

Editorial

A One-Way Street

Two local residents, who apparently suffered injury on Stouffville streets in the spring, have been denied claims for damages by the Underwriters' Adjustment Bureau Ltd., acting for the town.

In letters, aired last week, the all-too-brief explanation stated in part "It has been agreed that there is no evidence of negligence on behalf of the Corporation and therefore we have extended a denial of liability".

Perhaps each member of council was aware of the circumstances surrounding the matter but this writer was certainly left in the dark and the company's letter failed to shed much light on the issue. No one as much

A Welcomed Endorsement

"We appreciate the friendliness of your town and its people," said Mr. Harold Gardiner, an official with the Toronto Orthopaedic Recreational Centres Association, "we think you have a wonderful park and we hope to return again". That in a few words, was the welcomed endorsement of Stouffville, its residents and its recreational facilities stated by a total stranger whose organization had reserved the park for their annual mid-summer picnic on Saturday

Over-The-Knee Sentence

A U.S. magistrate may have hit on a unique but effective sentence for teen-age lawbreakers — a bare-handed, over-the-knee spanking. Too often, we feel, young people become over-night heroes when a conviction brings a publicized jail sentence or

Deterioration of Manners

We were pleased one day recently to enjoy a game of golf with a friend and his 14-year-old son and believe it or not, the thing that impressed us most on the outing, was not the golf game, but the manners displayed by this 14-year-old, both during the game and at the lunch following. While the boy must take the credit for displaying the manners, the father must certainly take credit for the example he sets for his son.

It is a rare thing in this day and age to be able to commend people for their good manners, and this goes for young adults as well as children.

Some observer once said that chivalry began to disappear from life when a man picked up a handkerchief dropped by a lady and discovered that it was a piece of Kleenex.

The custom of men rising when a lady approaches or leaves a group at a table goes by the boards in many instances. Doffing the hat when a lady enters an elevator is still recognized by most men when in a hotel but doesn't seem to apply in office

Rome Wasn't Built In A Day

Whenever a subdivision is opened up in a semi-rural municipality, the council in the particular township is continually on the receiving end of complaints and requests from private residents and ratepayer associations within the built-up area.

The populated Bay Ridges development in Pickering Township is a typical example.

It is only on rare occasions when someone from the district is not in attendance at a weekly meeting looking for services that they possibly might have enjoyed in their previous place of residence. These same services were not installed when they arrived but some individuals appear to think that by waving some magic wand, their requirements will be met

Fun In The Sun?

By this time some people have had their first case of sunburn because they weren't aware of the misery that can follow an instant tan. Hence tips about tanning are timely.

Actually, and this is based on American Medical Association reports, a good suntan has little or no physiological value. There may be a certain sense of relaxation and well-being from basking in the warm sunshine — as long as it isn't overdone. Most people know that over exposure in the sun can cause severe burns.

But did you know that continued

as questioned the reply.

There are a couple of questions we would like answered. Is this insurance carried for the protection of the town or its citizens? Are any claims ever paid?

We feel that the council members, as municipal servants, should see that ratepayers are also granted some degree of protection. It is very easy for a company to pass up its responsibilities in a 3-paragraph letter that says next to nothing.

No doubt some claims are paid but not a single one has come to this writer's attention. It would appear to be a one-way street of plenty of payments going in but too few coming out.

"We hope we may come back again." This type of recommendation is worthy of red carpet treatment to an association that possibly appreciates what our park has to offer more than we do ourselves. In addition, it is this type of person that provides Stouffville with its most powerful form of favorable publicity and advertisement. In reply, we would say — "We hope you will come back again".

A public "padding" to stimulate the accused's rear-end circulation would leave a more lasting impression. The sentence would ease the strain on the pocketbook but would deal a severe hurt to one's personal pride.

Modern living may have great advantages but as the current grows stronger it is sad to see that many of the basic manners which are part and parcel of our society, are being swept away.

Try to edge your car away from the curb into a stream of traffic, and you will discover that only about one driver in a dozen will give you a break, even though they know they will be stopped by a traffic light within the next minute or so. One has suggested that it is more profitable to let the hurrying motorists push their way through traffic. That way they may sooner arrive at an accident that will remove them from the roads.

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almost over night.

Bay Ridges cannot be considered in the same light as a run-of-the-mill subdivision. It is, in effect, a satellite city and if its present rate of growth continues, it may one day become a separated self-governing municipality within the township borders.

The people want parks, they want sidewalks, crosswalks, speed limits and stop signs and yet it was only back in May, 1959 that the original agreement was signed. We say, keep your shirts on. Rome wasn't built in a day. We would suggest that the wants and desires of such a residential region will never be filled. We personally become a little tired of the continuous crying on the councillors' shoulders.

over exposure over a period of years can cause the skin to look weather-beaten, wrinkled, leathery and coarse in texture? The color of your skin determines to a large extent how much tan you can stand, but even dark-skinned people don't have complete immunity from sunburn.

