

Editorial

No Quitters On This Club

A group of Stouffville and district girls have joined forces to ice a hockey club here this winter. Over the years, we have been associated with many hockey teams of varied calibre but never have we witnessed the enthusiasm that is displayed by these local lassies. Many of their male counterparts would do well to take a lesson or two from this entry.

In a recent game with Ajax, they were beaten by a score of 18-0. Were they down-hearted or discouraged? Not in the least, in fact they had no sooner entered the confines of the dressing room than they were making arrangements for a return tilt. To date, they have taken part in five home contests. They have won only two but their ranks instead of lessen-

ing in numbers have continued to increase. Last week, before the largest crowd of the season, sixteen players donned the Stouffville colours.

Girls hockey, although novel to many, is not entirely new to Stouffville. A couple of decades ago, the local ice lanes were graced by such speedsters as Blanche, Fern, Gertie and Ella Slack; Vi and Nelda Lehman, Ruth Nendick, Dorothy Lotton, Marg Schmidt, Aggie Lotton and several more. They performed in a league with Uxbridge and Markham.

Difficult as it may be to understand, the girls have come out of athletic obscurity to whip up a new menu of entertainment that Stouffville spectators have found to their liking.

A Great Way To Run A Business

The recent Glasco Commission, headed by J. G. Glasco of Maple who may be the next local PC candidate, has come up with some information on the operation of the federal government which shows it to be about as inefficient as any business could be. In fact, if any private business operated in the same manner, it would not last six months.

Waste in purchasing was one of the chief targets of the report. Huge costs are created by unnecessary red tape. For every \$100 purchase, the salary of purchasing personnel was \$1.34. Some departments were revealed to have no less than 38 steps to process one purchase order. In many cases the left hand didn't know what the right hand was doing. An example was one department buying

lubricating oil for \$2 a gallon, while another paid 47c.

The management and procuring of federal property also came in for an overhaul. The government now owns \$4,000,000,000 worth and this is increasing at the rate of \$300,000,000 a year.

The report strongly recommends adopting business principles to government affairs. The report reads as follows: "No large private company could long survive if it practised the waste and extravagance in operations which is condoned by the federal government."

The Commission has done a good job in pointing up how Canada's affairs could be administered more efficiently and economically. No time should be lost in implementing its recommendations step by step.

Keep It In The Council

Last week, a solicitor representative of a district farmer organization attended a regular meeting of Pickering Twp. Council. Although scheduled as the number one spokesman on the evening's agenda, the delegate elected to address his remarks in private to the reeve rather than submit his request in public before the entire council assembly.

The submission, minor in importance, might have passed unchallenged but the deputy-reeve was quick to criticize the practice. It was the principle of the thing that was all wrong.

Any matter that would bring a deputation to the council chambers

is suggestive of an issue that should be aired before not one but all members, not in private but in public. The reeve, in trying to be co-operative, was placed in a rather embarrassing position.

The deputy-reeve inferred that similar practices of this kind had occurred in the past. We personally can see nothing wrong with a rate-payer presenting a problem to his ward representative via the telephone or the back-line fence to, in turn, have it re-introduced in council. We feel, however, that when a party makes an appointment to be heard in public and takes the trouble to attend, then his wishes should be openly revealed.

Still Hoping for Commuter Service

John Addison, federal member of Parliament for York North is continuing to bend his efforts for a railway commuter service to serve his constituency. Although there was a great outcry when the local passenger train service was withdrawn, we have heard little in the way of protest murmurs since that time. So far as Stouffville was concerned it seemed doubtful as to just how many residents would use such a service if it were investigated. The chief reason was the fact that a commuter service which dumped people off to the Union Station left workers with many miles still to travel to reach their work destination. Unless one worked in downtown Toronto the service seemed of little value. A great many of those requiring the transportation are bound for points in Scarborough, west Toronto and even Malton.

However, we are only speaking for Stouffville proper and the poll now being conducted by the local member may turn up some interesting facts about the hundreds of others who live in the nearby surrounding townships.

