

Editorial

Public School Politics

How interested are our young people in politics? We do not know if the students in our public and high schools attach any real meaning to a Provincial or Federal election, but we feel that if all pupils were given an opportunity to delve into the planks of the various party platforms, it would give the individual a much better insight into the pros and cons of a very important subject.

Such a policy was put into practise at the Ringwood Public School last month, prior to the ballot vote. The printed program of each of the four candidates in York North was thoroughly aired in the senior room

under the direction of the class teacher and principal, Miss Bertha Crone. When every aspect of every issue had been discussed, the students cast their ballots.

We think that this is an excellent idea and we would commend Miss Crone for her originality in promoting such a timely project. Perhaps a similar program was adopted in some other district schools but was not brought to our attention. If so, we say, well done. Perhaps by the time these boys and girls have reached the age of 21 they will have acquired an intelligent grasp of the political situation and will cast their votes "not as father did" but as they feel in their own minds is best.

Church Vandalism

A desire to destroy must be a mental trait that is linked with a minority group of youngsters in every community. Stouffville has its share of vandals but the town is possibly no worse or no better than any other in this regard.

Vacant homes, schools and park property are easy marks and it is often difficult to track down the culprits responsible. Last week we viewed an incident on Main Street that in our books ranks with the

lowest. The stained glass windows in the front of the Presbyterian Church were the targets and the marks of destruction are plainly visible from the highway. The act is even more despicable since only, within recent years, considerable sums of money were spent in completing repairs to this building.

We would like to know just what kind of a boy would do such a trick. Perhaps he is more to be pitied than criticized.

Automation Not Foolproof

There is still a place for the human mind in today's trend towards mechanical automation. Proof of this fact was borne out last week when a Stouffville university honour student was "failed" by a machine. The computer arrived at a figure that

would have cost a girl an entire school year and except for a double-check, the mistake might not have been uncovered. Other students in this particular university were similarly affected. Yes, some day, machines may take the place of men, but that time is still a long way off.

Our Gas Stations Are Changing

Ever notice the change taking place in our gas stations throughout the country. Even right here in town some of our stations are spreading out into the retail goods market more and more. It has been predicted that with the manufacture of cars which need service only twice a year, there would be turmoil in the service station business. They would have to seek some more profitable uses for the space they occupy.

Imperial Oil has been leading the way for some time in this department offering various items usually carried in hardware stores.

Across the line in the U.S. this move has advanced much further. A service station was opened last month in Richmond, Va., with a stand sell-

ing greeting cards, flowers, shrubs, garden tools and other sundries. Reports say that not only do the sundries sell well but gasoline sales are up as well.

Service stations and restaurants have been combining for some time and in Cleveland, one has combined with a drive-in bank.

The future implication of these early successes in the retail line may pose still another line of competition for traditional stores. More people in Canada are relying on their cars than most people would have considered possible 20 years ago. The combination of convenient food and variety stores with service stations may prove irresistible to the motoring public of the future.

Holiday Time Is Here

Schools are out and the two big holiday months of the year have arrived once more. "Where are you going this summer?" and "When do you take your holidays?" are two of the most familiar questions one hears being asked. The big season for leisure time is here again.

The dictionary describes leisure as "freedom afforded by exemption from occupation or business; time free from employment." Some however think the subject is a good deal more complex than this. They point out the fact that today some persons undertake "leisure time" activity as if it were another occupation, though not gainful. They see men and women who pursue sports, hobbies and do-it-yourself activities with an intensity and outlay of energy little different from work time.

The writer being one of those who enjoys a particular sport quite intensely, understands partially what these people mean, but we believe that there is a further string to the definition of "leisure time," not in-

cluded in the dictionary version. We would add that there is much leisure in change alone. True, one may expend just as much energy as he or she does on their daily job, but the fact that they are away from the daily routine, out of the rut, so to speak; to them affords considerable leisure. We include ourselves in this group.

Psychologists say that leisure should be time to think without pressure, to rest, to wander aimlessly, to take stock of one's life, to just plain loaf. They believe that the only leisure is a kind of pause, an entry into a spacious clearing where you can look at the forest rather than just the trees. They argue that you can't do this when you're out in the car whizzing among the trees.

We can't argue with this but do believe that what can be leisure to one man would be work for another and that each must seek his or her own recreation or that which relieves the daily pressure. Something as personal as leisure is difficult to pin down, not easy to define.

