

Editorial

What Is A Coach?

A coach is a politician, a judge, a public speaker, a teacher, a trainer, a financier, a labourer, a psychologist, a psychiatrist, and a chaplain. It also helps if he is an astrologer or at least understands numerology.

He must be an optimist and yet at times appear a pessimist, seem humble and yet be very proud, strong but at times weak, confident and yet not over-confident, enthusiastic but not too enthusiastic.

He must have the hide of an elephant, the fierceness of a lion, the pep of a young pup, the guts of an ox, the stamina of an antelope, the wisdom of an owl, the cunning of a fox, and the heart of a kitten. It will also be to his benefit to develop the acting ability of a poker player with a pat hand.

He must be willing to give freely of his time, his money, his energy,

his youth, his family life, his health and sometimes even life itself. In return he must expect little financial reward, little comfort on earth, little privacy, little praise but plenty of criticism.

However a good coach is respected in his community, is a leader in his school, is loved by his team, and makes lasting friends wherever he goes.

He has the satisfaction of seeing boys develop and improve in ability. He learns the thrill of victory and how to accept defeat with grace. His associations with athletes help keep him young in mind and spirit; and he, too, must grow and improve in ability with his team.

In his heart he knows that, in spite of the inconveniences, the criticisms, and the demands on his time, he loves his profession, for he is THE COACH.

New Vigour For Industrial Effort

It would appear that there is going to be new vigour this year in our efforts to attract industry to locate in Stouffville. Already the Industrial Committee established late last year, has met, officers have been named, new members are to be added and initial contacts are on the way. Reeve Timbers has stated that the getting of industry is to be his special concern and we sincerely hope that the new efforts to be put forth are successful.

While the Metro area and many similar city sections have boomed this past few years with hundreds of new industries, the percentage to locate in the smaller communities has been small, or at least much in the minority.

There are always the basic reasons why industries seek locations in Metro rather than thirty miles out. They tend to stick to the highly populated markets, both for labour sea-

sons and for their disposal of goods.

There is another reason as well, which we may have overlooked. This is the fact that the vast majority of young executives who must make the major decisions on industrial location, are city born and bred. They have little comprehension of the life that exists outside these densely populated areas. They do not realize that there are benefits available in the rural areas which could outweigh those to be found in the city. They are prone to think of rural towns as only places for beef, butter, eggs and summer cottages.

If this is the case and we believe that in many instances it is, it behooves us to advertise ourselves with enthusiasm and energy. Let each of us be a walking publicity agent for our town, telling each one we meet far and wide, the fine things about Stouffville and what a wonderful place it is, to work and to play.

The Curling Bug

The curling bug has taken a big bite into the britches of dozens of Stouffville and district residents and the fever that has resulted is reaching epidemic proportions. The sport is currently the talk of the town. The words "stone", "end" and "sweep" have become part of almost everyone's vocabulary and still the interest continues to grow. Husbands, wives and students are rapidly becoming addicted to the game. The almost continuous action in crisp mid-winter atmosphere creates an impelling force to return again and again and again.

What is back of this sudden surge of curling contagion? For the most part, the erection of the new Rolling Hills arena near Bethesda in

Whitchurch Township must receive the credit. A number of the local citizenry had become quite proficient at the sport prior to the completion of this project, but now, everybody and his brother is jumping on the curling bandwagon.

Stouffville is well-known for its golf enthusiasts. During the long, cold months of winter, however, the greens must bow to the ravages of knee-deep snow drifts and that once-graceful tee-off swing grows stiff and stale for want of exercise. Now, this seasonal recreational layoff problem has been solved. Try tossing a forty pound "rock" down the ice or sweeping at a mile-a-minute pace in the heat of a close contest and you'll see what we mean.

To Receive A Fair Hearing

The word "amalgamation" has been expounded with considerable enthusiasm by some trustee members, seeking a solution to present overcrowded conditions in many district public schools. Where a number of sections in close proximity to each other are in the throes of individual construction campaigns, we feel that amalgamation is a sane and sensible answer. Many are vigorously opposed to such plans and can present logical reasons for their stand. Yearly transportation costs rank high on the list.

