

# Editorial . . .

## A Record Show Draws A Record Attendance

The 108th annual Markham Fair can be written into the record books as the finest rural exhibition ever held in the history of that community. Everything was of a standard of excellence and out of that massive crowd of 25,000, we failed to hear a single complaint from a single individual, either exhibitor or customer.

Three major projects were finalized this summer on the fair site —

## Value Cannot Be Measured In Dollars And Cents

The value of the water tank truck, recently added to the equipment of the Stouffville Fire Brigade through the Whitchurch Twp. Federation of Agriculture, cannot be measured in terms of dollars and cents. Although it cost an estimated \$3,000 to put the tanker in road-worthy condition, it will pay for itself many times over on calls into the country.

Already, Chief Walter Smith has

## Air Cadet Recruiting Drive

Cadets, whether it be air, army or navy, form an organization which is one of the best citizen-builders the country can have. Here in Stouffville we have an air cadet squadron and during the next couple of weeks this squadron will be putting on a drive for additional recruits for the unit. There have never been cadets in our local high school, although such units operate in a great many schools throughout the country. However, the local high school staff fully realizes the importance and benefits of cadet training, and is co-operating with the Civilian Committee of the Stouffville Squadron so that any of the young men in school who are interested in this training may have the opportunity of being informed regarding the organization.

The aims of the Air Cadet League of Canada are three fold. The League endeavors to encourage the

## Small Opposition Not Good

While we have little major fault to find with the Ontario administration as conducted under Premier Leslie Frost and more recently John Robarts, we do believe the small opposition side of the House is not a good thing for any government. We had expected that the Liberals would pick up a few more seats to put at least a little more balance into the provincial government. However, this was not to be, and undoubtedly their poor showing was due mainly to the type of campaign put on by Mr. Wintermeyer. A scandal-a-day campaign got him nowhere. It merely sickened the electors.

A strong opposition tends to make government a little more discreet in its attitude towards the public. There is always that possibility that when new legislation is brought forward, government can take the attitude, "who's to stop us." This can be definitely bad for the province. It is the same attitude which brought

## Don't Stand Up And

Don't be too hasty in standing up to cheer about the \$10 additional old age pension and the proposed pension scheme of the federal government. We presently have in Ottawa a government which is establishing records which will not win them any popularity contest. They have the highest debt and are on the way to giving Canada and particularly its working people the highest tax rate.

In pressing the country more and more into a welfare state, they are taking more and more from those who work to give to those who don't work — a grand way to encourage inflation. As government digs deeper and deeper into the working man's pocket and the employer's too, who is forced already to pay a full 50% of some of government schemes, prices will undoubtedly go up. Businessmen have no alternative in this connection if they want to stay in business.

Costs of new pensions are always smoothly explained by the politicians and by the time they get through it sounds wonderful for the average workman. The problems of his old age have all been solved — so he thinks. But before he stands up to cheer he might give a little thought to the tomorrows which will come along in the interval before he cashes in on what he thinks is a bonanza. It sounds wonderful to hear that the government will provide a pension plan. However the government is

the completion of the arena, the construction of a new race track and the re-erection of the grandstand. All proved advantageous.

It was a two-day display of team work and organization. Even the weatherman co-operated to the full.

This Markham Fair has set a standard that will be difficult to exceed. Indeed, it will be a goal even to match it.

credited the use of this vehicle in saving one home and in less than two weeks, it has been summoned to the scene of four fires and all, by some co-incidence, have occurred in the Township of Whitchurch.

We would judge that in ninety per cent of areas where there is no hydrant service, the chief cause of property losses is due to a shortage of water. The tanker is a form of insurance at a pretty reasonable rate.

attributes of good citizenship; to stimulate an interest in aviation and space technology; and to develop a high standard of physical fitness, mental alertness and discipline.

Over the years the Air Cadet movement has provided generous financial assistance to enable many graduate Air Cadets to complete their education. The major scholarship presently available covers the first year of aeronautical engineering at the University of Toronto, and is valued at \$750.