Editor's Mail

June 30, 1962

To the Editor: Are we losing our rights as citizens because we are evading our responsibilities?

It has been said that people get the kind of government they deserve. Many do not become informed on local, national and

international events, do not vote and are uninterested. Then they complain and have grievances when it is too late. We all suffer because of the general lack of interest and apathy.

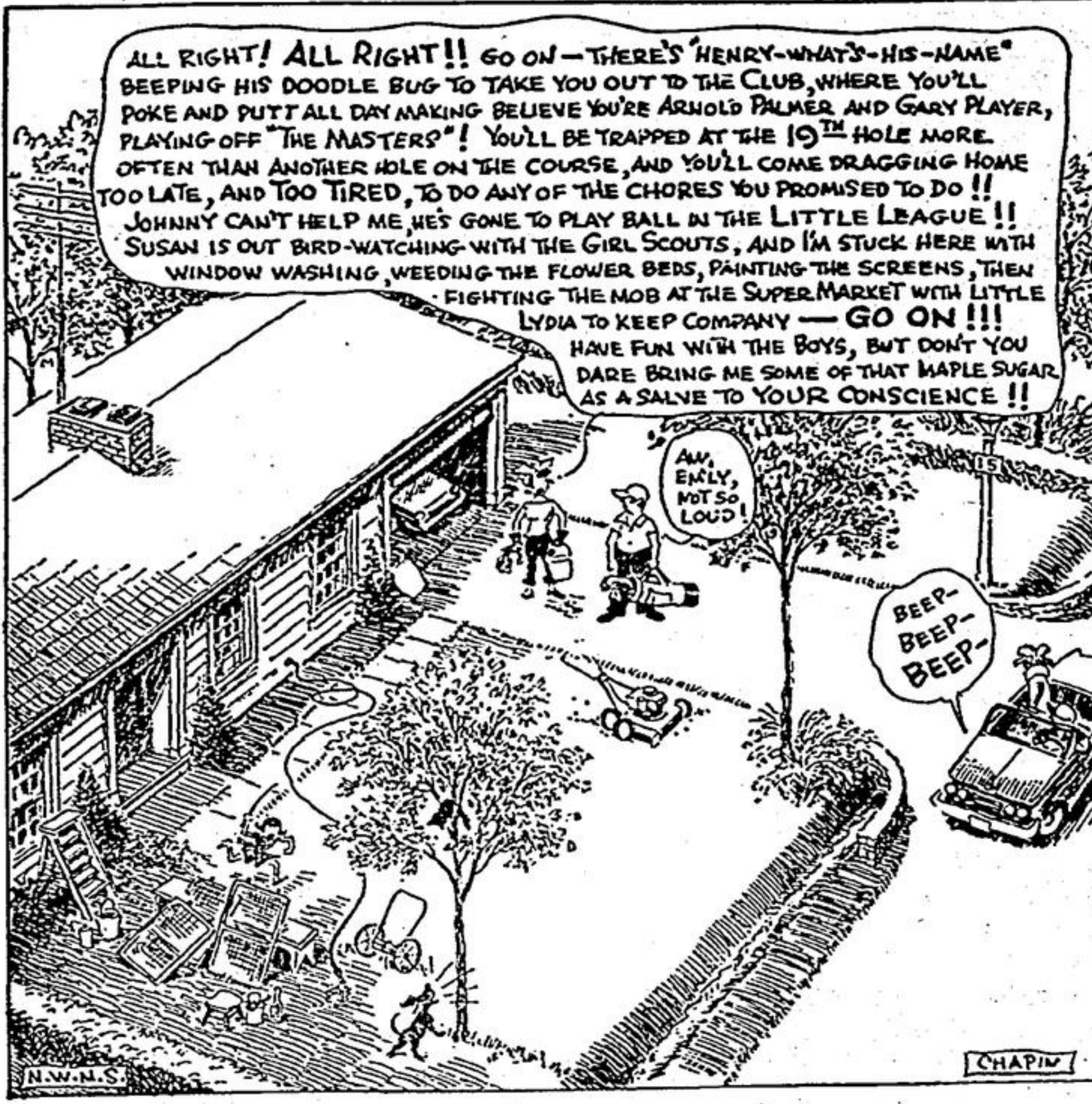
If we wish to improve and strengthen our way of life, each one of us, whether we are citizens or in the process of becoming citizens, has to play a responsible role. This may take

the form of setting a good example to children, instruction, volunteer work, writing to the local papers, expressing our opinion in groups, clubs or by radio; securing knowledge and understanding, and by countless ways which our desire and conscience will find.

