

Editorial . . .

Time Limit Has Elapsed

On Wednesday evening, July 24th, the Stouffville Council and the Public Utilities Commission held a joint meeting to discuss on common ground, related problems of town services.

With respect to water, a proposed P.U.C. program was broken down into three major phases of development and the Chairman agreed at that time to present finalized plans before the council within a period of one month. That was sixteen weeks ago and no meeting has yet been arranged.

What has taken place in the interval? We would certainly like to know. The council would like to know. We would expect that the residents themselves are interested.

An Inquest With A Meaning

In our estimation, one of the most beneficial inquests to be held in this area for several years, was conducted at Vandorf on Tuesday evening of last week. Its benefit was due to two solid well-worded recommendations that a five-man jury brought in at the conclusion. Whether these same recommendations are implemented is another matter, but at least they have been written into the records.

The Coroner, Dr. Blair Mitchell of Stouffville, stressed the urgency for advisable suggestions that might

Why Is Courage So Lacking?

Why is courage so lacking among our members of Parliament that they will not bring forward such matters as lotteries, liquor, the flag and such? Few it seems today are willing to stand up and be counted for a cause which they fear may put them out on the right side of the ledger at election time.

We are thinking specifically at the moment of the lottery question. It is brought to mind since several Canadians have just won large sums of money on the Irish sweepstakes, almost at the same time as others were being apprehended by the law for distributing such tickets.

In some of these cases it would appear that government by the people, for the people, is only a myth, as the people seem quite unable to get what they want, or what they appear to want. Every time there is the slightest move towards a lottery

A Lasting Impression

Recently, while talking to a group of public school boys, the question of hockey arose. The subject of course centred around the Toronto Maple Leafs and one young lad asked if this writer had ever attended any pro games at the Gardens.

"Why do you ask?" I replied. "I'd like you to get me an autograph," he said.

The Passing Scene

Upside-down out-buildings, as much a part of the Hallowe'en scene as witches and jack-o-lanterns, a few years ago, were almost non-existent on Friday morning after the night before in this area. We are not suggesting that the young people of today are any less energetic than they were a quarter century ago but, the truth of the matter is that, in most cases, the garden path now leads only to the garden.

The majority of those outdoor facilities have long since bowed to time and tide. Abandoned and unwanted, they no longer pose a challenge to Hallowe'en revelers. Instead of rousing the ire of its owner, the dismantling of the structure would only provide some partially prepared kindling for the old kitchen stove. This type of fun is no fun at all.

By the way . . .

Anne Ross

I'm not sure that anyone has noticed, but quite often in this column I have tried to express my feelings about this village we call home. Stouffville doesn't make much of a mark on the map of Ontario, but to us who live here, it's a place of inestimable value. In it we live, and work, and play, and worship, and we are free to fashion our living in our own ways. And yet, we are so dependent upon one another. The way we live and behave is of importance to our neighbours, and to the village as a whole. Our loyalties and our obligations to one another are the elements which give this village its friendly, pleasant atmosphere. However, we are prone to accept our status as citizens without questioning. When, individually, we stop to ask ourselves, "how do I measure up to my obligations, to the responsibilities I must assume for the welfare of my home town?" can we honestly answer, "Stouffville is a fine and happy village because I help to make it so?"

Without prying into our neighbours' private affairs, we are still our brothers' keepers, and only as warm-hearted, participating members of the village family, can we fully enjoy the benefits it offers — quiet untroubled daily living, safety on our streets, pleasurable, wholesome social activities for our children and young people, and contentment for ourselves.

Which brings me to Main Street of our town. When we first came to Stouffville, we were impressed with the friendly, helpful attitude of the people who own and staff the stores. After the impersonal "take-it-or-leave-it" atmosphere of the crowded stores and supermarkets of the city, it was like a cool breeze on a hot day, or a crackling hearth on a frosty night, to be personally welcomed in any of the stores we entered, and discover the sales people cared that we received the merchandise we wanted to buy. Of course, we didn't always find the selections we had been accustomed to in the department stores and the shopping plazas, but we found people who were more than willing to try to supply what we needed, and would make any effort to order what wasn't in stock. This friendly concern seemed to us far more important than a bewildering array of goods from which to make a choice. As a consequence, it was a bit shattering to learn that not everyone in Stouffville felt as we did about shopping at home and supporting the local merchants. The explanation is "you can't buy it here." Granted, we found there were many items we couldn't find in the local stores, but we found the merchants ready to secure them for us. We also heard "you can buy it so much cheaper in the city." Well, we've done plenty of shopping around in our day, and item for item, when quality is compared, prices in Stouffville are comparable to any city store. Certainly discount stores offer "leaders" (featured bargains to lure customers into the store) but when one adds travelling expense, parking fees, wear and tear on the nerves and energies, where's the bargain?