Amalgamation is a major move. Although we believe that such a trend is favoured by the Department of Education, we feel that the school boards are wise in allowing the rate-

payers to delve carefully into the pros and cons of such a venture. A number of public meetings are being organized in both Uxbridge and Pickering Townships this month and more may follow. There is no doubt that amalgamation, in most instances, will be given thoughtful consideration.

We have contended that one "good" school to serve two or more sections would be better than individual smaller structures supported by a minority group of taxpayers. The finalized decisions at Mt. Pleasant (S.S. No. 12, Uxbridge), Webb (S.S. No. 4, Uxbridge), Pine Grove, Glen Major, Altona, Atha and Greenwood may set the future pattern in rural education.

"Would it help any if we only go to school half time?"



For Parents Only - - -

By NANCY CLEAVER

HAPPY MEAL TIME

"He won't eat! I am so worried about Junior that I am taking him to see a specialist this week."

"Really I don't know what is the matter with Mary's appetite! She eats next to nothing!"

Have you ever heard remarks like these coming from anxious parents. Have you ever made similar comments yourself about your own child?

Strangely enough, eating which should be a pleasure, becomes a problem in many modern homes. This situation hardly ever found in primitive civilizations. Nor are families where poverty makes food very scarce, apt to be troubled by "non-eaters". Refusal of food mostly vexes parents of middle class and wealthy homes and is prevalent in the case of only children.

Here is one place where a child can successfully defy his parents. "Force feeding", even of a gentle type, is utterly useless for a normal healthy child. Bribes, threats, punishments, none of these are effective in solving this difficulty.

Parents must try to discover what is the underlying cause of the child's indifference to food. There are a number of reasons why a child may not want to eat. His refusal may not have one simple origin. Rather this may arise for several combined reasons. Only by patient observation can mother put her finger on the reason or reasons why her child won't eat.

The child may be a sick child needing a doctor's check-up. A tonic with iron and B-1 may be useful. Perhaps nibbling food between meals or candy is destroying the appetite. If a child is worried or upset, or if he feels hurried he will not be keen about food.

Perhaps the child is copying an adult who has voiced a dislike of food. If the child's health is suffering over a period of time, a physician must be consulted. But if the problem has just appeared, mother may be able to deal with it herself.

When a child says "I don't want it!" over one particular food, don't worry too much. If he won't eat meat, give him protein in other forms—fish, eggs, cheese.

Parents who are not too insistent on "Clean Plates" for every meal, have fewer eating problems than those who are too strict.

If a child refuses to eat what is set before him at one particular meal, don't let him get you all excited. Perhaps he is seeing if he can have some fun by "getting a rise" out of you! Give him twenty minutes to finish his meal. Don't coax, fuss or threaten. At the end of meal time remove his dishes, and do not give him anything else to eat until the next meal time! This may sound hard-hearted but many parents can testify that this plan works.

There is a chance that a child may be refusing food because he is emotionally upset. He may think Baby Sister has been receiving too much attention. When he is reassured that he is getting his fair share of mother's care, his appetite is like-

SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

There's nothing like a spot of real, old-fashioned, Canadian winter, is there? What's that you say. You'll take the Bomb? Oh, come, my dear fella, that's no attitude.

We've had a delightful taste of it here: Thirty-six inches, a solid yard of the deep and crisp and even during the past week, and I must say, I rejoice in it. It's just a shame that it can't be spread around a bit more. Here we are revelling in it and some of those in the unfortunate bottom end of the country haven't had more than an inch of it. Makes some feel rather selfish.

There's something about winter that gets me, right here (you'll have to use your imagination). Once the decadence of the holiday season is behind us, we hardy, rugged, virile Canadians can get down to some real living. Right? That's why we're so much cheerier and healthier and better-looking than those soft, southern races.

Oh! winter has its little annoyances, just as summer does. As I shovelled out my driveway for the fifth time in five days, a still, small voice within me enquired, "Why didn't that thick-headed Irish granddaddy of yours emigrate to Australia?"

But that is countered by the fun of winter driving. There is a dash to it, a good fellowship about it, that makes it more of a game than a chore. For example, the other day I started for work as usual. It was snowing. The hill was slippery, so I decided to go the long way around.