Each one of us has to work at being a citizen in order to keep what we have.

—PASSERBY

ANOTHER SATURDAY SERMON



SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

It may seem a very poor attitude, when the financial experts are crying blue ruin, the newspapers are demanding action, the Prime Minister is running to the hockshop, and everybody is being warned to tighten his belt, but I'm just about to commence two months holidays.

There will be a short pause here while all my old colleagues in the weekly newspaper business vent their feelings. I can hear the cries, just as well as though they were in the room, of, "Good old Bill, he deserves it!"; and, "Congratulations, old boy, I hope you enjoy every minute of it!"; and a few other things. Never mind, chaps, I know how you feel, and I appreciate it.

But I can't help it. Just because I decided my true vocation lay in guiding young lives, in nurturing the tender plants of our youth, in bringing to bloom the personalities of our richest resource, there's no need to carry on so.

And, of course, you realize that these holidays are nothing but a nuisance to the dedicated pedant. We deeply devoted teachers feel nothing but intense irritation at this unfortunate summer interruption in our calling, caused by the absence of pupils. Most of us can scarcely wait for Labor Day to roll around. After all, you can get pretty sick of tramping around some old golf course, day after day. And you can get mighty bored just sitting there in the hot sun, drinking beer and pulling in the bass.

Perhaps my real trouble is

that I'm not used to holidays. As any weekly editor can tell you, they're almost non-existent in that game. In fact, I haven't had a decent holiday in the last 15 years. I'm like a man who has never been farther than the next town, and who is suddenly offered a plane ticket to any place in the world he wants to go. He's bewildered. He's scared. He doesn't know what to do with it.

Because I know it's going to be a traumatic experience, I've had to do a lot of careful planning. Otherwise, I just know I'd crack up under the pressure of all that free time. At first, I planned big: write a novel; take a trip to the West Coast, or the East Coast; canoe through Algonquin Park.

But it wasn't long until I realized that sort of thinking was pure escapism, trying, as it were, to deal with the gigantic, menacing vacation with one blow. No, I had to face up to it. There was no easy way out. I knew I would have to suffer through every one of those sixty-odd days, as they advanced on me in Indian file.

It's taken me about a week of hard work, but I think I've come up with a creative, adventurous approach to the whole troublesome problem. The first thing I realized was that I'd have to keep busy every moment. With this in mind, I drew up the following schedule.

Leap smartly out of bed no later than 10, every morning, unless I'm tired. Straight out into the garden, in bare feet and shorts, to read the mail while

I drink my orange juice. Half an hour of meditation, watching the black squirrels eating wife's radishes.

Walk (no driving) downtown, purchase morning paper, and peruse same over coffee in restaurant with prettiest waitress in town. Walk home, under the maples, wondering what the poor people are doing today. Remove beaded bottle from refrigerator, detach cap, consume contents slowly. Lunch, in garden. Short nap in lawn chair while sun passes zenith.

Waken, shave, dress. Fulfill afternoon obligation — boat ride through islands, game of golf, fishing jaunt, or swim and sunbathing. Home. Shower. Tall, tinkling drink. Dinner, served outside, of barbecued steak, baked potato, fresh green beans or young carrots, salad. Coffee. Brandy.

Read novel, under the oaks, lulled by sounds of summer evening — children's piping, birds' lullabies, distant band concert. Sit out until long after dark, smoking good cigar and pondering ways of God and man. Go in, prepare small snack and retire to study to watch all late movies until all stations off air. Bed.

This, I know, is the only way I can fight off that wild desire to get back into that classroom, and manage, somehow, to get through those two grueling months. I can only save my sanity if I stick closely to my program. And I intend to do just that. Provided, of course, that I can dispose of the dog and cat, sell my two children into slavery, and send my wife to visit her uncle in Ireland.

SCRATCH PADS from Jumbo Size down to Note Size

The Stouffville Tribune

Sunday School Lesson

(Lesson for July 8)

JEREMIAH ANNOUNCES IMPENDING TRAGEDY

Jer. 1:1-3, 5-8; 7:1-7; 19; 21; 25
GOLDEN TEXT — Turn ye again now every one from his evil way, and from the evil of your doings.—Jer. 25:5.

