

Editorial . . .

Just Plain Bored

At the annual Convention of the Markham Township Sunday School Association, selected members in a panel discussion pointed with obvious frustration to the fact that while church school enrollment remained stable, church congregation membership was on the wane. The reason is all too obvious, as the panel agreed—too many of today's young people are not regular church-goers.

Why are they staying away? We feel that the problem lies not with the young people as individuals or the congregation as a whole but with the man behind the pulpit—the minister. Like an after-dinner speaker, he can command the attention of his audience or lull them to sleep in their seats. Many are guilty of the latter.

We live in a modern age and the

church must keep pace or die. Many pastors fail to take note of this trend but still wonder at the reason for diminishing memberships.

Many ministers preach solely from the Bible without application to the day in which we live. Any layman can read from the Scriptures in the quiet of his own home. Many ministers attempt to frighten their congregations with quaking descriptions of the sinful hereafter. But today's generation isn't frightened so easily.

Young people today are a practical people and they wish only practical guidance to cope with practical problems. If they can't gain this type of information from the pulpit, they'll go elsewhere. And they're going elsewhere at the rate of 86 per cent.

For Future Protection Only

At a regular meeting of Stouffville Council this week (tonight) the members will consider certain rules and regulations as laid down in the present transient trader's bylaw, with the suggestion that changes are in order.

We are not denying the fact that there may be loopholes in the bylaw that need plugging but we'll have no part of any change that would discriminate against one individual already in business here.

It would seem rather strange that the operator of a mobile fish and chip truck should be granted a licence in 1964 but, one year later, there is some question as to the justification of this operation.

We feel that the council is within its rights in taking a long, hard

look at this law for future protection, but, we feel they would be sticking their necks away out if they cut off one man's livelihood to quell a complaint from a competitor. It would be similar to zoning a piece of property commercial land and forcing an established home-owner to move his residence to comply.

These kind of problems are bound to crop up from time to time. This particular one is of minor importance. There is a principal here that is of major importance however and we would suggest that the members proceed with care and caution. Perhaps the chip vendor should never have been issued a licence in the first place but in our books, to cancel his permit now would only prove that two wrongs do not make a right.

The Magnitude Of The Pickering Project

Men and machines have already moved in to the site of Pickering Township's huge nuclear generating station. Few people realize the magnitude of this new plant nor can anyone judge the importance of this project to the area that surrounds it.

The initial plan calls for a 2-unit system but, according to reports, this could well be expanded to 6 units or more. To put the program in layman's language, one unit, producing 500,000 kilowatts, would service five highly industrialized cities the size of Oshawa.

Will this project provide an incentive for industrial interests to locate in Pickering? We would say yes and point to the generating plant at Lakeview as an example. The work there was started in 1958. There was little or no industrial development in that area at that time. Look at it now. The site is surrounded by factories.

Ontario Hydro has handed Pickering Twp. a real gift that could open the door to industrial growth that has been anticipated and promised for many, many years.