In a questionnaire sent out last week to the residents of the riding, Mr. Addison has asked for answers to eight questions concerning the proposed service. The questions are as follows: (1) Would you be in favour of a rail commuter service? (2) What is the name of your nearest convent railway station? (3) How often would you use this service? (4) At what time would you want to arrive at the Union Station in downtown Toronto? (5) What fare would you be prepared to pay for a round trip? (6) If weekly commuter rates were

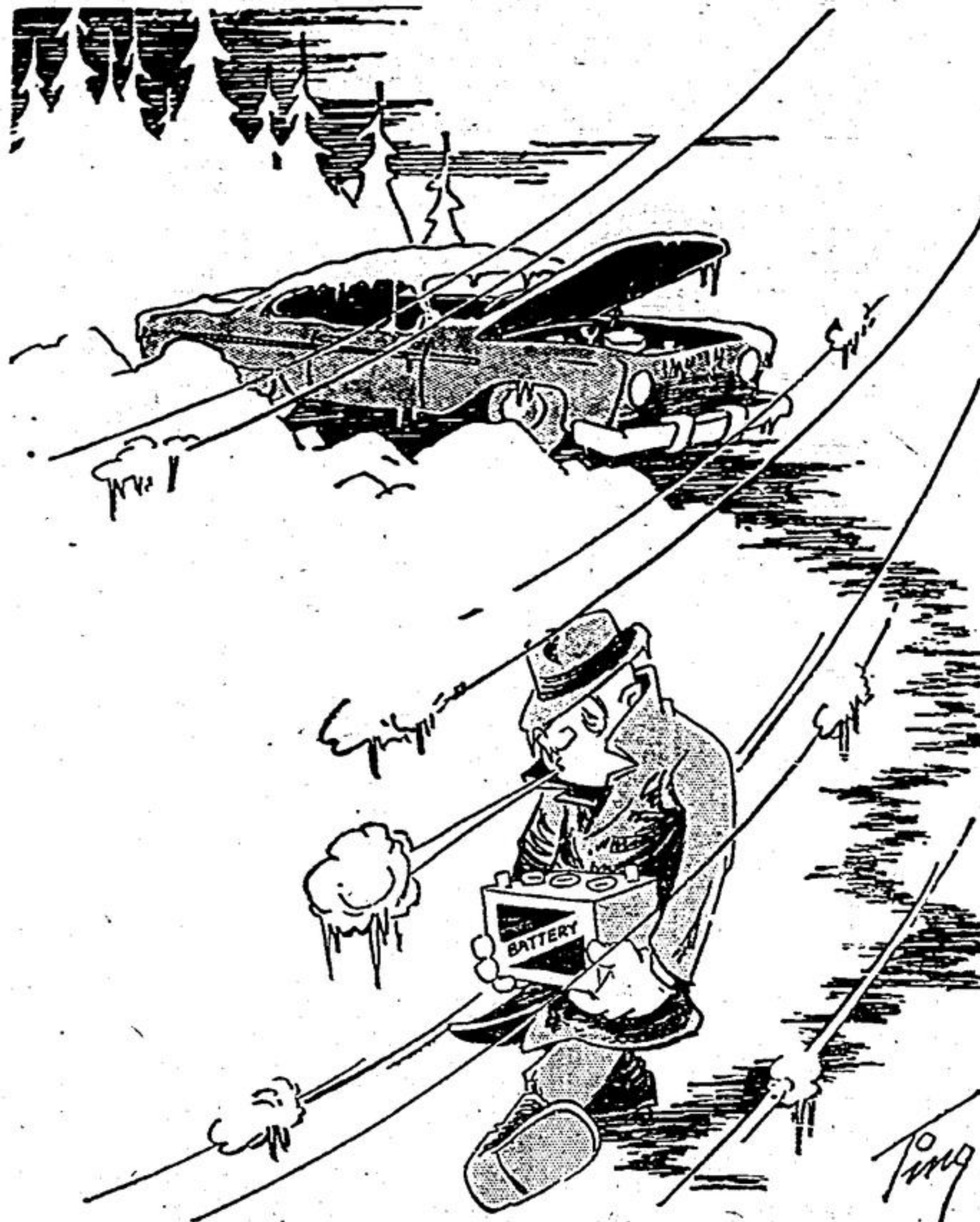
available what would you be prepared to pay for a round trip? (7) Would a Monday to Friday inclusive, schedule be sufficient? (8) A map of York North Riding is shown on this questionnaire. Would you please mark your residential area so that the planners may know where the potential traffic exists.