THE LESSON AS A WHOLE
Like John the Baptist and Paul, Jeremiah was appointed a prophet of God before his birth (see chap. 1:5). Though born of priestly descent in the small town of Anathoth, a few miles north of Jerusalem, it was as a prophet of Jehovah that he served as Heaven's mouthpiece to the people of Judah during the death agonies of that nation.

Jeremiah's ministry, covering the reigns of the last three kings, extended over 40 years. He lived to witness the exact and tragic fulfillment of his own predictions, and probably died in Egypt, to which land he was compelled to accompany a remnant of rebellious refugees. Jeremiah is the great prophet of judgment; and though he washed his prophecies in his tears, apparently his plaintive cries bore very little fruit. He has been called "the man with the iron will and bleeding heart."

Warning of impending national disaster, this man served as the very conscience of Judah. About the only response that he awakened was the ill will of the civil and religious authorities who cruelly persecuted him. In all of his dark experiences, however, he proved the sustaining grace of his faithful God.

The Heart of the Lesson

Last week we were considering the gracious revival that brought so much blessing in Judah upon the occasion of the discovery of and obedience to the recovered Book of the Law. From external appearances this would seem to have been a deep spiritual work. However, another view—the internal—is presented in some of the prophecies of Jeremiah, which reveal that the movement was "tempered by superficiality. Upon the untimely death of the good king, Josiah, the fortunes of Judah steadily declined. Like a ship dragging its anchor before the gale, and drifting toward some jagged reef, the nation finally came to disaster at the time of the Chaldean invasion.

It was during those ominous closing days that the prophet entreated the people to turn to the Lord from their wickedness. To cling to their religious heritage and to cry, "The temple of the Lord, The temple of the Lord" (Jer. 7:4) could never be a substitute for real repentance. They must renounce their idols and obey the true God.

Jeremiah poured out his heart along with his words, for he really loved the people. Indeed, his love was a reflection of Jehovah's love. It was not reciprocated, however, and reluctantly the Lord brought upon them the chastisement of the long-threatened captivity. There the prophet's announcement was fulfilled, "Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee" (2:19).

Altona Pastor to Address Cty. Church Service on July 15

The regular meeting of the directors of Ontario County Federation of Agriculture was held at Cedar Point Restaurant, Beaverton, on Tuesday evening, June 19th.

The directors at this meeting voted in favour of co-sponsoring with the Department of Agriculture, on behalf of the organizations interested in the dairy industry, a county competition to select a Dairy Princess. This year's Competition will be held in conjunction with the Holstein Club Twilight Meeting at Gray Bros. farm, Manchester, the evening of July 10th. The first prize winner will receive \$18.00, with second prize \$15.00, third prize \$12.00 and each contestant thereafter will receive \$10.00. The county's Dairy Princess will be expected to enter the provincial competition at the Canadian National Exhibition in August.

The sixth annual worship sponsored by the Ontario County Federation of Agriculture, will be held at the Old Stone Church, Beaverton on July 15, at 2:30 p.m. The Federation of Agriculture deems it an honour to be allowed to hold its yearly church service at this historic site, which was built by the early Scotch settlers during the years from 1832-1840. This year we will be privileged to have Rev. D. Sargent, Altona, as speaker and the Junior Farmer Quartette to lead the singing and provide special music. It is hoped that anyone interested in attending will feel free to do so.

Grant Wallace, O.P.A. fieldman, invited the twenty-two directors present at the meeting to express an opinion on the A. R. D. A. programme and to

\$15,000 Gift For Toy Collection

The \$15,000 presented recently to the Metropolitan Toronto and Region Conservation Foundation for the purchase of the famed Percy Band pioneer toy collection was made by the Laidlaw Foundation. It was revealed here today by F. A. Wade, chairman of the conservation foundation.

Mr. Wade noted that the money was donated by the Laidlaw Foundation through one of its directors, R. A. Laidlaw of Toronto. The toy collection, now housed and displayed for the public at the MTRCA's Pioneer Village (at Jane Street and Steele's Avt.) in northwest Metro Toronto, consists of more than 300 items. It is described by the village director, Albert Colucci, as being one of the most comprehensive collections of its kind in North America.

