

Editorial . . .

The Night "The Lancers" Rode Into Town

Motorcycle Clubs have been making the headlines in the daily papers for the past several weeks but few, if any local residents have had direct contact with the members. On Wednesday evening of last week a band of these renegade cyclists rode into Stouffville on their high-powered scooters. They at once became the centre of attraction.

If there was anything attractive about this organization it certainly could not include the majority of personnel that we observed. No knights in shining armour, these chaps. The hero worship that might

have been instilled in many a teenager through prior reports, must surely have been dashed to the pavement. They presented a sharp contrast to their gleaming chrome-plated bikes, beautiful machines with high handle-bars and speed to match.

Although the reported influx of this group caused both police and local citizenry some concern, it was, for many young people here, a blessing in disguise. They were able to see at first hand, the components of such an organization. We doubt very much if there is any mass stampede to enroll.

Should Repair The Damage

During the past two weeks, The Tribune has been besieged by telephone calls from many residents on the Don Mills Road near Gormley, complaining about the wholesale slaughter of trees along this highway.

It is, of course, part of a major re-construction program by the Toronto and York Roads Commission that will eventually lead to a much improved artery in this area.

This explanation is of very little comfort to the people in the district who couldn't care less about weekend

traffic between Toronto and Lake Simcoe but who do care about the stately maples, many of which were planted close to 100 years ago.

We think this program of "progress" is a pain that could be eased slightly if the County or Province would inform the public that a full-scale tree-planting project would be started immediately after the road is completed — and then do it.

Too many of our new pavements are virtually tree-less and there is little or no sign that growth of this kind is contemplated.

It's A Man's Right

Last week, a young Stouffville man lost out in a bid to wipe his slate clean of a conviction and sentence he received three months ago.

The re-opening of the case aroused considerable interest among many persons in this community for, not only is the youth well-known in the district, but he had previously entered a plea of guilty to the charge laid in April of this year.

Too often, we feel that police, lawyers and even magistrates tend to under-estimate the tensions that accompany the court appearance of a first-offender. On several occasions, we have heard Magistrate Hollinrake suggest that a plea of "not guilty" be entered when it was apparent that the accused was completely confused. In this way, all the facts are brought out into the open and the party is

not pre-judged on the basis of his own admission. A plea of guilty merely "to get it over with" can prove costly.

To this writer, the outcome of the appeal is second in importance. Of prime importance is the knowledge that this young man realized the need of a record-free name and was willing to spend some hard-earned cash in an effort to attain that end. It would indicate that in his own mind, at least, he was concerned over the sentence that had been passed and no doubt regretted the plea he had submitted.

It is a fine thing that our courts are such that a conviction is not necessarily a permanently closed book but one that can be re-opened if the person involved has the desire to do so.

What Is A Farmer?

What is a farmer? This is a question that assessors, valuers, realtors and even farmers themselves have been asking for many years. What he actually is and what he's said to be are two different things.

If he wants government aid, he's a free-loader; if he doesn't he's a troublemaker.

If he takes time off to go fishing, he's a loafer; if he doesn't he's stuck in a rut.

If he helps his neighbour without pay, he's foolish; if he doesn't, he's cheap.

If his fences and buildings are freshly painted, he's wasting money on show; if they aren't he's losing money.

If his wife works in the field, he's too miserable to hire extra help; if she doesn't, she's too good to do a little outside work.

If he goes to federation meetings and conventions, he's a gada-bout; if he doesn't, he's unco-operative.

If he hires additional help during peak harvesting seasons, he's throwing money away; if he doesn't he's a slave driver.

Taking A Bigger Hand In Education

The federal government is planning to take a bigger hand in the field of education, something which a good many believe it should have done long ago. The plan is to spend ten million dollars a year on scholarships in the field of higher education. This will be welcome news for the universities but will provide little relief for those who must find the millions to finance the capital building programs if we are to provide accommodation for those who are seeking a university education. The provinces will undoubtedly


welcome the new program as they are already hard-pressed to keep up with school costs. In the year just ended the federal government spent only sixty million dollars on universities.

This is a big problem and one which the government and previous governments both Liberal and Conservative have approached in only a piece-meal fashion. Scholarships are fine but they only provide a pittance to what is needed to provide the facilities which should be made available within the next ten years.

