

# Editorial

## The Honeymoon Is Over

The organization, operation and financing of a municipal police force is a major program that the Twp. of Whitchurch must face in 1963. The ground work involved in the formation of this new department will have to be completed this year unless the deadline date of the withdrawal of the Ontario Provincial Police is extended. This gives the council slightly more than four months to get a multi-thousand dollar project rolling.

For Whitchurch Township's policing program, it would appear that the honeymoon is over. In return for an up-to-date service, second to none, Whitchurch paid out a mere \$2,400. On the other side of the ledger, the

township received \$3,000 rental fee for the O.P.P. headquarters at Vandorf, leaving them a surplus, minus a few incidentals of \$600. This arrangement, almost too good to be true, has been in existence since April 21, 1951.

For the township, it is indeed regrettable that this type of policing program must come to an end. Looking at the issue only from a dollars and cents angle, it would appear that a sizeable mill rate will have to be established in 1963 to take care of a police budget, estimated roughly at \$40,000. One may be sure that, with each passing year, this figure will continue to climb.

## Council Watchdog

The debate concerning the construction on the former Bellman building on Main Street without the necessary permit flared up anew at a regular meeting of the village council on Thursday night.

At the time of writing it would appear the builder has openly flouted the orders of the Building Inspector and has continued on in his own merry manner with little regard for town regulations. It is rather difficult to understand why this work was

permitted to proceed to such a degree of completion. Someone in authority must surely have observed that a couple of cards were being dealt off the bottom of the deck.

We would commend councillor Parsons for bringing this matter out into the open. Although we do not altogether sanction his verbal mannerisms which tend to turn a routine council meeting into criminal court hearing, we would say that such "watchdog tactics" can serve the best interests of the town and its citizens.

## An Eyesore Removed

The garbage dump on the east side of No. 48 Hwy. and a long-time eyesore in the Twp. of Whitchurch, is no more. The refuse has been completely buried under tons of fill in one of the best "cover-up jobs" we have ever seen.

A few weeks ago, The Tribune

issued a few critical comments concerning this disposal site. We would now make special mention of the council's action in this matter and the noticeable improvement that has followed. We know that the residents in the immediate vicinity will also echo a sigh of relief.

As the majority of these cemeteries contain the remains of the Early Original Pioneers of this Province it only seems natural that the Province of Ontario should provide a much more fitting and deserving type of organization with a minimum of organization and expense.

As you know, these Cemeteries became in such an unsightly condition due to the fact that:

- (a) No Perpetual Care had ever been planned in the early days.
- (b) Very few near relatives (if any) now live in the area.
- (c) Lack of general interest by most of those that do live nearby.

After much thought and consideration, it is felt that the Road Maintenance Section of the Ontario Department of Highways could do a wonderful piece of work in the care of such cemeteries for the following reasons:

- (1) They are already well organized.
- (2) The personnel is exceptionally well experienced in the type of work required and have the necessary labour force.
- (3) They already have all the tools, equipment, and transportation available.
- (4) No elaborate accounting system would be required. All distribution of labour, equipment, supplies, etc., would simply be charged to "Cemetery Care."
- (5) Each maintenance division would be responsible for the care of all such cemeteries in their area. In this manner, practically the whole Province would be covered with very little additional travelling outside of their regular areas.
- (6) It would create additional employment, particularly for the employees who are not now employed on a permanent basis.

During the long period of neglect, the underbrush has now developed into some quite large trees. I would very definitely suggest that these large trees be allowed to remain as shade trees. They would thereby enhance the locality as a place of beauty and not just as a barren piece of land, or as an area of underbrush and weeds.

The main work would consist of:

1. Clear and grub the underbrush.
2. Cut the weeds.
3. Dispose of the debris.
4. Bring in topsoil to fill in the sunken graves to normal ground level.
5. Plant trees and grass in some cemeteries to bring them up to a standard of appearance.
6. Straighten and fix the foundations of some tombstones.
7. Supply and erect fencing and gates as required.
8. Place a sign at the entrance showing the name of the cemetery and the date founded.

After the above would be completed, it would not require a great deal of work or expense, to keep them in a pleasing appearance and pride of the community.

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## Need More Markers for Grade 13 Papers

Grade 13 examination results were announced last week, again late in the year for those who are now able to continue on to university. This comment was made to us only recently by a local student.

Every year there is the same complaint. The long delay in announcing the results holds up thousands of young people in their plans for a higher education. In some cases, they cannot enter the university of their choice because of already heavy enrolments. This means they will have to keep looking elsewhere and possibly end up much farther from home or at a school which may not have the same status as the one they had hoped to enter.

