playing field.

## The Solicitor Had A Point

In a recent accident case aired in Buttonville Traffic Court, the solicitor for the defendant suggested that unauthorized personnel armed with red flags often tended to confuse rather than assist drivers proceeding through areas of highway construction. We most certainly agree.

The average motorist often finds it difficult to read the signals flashed by the flagman. On occasions, he performs his duties on a part-time basis. For one part he is standing on the roadway. For the other, he is operating a bulldozer. When an accident occurs, he merely joins the roll of

an innocent onlooker or barks out bluntly "I told you not to go there." This attitude is very little recompense in exchange for a crumpled fender or broken headlight.

Who endows these individuals with traffic-control authority? Does the job necessitate a license or previous experience? We have not been able to obtain a clearly defined answer to either question and yet dozens of accidents yearly are due at least indirectly to the actions of irresponsible signalmen. Some would be better pitted in a Spanish bull ring where their own lives, and not others, are at stake.

## Ever Stop To Figure Out?

According to statistics we read, it is not considered fantastic to look forward to the time when a great many more Canadians will live to be 90. They will retire at fifty and have forty years of leisure. Factory economists tell us that when this time arrives, the work week will be down to 24 hours.

The point for which we haven't been able to find an answer is what are people going to do with all this leisure time? Some time might profitably be spent now seeking some constructive answers. When such a time arrives, the "do-as-you-please" hours will be the main business of life. Each one will have to decide how he or she will fill these many

hours. Forty years is going to be a long time in which to gaze at west-erns or argue baseball or hockey statistics.

Writers point out that the way people spend their leisure time now with a 40-hour week, is not reassuring. There seems to be a marked lack of inner resources, an urge to do something profitable with the many leisure hours we do have. Taken on the whole, the number who find pleasure in reading is relatively small, and not as many as should, have a hobby.

Many, many, seek aimlessly to kill the leisure hours, and they roll by, hour after hour. Imagine, going through forty years of this kind of thing.

## The Hunter Becomes The Hunted

Hunter make sure that what you're aiming at is game before you pull the trigger!

That's one of the cardinal commandments of safety in the hunting field emphasized in the Hunter Safety Training Program sponsored by the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests and actively supported by the Ontario Anglers and Hunters Federation and rod and gun clubs across the province.

Since September 1, ability to handle firearms safely is insisted upon before a hunting license is issued in Ontario.

Happily illustrating the gun safety doctrine are the following verses, author unknown, which first appeared in the Philadelphia Ledger in 1909:

A hunter popped a partridge on a hill. It made a great to-do and then was still.

It seems (when, later on, his bag he spied) It was his guide!

One shot a squirrel in a nearby wood—

A pretty shot, off-hand, from where he stood.

It wore, they said, a shooting hat of brown

And lived in town!

And one dispatched a rabbit for his haul

That later proved to measure six feet tall:

And, lest you think I'm handing you a myth,

Its name was Smith!

Another Nimrod slew the champion fox.

He glimpsed him lurking in among the rocks.

One rapid shot — it never spoke or moved,

The inquest proved!

A cautious man espied a gleam of brown.

Was it a deer, or Jones, a friend from town?

And, while he pondered on the river's brim,

Jones potted him!

## The Sunday School Lesson

(Lesson for October 9)  
THE ADORATION OF GOD  
Ps. 24; Ephesians 3:14-21  
GOLDEN TEXT — Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.—Eph. 3:20, 21.  
THE LESSON AS A WHOLE  
Our lesson today concerns

worship. This is the great desire of God's heart, and is the highest possible exercise of the creature. In these days of confusion and rush we do well to slow down and to rethink this whole matter.

The writer of this Psalm, and so many others as well, was a man of great activity, and his life was crowned with many noble achievements. Yet he often took time out to contemplate and worship, and it was out of

these "quiet times" that emerged some of his most moving outbursts of praise. Years later our Lord affirmed that "the Father seeketh such to worship him" (John 4:23).