Laff Of The Week



"I never saw anyone so determined to have a swimming pool in all my life."



SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

Were you, gentle reader, a youngster 20 years ago? Or 30? Or even more? If you were, you must occasionally look with bewilderment, envy, and sometimes horror, as I do, at the difference between summer holidays for kids, then and now.

Just how it has happened, I don't know. But in those two or three decades, kids have lost the ability to amuse themselves. Even the little ones come in whining, "Mom, what'll I do? There's nothing to do Mom. Can I have a dime, Mom?"

It's cheap at half the price. Give them a dime.

As for the big kids, their boredom is colossal, crushing. It makes you feel like ordering up the Moiseyev dancers, or at last putting in a desperate call for Paul Anka.

Sometimes I think that perhaps those of us who grew up during the depression era had a far better childhood, all things considered, than the gilded youth of the current decade.

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How simple it was for our mothers, comparatively! In summer, we were out at the crack of dawn, or soon after, and they saw us only twice again during the day, for a brief and bestial gulping of food.

In those days, only the rich played golf and tennis, only the rich had summer cottages and boats. And rich kids were scarce. Water skis had not been invented. The transistor radio was blessedly, far in the future. There was no money for summer camps for the children, or motor trips to the east and west. There were no drive-in theatres. Ice cream cones were a nickel and seldom. Only fathers drove cars.

What in the world, then, did we do with ourselves? You remember. At least, you old-boys remember. I'm a little hazy about what the girls did.

When they were 13 or under, they did everything we did. Well, practically. They were squaws when we played cowboys and Indians. They were beautiful Spanish princesses when we played pirates. They were stoop pigeons and gun molls and corpses when we played cops and robbers. They were extra outfielders and waterboys when we played ball. In short they knew their place and enjoyed every minute of it.

In the soft, throbbing dusk of a late summer evening, we played Run Sheep Run. It was quite an experience, I can tell you, to dash away through the warm night, hurl yourself into hiding behind a log, and find, already srenched up there, some hard puffing girl for whom you entertained a secret and overpowering passion.

Nothing happened, but between the excitement of the chase, and the proximity of this sweaty kid who was just as apt to kiss you as not, it was fairly terrifying.

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Then, and during all our striping years, we swam. Hour upon hour upon hour during the hot of the day, until our lips were blue and our hands began to wivel up. Then it was time to drag home for supper, and eat about eight pounds of new potatoes and fried bologna and fresh homemade bread and applause and all the other good things women have stopped making.

When we were kids, my mother used to prepare a picnic almost every day, in summer. When Dad got home from work, we would all pile in the car and head for a nearby lake, stream, river—any kind of water. There were lots of enchanting places, none of them frowning, "NO TRESPASSING," within five or six miles.

When we arrived, we'd pile out and run in all directions, to wade, swim, explore, cut our feet and fall out of trees. Dad would build a fire and put the old tea-pot on to boil. Then he would sit on a log and gaze with placid disdain at nature, while my mother prepared the food, went for a walk, waded in the water with her skirt pulled up, and explained to my Dad what a hard day she'd had.

My father didn't have to play ball with us, or show us how to chat, or talk to us about our problems, or have interesting chats with us about the flora and the fauna and the rocks, and the history of the place we were at. He just sat there and relaxed. Hell, he was our FATHER. He didn't want to be our buddy, and we didn't want him to be.

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As we boys grew older, we played baseball. Practice morning and afternoon and evening, and a game twice a week. There was the delight of driving to another town, and feeling gallant as Horatio at the bridge, as you braved the catcalls of the local fans.

There was the epitome of disaster: fanning on a third strike, with three on base, home team one down, last of the ninth, with your girl watching. And, rarely, there was the fierce joy of hitting a sharp single, and stealing second, with your girl watching. There was the added poignancy of knowing that she didn't know she was your girl.

We didn't have the modern teen-agers' dream lying on a beach with a doll, a transistor radio, a hot-dog joint within a hundred yards, money in your pocket, and a convertible parked nearby. But, by golly, we weren't bored.