There was a promise by the Department of Education to speed up the marking of these papers. But this year the results have been announced, even later, we believe, than last year. The delay continues despite new marking systems.

It would appear to us that the delay could be eliminated by hiring enough teachers to mark the papers. The fee, we understand, is \$28 a day, which should be inducement enough to get more on the job. But even if a few extra dollars were needed, Grade 13 results could be announced much earlier than a couple of weeks before university courses begin. The change would certainly ease the worry and concern for students and parents as well.

## Making It Easy

Last week saw two men enter a private home in Markham Township, scoop up \$800 and make off. This sort of thing happens every so often and there is little that can be done to prevent the breakins. These characters choose opportune moments to go about their nefarious business.

Having any sizeable amount of cash around the home or in a place of business is, of course, an open invitation to "come and steal it." Those who follow up on these petty burglaries often find out too, that the real object has been to get bank books, specimen signatures and sample

cheques used by the individual or business, and really hit the jackpot through forgery. In the most recent case the "haul" was quite large in cold cash, and this may have been all that the thugs were after, but one cannot be sure.

Incidents such as last week's, should serve to alert people of the possibility of theft if they persist in having large amounts of money on their person or premises, as well as the possibility of forgery. Put your cash and valuable papers in a place not easily accessible to thieving hands.

## Own Worst Enemy

Screaming tires, racing motors and erratic driving are the major signs of an immature person at the wheel, claims the Canadian Highway Safety Council. "He is his own worst enemy," the Council believes. "Like an animal without logic or reasoning, he gives warning before he strikes. He can only damage himself if other drivers accept that warning and stay away from him."

The immature driver gives in to the urge to show off, to attract attention to himself. He is the same person who shouts, on the streets, talks as loudly as possible whenever he is in public, and makes crude remarks to others. The Council claims this sort of person gets no acclaim. "He gets ridicule, disgust and contempt to such a degree that, could he but understand it, he would crawl away and hide."

"What say we drape it with this and bury it at sea?"



## EDITOR'S MAIL

Barrie, Ontario, August 15, 1962.

Stouffville Tribune, Stouffville, Ont.

Dear Sir:

I wish to make a suggestion with regard to conditioning the numerous "Abandoned Cemeteries" throughout the Province, regardless of denomination or nationality.

As the majority of these cemeteries contain the remains of the Early Original Pioneers of this Province it only seems natural that the Province of Ontario should provide a much more fitting and deserving type of organization with a minimum of organization and expense.

As you know, these Cemeteries became in such an unsightly condition due to the fact that:

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The main work would consist of:

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dertaking would only be met with the greatest possible approval by the people throughout the Province.



One Monday in July in the Ottawa office of Leon J. Raymond, clerk of the House of Commons, I went through the impressive ceremony of being sworn-in as a Member of Parliament. That made it official, after the June 18 federal election vote and the formal declaration of election by the chief electoral officer.

When I was elected M.P. for York North, I decided the constituents of this riding were entitled to know of their representative's activities on their behalf. So, to reach everybody in the riding, regardless of party interest or affiliation, I am planning a regular report. When parliament is sitting it will come from Ottawa and at other times from my home riding, and it will appear in this newspaper in its present form.

Right here in York North, there have been quite a few activities for an M.P. to attend in spite of the normal quiet period of summer. There was the Department of Transport's hearing on the King airport at the King Municipal Offices, the turning at the new wing of the York County Newmarket Hospital at Newmarket, the Warden's picnic at Sibbald's Point park and the opening of the new magistrate's offices in Richmond Hill and there have been several delegations.

One delegation in which I was greatly interested came to talk about commuter trains. As I indicated during the federal election campaign, I am giving close attention to the commuter problem in York North where thousands of our people travel considerable distances daily between home and work. I have begun a study of this and have already had preliminary discussions with planning authorities. So I was particularly glad to hear the delegation from the Maple area which wants something done about commuter trains.

While I know there are very serious problems to be overcome in this matter, there is no obstacle to the commuter service that is insurmountable. Railway lines now exist and there are stations at Newmarket, Aurora and Richmond Hill which are easily reached by people in those towns and in adjacent areas. Similar lines go to the Markham-Stouffville-Unionville area. The lines that serve those towns run directly to Toronto.

In a later report, I will detail

some of the information I have been able to gather and tell you what steps have been taken to get action for our people in this highly effective, economical and convenient means of commuter travel.