Christmas is less than seven weeks away, and soon Christmas shopping will be in full swing. Christmas — the season of peace and good-will. Last week I overheard a lady in town remark that she dreaded having to face the hectic chore of Christmas shopping in the crowded stores. My comment to her would be — "enjoy your shopping in Stouffville — if the merchants don't have what you want, they'll do their best to get it for you." And it follows, the more we shop in our own town, the wider the selection of merchandise will be. Our patronage of local business is loyalty to our neighbours. Let's not sell Stouffville short. This lovely little village is our home.

The Facts Behind the Poppies

1. Why should I wear a poppy? — When you wear a poppy or display a poppy wreath you honour the war dead and you help the living.
2. How do I help the living? — Your contributions provide quick help for needy veterans and their dependents.
3. Just what does this help consist of? — Any veteran may appeal to the poppy trust fund for emergency aid, such as food, shelter or medical expenses. There are also bursaries for their children's education in deserving and needy cases.
4. Doesn't the Government provide pensions for veterans? — Yes, in fact many veterans do get pensions. But many others, although handicapped do not. However, no pension can provide for eventualities such as fire, a long illness on the part of the breadwinner or other medical expenses.
5. Does any veteran or dependent get poppy fund help? — Yes. In fact 75 per cent of all cases involve veterans who are not Legion members.
6. Does all the money raised through the sale of poppies and wreaths go into veterans welfare? — Most of it does. However, expenses such as cost of poppies and other supplies naturally would be deducted.
7. Are Campaign expenses high? — Campaign expenses are unusually low because all work is voluntary.
8. How much of this money collected stays in community? — About 70 per cent. The rest helps veterans by going to the maintenance of service bureaux across Canada.
9. What are the Service Bureaux? — They are Legion departments which give any veteran or dependent help with pensions and other problems. They will act on his behalf with the Federal Government. There is no charge to the veteran or dependent. The experience of service bureaux in handling such problems, enables the Legion to keep a close check on veterans' legislation and recommend changes where changes are justified.
10. Can poppy money be used for anything else? — No. The Legion's constitution stresses that these funds must be held in trust. They are subscribed to by the public. They are held in a bank account separate from that of the branches, and cannot be used for any other purposes than stipulated above.
11. How much should I give? — We suggest that you give according to the dictates of your conscience. You might remember that the cost of all things the poppy fund provides is much higher today than it used to be. Therefore it takes more to do the same job.

Editor's Mail

Knox, College, Spalding, Jamaica, Hello Stouffville;

Many of you will know or rather remember that I was appointed by the Canadian University Services Overseas last spring to teach in Jamaica and to help out where I could with youth programs and the like down here. Well, I arrived in this small island on the second of September and until now have been feeling around and trying to gain a footing. I think that now I am quite confident in sending home weekly reports on just what is going on down here. So without straining the introduction any longer I will start in by trying to describe the island and its people generally.

Today I received a letter from a friend in Unionville who sent me a packet of maple leaves just as they had turned. Well these few leaves are perhaps a point with which to contrast and compare Jamaica with Canada. In Canada we have maples and pines and cedars, while in Jamaica the most common trees are the short and stocky bananas, the soft and almost grainless trumpet trees and the tall hard and stately royal palm. The vegetation here is completely different from that in Canada with about the only thing in common being grass. This is by no means a world of fantasy any more than is Canada. It's just a variation in the form of living things that creates any feeling of awe in the many travel posters that we see scattered around in travel agencies.

Like Canada, Jamaica has people, though like the vegetation in the ground they are of another tradition and way of life. Both peoples are very much a product of their environment. In Canada where there are four distinct seasons the people are vibrant, thinking, (in spite of their stubbornness) and individualistic. In Jamaica, where there is really no more than one season all year long (except of course when the rains come), the people walk slowly, smile and are quite contented to live on just a few dollars a week. This may change of course as the North American culture seeps more and more into the island. But as it stands now they are children of the summer where we are the victims or conquerors (depends whether or not you like skiing or hockey) of winter.

Jamaica is roughly one hundred and fifty miles long and fifty or so miles wide. It is one long ridge of mountains that in some cases go over seven thousand feet in height but in the centre, where I am living, they average at about three thousand. The other day I was standing on a ridge that overlooks a valley running from Old Harbour on the south coast right up to the north coast. It was the only place on the island where I could see the sea to the north and the south.

As a matter of passing interest, many Jamaicans never reach the sea, let alone swim in it. Jamaicans are notoriously bad swimmers, probably resulting from tales about sharks and the like.

To go along with this apparent fear of the water it might be noted that though the ocean around is literally teeming with fish the fishing industry in Jamaica has never left the ground. Again this fear of the water.