Tribune Enters Seventy-Fifth Year Continuous Publication

Both Circulation and Staff Doubled in Last Decade

The Stouffville Tribune has entered its seventy-fifth year of publication. During this long period there have been four publishers, commencing with Harry Hodge in 1888. He was succeeded after one year by William Malloy, father of Howard Malloy, who was employed in the business for sixty years. In 1921 the newspaper was taken over by William Marr, and after one year A. V. Nolan purchased The Tribune and it has remained in the family until the present time.

Stouffville had four other weekly newspapers in the late 1800's beginning in 1877 with James Wideman's Alert. This first paper sought to promote the cause of temperance, but lasted only one year. In 1882 A. W. Pemberton printed a weekly known as the Stouffville Advance. It continued for about fifteen years and the Stouffville Sentinel and Stouffville Free Press, both started in 1894, passed out of existence in 1900. Only The Tribune has continued.

From a lowly beginning of four pages weekly and a circulation of about eight hundred, The Tribune has grown to 12 to 18 pages with a weekly cir-

ulation of nearly four thousand. Likewise, the number of personnel employed by the publication has increased from four to a full-time staff of twelve as well as part-time help in both the editorial and production departments.

In the early days of production, pictures were unheard of, while today The Tribune publishes more than six hundred news photos a year. Likewise classified advertising which was carried in a couple of columns of space each week now runs to more than 12,000 inches a year. Other operations have advanced similarly as new and better equipment came into use and the population of the area expanded.

About ten years ago, central plant printing began to come into the field for speed and economy. This was the method whereby a dozen or more newspapers would use one central plant for their actual printing thereby gaining the facilities of expensive rotary press equipment. This method of printing is used today by every weekly newspaper in this area, except one, stretching from Newmarket south to the Lake

and east as far as Cobourg. All the weekly papers in this large area employ this method of operation.

At the same time, The Tribune expanded its commercial printing facilities greatly and presently has installed four automatic commercial printing presses. Thirty percent of the output from The Tribune plant is in commercial business.

About six months ago, a bold step was taken in divorcing the business offices from the production plant at the same time gaining needed space for a growing stationery business. Management is quite pleased with the result. This was the third move the plant had made since 1950 in order to gain more accommodation.

In charge of the newspaper is Editor and photographer Jas. Thomas with outside assistant A. G. Thompson. In charge of advertising is Jas. McKean. Three ladies complete the business office complement, Mrs. Glenys Emmerson, Miss Margery Mertens and Mrs. Audrey Smith.

Bert Jackson is in charge of the production department and has with him a staff of six, Stan Schmidt and Ben Borgeson, linotype operators with Mrs. Joan Marshman, part-time assistant, Wilbert Gower and Bill Grasser, commercial pressmen and Bill Renaud and Bob Lloyd, compositors. The owner-publisher is C. H. Nolan.

Sunday School Lesson

Golden Text: Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of his understanding. -Isa. 40:28

Approach to the Lesson

No thinking person can be indifferent to a book that claims to reveal the secrets underlying the creation of our planet: secrets that concern plant and animal life; that relate to the heavens above that contain the sun, moon, and stars; and, above all, that reveal the unique characteristics of man. Why is he here? What is his destiny? By what means has sin entered and marred so much of this beautiful creation? What is the purpose of God in it all? For these questions the only authoritative and, therefore, satisfying answers are found in Genesis, the book of beginnings.

No one should be untouched by its vital message that: God created the earth and its inhabitants in order to fulfill His own purposes; sin entered through the disobedience of our first parents and has been reproduced in the entire human race; God planned a mighty redemptive act; He chose a special family through which His earthly purposes would be fulfilled. In Genesis we have a brief account of the Creation. It is followed by a selective history of the divine revelation from the beginning of the human family in Adam and Eve, to the growth of the selected branch of that family from Abram to the time of their going into Egypt, there to be made ready for formation into a God-governed nation.

Excluding the actual creation acts, Genesis covers a time-span of more than 2,000 years (a longer period than from Christ's birth to this day) so we shall not be surprised at the omission of details dearly sought by the curious; but, rather, we shall feel astonished at the splendor of so wonderful a revelation having been given in such simple words and in so brief a compass. Here, as elsewhere in Scripture a reverent and submissive approach in independence on the illumination of the Spirit, will ensure the blessing that will elude purely critical minds. Not that we ignore or deny the intellect or ask our teachers and class members to leave their minds outside the classroom, but we should all, recognizing the limitations of the most brilliant intellects, come humbly to the Scripture asking to be taught of God's Spirit.

