

Editorial

Shouldn't Hide Their Heads In The Sand

Many charges and counter charges have been voiced and written concerning Pickering Township's current farm assessment problems. The rights and wrongs of the issue are subjects for debate, but we feel that the council, as a body, has done little or nothing to promote any direct solution to the matter. To date, they have merely adopted an "ostrich attitude", buried their heads in the sand and hoped that the storm would blow over without ruffling their feathers. By clinging to a policy of non-interference, we feel that the council is shirking a responsibility that they owe to the ratepayers.

Surely every council member is anxious to see this farm assessment

issue resolved. Instead of absorbing the verbal beratings of one ratepayers' association and tossing the torch to another, the council could well have gained the respect of the electorate by taking the initiative. Here, they have merely folded their hands and watched the developments from a neutral vantage point.

It may well be that this assessment problem is "bigger" than Pickering but it is still a major issue for a large segment of Pickering people and therefore should be the direct concern of the Pickering Council. Isolating themselves on a tight little island will not prevent the waves of discontent from rolling around them nor will it plug the hole in the dam located further upstream.

A Chance To Catch Up

There has been a suggestion that players in Stouffville's Minor Hockey Association are second-rate skaters in comparison to boys from other communities of a similar size. It has been suggested that the chief reason for this ineptness with the blades is due to a shortage of ice time at the Arena.

We feel that the initial observation is true. Excluding this year's crop of puck-chasers who have yet to taste action in the '62-'63 OMHA playoffs, past experiences have shown that our local lads are inferior in skating progress to the majority of visiting clubs. The reasons are subject to debate.

If a lack of practice time is the chief creator of weak ankles, then the problem has been solved. The open-

air arena created "almost over-night" by Mr. Walter Atkinson is one of the finest contributions to this community since the swimming pool was opened several years ago. Appropriately named "winter wonderland" it is truly everything that the title implies.

Mr. Atkinson, a methodical workman, has constructed this skaters' paradise with little fan-fare and publicity. With no fund drive appeal or plea for free-gratis labour, it came as a surprise to the majority of townfolk when the project was unveiled for the first time, two weeks ago.

With such spacious facilities within walking distance of Stouffville homes, there's no reason for hockey "hermits" here.

There'll Be Screams About This One

We note that the Canadian Federation of Agriculture has just passed a resolution calling for more two-way trade with Communist China. The farm group thinks it would be an excellent idea if we bought more manufactured foods from China.

Manufacturers who claim they are growing old and gray trying to meet competition from the sweatshops of Hong Kong and Singapore, are hardly likely to throw their hats in the air in approval.

Nevertheless, there is some truth in the suggestion, since trade, to be permanent, has to be a two-way street. The difficulty with China will be to find some forms of manufactured goods which Canada does not produce and which meet standards which the nation demands.

We hear great outcries about our trade with Japan — that there are too many Japanese-made goods on the market. The truth is that there are not nearly as many as one thinks,

and the goods which we are shipping to Japan amount to millions of dollars more than what the Japanese send in here. If we hope to sell, we must be prepared to buy, and as far as the Japanese are concerned, should buy much more than we do.

It may be found that China's position is different, and that the country has little to offer in the way of manufactured goods for export. Living standards are so low there that there is a demand for just about everything that can be manufactured, for many years to come.

While the farmers' suggestion may not sit well with the local manufacturers and some politicians, we don't think that too much fault can be found. We do think that from a practical standpoint though, such a two-way street would be hard to build. We don't see much hope of buying much from China unless it is some natural product like lichees nuts or shark's fins.

Spelling Is Important

While we admit we are a long way from being a "know-it-all" when it comes to spelling, we do realize how important it is. Furthermore, we have formed the opinion that it is a knowledge in which today's students are gravely lacking. Ask any businessman who has had occasion to hire any school-age help and you will get the same answer. We would not imply that matters as to this type of school training are any worse than ever, but it does seem that in these days of new courses, and the emphasis that is being put on practical matters, a little more time could be spent in the direction of spelling.

