

Editorial

A Crowning Achievement

For eleven young people, six girls and five boys, Friday evening, Nov. 10th marks a very important occasion in their scholastic careers. They will receive their much-coveted diplomas as graduates of the Stouffville District High School. We feel that for these young men and young ladies, it is a crowning achievement, one that deserves recognition and praise.

Too often, we have felt that this accomplishment is passed off too lightly as just another parade of student personnel — a stage performance played to the tune of hesitant applause.

The audience is human and it is perhaps understandable that the earlier presentations of lower and middle school diplomas in addition to a host of academic and athletic awards would tend to wear the enthusiasm a little thin. In spite of this, we con-

tend that the honour graduates are honoured guests and the full spotlight of attention should be focussed on this minority group. This is the gallant remains of the throng that entered the school five long years before. These are the sole survivors that have withstood the ravages of time and tide to reach their respective goals. In this day and age when so much stress is placed on the need for higher education among our young folk, it is only proper that such accomplishments should be fittingly recognized.

Too often, we feel, that these honour graduates become lost in the shuffle. Their scroll of parchment is similar to the ninety-eight others gone before and yet it is different, much different. These successful students represent the success of the school and its staff. Let's roll out the red carpet.

A Return To O.H.A. Ranks

After a rather lengthy absence from the ranks of O.H.A. competition, Stouffville may make a determined come-back this season. The success of this venture will depend mainly on two factors — (1) The enthusiasm of the players. (2) The enthusiasm of the fans.

Promoters have set their sights on a Junior "D" entry and such a team could be a stepping stone to greater things in organized hockey circles. The club will boast no "ringers" and will be comprised strictly of "home-brew" talent. Similar plans

have been formulated in Alliston, Newmarket, Uxbridge and Oshawa which would round out a compact group.

In this day and age of artificial ice operation, a hockey entry requires financial support. A portion of this money must come through the wicket from enthusiastic spectators. A win on the ice but a loss at the gate will quickly dampen the spirits of the most energetic organizations. Stouffville should be back in the O.H.A. and Junior "D" is a good place to start.

A "Punk" Trademark

A district weekly newspaper carried a true story recently concerning the lady motorist who, much to her disgust, ran out of gas while driving along a busy highway outside of town. Much to her surprise, a teenage youth, dressed in a black leather jacket, stopped to offer his assistance. On learning the trouble, the young lad jumped back in his truck and headed for the nearest service station. In a matter of minutes he returned with a can of gasoline. The

lady was able to start her car and her helper drove away without leaving his name.

She proceeded to the station to return the container and was informed by the attendant that the youth had already paid for the purchase. This act no doubt left a lasting impression on the motorist as it did on this writer. Perhaps the lad was a gentleman in disguise or is that black leather jacket a punk trademark rather than the trademark of a "punk"?

Another Poppy Day

These are dangerous times in which we live and in the midst of them comes another Poppy Day — another day to give us cause to remember what such dangerous times can lead to.

For the fallen of two world wars the poppy has become the badge of honour, and for many a symbol of hope. The poppy worn on the lapel is also a symbol that there are men and women who care, those who

would like to repay in some small measure for that which can never be returned.

The poppy is a badge of remembrance and tribute and a chance to help those who served and those who are left alone.

Flanders poppies will again be offered for sale on Stouffville streets this Saturday. You can show some small measure of compassion and gratitude by buying one of these badges of remembrance.

Always Striving To Be Better

What has been established as National Newspaper Week is just concluded. You who have been subscribers for many years — have you noticed the difference in your hometown press? We'd like to tell you that we are striving to make a better community newspaper — to make a newspaper that keeps pace with the community, and that may be worth more to the community.

Certainly, we must make a profit on our product. That is the Canadian way. We must make a profit to replace worn-out machinery, to buy new machinery and to print a better newspaper. We must also make a decent wage and pay our employees a decent wage. That is also our way.

Our main job is presenting the

news. That is why you pay your subscription or buy it on the newsstand. You pay to get the news, and your newspaper is interested in giving you all the news. It is our right to inform, and with this right goes the responsibility to inform.

Your newspaper also stands sentinel to guard our way of life. That too, is our responsibility. We believe in self-government — that in the hands of the people, our way of life is safe. We believe that no regimented society can replace that which we enjoy.

We invite you to examine your community newspaper. We invite criticism, for we know that through criticism, your newspaper may be better able to meet the challenge to greater improvement.

"Let me take you away from all this!"



SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

By the time this appears in print, the battle over the observance of Remembrance Day, Nov. 11, will be over, in most centres. It's an annual fracas, which generates a good deal of heat, and, on occasion, some bitterness.

On one side is the Legion, one of whose aims is to keep alive the memory that a goodly number of fathers and sons, uncles and brothers, had their lives torn from them, prematurely and painfully, in the two world wars that have disgraced the twentieth century. The Legion urges that the day be declared a full holiday in every community and that it be fittingly observed.

Ranged on the other side are the merchants and manufacturers, some of whom resent the loss of profit or production that is involved. Lots of them are veterans themselves. They claim — and with some justice — that it's not a day of remembrance any more, but merely a holiday. They wonder aloud why they should pay wages to a fellow who will simply take the opportunity to go hunting or sit in the pub all day.

And right in the middle is the Canadian Government. In deference to the big pressure from the Legion, the government closes its own offices on Nov. 11. But in deference to the even bigger potential howl from industry, the Government does not declare the day a national holiday, and makes little attempt to encourage it as such.

