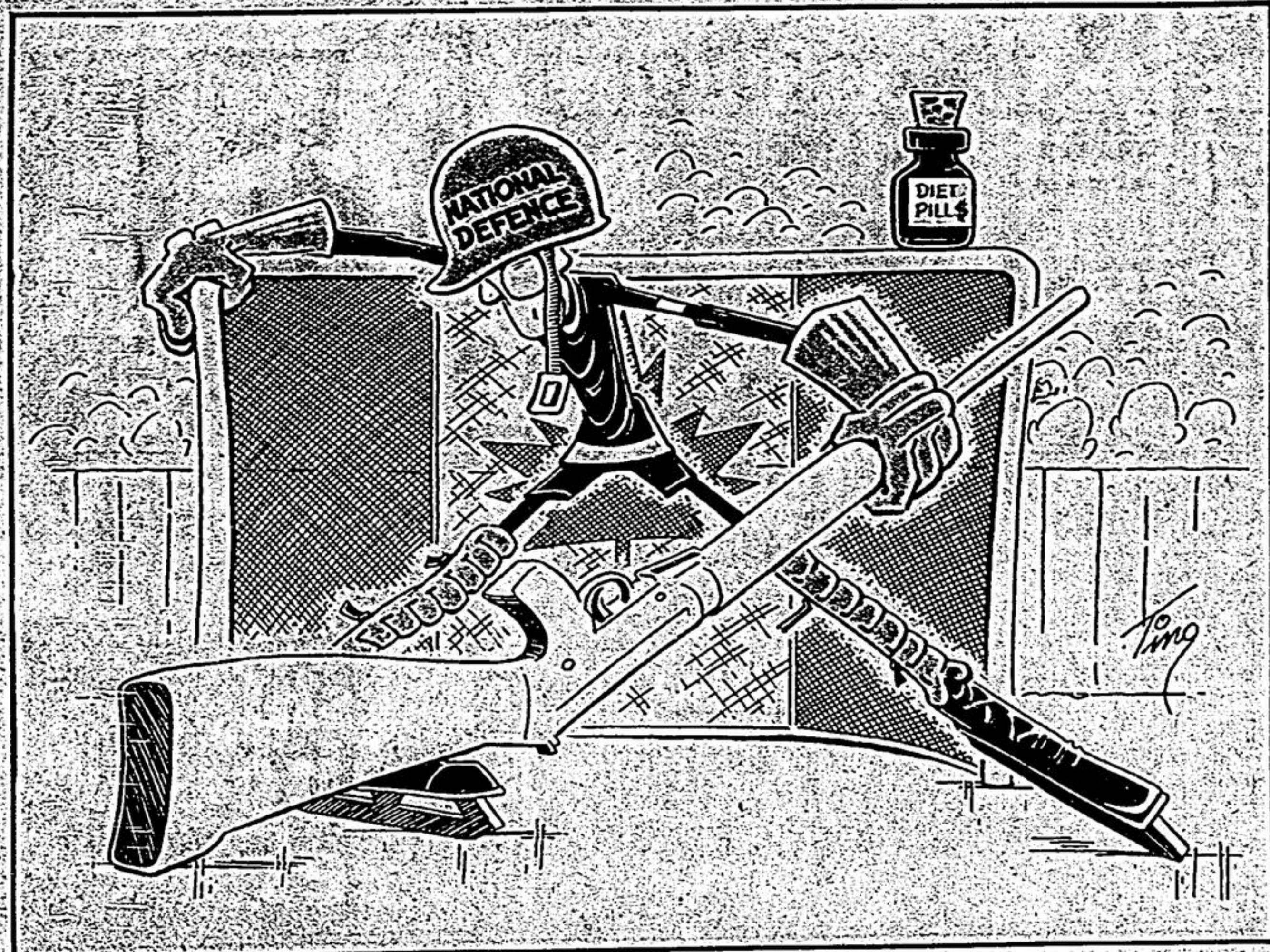


**The Tribune**  
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**Bible thought for the week**

From The Living Bible  
 "Let not your heart be troubled. You are trusting God, now trust in me. There are many homes up there where my Father lives, and I am going to prepare them for your coming. When everything is ready, then I will come and get you, so that you can always be with me where I am. If this weren't so, I would tell you plainly. And you know where I am going and how to get there."  
 "No, we don't," Thomas said. "We haven't any idea where you are going, so how can we know the way?"  
 John 14: 1-5

## Editorials

### No sale of post office

Stouffville will have its new post office sometime toward the end of November, but some disturbing things have come up in recent weeks, that make us wonder why the Federal government bothered building a new post office in town.