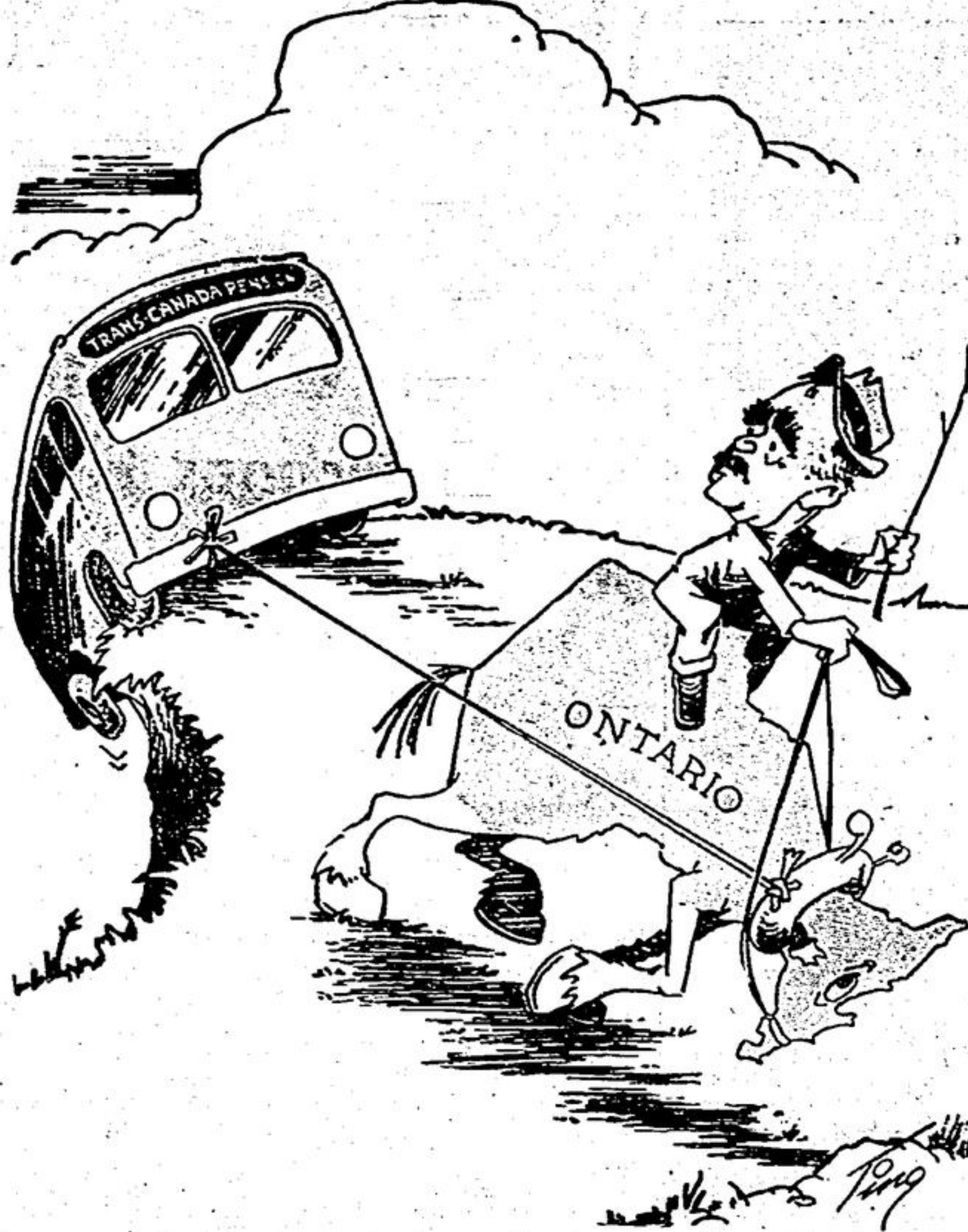
Spoiling The Chance To Do Nothing

Many people now use ballpoint pens where they formerly used pencils. This change has put an end to the early-morning trip to the pencil sharpener and a start at the day's work by doing nothing. If he had several pencils, giving the impression of a big plan to do a lot of work, the sharpening operation could last quite a while, well on towards the first coffee break. A fellow could look busy and feel busy and this was good for the nervous system. Now, with the ballpoint pen, the only escape is that it may not write, which has been

known to happen. Anyway, there's always a hope. Otherwise, immediately at the start of the day's work period, a man is in danger of being faced by the reality of needing to do some actual work. This is well known to be bad for the nervous system unless one goes ahead and really does the work.

Those who have tried the system of working, report that they feel fine. There are cases where people found it so stimulating that they almost forgot to stop for that mid-morning cup of coffee.

Getting the Bus on the Road



SUGAR AND SPICE by Bill Smiley

HE WAS FOREVER ENGLAND

With his usual superb sense of timing, Winston Churchill chose to die during a rather dull winter period when it was possible to attract the attention of the entire world without fear of anyone stealing the scene from him.

It was time to go. There is nothing more pitiable than a great man reduced to dotage and senility. He was spared this.

Despite the avalanche of anecdotes and eulogies and reprints of his speeches, I don't think there was deep and widespread sorrow at his demise. Certainly, there was none of the heart-in-throat grief that accompanied the death of President Kennedy.

It was more of a nostalgic sadness, a sense of the loss of an institution. One can imagine the English feeling like this when Queen Victoria died, after 60-odd years on the throne.

Quite a man was Sir Winston. And just that. Not a superman, but a man.

And that was why he was able to seize and shake and straighten the hearts of the free world, with his courage and his tears, his defiance and his prayers, during those days when Europe, and the world, were threatened with "a thousand years of darkness."