Spelling is not all as simple a subject as those who are good at it, would lead you to believe. It can be a complicated and tricky business and one which takes considerable study.

It is stated that not one person in a hundred can spell these five words correctly: sacr-i-ligious; rar-fied; synon-mous; res-taura-teur; and lia-son. The correct spellings are sacrilegious; rarefied; synonymous;

restaurateur; and liaison. Spelling is possibly the first basis on which a writer is judged. Many readers respond unfavourably, with irritation and distrust to the writer who cannot spell. To many people it's an index of a writer's education and intelligence.

You know how miffed you are when someone spells your name wrong, but imagine the embarrassment of the Reader's Digest recently when, on the cover of the magazine, it spelled Charles Lindbergh's name as Lindberg.

American spellings differ in England and sometimes in Canada. Honor is honour, fiber is fibre, plow is plough, judgment is judgement, jail is goal, etc. In this country even dictionaries disagree.

With all these variations, it is more important than ever that schools, before they launch too far into new subjects, take a long look to see if they should not spend a little more time on one of the oldest, spelling.

"Just ignore it and it'll go away"

URGE BRITONS SEEK ADVICE FROM CANADIANS ON HOW TO DEAL WITH WINTER
News Item



Editor's Mail

Jan. 22, 1963.

The Tribune,
Dear Mr. Editor,

I see quite a bit of publicity being given today to the teaching of French in school and I've got a few views of this myself that I'd like to pass along.

I took five years French in high school and three years in the University of Toronto. I don't believe French should be taught in Ontario schools until Grade 9, the first year of high school.

To learn two languages at the same time is too great a strain and too bewildering for a young child.

In high school in Canada, all students should learn French as a second language, before Latin, etc. All French language students in Canadian high schools should learn English as a second language, before Latin, etc. I learned Latin and German.

Before Grade 9, a child should concentrate on his native language, which in Ontario is English.

J. D. Irwin,
Blackwater, Ont.

Sunday School Lesson

GOLDEN TEXT — Jesus of Nazareth—went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil; for God was with him. Acts 10:38.

The pictures of our Lord which, over the centuries, have gained acceptance have so often shown a pathetic, emaciated face that we have lost sight of Him as the strong Son of God. We need a Saviour "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," but of what practical help would this be unless He also has power to deliver us from the thralldom of sin and give victory in the great challenges of life? As Son of God He is mighty to save. We have evidence in today's lesson where we see Him confronting life with its fears and dangers, evil influences, sickness, sorrow, and death, and showing Himself victor in each circumstance. "Such an high priest became us" for we daily face life as it is, including situations too great for us to handle. To watch our Lord at work and know that this same power is available for and in us will make a fascinating and profitable study. From it we should be eager to learn how we can relate this to current situations.

Before commissioning the disciples for their task of world evangelization, Christ said: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore..." Without the assurance that such power is resident in Christ and committed to us, our task is hopeless; but in this lesson we see our Lord able to deal in might with: (1) Natural forces in the storm; (2) demonic power in the possessed man; (3) sickness in an ostracized woman; and (4) death as it invaded a home. This is our Lord and Saviour, the same yesterday, today, and forever.

VISITORS

To a child who is sick in hospital, visits by his parents and family should be made as regularly as hospital rules and the child's doctor permit. If it is not convenient or possible, the youngster should be told why, rather than let him hope for visitors who do not appear. If the doctor orders "no visitors" the little patient should know that it is the doctor's decision in order that recovery may be speedier.

Give the job the best you have and there's little chance it will get the best of you.

On The Farm Front...

A. A. Wall, Agricultural Representative for York County. A start has been made towards organizing for the International Plowing Match which will be held in York County in 1965. The Plowmen's Associations each elected three directors who will combine to form a Steering Committee. The Agricultural Committee of York County Council will add two directors to this committee and will meet early in January.