It came up at Council recently that the post office was not prepared to sell the old building to the town, but would be willing to lease it at the "current market rental basis". This rather complicates plans that the council has for the building.

The idea was to buy it from the government (at a nominal fee) and lease it to York Region to be used as a day care centre. The town would be providing a service and getting

some revenue from the rental of the building. The region has budgeted for a day care centre in Stouffville in the 1975 estimates.

The town was told earlier by the Federal government that the building would have to be purchased. Now they can only lease it. The town seemed to have the impression of one thing and the post office (or to be more precise Ministry of Public Works) another. The building has been talked about as a home for a regional day care centre for some time. The Markham and District Family Life Centre would also have an office in the building. All that could go by the boards. We hope that MP Sinclair Stevens, who has promised to look into the problem, can sort the thing out. A number of things hang on the Federal government's decision in that regard.

### Misunderstanding

To deliver or not to deliver, that is the question that the post office has asked itself. The answer, apparently was not to deliver. It all goes back to the time that the government announced that a new post office was to be built in Stouffville.

The new building would be able to handle letter carriers. There would be enough space for them to operate. Somehow everybody got the idea that because of the Stouffville would have door-to-door delivery when the new post office opens later next month.

That is not the case. The post office people

say that door-to-door service will not start next month. It may come sometime in the future, presumably when the village grows enough to warrant letter carriers.

Somehow the local people were allowed to believe something that made them feel that they would have improved mail service with the new post office. Now, (comfortably after the Federal election) we learn that letter carriers are not to be employed here. Perhaps we misunderstood, but we wonder if perhaps the people in Stouffville weren't hoodwinked, just a little.

### Co-operation in action

Thornlea Secondary School shares a swimming pool and gymnasium with the Town of Markham and the arrangement seems to work out quite well. The town built the pool and gym, with the help of favorable provincial grants. The school provided the land.

This is the prototype in York Region for a proposed Recreation Complex at Stouffville Dist. Secondary School. According to Thornlea Principal, Art Murch, the school uses the facilities during the daytime, and the town uses the pool and gym in the evenings, on weekends and in the summer months.

From our point of view, this seems like an imminently reasonable way to approach such a project. It benefits the school, because it has the use of facilities that cannot be built with education grants, but nevertheless benefit the students.

It benefits the local municipality because the facility is covered by provincial grants and is built on land already owned by the board of education. The experience at Thornlea suggests that it can be done in such a way as to benefit both. We hope the planners for the Stouffville complex study that setup closely.

It could very well be the means by which Whitchurch-Stouffville will have an indoor pool and perhaps another arena.

### Photos make history live

The Historical Committee compiling the history of Stouffville needs help. They hope to have a documented history complete for centennial celebrations in 1975. To that end, the committee is looking for pictures that illustrate some of the events that have shaped the village.

They can be brought to the committee's next meeting Nov. 14. That night residents with old snaps can have them copied and identified. The pictures will not be kept by anyone and have no chance of being lost.

We urge people to look through old scrap books and albums. This type of contribution can make or break a history. We hope that people will do their share.

### Declare now!

Municipal elections this year are on Dec. 2. It seems strange to us that barely six weeks before the election non of the incumbent councillors have declared publicly whether they intend to stand for re-election.

Legally they do not have to announce it until nominations close. However there is a responsibility on the part of elected representatives to let people know where they stand.

We do not agree with long drawn out campaigns with a great deal of hoop-dee-do. On the other hand, the taxpayers have a right to know who the candidates are and what they stand for. The great degree of apathy connected with municipal elections stems from the lack of campaigning in those elections.