By the way, to serve the people of the constituency I have arranged to keep our office open at 40 Yonge Street South in Richmond Hill. The phone is AV 53302, and I would appreciate your call at any time if I can be of service to you in any way.

John Addison  
Member of Parliament  
for York North

## Sunday School Lesson

**GOLDEN TEXT:** How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace.—Isa. 52:7.

**Approach to the Lesson**  
Isaiah is quoted more extensively in the New Testament than any other prophet. Perhaps because of this—plus his frequent allusions to the coming Messiah—he has become known as "the evangelical prophet."

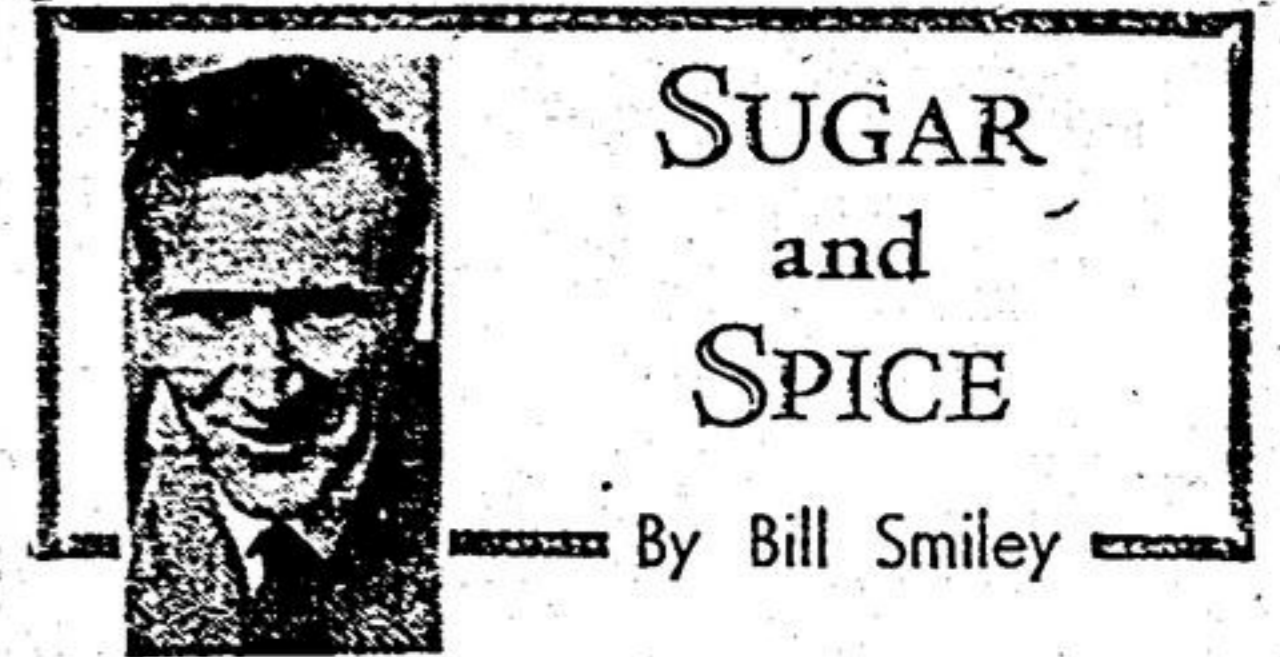
Ministering in Judah during the reigns of four of her kings, Isaiah was able to observe the ebb and flow of spiritual life; it was during this time that he predicted the Babylonian captivity (see chap. 39:5-7). But he also saw beyond the Captivity, and forecast a most glorious recovery under the benign scepter of the King-Messiah. Zion would shake herself from the dust, arise and don her beautiful garments, and become a source of world-wide blessing. The sweep of this prophet's message extends therefore from the precapitivity times—right through to the millennial reign of Christ.

**The Heart of the Lesson**  
Isaiah and his fellow prophets, while stern at times, were solid optimists. This optimism was not based, however, on some blissful enthusiasm, but upon the foundation of the word of Jehovah. The necessary discipline on sinning Judah would end in recovery, and the exiles would humbly return to Jerusalem to rebuild their demolished Temple and city. The story of this recovery is recorded in the books of Ezra and Nehemiah.

Isaiah's glowing prophecies, however, went far beyond the national return from Babylon. They anticipated the advent of Messiah—even God Himself—in the midst of His people. Shortly after the preparatory ministry of John the Baptist, this became a reality. Jesus came in precise fulfillment of the detailed predictions, only to be rejected and crucified!

