

Editorial

A Student's Viewpoint

Do our teen-age high school students think for themselves? Do they have individual opinions on various subjects of local interest? Can they put these personal opinions in writing? With the approach of Education Week (Nov. 6-12) The Tribune has invited members of the Stouffville District High School student body to submit editorials that will be published in issues of Nov. 9 and 16.

We feel that the youths in our high schools have definite views on specific matters. We are confident too, that these views can be placed on paper. It is more than ten years since The Tribune promoted such a project. It was highly successful at that time and attracted much reader interest. We hope it can be repeated.

Tree-Planting Campaign Needed

The Province of Ontario is proceeding rapidly ahead in its much-needed road-building program. Prior to the start of each major project, a vigorous tree-cutting campaign begins, like a wave of troops hitting an enemy stronghold before the armoured divisions move in. Trees of all shapes and sizes are felled with such fury that the landscape is laid waste almost overnight. The maple, our very Canadian emblem is hacked down and uprooted like some thorn bush in a farmer's pasture field.

What has taken years to create can be destroyed in a matter of minutes. The west end of Stouffville's Main Street will share a similar fate in a few short weeks. Residents have not taken too kindly to this planned program and one need only to have viewed this section of town during the past two weeks to appreciate their concern.

We feel that these roadside monarchs must bow to progress but we would suggest that the Province should also consider taking steps to concentrate their efforts in an equally vigorous tree-planting campaign. Perhaps the council too and even the Horticultural Society could promote such a program within the boundaries of our village. Through such a project, the bitter pill would not be so hard to swallow. Thirty years from now, future Stouffville residents will thank you for such foresight.

It can easily be seen that the local taxpayers put up less than one mill for all recreational purposes. To make this part of one mill even easier to pay, the town collects municipal taxes from the arena as well as selling the arena water in a total which practically offsets all the tax money that is spent.

This Is Not Stouffville

The Exeter Times-Advocate taking a look into community recreation and arena costs notes that: "As a result of council's decision last week, the cost of providing recreation services and arena facilities will amount to more than \$13,500 next year."

Contrast this with Stouffville and ratepayers here should consider themselves the luckiest in the country so far as putting up any money for recreation facilities.

Here in Stouffville, practically the only tax money spent in this connection is \$1,000 to keep up the park. This is the large community park. Two other small park areas have not been kept up. There is no recreation committee so no money is spent through this channel. The town was provided with an arena through a group of shareholders so there are no debentures there. The Community Swimming Pool was a gift to the town and any deficit is paid by the Lions Club which organization operates the pool.

It's certainly a nice way to have it — we hope all the residents realize how well off they are.

A Welcomed Relief

The recently concluded World Series may not, in the opinion of many, warrant front page publicity in our evening newspapers, but from our vantage point, it was welcomed relief. After days of digesting the raving verbal outbursts of Premier Khrushchov, it was a pleasure to see his A-bomb and rocket threats replaced by the booming bat of Mickey Mantle and the long-range throwing arm of Roberto Clemente.

We would place such players in a class by themselves — true stars in their own right and heroes of every young lad who has ever sported a pair of spikes or brandished a baseball bat. Hardly comparable, we would suggest, to the barbed-tongued Mr. "K" whose actions at the United Nations would hardly typify him as a leader of a powerful republic.

Although the Khrushchov outbursts have received plenty of publicity in the daily press, to the average man on the street, it can mean very little. Bill Mazeroski's home run in the ninth inning at Pittsburgh would quicken the pulse of even the most lethargic sports enthusiast. For one brief moment, at least, the world and all its problems came off second best.

Another thing wrong with the educational system is that there are too many common people getting into the teaching profession. When I was a kid, teachers knew their place. When the last lout was released from the last detention, about a quarter to six, the teacher hurried nervously home, eyes fixed carefully on the ground. You know what some of them have the nerve to do nowadays? They hunt, fish, play golf, have a smash, drive a nice car. They act just as though they were like other people, and I think it's time somebody put a stop to it.

Laff Of The Week



"Let's see, there's a ball... a horseshoe... a goal-post..."

Sugar and Spice

Well, the school board hasn't had me on the carpet yet for that last column, which urged the abolition of Religious Instruction from the curriculum. Maybe it's just because they haven't had a meeting in the meantime. Before they do, I might as well unload all the other beefs I have about the educational system.

Its major flaw is that it costs money. Municipal councils wail with increasing regularity that the economy of Eidsville is being wrecked by those madmen on the school board. Educators observe with equal monotony that we spend more on snokes or liquor than we do on schooling.