Well, excuse me for now, the second bell for supper has just rung and my stomach rumbles. Sincerely yours, Tim Wees.

Ice Huts Must Bear Owner's Name, Address

Under the authority of the Game and Fisheries Act, 1961-62, Section 84, subsection 4, the Minister of Lands and Forests may make regulations regulating or prohibiting the placing of huts on ice for the purpose of fishing and regulating their use and requiring and regulating their removal. Ont. Reg. 164/63

Sugar & Spice

by Bill Smiley

Hunter, Hunter, hold your fire! Do not explode that cartridge. That's your neighbour, Mr. Dwyer. It's not a plump hen partridge. All right. You don't like that verse? How about this one? Along the line of smoky hills The crimson hunters stand, A hundred thousand Bob's and Bill's, Their muskets in their hand. They're in the swamps and valleys, too, As thick as grease in skillet; They have but one ambition, To see something move and kill it. Yes, gentle, all-suffering reader, I'm afraid that one of the silliest of Canada's silly seasons is upon us. The above doggerel represents two of the attitudes about hunting season which prevail. They might be labelled the Apprehensive and the Disapproving.

There are others. For example: Why can't we hunters shoot from cars And blast away on Sundays? Each silly regulation mars Our simple, joyous fun days. This might be called the viewpoint of that small group of maligned individuals who give the rest of us the creeps. They enjoy killing for its own sake. They will shoot 20 ducks when the bag limit is eight. They will shoot an owl or a turtle or a cat, if nothing else is moving.

I find myself uneasy in their company. They could be termed The Killers. They are not hunters. Quite opposed to these queer ones is another segment of our population. I came across a typical group of this species last Saturday when I dropped in at the pub for an ale. There they were, he-men all, in their red caps, red jackets and red faces, on about their eighth round of beers. After another couple of rounds, they'd be ready to fan out into the woods, and it would be every man for himself.

This type, and it is legion, seldom kills anything more dangerous than a crock or an old buddy. Just for the sake of euphony, let's call them The Swillers. Their credo might go thus:

Hunting is the sport for us; We're a manly, merry crew. So why the ruckus and the fuss When we bag a cow or two? Beset on one side by The Apprehensive and The Disapproving, on the other by The Killers and The Swillers, the real hunter has my sympathy. All he wants is to be allowed to follow his favourite sport in peace and with a modicum of safety, and it's getting tougher all the time. If he were not the simple, inarticulate type, he might say: Give me a crisp November day With a little skiff of snow, And a deer run, and a good gun, And you know where you can go. I don't like slaughter. But I don't think every man who shoots an animal is a depraved monster, lusting for blood. Many a Saturday afternoon I myself have lined up my sights and fired with cool precision at a fence post or a No Trespassing sign. And I'll never forget the day I bagged my biggest trophy — the black bear. I was out hunting partridge. The birds had me pretty rattled, jumping up behind me with a great whirl and winging off, laughing over their shoulders. Suddenly, out of the corner of my eye, I saw this huge, black, menacing shape crouched on a tree limb. Quick as a flash, I whirled, threw up my gun and fired. Down he tumbled at one shot. I felt both silly and a little sick when my 400-pound black bear turned out to be a 12-ounce black squirrel. But I ate him, in a stew. How things have changed since Samuel Johnson wrote, a couple of hundred years ago, "Hunting was the labour of the savages of North America, but the amusement of the gentlemen of England." Or have they?

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Golden Text: But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. — I Cor. 15:57.

Approach to the Lesson There can be very few in North America who have never heard the verses of Scripture that constitute our lesson for today. For these words have brought comfort, hope, and refreshing to innumerable mourners. We must, however, remember that these words were not in the first place written to be read

