

# Editorial

## Stouffville Should Have Been Represented

We think that Stouffville municipal council "slipped up" last week when it failed to send representatives to a special meeting called to appoint a new member to the Metro Planning Board. While Stouffville is the smallest municipality of the four for whom the appointment is made, our town nevertheless has an equal voice and might even have been able to put a candidate in the field.

Mr. C. J. Laurin of Box Grove who has held the office for several terms, has moved to Toronto, necessitating a new representative.

The meeting was held at the Markham Township offices last week, and some justifiable non-complimentary remarks were heard regarding Stouffville's failure to have council members on hand. The other three municipalities involved, Richmond

Hill, Markham Township and Markham Village, each proposed a different candidate, although in the final balloting, Mr. Vern Griffin, former township reeve was elected, over Wm. Spears and John Bradstock.

Stouffville has been a strong supporter of Metro Planning Board as to this body's co-operation and assistance, and should take an interest in the make-up of the Board. It was necessary to select a representative who has a thorough knowledge of planning matters and the position of the suburbs to the Metro hub.

In the beginning these same municipalities over which Metro exercises considerable authority, had no representation. Metro Planning Board has wide powers in all the development of this area and the selection of a strong suburban representative was imperative.

## Trend To Longer School Day

While working time has been getting shorter and shorter in industry, the same idea is not suggested for education. Only last week, the possibility of a longer school day, or longer terms was being suggested at an educational conference in western Canada, while the New Brunswick provincial government is being urged by city and country school superintendents, to extend the school day by half an hour. For its part the New Brunswick Department of Education has let it be known that it has already been considering such a move.

We think the need for a longer school day or school term has been forced into the open partly by the broader curriculum in our schools through the addition of so-called "frills" with the result that less time is available to teach basic subjects adequately.

In considering the primary grades, it should be kept in mind just how long the interest of these young pupils can be maintained in a single day. Many older students now study continually until bedtime.

Lengthening the school day, we imagine, would not be a very popular move in Ontario, and not very workable either, in the case of district high schools where students now travel in some cases from dawn until dark.

The idea of lengthening the term might receive a better reception. Instead of making the school day longer, the number of days might be increased by shortening vacations and curtailing some of the occasional breaks, such as teachers' conventions.

Modern school buildings are expensive and much better equipped than the school of a generation ago, and might well be put to greater use each year. And in view of the heavily loaded curriculum it might be a good idea to offer greater resistance to any pressure to add still more new subjects to the detriment of basic things. Even if present frills are to remain, some basis whereby those who devote a great deal of time to these extra curricular activities would be given some credit for their accomplishments so far as their general school standing is concerned.

## New Canada Year Book

The Canada Year Book for 1962 has now been published, and as usual is packed with extraordinary information. The book carries the subtitle, "Official Statistical Annual of the Resources, History, Institutions and Social and Economic Conditions of Canada."

Special feature articles are presented in each edition of the Year Book. In the preface, it is noted by

the Dominion Statistician that as the economy of the country has expanded the Bureau has endeavoured to present the story of this development, summarizing a great mass of detailed information.

The task of publishing this vast volume is a difficult one, but it is well done. The Canada Year Book is a valuable volume for anyone interested in the nation's development.

## Religious Discrimination

Recently, the Jehovah Witness organization elected to hold a week-end convention in the auditorium of the Stouffville District High School. The school board's policy in permitting the building to be used for this purpose has been questioned and even ridiculed by some local and district residents.

In spite of these criticisms, we would commend the board members for their broad-minded decisions on this matter. It would certainly be unwise and grossly unfair to permit one religious group to use these facilities and then, four months later turn down a request from another. This, we believe, would be religious discrimination in its most bare-faced form.

We happen to know that many persons connected with the Jehovah Witnesses in this community have contributed their hard-earned tax dollars in the erection of this school structure and they have as much right to use its spacious accommodation as Presbyterians, Baptists, Anglicans, Uniteds, Mennonites or Roman

Catholics. We may not always appreciate the street-corner practices of the Witness sect nor are their door-to-door callers always welcomed but we have never found their attitudes to be particularly offensive. With regard to the three-day convention in the school, no one was obliged to attend. They didn't grab you by the ear and haul you off or even employ the use of Main Street billboards or posters. Their pre-convention advertising campaign was quiet and orderly.