Most of us who have children don't kick too much. After all, if you have garbage, you expect the cost of its pickup to be added to your taxes. But when a farmer retires and moves to town, it hurts when he finds that half his tax bill is made up of education costs. He forgets, of course, that his grandchildren who live in the city are being educated at tremendous cost, and half the tab is picked up by some poor old trout who is trying to hang onto her house on the old age pension and the income from her husband's \$4,000 insurance policy.

Another thing wrong is the tremendous waste. Every day, skilled teachers are found climbing the walls after trying to insert in some Neandertal brain the rudiments of learning. Apparently there are to be no hewers of wood or drawers of water in this brave, new Canada. In this democracy of ours, it seems that you can't scrub a floor or fill a gas tank unless you are able to identify an intransitive verb. You are not allowed to carry a plank from here to there unless you are 16 and have learned more mathematics than I knew when I was flying a \$50,000 aircraft in the service of his late Majesty, Geo. VI. You can't even have a baby until you've made a weed collection or taken some options.

Another sore point with me is the course of training given to teachers. They are not brutalized enough. They are taught neither judo nor unarmed combat. They are given no idea of how to deal with teenage tears. What, pray, are they supposed to do when a six-footer, weighing about 180, says: "So I ain't got my homework done. So what?" Or a 16-year-old sylph looks up, bats her eyes, admits she doesn't have her homework done, and starts to bawl?

Then there's this business, for the teacher, of being "on stage" all the time. Every classroom should have a little alcove to which a teacher could retreat, at least once a period and make sure his fly is buttoned.

or her slip isn't showing. It's 35 to 1, and I have a lot more sympathy now for some of those drill sergeants I hated so intensely in the air force. The other day, for example, the kids were killing themselves laughing at me, and I didn't even know what was going on.

I'd asked them to build a portrait of Brutus, from the play "Julius Caesar," by giving me imaginary details of his appearance. I asked a boy first, and after shuffling and snuffing for four minutes, he blurted: "Well, he's medium height and medium weight." A dazzling thrust of the imagination, as you can see. I asked a girl to add to the picture. She suggested he had dark brown hair. Immediately, there was a class snicker, and several kids hollered: "No! He has 'grayish hair, sorta curly.'" So I wrote that down, scowling at them about the snicker. Next kid said Brutus had a sort of red face. It didn't sound much like a Roman senator to me, but I put it on the blackboard, in the midst of another wave of giggling. Another volunteered that Brutus had a big nose, and the entire class dissolved into hilarity. I got pretty sore and told them they'd probably fail in their examination, and such like. It wasn't until they'd left, still chortling, that I looked at the portrait they had drawn in words, and realized that they were describing, with the utmost glee, their gray-haired, red-faced, big-nosed teacher.

The only other major complaint I have concerns the treachery of the students. I spend hours telling my wife what a delightful, intelligent, well-mannered young girl is Susan, and what an utterly irresponsible, insolent young monster is Sam. Then we're downtown. We go into the supermarket. The monster is working there, after school. He smiles broadly, carols "Hello, sir" and hustles around giving me the super service. My wife says: "That's one of the nicest boys I've ever met." We come out of the store. And flying past on the rear seat of a motor-cycle, thumbing her nose at me, is delightful, intelligent, well-mannered Susan.

Handyman About the House

Clean Out Pesky Leaves Keep Eavestroughs Trim

By GORDON DONALDSON

Fall is a pretty season. The leaves turn to red and to gold and to brown, and then they fall on and lodge in our eavestroughs.

And the eavestroughs turn from silver to brown and to black and then they fall off. And big damp patches spread down the side of your house which turns from white to brown or red to brown.

And the paint peels off in pretty big flakes. And then they fall off and float down to the ground—like autumn leaves. Nature's a wonderful thing. But you can beat it if you get out now and clean out all those pesky leaves.

Get up there on a ladder and get to work with a broom. Most of the dirt and dust can be swept out of the gutters with a wire brush. Hose the gutters to get rid of soot, which can erode. Once you've cleaned them, look for new leaks that may have been plugged with the dirt. Patch these before they have time to cause ugly stains on the walls below.

The common galvanized gutter needs to be well covered with metal primer and paint or eventually it will cause trouble. Aluminum, copper or stainless steel will survive without paint.

But no gutter is much good if it is not properly pitched. It must slope smoothly down to the downspout. If it doesn't, bend the metal hangers to correct the slope.

Be sure the gutter edge is well below the edge of the roof. If the downspout is clogged, borrow a coil-spring auger—the type used for unclogging house-drainage systems—and poke this through.

Next, proceed on up the slope of the roof and look at the valleys—the metal drainage troughs uncovered by shingles—for rusty sections or holes. Sweep them clean of dirt or leaves. While you're up there, have a look for loose shingles.