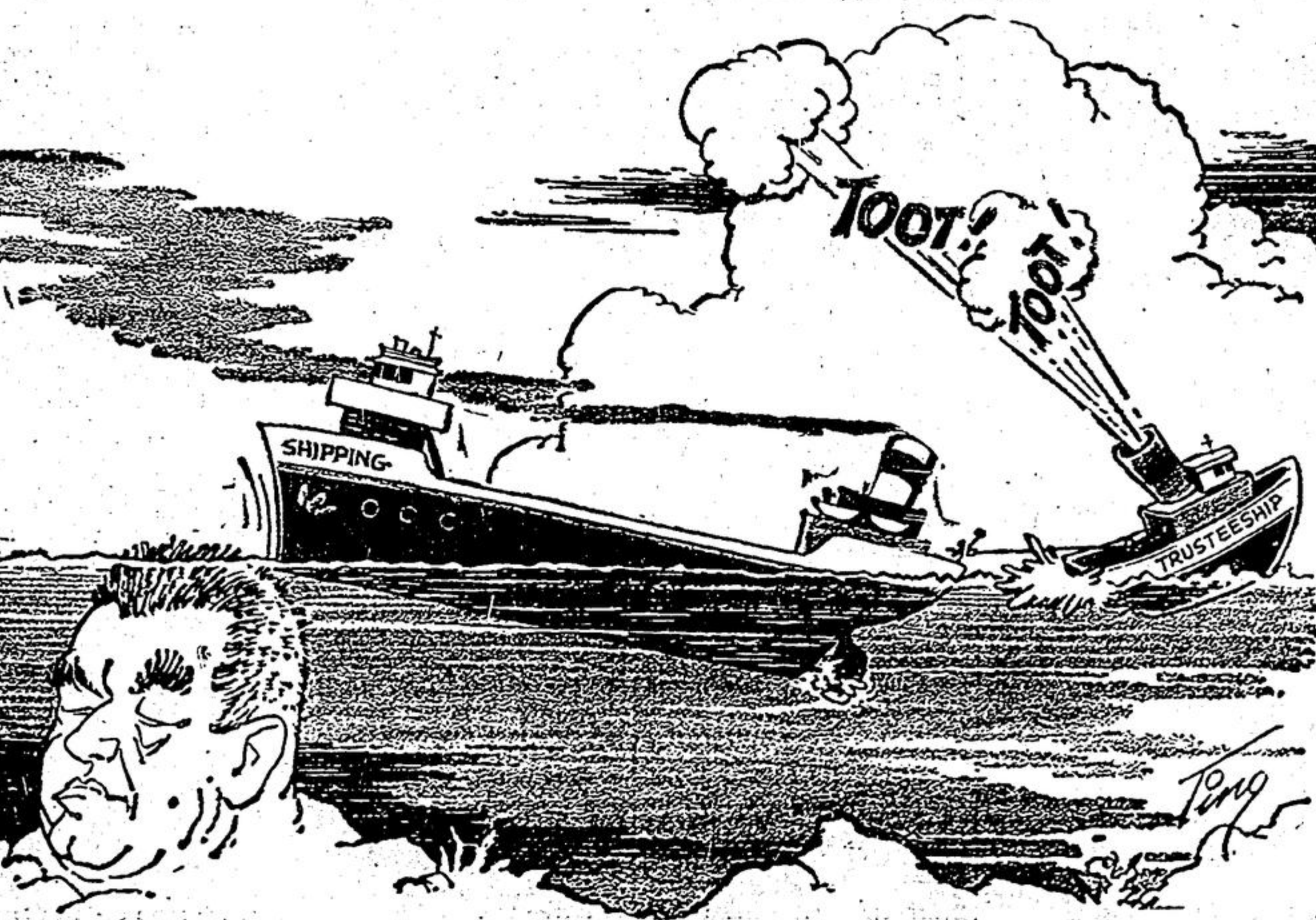
at a funeral service, but as part of the setting for the Gospel (15:1). Worship may be correct or orderly, carried out in an entirely fitting atmosphere and manner, but if it is devoid of or deficient in, spiritual truth it is in the long run bound to lead to spiritual decline.

So the Holy Spirit inspired the apostle to follow his practical advice about the services of the church, with a clear statement of the central truths of the Gospel. These truths, received in faith, enable us to stand as Christians and keep us in an ever fresh experience of salvation. They are summed up in verses 3 and 4 where we are reminded that the saving Gospel centers on: (1) the death of the Lord Jesus Christ for our sins in accordance with the Scriptures, and (2) His rising again. We are apt to dwell on the first of these facts to the neglect of the second. Therefore, we may miss the vital factor in work and worship that the presence of the living Christ makes worship real and satisfying and service powerful. However else we worship unless we realize that we meet in the name of Him who died for our sins and rose again, our C.H. Spurgeon expressed it in gatherings will lack vitality. As his lovely communion hymn:

Amidst us our Beloved stands, And bids us view His pierced hands, Points to His wounded feet and side. Blest emblems of the Crucified, What food luxurious loads the board, When at His table sits the Lord! The wine how rich, the bread how sweet, When Jesus deigns the guests to meet. If now, with eyes defiled and dim, We see the signs, but see not Him, Oh, may His love the scales displace, And bids us see Him face to face Thou glorious bridegroom of our hearts, Thy present smile a heaven impart; Oh lift the veil, if veil there be, Let every saint Thy beauties see. It is His presence that makes the feast, and because of this it is perfectly natural that we follow last week's lesson on worship with one on the subject of worship—the risen Christ.

Heart of the Lesson Because Christ has risen from the dead, we believers also shall rise from the death of sin at His second advent and, whether asleep in Jesus or alive on the earth at the time, be completely changed. This glorious hope takes the terror from the grave, removes fickleness from the will and is a spur to diligent and enthusiastic service, for Christ.

Off the Banks . . . but not over the hump



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