It wasn't so many years ago that this organization's members were cruelly treated and persecuted in the Province of Quebec. Surely no one would condone such dictatorial activities.

If the day ever comes when a school board begins to pick and choose between the rights and wrongs of religious teachings and discriminates in the rental of its building for such purposes, then we would expect our "mail columns" to be crammed with letters of protest.

## Quality Is The Thing

Beekeepers in the area are smiling this year as honey stocks have been depleted by export, faster than in any year in recent memory. The revalued dollar and rising demand in Europe are given for the quick sale of all Canadian honey stocks. This is sweet news to say the least.

The point which we would make

is that despite the fact that Canadian honey is more expensive than that from other countries, the quality is so high that the Europeans are prepared to pay more for it.

High quality in any commodity is always a good selling feature. This is something for all producers to keep in mind.

## General Nuisance



We go coast to coast this week . . . And as usual, I'm belated, but thanks anyway to those readers who sent cards and notes at Christmas time. They're appreciated. In my better moments, I tell myself that there are about a million people, give or take a couple, reading this column every week. But sometimes late at night, column not going well, squirrels scampering, wind howling 'the banshee blues around the window, I feel as though I'm writing in an immense void. Think I'll have to go down east this summer. I'm going great there. Lovely card, with seagulls, from Cynny Godbold of Bridgewater, N.S. Nice note from Miss S. Forhan of Halifax, enclosing an advertisement, which reads, "Why, you haven't been in GERMANY yet! Plan your trip now!" She said it made her think of me. Sorry, I've been in Germany. In those halcyon days they didn't have to advertise. All sorts of tourists were dropping into the country. Most of them by parachute. They didn't spend a lot of money. Yet, despite this flaw, they were warmly welcomed by the natives. I still have a lump over my right ear to prove it. Chap in Aylmer, Ont., dropped a note to say a column of mine got him in trouble, a year ago. Apparently I had come home, late, cold, wet, tired and had crawled into bed with the old Trouble 'n Strife. I had compared her to a little box stove. (And I'll stand by it). Chap in Aylmer did the same thing, but got a little mixed in his metaphors, and said to his wife, "You remind me of an old pot-bellied heater."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ Mrs. Frank Rastin of Mount Brydges, Ont., sent a note revealing that there are still a few real Christians abroad. She referred to a column of which I had mentioned Mrs. Mallett, an elderly lady, sick and alone, who had found time to thank me (I say it humbly), for bringing a little warmth into her life. Mrs. Rastin enclosed a letter, full of interest and cheer for Mrs. Mallett, asking that I forward it. Old friends, Mrs. Viola Nickerson of Massachusetts, and Mrs. Paul Rutz of Red Deer sent cards, with friendly notes. Margaret Brontmire, line operator at the Paris Star, suggested an addition to my list of Christmas gifts: Giving the last twenty years back to the unhappy people. She adds, rather cynically, "I'll bet they couldn't do any better." I agree, but I don't see anything wrong with being unhappy. They're the interesting ones. From Don McCuaig in Renfrew comes the annual photo of the family, each year, the inverse ratio applies. His wife and children get better looking, while he gets . . . Another welcome photo is that of the Rudells of London. Filled the whole backyard with boys before Jennie came along. Six boys and one tiny girl who wraps them all around her pinkie.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ I spent a good part of Christmas Day on my knees. And I wasn't praying. Quite the reverse. I had been suckered into new skis for the kids, and I was trying to get the blighted boots into the blasted harness. This kind of thing is second only to erecting the Christmas tree in our family convulsions.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ That Boxing Day is the best day of the year, as far as I'm concerned. Fire in the fireplace. Friends with noggins. Kids off somewhere in the wild, white yonder. A great sense of relief. Exchange of anecdotes. With message. One was about the South Seas islander who had a great desire to be king. With this in view, he saved up, purchased a beautiful throne. But he lost the election, or something. Put the throne away in the back room to await better times. Had a fire. House burned down. Moral: people who live in grass houses shouldn't stow thrones.