Discipline looms high among the benefits, something that has been so lacking in many of our modern-day homes. Young men between the ages of 14 and 18 years can do no better than invest a portion of their spare time in this training. They will be provided with skills that will be of assistance in careers to follow, at the same time becoming better and more useful citizens of Canada.

the downfall of the Liberal government in Ottawa a few years ago. It is to be hoped that Premier Robarts will keep a wary eye out for this danger.

Locally, congratulations are due to Major "Lex" Mackenzie who has been the long-standing choice of York North electors. While it is fully recognized that the local member is possibly the elder statesman of the House, and could be expected to seek retirement from the rigours of political life, he has nevertheless been a member always with an open ear for his constituents. Major Mackenzie could be counted on at all times to give a sympathetic hearing to any resident of the riding who had a problem with which he was able to help. While Mr. Plaxton brought with him into the fight, all the youth and talent one could ask for, and made a creditable showing, a veteran such as Mr. Mackenzie is hard to dislodge.

## Cheer Just Yet

already head-over-heels in debt and can only provide this pension out of his pocket.

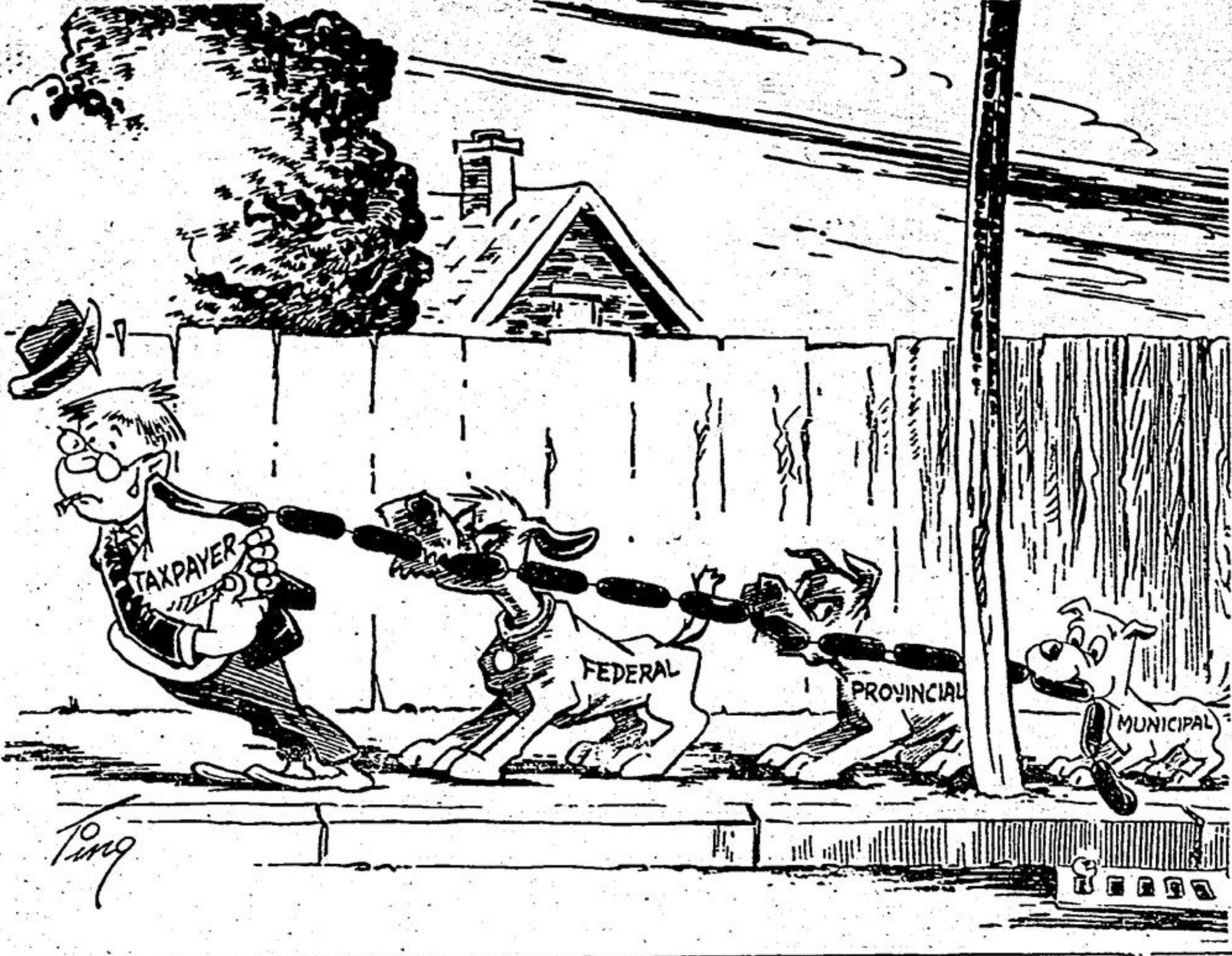
If the employer wants to keep operating he will have to pass the pension fund contributions, in the form of higher prices, right on to his customers. Who then is going to pay in the long run? You of course. You will have to pay every last cent of it out of your wages.