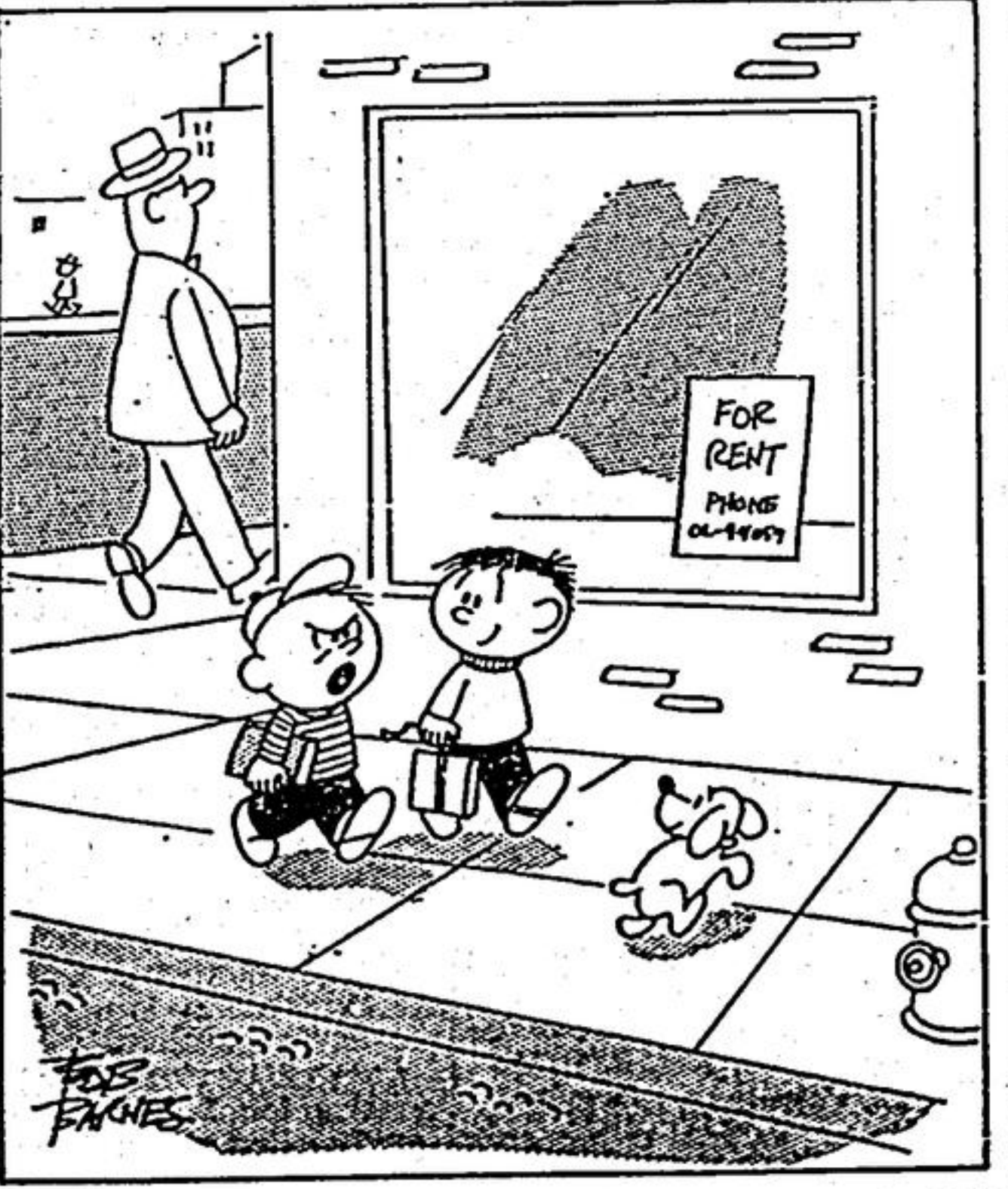
Mr. Wade said he hoped the donation would serve as an example to other private citizens and charitable organizations who were interested in the development of conservation. He explained that the Conservation Foundation's purpose is to administer gifts and donations of money, lands and goods for the advancement of conservation work.

Under its charter, the Foundation will be able to invest money under the Corporations Act, and use its funds for the purchase of lands, buildings, conservation research and education as well as the purchase of historical articles, such as the Band toy collection, for the MTRCA.

consider ways of strengthening the relationship between commodity groups and the Federation of Agriculture.

Unless some unforeseen situation arises, this will be the last meeting of the board of directors until September.

Half Of The Week



Is Your MOST Important Date Approaching ? ?



Make sure the wedding invitations and announcements are correct in every detail.

We have a large choice of wedding stationery and offer you thermo-graphed type in various styles. We also have printed napkins, place cards, thank you cards and other supplies.

We invite you to stop in and see our samples.

When your wedding date approaches, order your printed supplies at

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