Club members who this year won scholarships to the O.A.C. Short Course: David Selby, Sharon; Stan Cowleson, Queensville; Don Murray, Maple; Larry Pegg, Sutton West; Allan Hamill, Markham; and Ed Guardhouse, Unionville, are the winners. These boys have all been in 4-H Clubs for six years or more and their awards are in recognition of their good work.

The York County Federation of Agriculture elected a new President last week. Oliver Bales of Newmarket takes over from Francis Redemeier as President for 1963. Jim Darlington of Maple and Jim Farris of Newmarket were elected Vice Presidents with Fred Wicks of Stouffville remaining as Secretary, and Harry Ferguson of Keswick, Director to the Ontario Federation. Those elected to head committees were Frank Brumwell, Chas. Gruppe and Stuart Starr. The Federation is the one organization that can speak for farmers on any problem and it deserves the active support of every farmer. The officers and directors always welcome suggestions from farmers on activities that might be carried on.

Plans have now been made for the annual meeting of the York County Soil & Crop Improvement Association. It is to be held on Wednesday, January 9th, at the Newmarket Town Hall. There is a good programme planned and all farmers are invited.

Congratulations to our 4-H

DON'T WAIT FOR TOMORROW

He was going to be all that a mortal could be Tomorrow.
No one should be kinder or braver than he Tomorrow.
A friend who was troubled and weary he knew Who'd be glad of a lift — and who needed it, too; On him he would call and see what he could do Tomorrow.
Each morning he stacked up the letters he'd write Tomorrow.
And thought of the folk he would fill with delight Tomorrow.
It was too bad, indeed, he was busy today And hadn't a minute to stop on his way; "More time I will have to give others," he'd say "Tomorrow."
The greatest of workers this man would have been Tomorrow.
The world would have known had he ever seen Tomorrow.
But the fact is, he died and he faded from view, And all that he left here, when living was through, Was a mountain of things he intended to do Tomorrow!

From "The Blue Bell"

Retirement Savings Plan for Individuals

By joining the Guaranty Trust Retirement Savings Plan, you become eligible to deduct up to \$2,500 or 10% of your earned income (whichever is the lesser) from your 1962 taxable income.

Any person earning an income may join this plan. Find out how it gives you the opportunity to share and profit in the future growth of Canada... minimizes the effects of inflation which could lower the value of future pension dollars and provides many other important benefits. Phone, or visit our office for detailed literature.

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SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

Look, I take it all back, I didn't mean a word of it. I'm sorry. I apologize. I'll never say it again as long as I live. Truly, I mean that part about loving snow.

Ever since that column I wrote about us skiers revelling in real winter, things have gone haywire around here. It has snowed (about 24 hours a day and about one inch per hour) and blown (gale force) and the temperature has plummeted like a hawk going down for a fat hen.

All I can deduce is that either Somebody Up There has no sense of humor, or that the Lord is on my side, I'm not quite sure which. But it will be a long time before I try getting flippant about the weather again.

One kid's in bed with the flu. The other is outside somewhere wielding a snow shovel, and we'll be lucky if we ever see him again. The Old Battleaxe has those mid-winter blues, and the dog and cat have to be literally kicked out of doors.

The only cheering note we have had this week was a letter from our sister-in-law, who is wintering in balmy old, toasty old, sweaty old Puerto Rico, in the Caribbean, stating that she had just recovered from the worst cold she had ever had in her life. Hah!

To top it all, the inspector is coming to the school this week. This event causes roughly the same panic among school teachers as an announcement that Princess Margaret would be around for tea on Friday would cause among a gaggle of housewives.

It reminds me of the alarm and despondency that used to take over at any camp during the war, when it was learned that a senior officer would be making an inspection of the camp. Everybody knew perfectly well that the old trout would merely totter around the camp, inspect a guard of honor, and head for the officers mess to maintain that purplish complexion he had taken so many years to acquire.