Don't fool yourself, there are no Christmas presents from the government. It has got to be a race to see which party can give away the most of our money. There must be some other way to help those in need besides squeezing the last cent out of the wage earner's income tax. We suggested one help a few weeks back, that of cutting off these hand-outs to the thousands who don't need it.

Hundreds of thousands of Canadians are already subscribing to pension plans and no one in Ottawa has yet come forward to say what is to become of them. Will these people now be asked to put up more of their wages for a second plan? Such tax gouging is unthinkable, but don't be too sure.

Little by little government has been taking our thinking and our spending. Once started these schemes are hard to stop and it is suicide for a party to say "no." There seems only one alternative and that is for each party to try and out-give the last "Santa Claus."

# CHAIN OF DEMAND



## By the way . . .

Anne Ross

No one, sitting down for a succulent turkey dinner next Monday would deny there ought to be a monument to the man who discovered this bird. Well, there is! It is carved on the lectern of the local church at Boynton, Yorkshire in England.

Credit for the discovery of the turkey for our holiday dinners is usually given to the Pilgrim Fathers . . . those doughty emigrants who, to avoid persecution for their religious views, left England in 1620 and sailed for the New World and freedom in the little Mayflower. To express their gratitude for their safe arrival and for their bountiful harvest in 1621, they celebrated with a sumptuous feast, which featured wild turkey with cranberries as well as the abundant fruit of the land . . . the first Thanksgiving dinner!

However, the real discoverer of our friend, the turkey, was William Strickland, who commanded a ship under Sebastian Cabot on one of his voyages of exploration. In the spring of 1530 the fleet anchored off the coast of South America, and Strickland was in charge of a foraging party which went ashore for food. After bartering with the natives for some of the large, semi-domesticated fowl, which were snared with lengths of tropical vine, the "turkeys" were brought aboard a ship and boiled in a cauldron and served to the hungry crews. The men so enjoyed this delicate meat that Strickland stowed a number of live birds in the hold and took them with him back to England . . . ninety years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed in the New World! Most British turkeys to this day are descended from those imports, while our domestic birds are probably descendants of the wild turkeys of New England.

Retired from the sea in 1550, Strickland bought a manor at Boynton and applied for a coat of arms, choosing for his crest, a turkey. Subsequently, the squirrel's arms were carved on the lectern of the town church. There the turkey sits today, tall erect and throat out, ready to gobble.

Well, this week-end, busy mothers will be preparing for a special Thanksgiving dinner, for this is the harvest festival: when the whole family, including aunts and uncles and cousins too, will gather together to celebrate. When on Monday, all is ready and dinner time arrives . . . the food on the table, the guests seated, and words of thanks have been offered for all the blessings enjoyed during the past year . . . there may be a lull while the turkey is being carved. So here's an idea you may like. Well ahead of dinner-time, make some little candlesticks . . . one for each guest . . . using orange-coloured gum drops, miniature marshmallows or perhaps thick round slices of carrot, and into these holders stick small birthday candles. Ask each guest in turn, to light his own candle, and while it is alight, tell the story of some previous Thanksgiving, or state what he is most thankful for on this Thanksgiving. This should keep everyone occupied while Dad carves the bird . . . and he'll probably appreciate not having all eyes turned on his efforts at carving.

And on Thanksgiving, let us remember the words of William Shakespeare

O Lord that lends me life,  
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!