An hour and 20 minutes later I arrived at work. But it was worth it. Pushing and being pushed, I had met some of the friendliest people you could find. I had seen two dandy accidents. And though I had been forced to abandon my car half a mile further from work than where I'd started, I had the pleasure of mushing up the long hill with two charming ladies breaking trail for me. That's more than Sir Edmund Hillary had when he climbed Mount Everest.

There are lots of other joyous experiences in our wholesome Canadian winter, but I think it's our winter sports that make me feel more alive than anything

ly suddenly to return to him. Mothers are concerned that their children should eat a well-balanced diet. But no diet should be judged by what is eaten at one meal or even during one day. A week is a better time-span for estimating a good or poor diet.

If there is a worried, anxious atmosphere at meal time, this destroys the relaxed, contented feeling which should be present. Are meals a happy occasion or a battle-ground in your home

else. You should hear me humming with pure pleasure as I rub the wax on young Kim's toboggan before sending her off for a jolly afternoon on the hill.

And I fairly quiver with excitement when young Hugh and I head out for the ski slopes. It's such a colorful, lively sport! The gaily-clad skiers with their bright-hued sweaters and sparkling white leg casts, the scarlet of blood against snow. The cheery moans of those with freshly-torn cartilages.

But the real thrill is careening down the big hill, as graceful as a gull, as light as a dart in a windstorm. I could watch him all afternoon, but it's sort of lonely, sitting there in the car, and besides, I have to get home and shovel out the front walk. We don't use it ourselves, but the postman complained this week. Said it was coming over the tops of his rubber boots.

Another great sport beckons at the curling rink. So it's on with the sweater and tam, grab the broom, and off to the club. It gets pretty hot, sitting around there playing cribbage and all that stuff, with a big wool sweater on, but it's the atmosphere that counts.

There are so many other wonderful winter sports that it's difficult to take them all in. There's this great new golf series. Saturday afternoon on television. That takes up a lot of time. And on Saturday night there's the daddy of them all—the hockey game. No, no, not the one down at the rink. The one that oil company sponsors.

Nobody but a real, red-blooded Canadian would have the zest for living that all these winter sports demand. Aren't you glad you aren't rich, and don't have to go down south every winter and bum around swimming in that tepid water and loaf around getting fat on all that fried chicken, not to mention getting all dried out and leathery-looking from too much sun?

We should have an exchange program with some of those soft, lazy, southern races. A month or two in Canada at this time of year would make real men of those birds. We could send some of our old people down on the exchange, to places like Jamaica and Mexico, for example.

But it wouldn't work. You see, the people who organized it, chaps like me, would have to volunteer to go along with our old folk, to arrange things for them, and we'd miss all the joyous excitement of this winter wonderland. There'd be no volunteers. I, for one, couldn't stand to miss more than three or four months of it. How about you?

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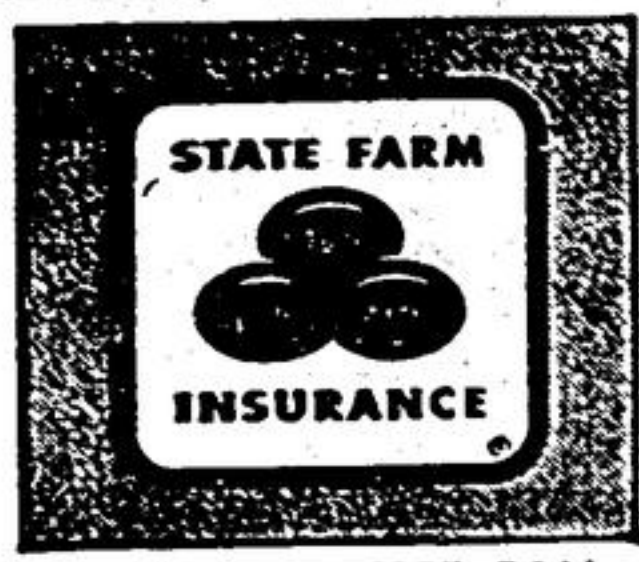
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