President Donald Gordon recently told the House of Commons railway committee that the new marshalling yards would permit additional commuter service into the city within two years. However he said that any commuter service would need some form of financial assistance from both Metro and the Province. Mr. Gordon said that one of the main stumbling blocks has been the refusal of the city to subsidize any form of commuter service.

Mr. Addison's questionnaire should play an important role in acquiring information towards some new form of rail service if the public demand is sufficient. Certainly it is a much safer and saner way to travel into the heart of the city than battling the heavy traffic twice a day.

However we are not in favour of subsidizing and believe that any such service should be put on the rails at a figure that would allow it to pay its way. For this reason we did not protest the railway withdrawing the service that it formerly operated. The company proved it was losing thousands of dollars annually on the local run, and we the public had to fork over tax money each year to cover this loss. We're all in favour of a service if it is sufficiently patronized to pay its way, but not a subsidized operation.

Fighting A Cold War Without A "Warhead"



By the way..

by ANNE ROSS

I wonder how many of us, as parents, realize the advantage of raising our children in Stouffville. Do we appreciate the efforts of the churches, the schools, the service clubs, the police force, which combined, make this an active, wholesome place for young people? Do we ever express our thanks to the enthusiastic coaches who give our boys the opportunity to learn to be hockey players and good sports; to the devoted leaders of Cubs and Scouts, Brownies and Guides, C.G.I.T. and other Church groups, to the dedicated Sunday School teachers? All these people give their time and effort in the interests of our young people. Do we appreciate the continuing efforts of Stouffville Lions Club who underwrite the costs of maintaining the hockey teams, who sponsor the public speaking competitions, who provided us with a fine swimming pool in its beautiful park setting, among their many community projects? How many of us stopped to consider the look of Main Street at Christmas time? Those lighted Christmas trees in their gay red planters, and the quaint home for Santa were contributed for our pleasure by the merchants of Stouffville. Not all of them to be sure, but enough progressive-thinking business people who justified their pride in their home town by creating a Christmas atmosphere for all of us on Main Street.

Taken For Granted

Yet we tend to take these contributions for granted, don't we? Just as we take our quiet night-time streets for granted. All we need to do to appreciate our own good fortune, is to visit some of the downtown streets of Toronto, and we are scandalized that little tads of eight or ten are running around on their own, looking for mischief; teenagers are to be found in dingy restaurants and taverns; and seedy-looking adults hanging around keeping a jaundiced eye on the night scene. There are not many parents anywhere in Canada who can watch their children growing up with the freedom from worry and the confidence that all is right in their world, as we do in Stouffville, where, at any hour of the day or night, we are pretty certain of where our children are, and what they are doing. This doesn't mean, of course, that we wrap ourselves in a cocoon of complacency and unconcern. Parents always have, and always will have to keep a finger in the ple of their offspring's activities and whereabouts, and concern themselves with the kind of companions with whom they associate. But with vigilance and a trust in our fellow-parents, we in Stouffville can maintain the standard of social behaviour that now exists, because other parents before us established a pattern of good conduct and wholesome good time for the children of the village.

Certainly we have an element of trouble-makers around town at times, but more often than not, these unsavoury characters are not residents, but are here for an hour or two to stir up trouble if they can.

A Fine Town

Stouffville is a fine town for young people — at least from a parent's standpoint. I'd like to hear what the young folks themselves think of it. But any town is only as good as its people and the good homes they maintain.

What makes a good home? Well, I'd say a good home is a place that produces happy, well-adjusted people who can make a good job of the complex business of living.