The Tribune urges these people to declare themselves now.



### SUGAR AND SPICE

## Thanksgiving flew by this year

By BILL SMILEY

I'D PLANNED to write a column about Thanksgiving Day this year but the days went shooting by and suddenly it was past.

However, I was undaunted. As the preachers and writers tell us every Christmas, there is no reason that peace on earth and goodwill toward men should be confined to a single day. Nor is there any reason that we should give thanks only on the second Monday in October. So here goes.

Did you stop and give thanks on that day? Or did you just enjoy the long weekend, stuff yourself with turkey, and slump in front of the box to watch football? I hope you did better than that. At least went for a drive and gorged yourself on the fall panorama of colour, reason enough in itself for a deep and fervent thanks.

I started to think of all the things we Canadians have to be thankful for, and the list seemed to be endless.

First of all, we should be grateful to be living in Canada, no matter how we squawk at income tax time, and gripe about the weather. Without getting misty-eyed or waving a flag about it, this is a grand country.

Our society is far from perfect, and there are injustices, and we are often badly served by our leaders, and yes, the Americans own too much of us. But these things are more than offset when we start piling things on the other side of the scale.

What are some of the goodies? Well, first, there are the intangibles. There are very few places in this country where a person is afraid to walk alone, even at night. We have lots of air, some of it hot, some of it polluted, but most of it clear and clean. Nobody is literally starving in this country, though the old-age pensioners would give you an argument there. Nobody lives in fear of the boots in the hall, the pounding on the door, the secret police. Our only secret police are the mounties, and every time they try something secret, the papers find out, and spread it all over the front pages, chortling.

To continue the list, we have equality of speech. Even the Prime Minister can swear in a public place, such as the House of Commons, and get away with it.

We have equality of welfare benefits. The old lady with \$600,000 salted away in bonds gets the same old-age pension as the old lady who has two herring salted away. What could be more equal than that?

We have equality before the law. What's that you say? There's one law for the rich and one for the poor? Nonsense. It's the same law. The only difference is in the amount you steal, and the lawyers you can afford. If you steal big, and can afford a battery of lawyers, you get a light sentence; if you steal small, and try to defend yourself, you get the works.

We have equality of opportunity. Ask any of our native people. Just ask a Metis or an Eskimo if he doesn't have the same opportunity as the white boy who has to fight his way through Upper Canada College, Trinity College, and Osgoode Hall law school. He'll tell you. Just be sure he doesn't have a beer bottle in his hand when you ask him.

And we have peace in our land. Oh, there's the odd little fluster. Like the Mackenzie rebellion in Ontario and the Papineau rebellion in Quebec and the Riel rebellion in the west and some kook trying to put a half-nelson on the Russian head of state in Ottawa and a rabble of native people attacking the mounties in the same place. But these are just trouble-makers. Right?

There's no question about it. In this glorious nation of ours, everybody is equal. The only rub is that, as George Orwell put it, some are more equal than others.

Well, those are just a few of the things for which we should give thanks. Then there are all the more tangible things. We have more oil and gas than we need, but by George, we've

made sure the price is right, and those energy-squandering Yanks can go cold and use candles.

We have two of the longest railroads in the world. How about that? Even though both of them despise would-be travellers by rail, we have two of the longest railroads in the world.

We have some of the finest wheat in the world coming out our ears, even though we don't seem to be able to get it into the boxcars and onto the ships to feed the hungry of the Third World.

And how many nations in the world can brag that they have the second-best hockey team in the world? That's part of our national heritage and I think we should all give thanks for it.

There's only one rub in this glowing picture. Our inflation rate, believe it or not, isn't soaring quite as rapidly as some of the other countries in the west. But don't worry about it. Among them, our politicians, business leaders and union bosses will soon have that sorted out, and we'll be up there with the best of them.

Be honest now. Where would you rather live? In Europe, with all those people and pollution and culture and stuff? In the U.S., where the Great Exorcism is not taking place? In Australia, full of Australians?

Just sit back and give thanks that you are a Canadian, living in the best of all possible worlds.