Most of us have several elements in our character. Churchill was a kaleidoscope of the colors of life. He was reactionary and reformer; he was earthly realist and poet; he was dreamer and doer; he was selfish and selfless; he was arrogant and humble. He was part pirate, part prophet; part imperialist and part Imp. He was ruthless, but he wept easily. He was a hundred other things, just as contradictory.

I was 19 when the "phony war" ended, and the German legions smashed through Belgium, and life suddenly became very real. And I shall never forget the thrill, the sense of hope and of resolution, that surged through us when the lion's growl rasped over the Atlantic on the airwaves. "We shall never surrender." It's difficult to realize that he was 65 then, an age when most men are retiring from life and the struggle.

I saw the old fire-eater once, and was almost trampled to death in the process. It was on an airstrip in Normandy, in the summer of 1944, a few weeks after the invasion.

We were drawn up on parade in the dust and heat, officers in front, other ranks in the rear, and we stood there, muttering curses, for half an hour.

Suddenly a little two-seater scout plane popped over the horizon and squatted 60 feet in front of us. The pilot climbed out. We could see his air-vice-marshal's stripes and gumbled our disgust for all brass. Then the back cockpit opened and a vast, cherubic visage, with a cigar in it, beamed at us.

He came out of the thing like a baby whale coming out of a chicken's egg. He stood on the wing, grinning. He stuck up two fingers in the world-famous V-sign, but with just a suggestion of the service-man's naughty gesture which looked much the same but meant something quite different.

Then he waved, an embracing wave that said, "Come on in closer." Our total complement of officer pilots was almost wiped out when the rear ranks surged through, around and over us, to cluster within touching distance of the old war-horse.

He talked for five minutes, earthy vocabulary Caesar employed when addressing his legions. And then he was off, the incredibly foolish and gallant old man, hopping to another airfield, risking his skin to have a look at us and let us have a look at him.

And human he was! My favorite story is the one involving Lady Astor, the hard-nosed, asp-tongued old aristocrat. She became enraged during an argument with Churchill, and fired what she thought was the parting shot, "If you were my husband, I'd poison your coffee." To which the great man replied promptly and politely, "Madame, if you were my wife, I'd drink it."

We shall not see his like again.

Editor's Mail

Ottawa 8, Ontario, Jan. 29, 1965.

Mr. James Thomas, Editor, The Stouffville Tribune, Stouffville, Ont.

Dear Mr. Thomas:

Another Christmas season has passed and, from a postal standpoint, we feel it was a success. The expeditious handling of the record volumes of mail, well within the periods prescribed, bore this out.

One factor which I feel contributed greatly to this success and deserves special recognition was the excellent co-operation and coverage extended by a number of news media during the peak mailing period. Granted, mail volumes of such magnitude may be a newsworthy item in themselves, but for organizations, such as yours, to provide a service beyond what normally would be expected, is certainly commendable, and appreciated. By spreading the word of early mailing, and by encouraging correct addressing and bundling of mail, you have rendered a service of inestimable value to our postal operation.

Conceivably, the public may not fully understand or even appreciate the value to them of your public service announcements, but I can assure you that we in the Department are fully aware of the benefits derived and take this means of conveying our appreciation and thanks. Yours sincerely, (sgd.) W. H. Wilson, Deputy Postmaster General.

PLASTIC USED TO STOP FROST ROAD HEAVING

A method to prevent heaving of roads has been devised by the soils mechanics section of the National Research Council of the city of Sudbury and Dow Chemical of Canada Limited.

The aim of the project is to evaluate the effectiveness of using foamed polystyrene—a plastic—to insulate the subgrade or natural soil under road surfaces. Heaving of the asphalt surfaces of roads occurs when the subgrade soil freezes.

Sudbury was selected for the test because of the serious frost-heaving conditions encountered in this city due to the frost-susceptible nature of the subgrade soils.

Two 100-foot sections of road in Sudbury were selected for the tests one on Byng Street and the other on Antwerp Street.

The normal design for road construction in Sudbury is to place 18 inches of sub-base or rough gravel on top of the subgrade soil. The sub-base is covered with three inches of base course or fine gravel and this is topped with 3 1/2 inches of asphalt surfacing.

On the 100-foot section on Byng Street, foamed polystyrene boards measuring two by four feet and two inches thick were placed 1 1/2 inches below the surface of the asphalt. This means that the boards are in the sub-base nine inches above the level of the subgrade soil.

The tests will show whether the polystyrene boards will retard frost penetration and prevent the subgrade soil from freezing and causing the asphalt surface to heave.