But such adoration has its price. It demands spiritual energy as well as clearness of heart and life. Mere lip worship costs little and is worth little. But if it flows out of a heart that is cleansed and filled, then "with such sacrifices God is well pleased" (Heb. 13:15, 16). This is possible only as we freshly view the King of Glory,

the Lord Jesus Christ, as He triumphantly enters upon His present glory, and then later emerges through the opened Heaven to establish His authority over the earth.

As the believer meditates upon all this, he is moved to adoration. Of course, it goes without saying that only one who knows and loves the King can truly worship Him. It is impossible to worship someone we do not even know.

And it may well have been that this Psalm was composed to celebrate that particular event. In the light of this background the movement and joyous notes of the Psalm are easily understood.

On a recent tour of that sacred land, this writer again climbed the sides of the original Mount Zion and recalled the courage and valor that Joab and his men displayed in the capture of it. Today the tomb of David crowns the crest of Zion.

The ark of Israel—that chest made of acacia wood and overlaid with gold—typifies our Lord Jesus Christ, and its placement in the Tabernacle upon the height foreshadows His enthronement to the highest place in Heaven, even at the right hand of God. This is the real "hill of the Lord"; this is the real "holy place." Christ has passed "through the heavens"

## Cliff Of The Week



"Come on, let's go home—three times around the block is enough!"

## Sugar and Spice

Canadian males, in general, are agreed on one thing. They nod judiciously when they hear that delightful song from the musical My Fair Lady, which asks the question: "Why Can't a Woman be Like a Man?" They realize, reasonable chaps that they are, what a pleasant, placid world it would be if women could, by some miracle, be transformed into sensible, kindly, decent, regular, jolly, good-natured, easy-going people like men.

Canadian females are just as mutual on a gripe to which my wife gave vent the other evening, for perhaps the one hundred and eleventh time. "Why is it," she fumed, "that Canadian men never treat a woman as a human being?"

"Wuddaya mean?" I asked in my courtly, Canadian male fashion. She told me. It seems that Canadian men lack, among other things, gallantry, good manners, and a good, sound leer.

A woman, she says, goes to a party with her husband. She has a new dress, a new hair-do and reeks of "treachery" or "Pure Vice" or something similar for which she has shot \$5. Three minutes after she arrives, she is sitting with a circle of other women, babbling of babies and bathrooms, dryers and drapes. All the men are out in the kitchen, drinking happily, or huddled at the other end of the living room, haggling over politics and football.

The only communication between the sexes during the evening, claims My Old Woman, occurs when one of the men hollers across the abyss: "Hey, Mabel! What year did we get married?" in an effort to prove his point about which year Ottawa won the Grey Cup.

One other point of contact is made between the segregated groups, says My Girl, when the hostess serves the food. Weaving among the stalling arms of the men to pass the pickles, she receives less attention than a waiter in a beverage room, she avers. The way she sees it, the sexes should mingle freely. The women should stand about decoratively, looking slightly seductive. To them should come a steady procession of men who indulge in fierce discussions of art, politics and religion, in the process of bestowing on these mysterious and desirable creatures an occasional deep, longing look, or a whimsical, frustrated lift of eyebrow.

Well sir, fellows, you'll be glad to know that I didn't just sit there and swallow all this stuff without coming back with some pretty good ones of my own. First of all, I pointed out

that this is a young country. It's only a couple of generations since the men did all their drinking out in the harness shed. Already, they've got inside, into the kitchen, and they don't even spit on the stove.

I also suggested that Canadian men are lag-ridden. All they hear from their wives when they come home from work is about how there's something wrong with the washing machine, and that darn milkman only left two quarts, and the kids have been awful today, Joe, and you've got to do something about them, and the church is after me again for pies and I don't see how you expect me to keep this house up without a cleaning woman and if you think you're going fishing on Saturday . . .

Not a sensible, kindly, human expression in the entire outpouring. Not a trace of a feminine wile, a dab of perfume, a black negligee, or a soft look. Not a suggestion that she's glad to have him home. Not a hint that he might have had a few things go wrong today at work. Not the slightest admission that she might be a bit of an old bat. Not even one lousy cold beer in the icebox, because she split the last one with the other female martyr from next door, this afternoon.

