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# Editorials

## The line must be held

The anti-inflation line must be held by the federal government at all costs, despite the premature racket being heard from the

## SDSS teams are volleyball champions again

In one particular sport, Stouffville Dist. Secondary School is beginning to make a reputation for itself.

The sport is volleyball. Last week, SDSS teams repeated the same feat they accomplished the year before by winning the midget, junior and senior titles in the York County championships.

The sport is not as widely known as some others, and the York finals were a good demonstration of top-flight competition in the game.

Coaches Jim Rehill and Pete Sanderson deserved credit for their efforts.

## False alarm is no joke

One afternoon recently three Stouffville Fire Department vehicles roared out of the station, down Main St. to the 9th Conc. they pulled up in front of a house and where met by

## Enforcement needed for lower limit

York Region agreed last week to lower the speed limit on the Bloomington Rd. on the section west of the 5th Conc. from 50 to 40 m.p.h. While we agree with a lower speed limit, because of the school entrance along that stretch, we also feel that York Regional Police could be more diligent in patrolling that length of road.

The average speed of cars clocked along there was 64 m.p.h. Trucks averaged 61 m.p.h. The old limit was 50 m.p.h. Obviously, stronger enforcement is needed to make the school entrance safe for school buses.

powerful unions, and the political motivated nitpicking of such leaders as NDP Stephen Lewis. Mr. Lewis wants Ontario to set up its own Board to rule on wage settlements, undoubtedly to give larger exemptions. This would add further to the expense of the program besides making a shambles of the whole scheme, should all provinces take the same stand. However, we're sure that Mr. Lewis is well aware of all this.

It would appear that in the final analysis it is to be big unions against the rest of the country. They appear bent on grabbing a bigger slice of the economic pie than is their due. Unless government remains firm against this onslaught we could well all go down the drain together in the future.

No one is being asked to give up his or her job, merely to exercise a little restraint. Is this too much to ask for the welfare of the country as a whole?

Unions have been unduly fast off the mark with their denunciations of the program. Such defense of greed cannot be condoned. The plan is put forward for the benefit of all, to put the brakes on runaway inflation. Admittedly it will not be easy to pin-point some violations but it is much too early to label the whole program as impossible.

the startled occupants who had no idea why they were there.

The reason they were there is pretty obvious, some joker had called in a phoney alarm.

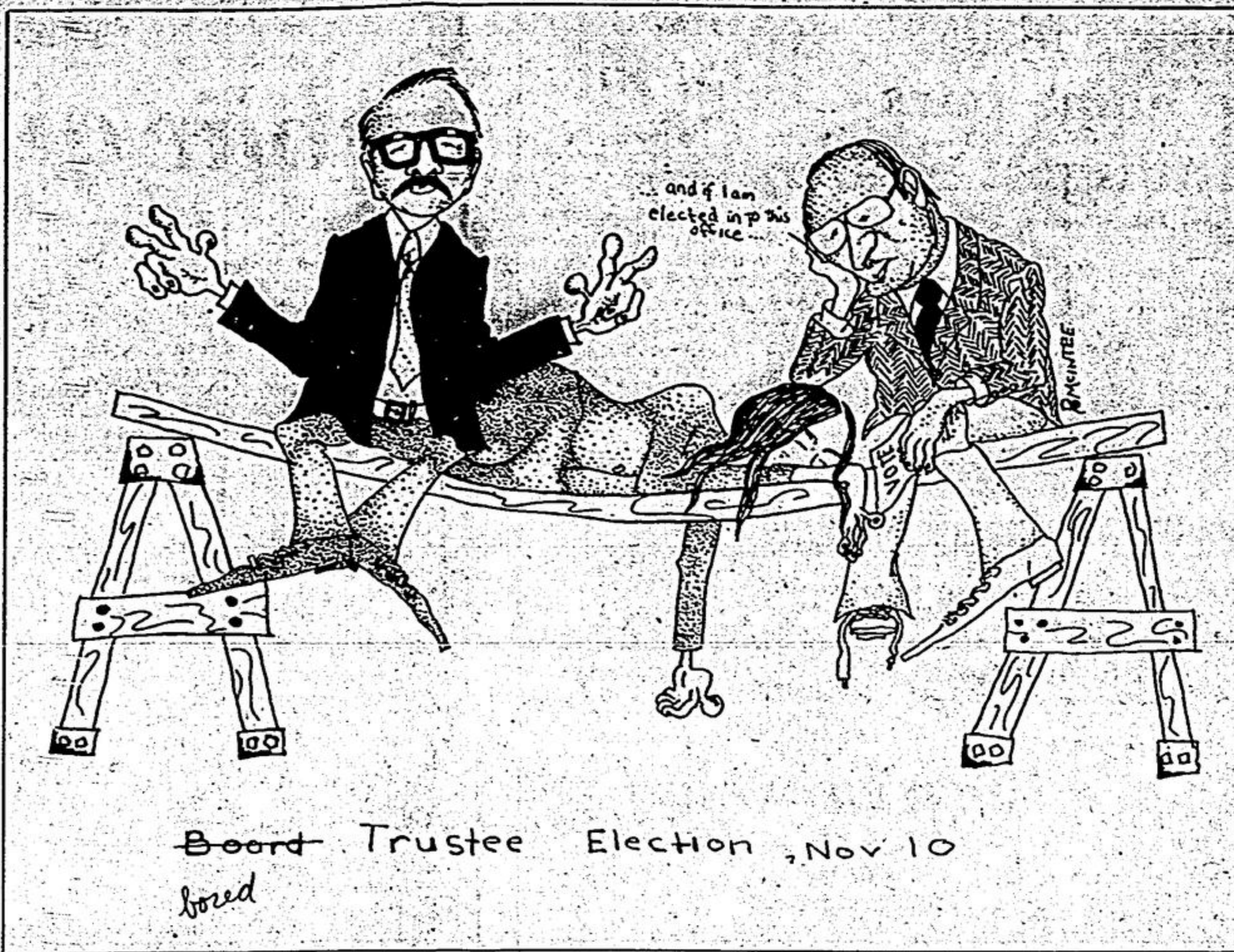
Chief Walt Smith dismissed the incident as being of no significance. It is encouraging that pointless pranks such as this have not damaged the morale of Stouffville's all volunteer fire department.