At the Antwerp Street location the same construction design was used on half of the 100-foot section of road. However, on the other half the polystyrene boards were placed di-

Roamin' Around . . .

A recent editorial in the High School News of The Tribune written by grade 11 student, Nancy Paul, brought forth some very good arguments in favour of a teenage "Coke Shop" in town where young people could gather after four and on week-ends without disturbing other adult patrons. The suggestion has started people talking and comments have been both for and against the idea. In Markham Village, there is such an establishment. The premises, known as Hazel's Kountry Kitchen is located on the south side of No. 7 Hwy., directly across from the Shopping Plaza. To obtain an unbiased impression on the benefits or otherwise of this teenage meeting place, we visited the restaurant on Friday evening and again on Saturday afternoon. We learned that the management is literally a family affair. Hazel Watkins, her husband and two daughters, Mary and Wendy, operate this popular place. On Saturday, during our brief time there, we counted eighteen persons at the tables, consuming everything from pizza pies to hamburgers. The atmosphere was exceptionally pleasant and although long past the teenage attraction to popular music, we found the high-volume tones of the juke box quite bearable. Conversations consisted of everything from grade 11 French to the engine power of a lad's rebuilt hot-rod. The dress was what one might expect to see young people wearing on a Saturday: practical enough to change the oil in the car and good enough to walk to the post office for the morning mail. Most of the girls smoked. It was obvious that this spot holds two main attractions for young people—music on record and informality. We talked with the proprietor, Hazel, as she is known to most of her regular patrons. She and her husband opened the snack bar in October of last year. They keep long hours, from 7 in the morning until midnight. She said that during their more than four months of operation, they have experienced no problems. She admitted that one or two known trouble-makers were told not to frequent the premises. She said that it was not uncommon for school kids to come in after four and complete some of their homework over a Coke or coffee. She denied that their patrons were 100% teenagers but during our Saturday visit, only three out of the eighteen present could be classed as senior citizens (over 21). "Treat kids as adults and they'll behave as adults," she said. This may be the secret of their success. Anyway, as one of those three senior citizens, we could find no cause for complaint.

Pickering Twp. Road Department employee, Lloyd Pascoe found himself in a rather embarrassing position on Monday morning of last week when his partially loaded sand truck became stuck on a patch of ice. His source of sand supply was quite handy, however, and a couple of shovelfuls under the rear wheels solved the problem.

Speaking of ice, fifteen minutes after a truck, belonging to Dominion Mushroom Co. skidded out of control on the 9th conc. County Road in Pickering on Friday morning, the sand truck appeared on the scene.

In case you're interested, the paper back book of Pierre Berton's "The Comfortable Paw" is on sale at Houston's Drug Store at \$2.50 and going fast.

Many readers, students and adults alike would like to know the identity of Stouffville's "Ann Landers" who gives advice to the teenage lovers in the Tribune's High News column. So far, our attempt to pick the right writer has been wrong.

You have probably heard the humour connected with reading your own obituary in a newspaper. Well, if Rev. Geo. Davison of Melville United Church had picked up a Jan. 21st issue of the Ajax Weekly, he would have read just that. We have learned that Rev. Davison is very much alive although on the sick list for a time.

Since our automatic dryer has gone on the blink, we have been spending some time at the Main Street Laundromat. We have come to the conclusion this establishment is a boon to the local housewife, for she can pass this weekly chore off on the husband. A large per centage of users are men, some arriving during the wee small hours of the morning, laden down with baskets of towels, pajamas and diapers. How times have changed.

We have learned on reasonably good authority that the Don Hunter farm on the 6th conc. of Markham has been sold to auctioneer, Frank Bennett.

We can think of no more frigid occupation than working on the roof of Stouffville's new St. Citizen's Home in sub-zero temperatures with a 25 mile an hour wind blowing in from the north.

Speaking about the cold, it is not uncommon to see birds sitting on the top of chimneys as the heat and smoke filter through their feathers. Such a sight was brought to our attention recently at the home of Mrs. Wm. Connor, Main Street. Apparently this sparrow considered smoke poisoning a less painful death than pneumonia.

Gord Lewis, once one of Stouffville's most prolific goal-scorers in Intermediate and Senior ranks, has come out of retirement to assist as a referee. He has handled several games in the Midget group schedule and has done an excellent job. Gord doesn't hold an O.M.H.A. card but on his work here, could easily qualify for additional duties.