According to experts, you're not as likely to get sunburned after 4 p.m. or before 8 a.m. The burning ultra-violet is most intense from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. You can even get a burn from rays reflected from sand or water even though you're not directly exposed.

"I dreamt I was captivating in my austerity girdle"



Sunday School Lesson

GOLDEN TEXT: Behold his soul which is lifted up is not upright in him: but the just shall live by his faith.—Hab. 2:4. Approach to the Lesson.

Though very little is actually known concerning the Prophet Habakkuk, internal evidence indicates that he ministered in Judah during the period of the gathering storm that soon was to break in the Babylonian invasion. He possibly remained in the land after that military conquest, continuing to speak in the name of the Lord to the scattered survivors.

The entire prophecy is an intimate reflection of the distress of the man himself. Severely troubled by the prevailing carnality of the professing people of God, his perplexity was deepened by Jehovah's forbearance toward the idolatrous Babylonians, whom He was about to use for Judah's chastisement. An expectant waiting upon God, however, brought answers and issued in an outburst of praise. The Heart of the Lesson.

The short prophecy of Habakkuk begins in a storm of doubts and ends in peace and quiet confidence. It begins with "Why?" and concludes with "I will rejoice in the Lord." The Book reveals, therefore, how perplexity can be turned into praise, and how seemingly insoluble problems can be solved when one waits expectantly upon God.

The prophet's bewilderment was twofold. It lay, first of all, in the fact that Jehovah was apparently inactive in the face of abounding evil. How could He allow such lawlessness to go unchecked? When the answer came that God was about to execute judgement by using the "bitter and hasty" Babylonians, the prophet's perplexity was only deepened. How could He use such a wicked people to accomplish His purpose? The ensuing dialogue between himself and the Lord led the troubled seer to take his place on the tower where he would watch and wait for the answer.

The reply, to be plainly written so that the reader would be put into action, was certain of ultimate fulfillment. Notwithstanding any appearances to the contrary, God was at work, amid all of the violence, and had decreed that all the earth would eventually be filled with the knowledge of His glory. In the meantime, the just must walk in faith, in view of the ultimate triumph of righteousness.

GOODWOOD

Mr. and Mrs. George Thomas of Pittsburg Penn. have left for their cottage at Buckhorn after spending a few days with Robert Nesbitt's also Mr. and Mrs. James Kennedy, who have been holidaying at Forest Home for the past 2 weeks have returned home to Blairsville, Penn.

Marilyn and Rosemary Eric of Maple guests of Elizabeth Anne Nesbitt for the past week have left for camp at Beaverton.

Since the discovery of elastic, it is estimated, women take up one-third less space.

"Summer millinery will be more colorful, and also more bizarre," says a fashion expert. Louder and funnier, eh?

Altona Promotions

With first class honors:

Helen Lewis, Lloyd Kerswill, Joyce Reesor, Marla Reesor, Ted Jones, Patsy Lewis, Martha Nighswander, Danny Nighswander, Earl Lewis Susan Jones, Cathy Kerr, Lorne Kerswill, Marie Tindall, Marion Kerswill, Susan Fretz.

Marla Reesor was awarded the prize for the pupil with the highest standing.

Other promotions: Glen Fretz, Anna Mary Nighswander, Susan Britton, Stanley Kerswill, Gary Leger, Eunice Hammond, Kenny Tindall, Carol Fretz, Rosalie Nighswander, Gail Britton, Bobby Leger, Helen Wideman, Emily Nighswander, Cynthia Nighswander, Terry Leger, Tommy Lewis, Ross Tindall, Ronald Jones, Mary Lois Nighswander, Vernon Wideman, Linda Kerr, Gayle Fretz, Nancy Goudie.

Teachers: Mrs. D. Francis, Miss Webber.

Goodwood Promotions

Grade 9 Boland Kyran, Blackley Cheryl, Bunker Harold, Cook Douglas, Jackson David, Matwickey Cornelius, May Linda, McQuaker Audrey, McQuaker James, Taylor Sandy, Wagg Kendra, Williams Heather, Yakes Charles.

Grade 8 Bell Wayne, Boland Dean, Cook Dennis, Fintelman Jane, Hall Dean, May Terry, Thompson Ricky.

Grade 7 Boland Dana, Deboer Trudy, Gibson Marie, James Betty Ann, Jones Stephen, Matwickey John, McQuaker Ronald, Todd Ted, Watson Linda.

H. De waal, Principal.

Grade 6

Boland Bryan, Bunker Joanne, Cook Janet, Jackson Allan, May Whitney, Patten Dianne, Smith Gail, Smith Fred, Watson Marie.

Grade 5

Boland Holly, Cobourn Patricia, Grimshaw Sylvia, Hockley Ricky, Leonard Linda, McQuaker Mary, Taylor Dale, Yake Donna, Yake Edward.