## Sunday School Lesson

**GOLDEN TEXT:** What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's. — I Cor. 6:19, 20.

**Approach to the Lesson:** We saw in our last lesson that Corinth was a notoriously immoral city, that many of its church members had been saved out of a life of immorality. But some had apparently not realized that liberty in Christ and salvation by simple faith in His finished work did not leave them free to "sin that grace may abound." Also, as will be realized particularly by those in military service, in school, or in business life, a morally sick atmosphere is infectious. This it was that there were cases of immorality in the church membership at Corinth. In the previous chapter the Apostle Paul had shown how these should be disciplined. The cancer of moral failure cannot be allowed to continue unchecked in the church of Christ; if necessary, surgery must be done. This is a much needed lesson for our day, for the lack of discipline in our churches (though not only in churches but in moral grounds) is probably the greatest single reason for ineptitude.

A Christian who is continuing to tamper with sin has obviously not grasped the wonder of his high calling in Christ. Paul writes as though what he has heard about these Corinthian Christians is incredible and can only be ascribed to ignorance. "Do ye not know," he asks them no less than six times in this chapter. He obviously feels that once they realize their privileges in Christ they will cease to live on the low levels of fleshly indulgence. We also need to be reminded of our exalted calling as Christians, in order that the things of time and sense may lose their dominating appeal.

You will notice that in this chapter the Apostle Paul has been dealing with sins of the

flesh, with fornication and adultery. Now, it is at all times exceedingly difficult for the preacher either to speak or to write upon this subject; it demands the strictest care to keep the language guarded, so that while we are denouncing a detestable evil we do not ourselves promote it by a single expression that should be otherwise than chaste and pure. Observe how well the Apostle Paul succeeds, for though he does not mask the sin, but tears the veil from it, and lets us know well what he is aiming at, yet there is no sentence which we could wish to alter. Herein he is a model for all ministers, both in fidelity and prudence" (Spurgeon). We would do well to pray for like wisdom and grace before embarking on this lesson.

**The Heart of the Lesson:** Sins are committed by the way of the body, and salvation must be evidenced on the same territory. Two arguments are used to rationalize the objections to holy living: (1) that the body is unimportant and salvation is a spiritual thing; (2) we are not under law, but

## Colourful Military Ceremony At World Plowing Match

His Honour W. Earl Rowe, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, will present new Colours to the Lorne Scots Regiment on behalf of Her Majesty the Queen at 2 p.m. on Saturday, October 12, at Caledon Farms, Caledon, the home of the Unit's Honourary Lieutenant-Colonel Conn Smythe, M.C. The colourful ceremony will be a highlight of the closing day of the Ontario, Canadian, and World Plowing Matches.

The Regiment takes particular pride in having its Colours presented by Hon. Earl Rowe, who for so many years represented Dufferin County in the Legislature and House of Commons, and has long been an honorary member of the Lorne Scots Officers Mess. His membership, in fact, dates back to the days of the Peel and Dufferin Regiment, one of the Units which in 1936 was amalgamated with the Halton Rifles to form the Lorne Scots. The Lorne Scots is one of the oldest infantry Regiments in Canada, tracing its history back to the 1790's and is drawn from the counties of Peel, Dufferin, and Halton. Regimental Headquarters, Headquarters, and Support Companies are located in Brampton. Other companies are located at Lakeview, Oakville, Milton, Georgetown, and Orangeville.

## ELECTION BYLAW

Stouffville's annual nomination meeting will be held on the evening of Nov. 21st and if necessary, the election will be on Dec. 2nd. These dates were set forth on Thursday evening when town council passed the annual election by-law.