But there was always the chance that he'd be one of those maniacs who actually wanted to taste the slop about to be served to the other ranks. Instead of joining the officers over their Scotch and steaks. Or one of those nuts who actually drew a white glove along that window sill, looking for dust. Or one of those fiends who actually believed that soldiers, or airmen, or ratings, were human beings, and asked them all sorts of human-being-questions, to the complete and utter detriment of ordinary discipline, unit morale and the divine right of officers. You never knew what you were going to get.

Worst offender of this sort I've ever experienced was Winston Churchill. One time in France, we were warned that a Very Important Person would visit our wing, which was flying dive-and-rocket fighter-bombers from a field in Normandy. We sneered. Figured it would be some crummy Air Commodore who would try to convince us that our young Juice, fresh lives were fair exchange for some vague crap labeled "freedom" or "democracy" of "home-and-loved-ones."

Nonetheless, we spit and polished. And cursed. On the big day, we were drawn up in a hollow square, on the field. Pilots' silk scarves were exchanged for shirts and ties, flying boots for polished shoes, bare heads for caps at the right angle, beards for clean-shaven faces. Officers in front, other ranks in the rear, where they jolly well should be, in a democracy.

A little plane hopped the nearest hedge and butterflyed into the middle of the square. The motor was cut. A massive figure, rather like an old sea-lion, struggled out of the rear cockpit, and stood on the wing. We didn't need the jutting cigar to tell us who he was. He grinned. I'll swear his eyes twinkled, as he looked us over.

Then he lifted his right arm, as though to make the famous V-sign. Instead, he made a rude gesture, then beckoned. The "other ranks" safely in the rear where nobody would be offended by their cheap uniforms and low pay, could take a hint. They gave one wild cheer, and ran toward the plane. So help me, several officers in the front rank of the hollow square were trampled so deep into the mud of Normandy that they weren't found for days.

The old man with the great heart, who should have been safely at home in England, not dodging about in airfields of France in a tiny, unarmed aircraft, gave us five minutes of the famous Churchillian prose. Not the kind you'll find in the history books, I'm afraid. More like the kind that Julius Caesar used to give his legions. Roars of delight answered him.

Now, how in the world did I get from the white wilderness outside to a blistered, baked, octane-slinking, converted pasture in Normandy? Frankly, I've no idea. I keep telling my students to stick to one idea, to write in logical sequence. I hope the Inspector doesn't read this.

Dear Sir or Madam ("By the Way"),

I read your column every week in the paper and I find it very interesting and educational. I was wondering if perhaps you would be interested in printing a poem I have written about our town—Stouffville.

"OUR HOME TOWN" STOUFFVILLE

Our home town is a pretty place
With a wide Main Street built with grace,
It is situated on highway forty seven
Its beauty no writer could ever pen;
The business section has many fine stores,
Our people have work and that matters more.
We have six fine churches, three good schools,
Where children go to learn the golden rules;
A wonderful park and a swimming pool
Where kids play all summer and after school;
A tennis court and an arena rink
Where skating and hockey keep folk in the pink.
And as you wander up and down
Your heart swells with pride in your town;
At the corner where you're meeting
An old friend with hearty greeting,
With a handclasp—"Hello, there,"
Friendliness in the very air!
You meet a friend at the butcher shop
Who tells you the kind of meat she's bought,
Talks of prices, of buying shoes,
Discuss latest gossip and the news;
We share each others ups and downs
Like one big family in our town.
You may climb mountains, cross the seas,
Or fly a plane to New Hebrides;
You may travel here and travel there
In search of pleasure and fresh air,
Then when you've seen the world so vast
You'll long for your home-town at last.
Then wander to the place you have left,
Content to learn that home is best!

Yours truly,
A grade thirteen student at S.D.H.S.

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