### VIEWPOINT

## A special birthday

By DON BERNARD

This is a column about a birthday.

Most people see a birthday as something that marks the day that they took their first breath in this cruel, hard world. I've had a number of those birthdays. They're alright. No, I'm talking about a special kind of birthday.

Today is a special birthday of mine, and it cannot compare to my natural birth date. Three years ago, I had the experience of being "born again," and somehow my natural birthday has paled in comparison. It is a personal story, one that tells of a personal experience that I had then.

The story itself is unique. I am unique and each person meets Jesus Christ in a unique way. But the telling has some serious ramifications for people who call themselves Christians.

It all started with a man called Walt Tail. He was the minister at the Presbyterian Church in Sutton. Walt and a number of students had the idea to start a drop-in centre. I was working for the Newmarket Era at the time and interviewed him for a story. Shortly after that I moved to Sutton and became interested in the drop-in centre. I used to "drop in" myself quite often.

One week they invited a number of speakers to the centre. They were from different religions and one of the nights was reserved for a group of "Jesus People" from Toronto. It turned out to be the best program of the week. But I steered clear of the centre that week.

Meanwhile a number of people connected with the centre had come into a relationship with Jesus and started going to something called Catacombs. That was where a number of the Jesus people gathered once a week. It was named for the parts of Rome where members of the early church met, during the persecution in the 1st Century.

One woman Judy, an adult supervisor at the drop in centre, had made a decision for Christ and a few weeks later her husband John did as well. A number of young people also did the same.

Now I was an agnostic. God was either non-existent or he was too far away for me to have anything to do with him. But somehow these people had been changed by their experience. They exhibited a joy and peace that was different.

Judy kept inviting me to Catacombs, but I resisted. It turned out that I worked on the nights that Catacombs was on. At any rate, it was something I did not want to do.

One thing sticks in my mind. A group of people used to have nightly prayer meetings and Bible studies outside the centre. One evening after one of their sessions, I noticed one girl named Lisa. She had a look of joy on her face that I will not soon remember. I remember thinking to myself that she had an experience that I wanted.

Finally I had no more excuses and went to Catacombs. What I found there totally surprised me. There was large crowd and they were enjoying themselves, praising God and singing. The joyed their worship. The joy and love they showed was quite striking.

Only a few days before that I realized that my life was without meaning. My work was enjoyable, but somehow life did not really satisfy me. When I went to Catacombs I was hungry for something. Somehow it all worked out.

After the service ended, the group I was with wanted to leave, but I decided to stay. It was then that I felt a great battle going on within me. I could not move and felt that two forces were warring inside me. The same girl Lisa was there and came and prayed with me and finally three of the people who were in charge there took me into another room and prayed with me for two hours.

Finally they had to go home. It was midnight by this time. I walked out on the street and then felt the presence of God with me as I walked. I invited Jesus into my life there and felt a huge burden lift from my shoulders. Joy and peace filled my being, and I knew Jesus was there with me. I felt clean and new. Yes that night (it was a Thursday) I was born again.

That is the story of my rebirth. The key to the story however has to do with the people who helped me find Jesus. First of all, they never pressured me. They let Jesus shine through to me and others who they met. The key was their "witness", not in words, but in actions.

Yes, it is what we are and how we live, not what we say that brings people to Jesus Christ. His light must shine through us.

This birthday is different all right. No material presents, just the gift of God, Jesus, who died for my sins.

