

Editorial . . .

Is Council's Own Operation At Fault?

A member of Markham Township Council has recently suggested that area or Ward meetings should be held in the township to better acquaint the public with council's problems. To date he has received lukewarm support for his suggestion by other members of council who possibly don't believe that the ratepayers are as ill-informed as the member in question would have them believe.

Certainly Markham Township Council meetings are usually well-covered by local press in so far as they go. What we mean by this statement is the fact that by and large, most of Markham Township's municipal business is done in special committee meetings not attended by either the press or the public. Only the conclusions reached at these meetings ever come before the public meetings so that it is quite reasonable to suppose that much discussion which might be of interest to the public, never reaches their ears or that of the press. For this reason we can assume that council's own operation is at fault in not dealing more directly with business at public council meetings.

We do not suggest that council is actually trying to hide anything by

doing business in committee, but rather that they have innocently fallen into procedures which because of the lack of press coverage, tend to keep the public in the dark.

We regret to say that what is going on in Markham Township is part of a trend by many councils, school boards and planning boards. The tendency is to conduct more and more business in private just so long as no one protests. Vigilance by the press has served to curb this tendency time and time again.

Generally speaking councils across the country meet openly but are not barred from holding closed meetings. Most councils which we attend are most co-operative. Such matters as personal affairs of employees and dealings which could affect property values are generally recognized as subject to privacy. However, as in Markham's case, where most of the business is done in committee, only decisions are made known later. Sometimes it is much later, and lacks background and, for instance, where a member stands on a ticklish issue.

This could be part of Markham's problem, if, as has been suggested, the ratepayers are not fully informed on council business.

Years Take Their Toll

The hockey exhibition in the Markham Arena on Friday night between the N.H.L. "Oldtimers" and the former "Millionaires" won the approval of more than 1,800 fans who taxed the accommodation of the new community centre.

In spite of all the colour and excitement packed into the program, persons who recall the "Millionaire era" of the '40's must surely have been touched with a feeling of nostalgic regret to see how time had

taken its toll on their hockey heroes of yesteryears.

Regrettable as it may seem, athletes, like everyone else must grow old. As Stouffville's own Hal Gibson put it — "My head knew what to do, but my feet wouldn't follow."

Friday, April 10th will go on record as bringing together the finest assembly of ex-team amateur talent ever congregated at one time under one roof. It will long be remembered as a re-union of stars nor will their days of active duty soon be forgotten.

Money-Making Months

With winter hockey activities rapidly drawing to a close, the heads of local leagues and individual teams will be looking forward to a few months of relief from pressures of organized sport.

As much as this let-up in duties is well-deserved and a five month rest is in order, organizations with plans for the future should not let the summer slip by without taking advantage of its money-making opportunities.

The cost of hockey operation is so great today, that leagues and teams, that must pay their own way, should endeavour to raise a few extra

dollars during the off-season.

There are literally dozens of ways in which this can be done but it takes a little time and a good deal of effort. The girls' hockey team for example, as small a group as they are, have 'lucky draw' tickets on the market and already have sold nearly 1,000 with more on order.

Such promotions will work two ways. It provides a financial padding for the winter ahead and also keeps hockey on the minds and before the eyes of the general public during the dog-days of summer.

It may seem like a big chore in June, but come September, its worth will be more readily appreciated.

The Need Is Urgent

Canada is one of the leading nations in the totality of its effort against cancer. This disease ranks second as a cause of death in our nation. Perhaps nowhere in the world is our effort in the fight against this disease being duplicated.

This year will see an estimated 45,000 new cases of cancer in Canada. Last year, 24,500 Canadians died of cancer, 365 of whom were under ten years of age.

The Canadian Cancer Society volunteers are keenly aware of these sober statistics. They lead the world in their consciousness of the necessity for regular health check-ups. This is the only method that will permit early diagnosis and save lives. This Society is an army of men and women working together as volunteers under a common banner.

Founded in 1938, as a lay organization with the blessing of the Canadian Medical Association, it helps to educate the public regarding the

nature of the disease. It claims today the full support of the Canadian people in its broad, three-pronged program of education, welfare, and the support of cancer research.