The five polls in town will be at the following locations: Municipal Office, K. R. Davis' Store, Summitview Public School, 363 Main St. (Harold Murphy's home) and a double poll at the Masonic Hall. The deputy returning officers and poll clerks to man these polls will be as follows: Lloyd Turner and A. H. Williams, K. R. Davis and Mrs. Olive Daniels; Mrs. Ella Morden and Mrs. Reta McLean, Mrs. Marion Murphy and Mrs. Joyce Brantham, A. G. Thompson and Mrs. Vera McKeller, Mrs. Rhoda Holden and Mrs. Lorraine Steckley.

under grace. The answer to both is in our lesson. Christ saves the whole man — body, soul, and spirit — and salvation will be revealed practically through the use of our bodies. Grace is the undeserved favour and love of God brought to us by the Holy (note, Holy) Spirit. To reject holiness is to reject the Spirit by which salvation is a spiritual thing; (2) we are not under law, but

## Sugar & Spice

by Bill Smiley

Attended a fighter pilot's reunion last weekend, and am happy to report there's still a lot of fight in our old fighter pilots, although I am forced to confess that a good many of us were not as young on Sunday morning as we thought we were Saturday night. I shuddered deeply when the long-distance call came through, and the familiar voice chortled, "Hallo, Willie, Dutch here."

Each time Dutch calls, which is every two or three years, I whisper gently to myself, "Oh, dear." I know perfectly well that whatever he has in mind will be intriguing but exhausting.

We have a peculiar relationship. He taught me to fly Spitfires about 20 years ago in England. Ten years later, he walked into a hotel in Canadian resort area, grinning broadly, and said, "Hallo Willie." I had not seen him in the meantime. Next day, I went off with him on the most unusual fishing trip I've ever experienced.

He's an Australian of great charm, a certain ruthlessness, a fantastic energy, and an extreme individuality. Add to these a keen mind and a rare flair for the wild caper, in some moods, and you have most of him.

Except that he's a bachelor, and doesn't have to cope with women and children and responsibilities and all that rot, when he comes up with one of his hair-raisers.

The infuriating thing is that he always acts as though one of these ordeals he gets me into is purely medicinal, a tonic rather than a mankiller. 'Twas so this time. "It would be good for you. I've booked tickets for tomorrow's flight. Should be a good bash."

I grimaced into the receiver in sickly fashion, as this devil's advocate went on, and my mind whirled through the domestic and economic obstacles between me and the reunion. With half-hearted promise to see what I could do, I hung up.

"That was . . ." I began lamely, to the Old Battleaxe.

"Why don't you go?" she queried. "It would be good for you." So help m, I haven't been so shaken since the day I found myself over Holland, at 8,000 feet, with no engine.

"You're kidding!" I finally blurted. "That was Dutch, and he wants me to . . ."

"I know. We can't afford it, but you should go. You'd enjoy it." This is like a preacher telling me he sees nothing wrong with sin. My first thought — and I was immediately ashamed of it was that the old lady was having an affair with the milkman or somebody, and wanted to get me out of the way for the week end.

I felt a little more comfortable about the whole thing when she made me promise to take out \$100,000 in that air travel insurance. The kids were unashamedly fascinated by the idea. "You mean, if you crash, we'll be rich?" Hugh wanted to know.

Well, it was a good bash, and I did enjoy it. Most of it was a bit chaotic, with names and squadron number and roars of delight as old friends spotted each other. But a few vignettes stand out in my mind.

There was the old fighter pilot whose thrifty wife had packed a lunch. He clung to the paper bag as to a life-raft through the lunch reunion and the afternoon reception, and I've never seen anything finer than the sheer, naked courage with which he doggedly attacked the thing at 4.30 in the afternoon.

There was the real, live Spitfire. Chap had assembled it at the Lakehead and had flown it down for the reunion. He put on a show in what is probably the last flying Spitfire in the world, and the eyes of the old boys, majority of whom had flown Spits, were almost wet with nostalgia and booze as they watched the little lady go through her paces.

There was the awesome exhibition of hair-fine precision flying and cold nerve of Canada's famous Golden Hawks. With the old pros looking on, the boys really put on a show that made most of us glad we'd been born 20 years before these jets were invented.

Having strayed from the main group, as I so often do, I watched the air show with a little French kid, about eight, who came and stood beside me. He spoke no English, I only a little French, but we had rapport. We said "WOW!" together every time the jets seemed certain to collide. He shook hands gravely when he had to leave "pour le supper."

My only regret is that the fighter pilots don't meet every year, instead of every two or three. But, as one of them explained to me, if there was an annual bash like that one, in a very few years there wouldn't be any fighter pilots left. They couldn't stand the pace.

## The Stouffville Tribune

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