Many studies have been made on family life and its effect on children, and the general conclusion is that there is nothing more important in the development of the child than the home. The kind of person he will become depends to a very large extent on the kind of family to which he belongs. The Church has its place, the school its place in the development of a child, but it's the home that really has the greatest influence. A good home is characterized by a set of values which provide a basis for a moral standard living. The parents establish values and ideals, and practice them, so the children automatically accept these standards, and usually adopt them. Children are not made truthful, polite, kindly, tolerant or orderly by mere teaching. They learn by a kind of absorption, as a sponge soaks up water. Parents influence their children more by what they are, than by any training program. Children develop best in homes where personal relations are more important than possessions. There are some homes where furnishings seem to be given greater care and consideration than people.

Families and homes are what we make them, and the degree of success that we parents achieve in making a happy home will determine to a very large extent the kind of people our children will become, and the kind of life they will strive for. A good home is where love, and kindness and courtesy reign.

These are the homes we have found in Stouffville.

Sunday School Lesson

GOLDEN TEXT: If any man have ears to hear, let him hear. —Mark 4:23.

Approach to the Lesson

"The legs of a lame man hang loose: so is a parable in the mouths of fools"; that is, as a lame man's legs are useless for walking, so to a fool a parable is useless for teaching. A parable is "an earthly story with a heavenly meaning, and if we are foolish enough but to catch the earthly words and miss the heavenly significance, it is vain.

Christ's parables are of tremendous importance to the Christian, for He enshrined a great deal of His teaching in them. So if our minds are closed in this direction, we inevitably miss much that He has to say. To think of the areas of our lives touched by the parables—our time, talents, future and the like—is to realize how spiritually ignorant is the person who fails to understand them. "The parable," says Dr. Campbell Morgan, "is ever the open door to the mystery [of the Kingdom of God]. If men will consider a picture, and enquire, He will always answer."

Heart of the Lesson
In spiritual things "whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken even that he hath." God demands spiritual response before further revelation is granted. And just as any other gift of God can atrophy through disuse, so can our capacity to listen to Him and receive His gifts. The responsibility of hearing is a great one, and the neglect to respond not only carries its own severe loss, but shuts the door on further revelation.

The danger of a mixture of liquor and gasoline is doubled when a juvenile driver is added.

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PHONE 640-2100

Do you loathe winter with all the intensity of your soul? Do you consider that it is fit only for Eskimos and aboriginal snowmen? Does your spirit shrink into a cold little gray lump somewhere in the vicinity of your liver, when it snows again? Does your heart grow hard with hatred when the mercury drops?

Do you shriek, lady, at you little ones, when they come in, plastered with snow, just seven minutes after you have spent half an hour bundling them up to go out, and they whimper, "Mum, I hafta wee-wee"?

Do you take the name of the Lord in vain, Sir, every time you go out in the morning and discover that the holy old, jumpin' Jezeby snowplow has jumped the daily 10-ton donation into your driveway?

Do you wonder, when you receive your oil bill, if they have got your bill mixed up with that of the Chateau Laurier? Do you develop a deep, seething hostility toward old friends who announce they are off for a holiday in the south?

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Do your bones ache, your joints creak, your eyes water these days? Do you resent getting up in what seems to be the middle of the night, to go to work?

If the answer to all these questions is a screaming, homicidal "YES," you may relax, friend and neighbour. You are neither neurotic nor odd, perverse nor peculiar. There's not a thing wrong with you. You are a typical, normal, average, and honest Canadian.

You have not only my sympathy, but my understanding. I used to be one of you. I've been through the lot. For 40-odd years I was a plodder through slush, a huncher of shoulders against blizzards, a snarling payor of fuel bills, a blasphemous scraper of ice off windshields with my fingernails because my blasted scraper was missing.

Oh, yes, I was one of you miserable wretches: a bent-backed slave chopping ice off the steps, a terrified knock-down of big icicles, a puffing purveyor of garbage cans through snowdrifts, a furious shoveller of driveways, a barking seal when that frosty morning air first hit the tattered lungs, an envious despoiler of the birds with enough money to migrate into the sun.