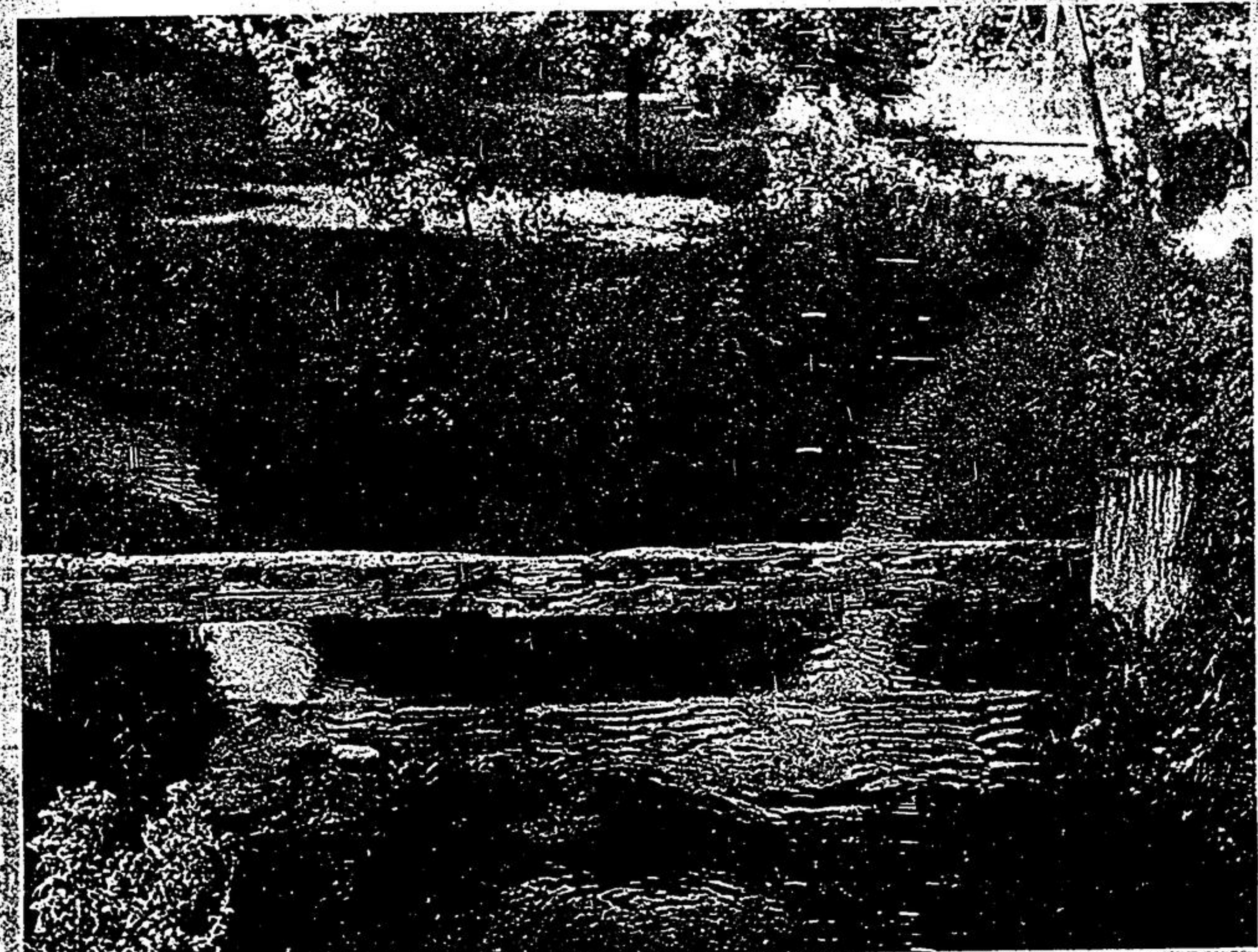
### 30 years ago

**this week**

Ration books issued  
 Stouffville is still a popular place for the issuing of Ration Books, for last week when Ration Book No. 5 was being taken out the local station issued no less than 2,800. Since this is twice the number of books held in town, it reveals the fact that many people from the surrounding district look advantage of the opportunity to get their books in town.

Scarcity of goods  
 With the general scarcity of goods the wise shopper will do well to look ahead for their Christmas needs this year, since the shortage will extend over that season.

Plowing match  
 Yesterday was an ideal day for a plowing match and accounted in large measure for the good attendance at the North York competition held on the Fred Shelke farm at Gormley. Thirty-four entries showed a good average.



A meandering stream, that seems to take its time in its travels should be an example to us, that life is more enjoyable when we meander a little bit. The stream takes time to talk to us in its gentle murmur that soothes the soul and settles a troubled mind. Yes even water moving along its course has something to say to us. — John Montgomery.