Heart of the Lesson

Our lesson teaches us specifically that "the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is" (Exod. 20:11), that He is the First Cause and, therefore, we must look to Him alone to understand the way and the purpose of creation. Subsequent lessons will show man to be central in God's planning. We find, therefore, sublime assurance in these mighty acts of our Creator-God who still sustains this earth; during our existence here, the supreme purpose of our lives is to know His will and glorify Him in doing it.

During 1962 employment in Canada's textile mills increased by 4,000 to a total of 77,000; the record high of employment for the industry was 102,000 in 1951.

By the way . . .

Anne Ross

It is many years since I read Aesop's Fables — those marvelous satirical commentaries on human nature; but one, I remember, goes something like this:

Once upon a time in a land of plenty, the hot summer sun shone relentlessly on the dry and arid earth. There was no rain, and the poor raven sat disconsolate. Beneath him, left beside the deep well by the maidservant of the household, was a tall earthen pitcher, and in the very bottom of the pitcher was some precious water. But how to assuage his thirst? He had tried dipping his beak into the neck of the jug, but no matter how he tried, he was unable to reach far enough to drink. So, frustrated and stubborn in defeat, he sat and mourned, for here was clear water in a splendid container, ready for his use, but it was denied him.

Presently along came an enterprising crow with a pebble in his mouth, which he neatly dropped into the water jug. Away flew the industrious fellow to return with another pebble, then again, and yet again, until there were many pebbles in the pitcher. And lo, the water rose to the top of the pitcher, and both birds drank their fill. And later, more birds came, and THEY drank, and were happy and content, and they built their nests and raised their young in the nearby trees.

Do we have a parallel? The water is in our jug (although one of our two reservoirs is empty and unused); we have the pebbles to bring the water within reach (the recommendations of qualified engineers who proposed the installation of two pumps to provide adequate pressure to the east end of town, or else, properly directed and planned, the slope of the land could fill our jug). What we need is a clever, enterprising crow to solve our dilemma. Surely we're not all ravens in Stouffville — defeated, shortighted, ready to give up and accept water rationing.

Let us not grumble among ourselves, nor complain to those who cannot act. Let us instead, demand straight-forward, intelligent action from our Public Utilities Commission, . . . or let us find an ingenious crow.

Recognition Of The Obvious

(Tim Wees)

Several decades ago the United States made a serious tactical and political error; she supported the losing end of a battle; the battle, the fight for supremacy of several hundred million people, between the Nationalists and the Communists of China; and the error; the fact that the United States took the side that lost.

This course of action, on the part of the United States, though strategically wrong, was (and I think, most will argue) morally right. Even though it was morally right, the United States took a decisive stand; and we, as Canadians, who left ourselves in such matters be a satellite of our great neighbour, have taken the stand with her.

Now, having taken this stand, we have taken the attitude of the stubborn and self-conscious, in that we refuse to back down or face facts. We refuse to recognize the "People's Republic of China", with a population of 760,000,000 people. Why?

If we are going to find a solution to this problem, if it is a problem, then we must find out the reason we act the way we do.

People, since Mesopotamia (beginning of civilization) have been looking for the excuse to say that they are right and others are wrong; in other words, to strengthen their own pride, and fight. When we refuse to recognize Communist China, as such, then are we not doing it because we are afraid that their recognition will necessitate their admission to the United Nations, where they talk, where we can listen, and the world can PERHAPS discover that the large red ogre is not such a war oppressor after all?

We have heard from militaristic sources only, that the Red Chinese wish to "conquer the world" and yet from humanitarian sources e.g. (Mission-

ario, Touristo) that they are doing a great deal to raise their own standard of living and feed the mouths of their infants.

If we are going to solve our problems with the "People's Republic of China", then we must recognize that fact THAT THEY ARE THERE.

We are ignoring, by this refusal of recognition, to use diplomacy for peace which might discard the apparent necessity of war for peace.

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