Another story was mathematical. Indian background. Rule of tribe: suitor must produce requested gift for potential bride. Young chief wants wife. She wants No. 1 buffalo hide. Easy. Five years later, chief decides to take second wife. She wants polar bear hide. Chief sent braves. Months later they return, with hide. Nuptials celebrated. Ten years later, chief spots beautiful maiden. She wants hippopotamus hide. Chief sent braves. Four years later, they return, with hide. Nuptials celebrated. Pretty soon, first two wives complain, "You spend as much time with new wife as you do with both of us together." Chief replies, "Natch. Euclid. Squaw on hippopotamus hide equal to sum of squaws on other two hides." And that reminds me of the sad, little, grunting hound, whose only desire was to join her predeceased mate, and go to the Happy Grunting Hound, but perhaps we'll leave that for another day.

## Editor's Mail

January 8th, 1963. (dict. Jan. 7)

The Stouffville Tribune, Stouffville, Ont.

Attention: The Editor.

Dear Sir,

Ballantrae Skating Rink.

On Friday, Jan. 4th, a call was made on the majority of the shop keepers and store owners in the village of Stouffville for donations for an auction to be held at the Ballantrae Skating Rink on Saturday, Jan. 5th, and with almost complete unison, practically every store keeper in Stouffville who was solicited, volunteered and gladly donated a gift to the auction. The members of the Ballantrae Skating Rink committee wish to place on record at this time, their deep appreciation and gratitude to the members of Stouffville, for their generous thoughts at the time of our official opening.

Although the time that elapsed between the news officially being released to the public and the actual opening night was extremely short, the members of the committee were extremely gratified in the attendance by many hundreds that turned out to this official opening. We would like to place on record, our deep appreciation to the Tribune and it's staff in sending up the photographer to be at the official opening, and once again, our grateful appreciation to the store keepers and the shop owners of Stouffville for donating their numerous gifts for our official opening.

Yours truly, K. A. Rogers.

## Markham Reeve To Seek Commissioner's Chair

Markham Township Reeve Wilfred Dean indicated Monday afternoon he would seek one of the two commissioners' chairs on York County Council. Mr. Dean gave this reason in declining appointment as chairman of the township's road committee. Commissioners for Warden in 1962 were Reeve Floyd Perkins of Richmond Hill, and Reeve Albert Rutherford of Vaughan Township. Both will again sit on county council in 1963.

## Select Two Grand Champion Holsteins

The two Grand Champion Holsteins at the Royal Winter Fair, Toronto, have been selected as the All-Canadian Aged Bull and the All-Canadian Aged Cow for the current show season. The All-Canadian Aged Bull is Romandale Reflection Marquis, owned jointly by Romandale Farms, Unionville, and G. E. D. Greene, Don Mills, Ont. He was also Grand Champion at the U.S.A. National Holstein Show at Waterloo, Iowa.

## BY THE WAY . . .

Human nature is unpredictable . . . you know, "there's so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us, that it behooves every one of us to . . ." I can't for the life of me remember how that quotation finishes, but it was on my mind just before Christmas when I had a small chat with Stouffville's jolly Santa Claus. He had just finished interviewing children for the day, and was sitting with his feet up, smoking his inevitable pipe. "You know", he said, "people are funny. I had supper with a friend today, and on the way back to talk with the children, I parked my car behind the hardware store just across the street from my chalet. (As you know, I didn't bring my sleigh and reindeer to Stouffville this year). Well, as I got out of my car I noticed a lady having trouble getting her car started, so with the best of intentions, I asked if I could help her. She gladly accepted my offer and I got into the driver's seat and nearly lost my whiskers when I discovered a very small baby lying beside me, howling lustily. Having scant knowledge of temperamental motors—or babies—I must say I had some trouble, but finally the engine caught and with profuse thanks, the little lady took over . . . and stalled the motor! So I repeated the performance, and this time the lady took off with her very vocal passenger. I mopped my sweating brow as I hurried across the street to greet the children waiting at my chalet, and the first mother I met complained because I was ten minutes overdue. As I say, people are funny."