What about that ubiquitous creature, the man in the street? Where does he stand? I'm not sure, but I have a pretty good idea that he feels about this question just as he does about most others: he couldn't care less.

Of course, if it were put to a national vote, he'd vote for the holiday. I hate to admit it, but I'm afraid that fellow would vote for a paid holiday if someone suggested one in memory of Henry the Eighth, John A. MacDonald or Good King Wenceslas.

I have an idea for Nov. 11. Let's make it a full holiday. And let's make it a real day of national mourning and remembrance. Let's turn off all hydro. Let's make any kind of heat or light against the law for 24 hours. Let's close all places of entertainment. Let's forbid travel. Then, in the cold and dark and the boredom, we'd suffer perhaps one one-hundredth of what the fellows in the trenches went through, back in that big war that ended 43 years ago.

Perhaps the reason the Government plays it cagey is because it is obvious that in 20 years there won't be many World War I veterans left, and in 30 years they'll be virtually extinct. I find that a depressing thought in more ways than one.

Personally, I hate to miss the annual parade to the Cenotaph. At our school, we have an impressive remembrance ceremony.

We always formed up at the Legion Hall, with a great bustle among the color party and the parade-master. The Scouts and Guides would tag on the end to swell our meagre ranks. To the inevitable strains of Colonel Bogey, we swung smartly down the main street. Stern and straight we marched, looking neither to left nor right, except to nod at friends or grin at our kids or wave to our wives.

When we halted at the Cenotaph, there would be a big crowd — maybe 40 or 50 — gathered there. Everybody would be looking pretty serious. It was always cold. The Mayor read the names of the fallen, and the wind would snatch them up and throw bits of them into the crowd.

A representative from each of the town's organizations placed a wreath, with varying degrees of self-consciousness. Then came the call for individual wreaths. You blamed the wind for making your eyes water as one or two women, lone, swollen with memory of lost son or husband, went awkwardly forward.

At the flagpole, his post of honor, stood the Old Legionnaire. He had fought in the first one, and he had lost his son in the second one. And when he lowered the flag and bowed his head, and the colors dipped, and the Last Post shivered in the cold, and the town bell tolled in the silence that followed, there was a big, painful lump in your throat.

And then, with the jaunty hoot of Reveille, the dying was ended and life began again. The shouted command, the lively march tune of the band, brought the wanted release from sadness, and we swung off merrily enough.

And after the service, the warmth of the Legion Hall, with good friends, good fellowship, good refreshments and good stories by the hour. Ah, I'm sorry. I won't be there this year. I'll miss every bit of it. Except the bit where I catch a phenomenal blast from my wife for arriving home 12 hours after the parade.

What we deserve is always less than we expect or more than we want.

Including seasonal woods operations, pulp and paper creates employment for 325,000 workers; helps directly to provide a livelihood for a million Canadians and, as the largest creator of wealth in the land, helps to support Canadians in all other occupations.

For Parents Only

By NANCY CLEAVER

CHILDREN ARE SO DIFFERENT

"Children are so different!" a mother complained.

"I never know what to expect."

"That's what makes home life exciting!" her friend answered.

If parents would accept at the time of a baby's birth the fact that all children differ, how much happier life would be! How much unnecessary sorrow arises from parents, especially mothers, wanting their child to be taller, or heavier, or brighter, or more friendly to others, than he is naturally! There is no one pattern for all children.

In every home with several children, parents often notice how different they are. It is important to remember that children have "feelings" which can be hurt. They are sensitive when they hear disparaging remarks about themselves, such as, "Tom is not nearly so clever at school as John," or "Jean is such a careless, untidy child—quite different from Mary who is neat as a pin about her clothes and playthings," or "Billy is just naturally at home with strangers. He'll make up with anyone. But Helen is painfully shy. She runs and hides when I have visitors."

Put yourself in Tom's or Jean's or Helen's place—How would you like to know your mother held such a poor opinion of you?

Another mistake busy parents sometimes make is in failing to look for some one thing each child does well. He needs sufficient encouragement and praise so that he feels he is a success. Every person craves, not only the good opinion of others, but he also needs to think well of himself. "I'm not much good at anything," a teenage girl remarked to a friend. That girl's mother should have helped her to find out what she was good at, so that she would not have such a poor estimation of her own ability.

In some homes a child may be good at something and be praised for his skill, and because praise is pleasant, he wants that job always to be reserved for him. But unless there is a system of taking turns in work as well as in other things, the other children in the family get no practice at this particular thing. Dorothy may be a marvel at making pie but her younger sister Linda needs to try her hand at this, too!

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PRIMER COAT NEEDED IN PAINTING ON GLASS
If you must paint glass, the easiest method is to start with a priming coat of tinted shellac. It gives a better base for the finishing coats.
Before you paint a plate glass window, the Journal adds, it would be wise to check your

insurance coverage. Such windows are prone to crack because the paint affects the expansion and contraction. Many insurance companies refuse to underwrite painted windows.
Considering the problem of paint removal on ornate trim, the article notes that "the costs of removing paint are usually

so great in labor that unless a blowtorch can be used, it becomes prohibitive." Replacing door-casings and window-trims is often cheaper, and the results are better. "If this is not feasible, and commercial paint removers are ineffective, try using a soldering gun around such things as carved wood."

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