Gasoline, advertised at 37.9 cents at a station outside of Brougham last week, attracted our attention as the gauge hand hung heavily on the empty mark. A closer check found the pumps under lock and key, in fact each unit had been boarded up, either for shipment or preservation, we were not quite sure.

How nine girls could obtain any romantic thrill out of keeping company with some members of the Vagabond Motorcycle Club that we viewed in Richmond Hill court last week, is a real mystery to this writer. Prior to admittance to the cooler, a few of the male members should have been hustled off to the nearest barber. Of course, ever since the advent of Eve, a segment of the girl population has posed a mystery to man.

Glenn Pennanen, Main St. E. is undoubtedly the envy of many young lads in town. He is the owner of a sleek '61 model Thunderbird, a real beauty of a car.

If fish was number 1 on the menu at the White Lunch Restaurant in Markham Village on Friday, it came as no surprise to their patrons. For you see, the proprietor, Peter Hajduk landed 23 beauties near Pefferlaw on Lake Simcoe, the day before. It is understood that one or two were 5000 big that they had to be weighed at Brillinger's Elevator scales.

Jim Radford, conc. 6, Whitchurch, may have to toss a coin to decide which of his two sons, Bradley 12 or Timmy 9, will accompany him to Maple Leaf Gardens next Saturday night. Mr. Radford won two N.I.L. tickets in the lucky draw in the Stouffville Arena on Thursday night and both his boys are avid hockey fans. The prize was part of the program that concluded Minor Hockey Week in town.

Last week, a Queensville feed truck overturned on a curve, east of town. Although very little of the load was lost in the upset, some became scattered on the ground during its transfer onto another transport. Residents in the area reported that the pheasants enjoyed the free meal to such an extent that they couldn't fly due to the over-load. It's an ill wind that doesn't blow somebody some good.

Look to your laurels boys. There's a men's bowling league that operates at the local alleys every second Friday afternoon and, although the ages of the participants range from 50 to 82 years, some of the scores are downright amazing. Alex Ratcliff, for instance, counted a 425 (flat) single recently with 11 strikes and a spare. The membership now totals 34. The league alternates between Agincourt and Stouffville. Some of the local participants include—Del Jennings, Andy Williams, Bert Lickorish, Henry Slack, Harvey Houck, John Underwood, Harold Carruthers, Bill Grove, Alex Ratcliff, Herbie Simpson, Ray Fleury, Bill Risebrough and Cliff Lemon. Any of you young fellows who would like to polish up on your game, drop down to the alleys on a Friday and pick up a few pointers. The next action-packed afternoon is scheduled for Feb. 12th. There's no admission charge for spectators.

rectly on top of the subgrade recording equipment. Officials of soil and covered with only nine inches of sub-base material, observations. Dow Chemical provided the insulation and assisted with its installation. Normal construction costs were borne by the city.

LEMONVILLE

Sunday, Feb. 7 will be another special Youth Service. Theme "Faith in Orbit." The Jr. choir, school choir and Sunday school will participate. Stewart Smith will offer the beautiful violin solo "Ava Maria."

UCW will hold their Feb. meeting at the home of Mrs. Morris Smith, Tues. Feb. 9 at 8 p.m. Mrs. Inglis and Mrs. Price are in charge of the program. Mrs. J. McCreight will be guest speaker and Mrs. LeRoy Soper the soloist. An invitation is extended to everyone to join the evening fellowship. Mrs. J. Nauta was a luncheon guest at the home of Mrs. Beth Toole, Mount Albert on Tues. Mrs. A. Hartwick attended at the UCW annual meeting at Newmarket on Tues. Several who planned to attend were forced to remain home due to the very unpleasant weather. The Lemonville C.G.I.T. group enjoyed a very invigorating skating party at Cedarena on Thurs. evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Lambert and family moved on Friday from the E. D. Ramer farm on the 7th Conc.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Denton and family of Belleville spent Sat. with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. S. S. Crouch.