You are so right Santa.

## PRACTICE OF PILFERING

Every once in a while we are brought face to face with such reality and we must accept it, even though we wish it weren't so. This unhappy realization was brought home to me recently when in conversation with a local merchant I learned something about the packaging business. We were discussing the very attractive packaging of so many articles offered to the shoppers in stores today, and how most of us take this presentation of goods for granted. We accept, without questioning, the fact that with plastic wrapping, merchandise may be kept dust-free, and in new condition, even though it may be on open display and examined by many browsing shoppers. Well, this was just fine. Then I brought up the subject of over-packaging . . . inexpensive little items packaged to look like something more than they actually are, so that we pay as much, or more, for the packaging than we do for the article we are buying. Then came the bombshell . . . many of these packages are elaborately designed for the sole purpose of cutting down on stealing—a sad but necessary precaution! The big box that holds three small balloons, or the lipstick attached to a large card and wrapped in a tough bubble of plastic, is not packaged this way to deceive us as to the value of the contents, but is to discourage shoplifting and, in the end, 'keep prices down.

## MILLIONS OF DOLLARS

Pilfering, it seems, deprives variety stores of one and a half percent of their business, and though most stolen items are small, thievery adds up to millions of dollars every year. These millions, of course, must come out of the pockets of honest customers. The stores who sell small items don't make fat enough profits to absorb such losses. The store keepers all agree that honest packaging would be the best policy, but until stealing disappears, they'll have to continue to resort to more and more oversize containers for undersize items.

We hate to think this sort of thing goes on in Stouffville, but several store owners have told me that their losses to people with itchy fingers is really quite considerable, and during the past Christmas season the problem became acute. However, in a village this size, it doesn't take long for an alert business man to recognize a pattern and discover the identity of an habitual thief. For the sake of us all, it is to be hoped action is taken by the merchant in such instances.

So the next time we're browsing or shopping, especially in a self-serving type of store, and feeling annoyed at some of the over-packaging, we should remember why it's done that way, we should remember not to blame the manufacturer; nor the store owner for trying to put one over on us. They're merely trying to get the best of the miserable character who has such light fingers he can't resist doing a bit of "lifting."

Those are the undesirables. Then there's the other side of human nature; the side that prompts people to assume all housing and living expenses and medical and drug costs for a local resident, who through illness is unable to carry the financial responsibility of maintaining his home; folks who spend time and money, and care enough about a fellow man to see to his physical and spiritual comfort and needs. We are speaking, not about one single instance, but one that has been repeated on numerous occasions, but because the persons involved do not wish to be identified, the stories cannot be told. But we do hear of such warm-hearted help in time of need, and our faith in the goodness in human nature is restored.

Which brings to mind this poem written by Eleanor Howe, entitled "A New Year Challenge."

Are you building a house?  
A House of the Year?  
Are you facing discouragements; lack of supplies?  
Then come with me, friend,  
Let us build, without fear,  
A new kind of house . . . a house in the skies."

Let us dig deep foundations,  
Of resolves that are sure;  
Let the stone of the masonry be honest, and strong;  
Let the framework be waiting  
For walls that endure,  
Built of friendship, and kindness, laughter and song.

Let the ceilings be high;  
Let the rooms be four-square;  
Let the windows be many; the doors open wide;  
So the blue of the sky  
And the freedom of air  
And the sunshine of love will fill the inside.

We can live in that house . . .  
That House of the Year . . .  
With a proud humility, a humble pride;  
With a heart that is full,  
With a conscience that's clear;  
With peace and contentment, and all else beside

For we build a new house  
Within us each day,  
On the sands that are quick, or the rock that is sure,  
And so, I will hope,  
And will wish, if I may,  
That your House may be built on the Rock . . . and endure.

Money may not make a person happy, but it keeps his mind. During the pre-Christmas holidays the high cost of giving will just add to the high cost of living.

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