God raised Christ from the dead and enthroned Him in Heaven. And during this age He is visiting the Gentiles in blessing, pending the resumption of His dealings with Israel. When the Lord's present work among the nations is completed He will implement those phases of prophecy made to His ancient people, and Zion will rejoice with joy unspeakable. Thers will then be security, peace, and prosperity because Christ will be acknowledged as their supreme and only King.

Careful nursing cures many things, but never a grouch. For those who are broke at vacation time home is considered a last resort.



A tremendous change has taken place in summer living in the Canadian small town during the past 20 or 30 years. And, looking back, I'm not at all sure it's been a change for the better.

I was thinking about this tonight. It's been one of those old-fashioned, red hot summer days that seem so scarce now. Sitting in the quiet, cool kitchen, with nothing to distract me but the moths slamming against the screen door, I got reminiscing about summers back in the twenties when I was a freckle-faced 68 pounds of bone and muscle.

In those days, kids didn't come running to their mothers eight times a day, whining, "Gee, what'll we do, Mom? There's no fun outside. How about taking us for a swim? Can I have a dime for a dairy queen? Why don't we have a cottage, like other people? When are we going to get a boat? And so on.

Quite the contrary. Mothers in those days practically had to call the police to locate their youngsters, so that they could drag them in and feed them three times a day. For kids in those times, there simply were not enough hours in the day, and night always fell far too early.

For a small boy in those days, there were about 480 fascinating things to do on a summer day. There were no organized swimming classes, no organized little leagues, no organized anything. Everything was beautifully disorganized. You snatched a jam-and-peanut-butter sandwich in the cool bright of the morning, and took off running.

Maybe you went up to the fairgrounds and played baseball all morning. There'd be about 12 kids on each side, and every pitch, every close play, was argued violently, with a lot of pushing in the chest and fierce repartee like, "Oh, yeah? You're nuts! Sez who?"

Maybe you took a swing around by the sandpit, crawled into the carefully concealed cage with the boys, and lay around smoking monkey tobacco in toilet paper, and plotting a horrible fate for the gang in the next block.

Maybe you just sat on top of a stone wall, in the sun, chewing licorice and seeing who could spit the farthest. Maybe you lay on a wooden bridge and fished, the hours peeling off like petals as you watched the dark water below, excitement flaring with the stir of a trout's tail behind a log. Or maybe you swam in the river until your lips were blue and your eyes bloodshot, then lay baking in the sun, mindless, following the ponderous dance of the great, white cumulous clouds.

Maybe you had a "feed." First, there'd be a round-up of beer bottles and scrap iron and old tires. These were sold and the profits invested in wieners and pop. Then you'd send the best snatcher of the gang to swipe a bunch of bananas off the outside stand at the fruit store. Then you'd all go home and steal (you never asked for it, you stole it!) any food you could get away with, and maybe a handful of the old man's pipe tobacco. Then you'd all retire to the cave and have an orgy of food that would make one of the emperor Nero's feasts look like a Sunday School picnic.

After supper, new delights beckoned. You could climb into the treehouse and kick little girls in the face when they tried to climb up. You could play Run, Sheep, Run and Redlight in the gathering dust. You could "haunt" your big sister and her boyfriend as they sat in suspicious silence on the porch.

It was with the sharpest of pain that you heard your mother's whistle or piercing "Yoooo-Hoooo" tolling the knell of parting day. Every mother had her special call and we knew our own from blocks away. And every father had the same treatment for kids who failed to respond—a hearty clip on the chops. We came home, not joyfully, but promptly.

All that has been changed. Kids are all over the country, now, on summer evenings. They've wheedled their folks into taking them to the drive-in. Or they're sleeping in strange beds at somebody's cottage, while their parents sit around knocking back the gin and tonic.

Or the poor little souls are crouched, with vacant stare, in front of a television set; watching a re-run of one of last winter's programs, while in the soft, warm outdoors, the birds and the trees and the moon mourn the days when the piping voices of children at play provided a counterpoint to the melody of a velvet summer evening.



Col. E. M. D. Leslie, DSO, CD., Commandant of the Royal Canadian School of Artillery at Camp Shilo, Manitoba, removes the distinguishing green flashes from the shoulder straps of Gunner W. D. Greer of Stouffville, son of Mrs David Greer, formerly of Lemonville, during graduation ceremonies held at the Apprentice Training Battery, July 13th. The ceremonial parade marked the end of two years of military and academic training for young Gunner Greer and 41 other artillery apprentices.

Photo—National Defence.

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## The Stouffville Tribune

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