The fact that the Cancer Society has consistently met its rising campaign objective for 15 years is evidence of the concern felt by the people of Canada in this disease and the faith they have in the Society to fight it.

Supported directly by funds from the Cancer Society are 200 scientists and technicians at work on 117 separate projects in 21 laboratories and universities across the country.

This April, \$2,000,000 must be raised in Ontario to support the rapidly growing needs of this research, plus the broad education and welfare service programs without which there would be needless death and suffering.

The need for this money is as real and as urgent as any need on earth today.

Farm Safety Program Subject Of Talks

The feasibility of a nationwide program to promote safety on the farms of Canada will be dealt with at a conference

scheduled for April 14 in Ottawa. The National Safety League of Canada has invited representatives of business and industry to the conference where all aspects of the subject will be investigated. Preliminary probings have discovered a need for advising

the Canadian farmer on means of avoiding the perils that exist on the farm. The League claims agriculture has become one of the nation's most hazardous occupations and believes farm activities should be directed into safer channels.

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"How come when he does good, he gets a padding?"



By the way . . .

ANNE ROSS

Well, spring has finally arrived! Spring bulbs are popping up again, birds are singing and chattering as they busily prepare for summer nesting, green thumbs are getting itchy for a whirl at cleaning up the lawns and flower beds, and housewives have that gleam in their eye that foretells a thorough turning-out and cleaning. Now if our town fathers could only come up with a giant vacuum-cleaner that would swoosh up all the dust and grit accumulated on the streets, so we could see our way when we walk down street, we'd really feel in the mood for spring.

Spring clean-up usually involves some painting, so a few paint tips would be in order right about now. Here are a few that might be new to you.

If someone around your house neglected to clean the paint brushes thoroughly after the last paint job, soak them in hot vinegar and you'll find they will become almost as pliable as new. If it's necessary to leave a paint job for just an hour or two, no need to clean the brush — just wrap it in aluminum foil to keep it from drying out until you get back on the job.

If the odor of paint bothers you, add a quarter teaspoon of pure vanilla extract to each quart of paint and stir it in — eliminates the odor and doesn't affect the paint in any way.

Set a can of enamel paint in a pan of hot water for awhile before work begins and it'll flow easily and smoothly with none of those tacky brush marks to mar the job.

Got some tiny paint splatters on your window pane? Got a penny? Then place it flat on the glass under your thumb and firmly slide it back and forth across the glass — the paint splatters will come off quickly and there'll be no scratches on either the glass or on your fingers as there so often is when using a razor blade for the job.

While we're on the subject of money, a very old and dear friend tells me that a dollar bill is just the thing to clean eye-glasses, although they'll be a lot shinier if you use a twenty-dollar bill. Wonder if a fifty-dollar bill is best for bi-focals?

Roamin' Around

The recent survey by radio station C.H.U.M. into the knowledge of Canadian History among Metro high school students shows a serious lack of instruction in this all-important subject. Many of the replies to routine questions were ridiculous. We would judge, perhaps unfairly, that Stouffville students are no better versed in this regard. Much of the trouble, we feel, lies in the dry, boring, colourless manner in which the facts of our country's history are presented on paper. It's little wonder that few were acquainted with the position held by one, Geo. Vanier but 100% knew of the rhythmic exploits of England's Ringo Starr, the drummer with the mop-haired "Beatles."

Speaking of student education, while waiting in line for a hair trim at a local barbershop in town recently, we observed one teenage lad, about 17, unconsciously absorbed in some "deep reading" nearby. Curiously checking the content of this literary masterpiece, we found it to be a Tom and Jerry comic book. Perhaps the boy was giving his mind a rest from the Easter exam cram.

Call it sex appeal or anything you like, but when it comes to selling lucky draw tickets, members of the Stouffville girls' hockey team are experts at this art. One thousand tickets went on sale only a few days ago and an additional thousand have since been ordered. We are confident that girl's hockey is here to stay and the enthusiasm of these kids has earned them a right to recognition. They could give some of the older boys a few pointers in this regard.