Thirdly, I observed that we Canadian males are not to be compared, even by the most wildly romantic woman, to the princes, the intellectuals, and the waiters of Europe. I'd like to see one of them fix a kid's bike, put on the storm windows, or stand calmly up to his bosom in icy water, fishing rainbow trout, for eight hours, without getting a bite. We are, as I mentioned, iron men compared to those hand-kissers.

Another thing. Time after time, I have tried to engage a Canadian woman in a continental-type conversation. "You are looking particularly delicious tonight, my dear," I purr. "Hoo," she giggles. "Diane is doing far too much homework for her age." Or: "Well, you've certainly been busy at the punch bowl," she fitters. Or: "Oh, this is just an old thing I picked up in Eaton's," she blushes.

Trying to get a Canadian woman into a sexy, scintillating conversation is about as easy as trying to convince a millionaire that he can't take it with him. But don't be discouraged, girls. We're coming along fast. Every so often, you'll see a couple of us rise when you enter the room. But don't be annoyed if we manage to do it without looking at you, and without missing a single adjective in our description of the golf game we turned in last Sunday.

## Beware the Bookcase That Tumbles Down

The true test of a do-it-yourself bookcase is: Will it stand up by itself, without any books in it?

I issue this warning, remembering what happened to a friend of mine called Tom who bought a magnificent encyclopedia on the pay-now-pay-again-later plan.

He built a plank case that fitted the weighty volumes like a pre-shrunk sausage skin. It was impervious to dust, woodworms or bookworms. Nothing could get in between books and shelves.

On top he balanced his mantel radio which he used for listening to rock 'n roll when he wasn't searching for knowledge.

He soon discovered a way of prying out the volumes at either end of the shelf. But not the middle ones.

"Dad," his kids would ask, "What's Relativity (the Theory Of)?"

"Never mind," he'd grunt. "Let me tell you about Avalokitesvara. Or maybe Zodiacal Light."

"This worked for a time. But the quest for knowledge is ceaseless and Joe's kids got older. And one day they made a grab for Sex (Habits of Shrimps and Marine Animals) bang in the middle volume.

There was an awful sliding and rumbling and Joe's bookcase came apart at the seams. The encyclopedia was all right but he was awfully sore about the radio.

The moral of all this is: If you can't saw out proper joints and don't possess a router to make grooves for the shelves, it's a good idea to nail a plywood back on your bookcase.

Do this and you can get away with plain but joints, screwed and glued, but preferably supported with small wood fillets under each shelf.

Bookshelves may be of any length but if longer than four feet, they should have intermediate supports.

The average depth of shelf is between eight and nine inches—that is, unless you read nothing but pocket books or slim, winsome volumes of poetry.

If you are using three-quarter inch plywood for the shelves, trim the outside edge with molding. If it's a painted bookcase, it's a good idea to paint the visible portion of the plywood.

## When Autumn Comes

When autumn comes the breezes sigh  
And moan along the eaves,  
Then all the lovely flowers die—  
Tress shed their shrivelled leaves.

The leaves just lately red and gold,  
Come floating to the ground,  
Soon there will be white frost and cold,  
And winter all around.

When autumn comes the twittering birds  
And callings of the jay,  
The lonely lowing of the herds  
And shortening of the day—

Tell us sweet summer days have flown  
And winter's drawing near,  
The woodland seems sad and alone,  
The meadows brown and sear.

And yet we love these autumn days,  
The cricket's chirp at night,  
The fields enshrouded in white haze,  
The wild geese in their flight.

The echo of the sighing breeze,  
The winds that sadly moan,  
Once crimson naked-limbed old trees  
Sigh softly, summer's gone.

—Mrs. Aaron Weber.

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**JIM ABELL**  
PHONE 237 — STOUFFVILLE

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### THE BABY FAMILY

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THAT'S EASY TO REMEDY, JUNIOR—WE CAN IMPROVISE SOME IN A JIFFY!

HERE'S HOW YOU REESED UP A PHOTOLOOD LAMP

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