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But, I'm sorry, old buddies; I've left you. That's all behind. I'm on the other side now. I got sick of being a rabbit, and decided to run with the hounds. As a result a whole new life has opened for me.

Now, I dance blithely to the window at first light to see whether anything fell during the night. I clap my hands and cry "Goody!" when I see that big fresh pile of white stuff in the driveway. I grumble when the temperature rises. I complain bitterly when nothing white falls from heaven in two days. I grouch about the winter being so short. I sincerely pity those who have fled to the tropics.

What's happened? I've been skiing. Yes sir, they got the old man out on the skinny sticks last Saturday, and he made 'em down the little kids' hill twice without falling. That was on the 14th and 21st runs.

Oh, they laughed when I sat down the minute I stood up on the things. But they weren't laughing an hour later, when I whizzed down the slope, yelling "Schells!" or whatever it is skiers yell, bowling over five-year-olds like five-pins, and taking those eight and 10-inch jumps as though I'd been born within yodelling range of the Matterhorn.

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It started out as a mere effort to find out why I bought about a half interest in a sports shop, at Christmas, for the kids. I started out wearing my golf pants over my deer hunting underwear, and my old fishing jacket over my curling sweater.

By the end of the day, I was ready to sell my golf clubs, try to get a refund from the curling club, and attempt to trade in my waders and my shotgun, if I could only have one of those brilliant sweaters, and a pair of those bullfighters' pants, like the other skiers, and sit around in the chalet, drinking coffee, with the best of them.

No more grumbling about winter. No more hatred of snow. No more longing for spring. You should try it. We skiers are hooked, but happy. In fact, I liked my first time out so well that I can scarcely wait for next winter (or maybe the one after) to try it again.

Diary Of A Vagabond

by Dorothy Barker

A Small Boy's Need

A little boy with the big-man-name of Scott Peter, Turner wrote to the President of the United States protesting the bulldozing of his special canyon for hunting lizards. This deed, he said, was in preparation for a new subdivision.

Scott wrote — "Dear Mr. President we have no place to go when we want to go out in the canyon. Because there are going to build houses so could you set aside some land where we could play thank you for listening love Scott."

His father added a postscript to his son's appeal, "In building our progressive world of supervised play and sterilized playthings we seem to have forgotten that a youth needs trees, and frogs, and earth with ants in it — and time for uninterrupted observations of the path he treads. Isn't it nostalgically sad when, in an era of seemingly intellectual advancement and highly civilized progress, a little boy can't find a place to play?"

More Reasons Than One

This is the answer to a query so often expressed to me, "Why do you live on the edge of those wooded acres with which the denizens of swamp, creek and trees with which to fraternize?"

We bought these eight acres, which by the way are now almost entirely surrounded by new homes, to give our two boys "a place to play." They built tree huts, captured fireflies in jars with pierced lids ("so the bugs can breathe"), bottled polywogs and crayfish from the creek and dangled worms over their sandwiches purposely just to hear me scream.

I think the reason I still live here is twofold. The next generation is just beginning to grow into that lanky age when to be alone in a tree hut, or to lie on a bed of weeds or snow and gaze at a blue sky is just as important to them as tomorrow's breakfast. They cannot do this in their well planned subdivision homes.

I am sure they do not think of this grandmother in the old fashioned way as a font of homemade cookies and pie when they head this way. Their hunting instinct is always at a fever pitch as they tumble out of their parents' car and head for: the swamp, with hardly a hasty "hello" thrown my way. I can expect my supply of empty jam jars will be raided within minutes and for days after they have returned to riding their bikes around the crescents of their home moorings, I will be battling an invasion of ants and flushing down the toilet dead creatures of nature made captive and forgotten.

And the second reason I am domiciled on a country lane? Watching a red squirrel on his forage mission springing from tree to tree, or the shadow of rabbit tracks in moonlit snow, the mating song of bullfrogs in spring and the crickets' persistent click, click in fall can thrill me far more than the whirr of an elevator in a big apartment building or the hum of traffic on a city street.

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