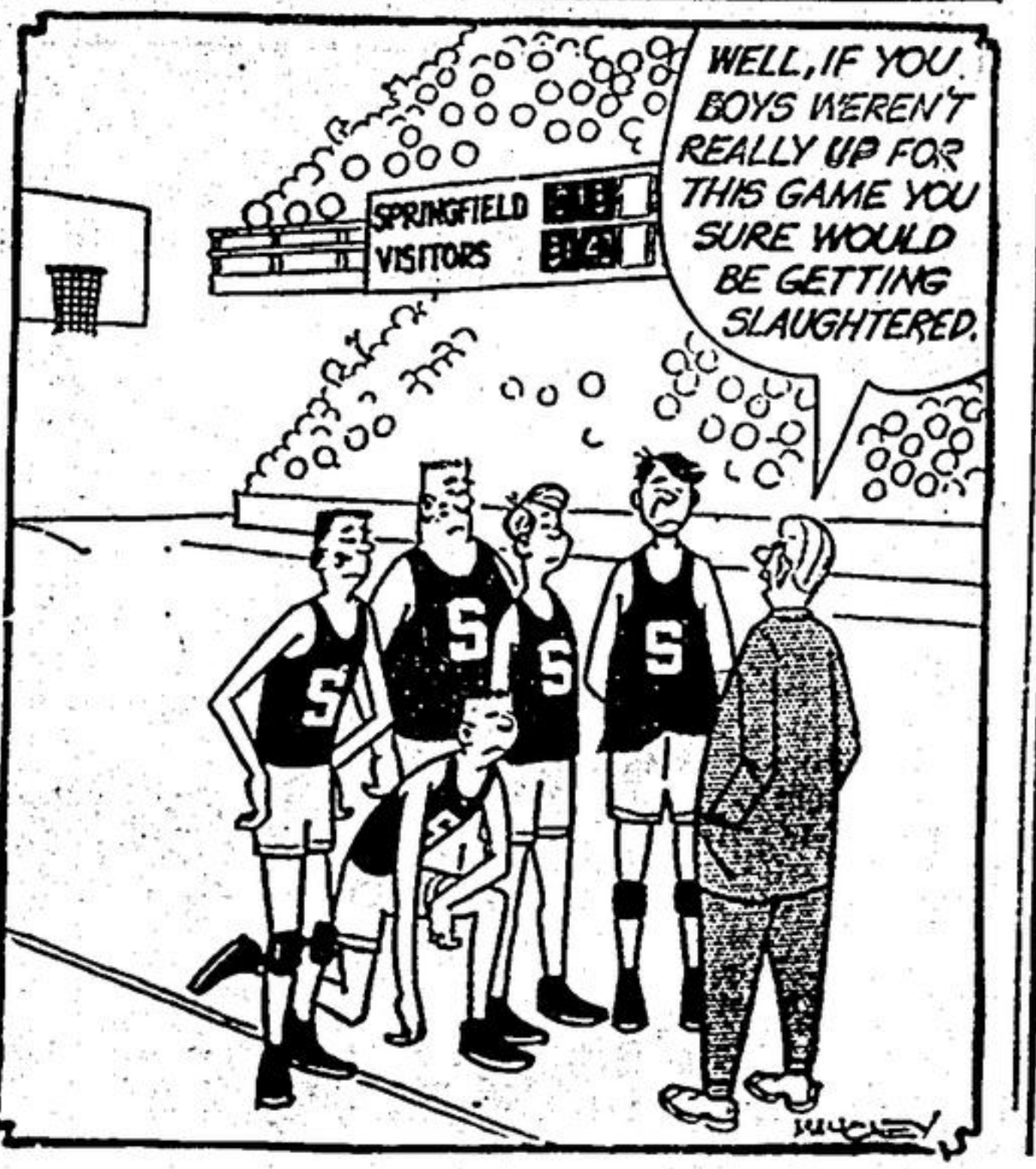
Mr. and Mrs. Grant Wells and family were Sat. evening dinner guests with Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Atkinson, also Mr. A. M. Wood and Mr. and Mrs. Glen Evans and family.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Hirsch, Susie and Georgie were Sunday guests with Mrs. J. Nauta and family. Wayne Houghton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Keith Houghton was involved in a nasty tobaggon-

ing accident on Thursday evening, sustaining a broken leg. Mr. and Mrs. Ross Thompson and Dean of Uxbridge were Sunday guests with Mr. and Mrs. Jax. Rae and family. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Steele, Toronto spent Sunday with Mrs. J. Gibbins. Fourteen boys registered for

the Cub Pack at the church on Wednesday evening. Excellent leadership is being provided for the boys in the person of Mrs. R. Ashbridge. An invitation is extended to any boys (ages 8-11) in our community who would like to become members of such a very worthwhile group.

HALF-PAST TEEN



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