Stouffville once had the reputation of being a good Ford town during the sales days of the late Delbert Holden. Everybody and his brother felt right in style behind the wheel of a V-8 during the mid-thirties. Dick Coffey and Jim Bartley of Coffey & Bartley Motors have given the Ford promotion here a real shot in the arm and their turnover of new-model Mercurys, Comets, etc. have been downright amazing. It's good to see this pair doing so well after a couple of false starts by their predecessors.

Bob Hassard must be running around the block every morning before breakfast. He appears in excellent physical condition although he performed in only few hockey games with Bradford during the regular schedule. Last week, he picked up five points in his team's playoff victory over Midland.

Parked cars adjacent to the Wood Real Estate Office on Main St. W. are creating a real hazard to children using the crosswalk on the way to and from Orchard Park Public School. Some child will be injured or killed here if a change is not made in parking regulations at this point.

The Bell Telephone Co. is not that big that they cannot pick and choose their personnel for public relations work. Stouffville's own Elaine Forsyth has served in this capacity on several occasions and it was nice to see her on duty at the Home Show in Toronto last week. In addition to her beauty, Elaine has the personality to match: a fine combination.

There is no Fifth Column activity in Stouffville. We understand that the weekly gatherings in the former telephone office on Main Street here, include members of the Pentecostal faith from the Claremont Gospel Lighthouse.

If you ever want to see business concluded in a hurry at a town council meeting, let the session fall on the same night as a Stanley Cup playoff game. On Thursday, April 2nd, Stouffville's meeting broke up in less than one hour. It's too bad that these playoff fixtures don't occur on a Monday night once in awhile. Whitechurch Council gathering continue to "drag" and items that could be completed in a matter of minutes are allowed to drone on till nearly midnight.

We understand that Allan Anderson, young Stouffville district driver convicted recently on a charge of dangerous driving, plans to appeal his 4 month jail sentence. He has been released from custody pending a review of the case.

A check of the classified advertisements in The Tribune can prove downright interesting at times. Last week, one party had a request in for two outside toilets. That's a switch if I ever saw one.

Local residents are showing some alarm over the number of recent escapes from the St. John's Training School at Uxbridge. Auto thefts in the area are plaguing the police to say nothing about local insurance adjusters. It would seem that tighter controls are necessary at this establishment to curtail the wander-lust activities of these lads. Motorists too, could help themselves by removing their car keys and keeping their doors locked.

The sportsman-like act of a young peewee-aged player in the Stouffville Arena last week at the conclusion of the minor hockey season was, to this writer, worth the price of admission. After Detroit had won the Title in a well-played game, goaltender, David Skinner of the Buffalo club skated the length of the ice to shake the hand of his young rival, Lyn Forsythe in the "Red Wing" cage. Some pro players could take a lesson from this gesture.

Patrons at the new Victoria Square restaurant are going to miss the smiling services of waitress, Betty Lee. Betty has taken a trip out West and will prove that friendliness is a characteristic of Ontario as well as the Prairie people.

Carpenter, Jerry Acton has perfected some much-needed renovations in the Stouffville police office. The pass-word to gain entry to Chief Keating's private quarters is \$10 and costs.

The Community Hockey League has gone into the "red" to the tune of \$165 this season. The lifeblood of such a circuit is holding to the true meaning of the word "community", the very reason for the league's formation six years ago. Metro talent means nothing to local fans and crowds have continued to drop off as club strengthens with outside personnel. Only the novelty of girl's hockey saved the group from a similar fate in 1963.

Sugar & Spice Sunday School Lesson

by Bill Smiley

LOVE THAT SUNDAY

Last Sunday was one of those days. Filthy outside, with mud and rain and wind. Dismal inside, with everybody bored and crabby.

I mooched around the house gloomily, wishing the golf course was dry, or the trout season open. Then I started thinking about what Sunday really meant, was ashamed of myself, and cheered up considerably.

As some wit remarked: to our ancestors, it was the Holy Sabbath; to our great-grandfathers, The Lord's Day; to our fathers, Sunday. We call it The Week End.

The Sabbath is not of Christian origin. It was originally a Jewish holy day, on the last day of the week. Like most of the laws of the ancient Hebrews, observance of the Sabbath was a combination of religion and common sense. Man needs a day of rest in every seven. He demands punctuated marks in the life sentence he is serving.

However, there's a vast difference between the Sabbath of the ancient Hebrew and the Sunday of modern man.