Small leaks in the roof can be cured by sliding in a piece of heavy roofing felt and sticking down with cement. Once you're convinced the roof is sound and ready for the winter, climb down and take things easy for a few weeks. Then, when the last russet leaf has fallen, make one last sweep around the gutters just to make sure.



AT HOME in a pouch THE KANGAROO, the largest of the Australian marsupials, roams the countryside in large bands. Although a full-grown kangaroo is nine feet high and weighs 200 pounds, the baby is only an inch long when it is born. It stays inside its mother's pouch until it is five or six months old, at which time it weighs several pounds and is able to shift for itself.

When the young kangaroo leaves its "home," it is ready to take its rightful place in the world. To help your children take their rightful place in the world, there is nothing better than life insurance. Let me tell you about Sun Life's Educational Policy which can so easily provide funds for their college education.



JIM ABELL PHONE 237 — STOUFFVILLE SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

THE JOLEEE Philosopher THE MAN WHO THINKS HE'S A GREAT WIT, IS USUALLY ABOUT HALF RIGHT AT THAT!

Midtown Garage (Your Local B.P. Dealer) HILLMAN SALES & SERVICE GENERAL REPAIRS 24-HR. TOWING 170w Days — Evenings 170J

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(Lesson for October 23) OUR NEED OF GOD Psalms 19; 42 GOLDEN TEXT — Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God. — Psalm 42:11 THE LESSON AS A WHOLE It must be apparent to the discriminating observer that the current resurgence of religious interest in this country is scarcely a genuine spiritual revival. While church membership has hit a new peak, so has the crime index. In fact, these two seem to be pretty well keeping pace with each other. This strange paradox demonstrates the superficial nature of this religious upsurge. It is fashionable nowadays to attend church, and many take a patronizing attitude toward God. They are really doing Him a favor and He should really feel flattered now that He has so much human help. What wicked conceit this is! The real fact of the case, however, is that God does not need us at all. But we, on the contrary, desperately need Him.

He is quite capable of operating His universe without us. He needs not our help or advice. But present-day tensions and fears spell out the bold truth that we cannot successfully operate in any sphere—national, domestic, or individual—without Him. We need God. This is true of both saint and sinner. Otherwise, disaster lies ahead. In the light of this, it is most assuring to realize that His might is available to us. We may tap this source of infinite power by faith. The Heart of the Lesson Psalm Nineteen declares the glory and power of the great God as seen in His work of creation and in His word of revelation. This power is available to all of His children. Sometimes, however, He envelops Himself in clouds, and hides His face, even allowing His children to be regarded as orphans. He permits them to be tried and persecuted. He allows waves of adversity to roll in upon them. And He sometimes maintains silence even when their tortured hearts are almost breaking. Many an anguished "Why?" brings no immediate answer, and there is no sudden

intervention even when their blood is spilled in martyrdom. But someone has aptly remarked that God loves His children just as much when He strikes them as when He strokes them! And though the rod may be necessary at times, it is always in the hand of one who dearly loves those children. "Afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby" (Heb. 12:11). The Forty-second Psalm vividly portrays a man who is gripped by deep dejection. In spite of all his overwhelming sorrows, however, he reaches out to the God of deliverances, and is confident that the morning will bring not only relief but also a song of joy. Primarily, this sufferer is Christ. During His lifetime here He was reviled and taunted. On the cross all God's waves and billows rolled over Him, when He bore our sins in His own body on the tree. But the morning brought resurrection and a song of triumph, and the everlasting demonstration that His confidence was not misplaced. Apart from the atoning element of His sacrifice, He has pioneered the path for us, and we are encouraged to follow His steps.

WANTED MORE CREAM SHIPPERS For Best Results Ship Your Cream to Stouffville Creamery. We pay two cents more per pound Butter-fat for Cream delivered to the creamery. To have our truck call, phone 186w Stouffville Creamery Co. — COLD STORAGE LOCKERS FOR RENT —

FARMERS GRINDING & MIXING SERVICE "RIGHT AT YOUR BARN" MOLASSES BLENDING, WITHOUT LUMPS Bagged Off or Blown Into Bin. GRAIN — HAY — CORN COB CORN OUR SPECIALTY Thorn Mobile Feed Service UNIONVILLE Phone 137

When you eat out, ask for... cheddar cheese cheese DAIRY FARMERS OF CANADA 400 Huron Street, Toronto

The Stouffville Tribune ESTABLISHED 1858 A. V. Nolan & Son, Publishers Member of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association and the Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Authorized as second-class mail, Postoffice Dept., Ottawa. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Issued every Thursday at Stouffville, Ont. C. H. NOLAN, Publisher In Canada \$3.50 IAS. THOMAS, Editor IAS. McKEAN, Advertising Elsewhere \$4.50