Grade 4

Cobourn Michael, Elson Patricia, Forysth Brent, Jones Lorraine, Leonard Suzan, May Raymond, Maye Samuel, Thompson Valerie, Smith Heather, Williamson Sheryl.

(Mrs.) E. Foskett.

Grade 3

Dawson Penny, Elson Marjorie, Harper Mildred, James Billy, Loriface Linda, McNell Blair, Thompson Wayne, Watson Marjorie, Williamson Gail, Wood Barry, Yake Margaret, Yake Stephen.

Grade 2

Blackley James, Hockley Luanne, Jones Stephen, Patten Linda, Straughan Michael, Thompson Danny, Watson Debbie, Watson Lee, Williamson Debra, Wilson Donald.

Grade 1

Arundell David, Arundell Susan, Cobourn Donald, Loriface Joey, Morris Barry, Sheldrick Sharon.

Pattendon Robert. (Mrs.) J. Wagg.

BETHESDA

The July meeting of the W.I. will be a picnic at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Crouch on July 11. Lunch will be at 12.30 noon. The social committee has arranged games, contests and races.

Mrs. S. Crouch and Mrs. C. Burkholder visited with Mrs. Alma Johnson at the St. John's Convalescent home on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Empringham called on cousins Mr. and Mrs. Letts in Sutton on Sunday.

The public school children marked the school closing with a picnic in Stouffville Park.

The best way for a husband to get out of an argument with his wife is just to listen.

SUGAR and SPICE
By Bill Smiley

One of my Grade 12 students is taking off in the morning on a trip. I rather envy him. He's heading for Vancouver, on a bicycle.

All he has to do is pedal through the great loneliness of Northern Ontario, and crawl the endless prairies, toll across the Rockies and push the last long stretch through the vastness of B.C.

He has a brand-new bike, \$50 in cash, one army blanket and a big supply of peanut butter sandwiches to commence his journey. Also of course, he has one other thing—a stout heart. When he reaches Vancouver, he will sell his bicycle and set off for the Yukon. He hopes to work there for a year, save a stake, then return home and go back to school to complete his education.

He wants to be a writer. Thousands of young people have the same desire, but they never do anything about it except dream about all the money a writer is supposed to make. This fellow does something about it. He writes all the time—poems, stories, paragraphs—struggling heroically with a natural inclination to misspell. He's going to keep a daily journal on his trip.

He could have chosen no better method of acquiring the experience and material so helpful to a budding writer. There will be 50 stories, a hundred poems, a thousand incidents, in the strip of Canada across which his wheels will roll this summer.

I envy him, as I said. He will grow brown and hard. He will lie beneath the stars and yearn. He will heat pork and beans besides a mountain stream. And he will meet a thousand interesting people. Some of them will be mean, most of them friendly.

He will see a Canada that the passenger on transcontinental train or jet liner never sees. He will smell pines and see ripening wheat and feel the sun on his back in the morning, and hear coyotes yapping at night.

He will savor the joys of hot food in an empty belly warmth after "zero at the bone" conversation after loneliness, rest after exhaustion. He will marvel at sunset on the prairies and the moon setting fire to a tiny lake. He will encounter hospitality that will enrich him with an abiding faith in human kindness.

If he's very lucky, he will have the most rewarding experience of all—he will get to most difficult of all things for modern man, who is so seldom alone, with time to think, and feel, and wonder.

I think he'll make it. The fact that he reads and tries to write poetry does not mean that he's a pantywaist who will be crushed by his first brutal encounter with life. This lad plays a rugged game of football. Last summer, he got as far as Mexico and wound up fighting bush fires in B.C. before returning to school. He's sensitive, but tough.

But the important thing is not that he makes it. It is the fact that he is going, alone. We hear so much today about the desire of youth for conformity and security that it's refreshing to see the evidence refuted.

I do agree that today's youngsters seem to lack a spirit of adventure. But note the word "seem." I don't believe they really lack it. I think they are seduced away from it by over-protective parents; they are robbed of things made too easy for them.

At any rate, I'll be going west, in spirit, with this young fellow, and wishing I were 20 years younger, so that I could be riding with him. I have a special interest in him because I taught him English and encouraged him in his writing.

So I gave him a letter of introduction. It reads: "This will introduce Jim McKinnon, one of my Grade 12 students. During the year, this student has never (a) pulled a switchblade on me; (b) written an essay in which there were no spelling errors; (c) done anything of an ungentlemanly nature, while I was looking at him. Any favors tendered him would be appreciated by Bill Smiley."

There you are. Fair warning to my thousands of readers in the west. If a dusty, unshaven hobo with a bicycle appears at your door, or pulls out that letter, you have a chance to tell me off, by proxy. On the other hand, if you don't feel too hostile to me, don't be afraid to give him a cup of tea on a shakedown in the barn. He's a decent lad, and maybe some day he'll put you in a book.

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