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The former lived a pastoral life. When the Sabbath came along, all he had to do was lie around and count his sheep. He didn't have to roll, groaning, out of bed after a late Saturday night, scramble around trying to get his family off to church, wash the car or catch fish or play golf, drive 80 miles to visit some relatives of his wife, and tear home to watch the hockey game.

If it were not for Sunday, the Saturday night bath would become obsolete. If it were not for Sunday, many men would go through life without shining their shoes. If it were not for Sunday, many women would never get a new hat.

Sunday is a great comfort to those intent on getting to heaven. They don't sober garb and plous mien on Sunday morning. On Monday, they go back to the normal pastimes of trying to scramble to political, social and financial eminence over the crushed and bleeding bodies and souls of their fellow Christians, secure in the knowledge that if there is a rush for seats on the Judgment day, they will have some pull with the management.

Sunday means church. Church, too is a good thing. First of all, it provides employment for ministers, and employment, or lack of it, is pretty important these days. Secondly, it provides probably the only place in modern society where people who like to sing, but sound like hyenas, can vent their frustration without someone telling them to shut up.

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After church, what? There's nothing particularly Christian about gorging oneself with food and sitting in a stupor looking at television.

What about a nice Christian game of golf, with no swearing when one slices? What about a little walk in the woods, worshipping the wonderful world of nature that was created for one? And if one happened to look down and see a fishing rod in one's hand, one shouldn't worry too much about it.

Remember the old adage:

Evangelists may rave and shout, But only God can make a trout.

Golden Text: Submitting yourselves to one another in the fear of God.—Ephesians 5:21. Approach to the Lesson

Nowhere is the Christian life subjected to as strong a test of its reality and power as it is in the home. Here we are known without the facade that can so easily be shown to the outside world. Here our every mood and weakness is clearly evident. On the other hand, there is no place where such a life will have more impact. From the home there will flow blessing through each member of the family. To it will come those in need of spiritual aid. In it there will be found mutual ministries of help and understanding. In our Western culture that today includes many broken and breaking homes with so much heartache and delinquency, there is a crying need for the happy, balanced, healthy, and godly witness of the truly united Christian family.

Our lesson faces quite candidly in the areas of tension that can develop in the Christian family, and in the most practical way shows how these may be resolved. We must approach our lesson with a real desire to learn and apply the principles it teaches, fully realizing that however eminent and successful we may be in the areas of the church, business and social life, if we have failed to evidence Christ in our home, then that failure outweighs all other successes. "Here is a subject as pregnant and far-reaching as it is in itself beautiful—the Christian home. It is not too much to say that the perfecting of home is the masterpiece of the Gospel in its work and social blessing. Nothing on earth is so beautiful as a perfect home; and it takes the name of Christ and the grace of His Spirit to produce the full phenomenon. And then, where the home is really perfect, it is beautiful with a beauty which must diffuse itself around. For home is the school of mutual unselfishness. And such a school cannot send its scholars forth in one way or another to practice the blessed art outside the doors; carrying on the campaign of love extended from that happy base" (Bishop Moule).

The Heart of the Lesson

The Christian home and family should be characterized by both love and self-discipline. It should always be seen as a reproduction of the relationship that exists between Christ and His Church. This reproduction will never be perfect, and often may become out of focus and badly blurred; but the way of restoration is by application of the instructions of this passage. These verses are a brief "Handbook on the Happy Christian Home."

A butcher is about the only person who won't put on any extra weight.

Inviting a friend to his wedding anniversary, a Scotsman instructed him:

"We live on the 5th floor, apartment B. Just touch the button with your elbow."

"And why should I use my elbow?"

"Well, hoot mon, you'll not be coming to the party empty-handed, will you?"

The 2½ year old stroller wandering down the street either could not or would not tell them her name or where she lived. Finally, the baffled officers began going through her pockets in hope of finding some clue to her identity. The little miss made no protest but remarked innocently, "I don't have a gun."

Advertisement for 'Swin' weekend event at Detroit Windsor. Includes details about dining, entertainment, and a special offer of \$13.95 per person for a 2-in-a-room stay at the Elmwood Casino & Motor Hotel.