The volunteer firefighters provide an essential service at only the fraction the cost of a full-time, paid force. They perform a tough job, with wildly unpredictable hours, and they do it ungrudgingly for very little financial reward.

The public spirit of the firemen is part of what makes a small town a community and not just a conglomeration of houses and businesses.

It saddens us to know that there are those who would so senselessly abuse this devotion to community.

The only encouragement we can take is that firemen have been able to put the incident in its proper perspective — they ignore it.



### VIEWPOINT

## Starting is the hardest part

By DON BERNARD

A column writer is often faced with the problem, "what should I write about this week?" Often inspiration fails. Other times, the subject is very obvious but the question comes up, "Where do I start?"

A personal column should, if honestly written, reflect the feelings, aspirations and even the personality of its creator. It can be humorous, anecdotal or weighty. It may tell of some real-life incident or may be fictional. It may deal in deep philosophical truths or may be frivolous.

Most writers do articles covering the full gambit of these styles. Individual treatment reflects the personality of the writer.

This column is "personal" in the most intimate sense of that word. Perhaps you might disagree with my using this space for this purpose. But bear with me. You might find that you too may share some of my enthusiasm and perhaps even my joy.

The problem is "where to begin"

The beginning, if one can find such a thing, occurred about four years ago. After a life of doubtful benefit to mankind, during which I managed to be disappointed in love a number of times and tried unsuccessfully to embark upon a teaching career, God came into my life in a real and powerful way. That "personal" decision for Christ was a momentous step for me.

I had been an agnostic, who would argue the existence of God in many late-night sessions in university. Usually I would be the "devil's advocate" during these sessions. It was during that time that I remember clearly saying that God had to prove his existence to me before I could believe.

The turning point came just four years ago (almost to the week). I was a staff reporter for the Newmarket Era and things were starting to work out for me, I enjoyed my work and seemed to have settled in well at The Era.

At that time I came in contact with some people who gradually over a number of months provided the proof I needed that God was really alive. It was this "witness" that finally made me re-examine all my own past ideas about God.

At a meeting in Toronto on the third Thursday in October, I took the fateful step. A heavy burden of life was taken from my shoulders and joy and peace filled my being.

God had responded to my challenge in university and made himself real to me.

You may be asking yourself: "why does he go over something that happened four years ago?"

It sets the background for a new development.

People who have not had a certain experience, find it hard to understand that experience in someone else. I can tell you all about what happened to me, but unless you experience it for yourself, you cannot fully understand.

A man who discovers some fabulous treasure is so excited he wants to share his "find" with others. That same thing happens when a person finds the "fabulous" spiritual treasure, Jesus Christ.

And this has been my experience in dealing with members of my own family. They have listened patiently for the most part, but failed to respond. That is, they failed to respond before last week.

The first person I shared my experience with four years ago, was my sister Venessa. She is four years younger than I am. She seemed open to it, but never really could embrace Christ fully herself.

She knew Christ had brought a change in my life.

Needless to say, we had been praying for her and her boyfriend, Norm.

Efforts at sharing the Gospel with him seemed to meet a roadblock most of the time. Norm usually avoided meetings with us if he could.

But just over a week ago, it was apparent that something was starting to happen when I returned to my office after lunch and found a note on my desk. It's message was simple: "Norm's sister called and asked you to pray for Venessa."

I had only met Norm's sister once and could not figure out how she even knew where to contact me. It was just like God put that note on my desk. I phoned Johanna and told her the message. She started to pray, not knowing what was happening in Erin (where they live).

It was a busy day, but once or twice I stopped at my typewriter to pray. I got home late that night about 11 p.m. and was just getting ready for bed when the phone rang. To my surprise it was Norm. He had accepted Christ as his Saviour that day (about the time we were praying I might add).

As we were talking on the phone, my sister arrived home from work to say that she had herself accepted Christ at about the same time in a washroom at work. I was flabbergasted. God had answered our prayers without us having done anything but pray. Norm, who had had little use for me, phoned me first to give me the news.

It is a wonderful thing when God touches another person's life, but quite extraordinary when it is a member of your own family. It took four years of prayers, but God answered in His time.

You may not accept what I write. It is a very personal thing, but you can not easily account for it by coincidence or chance. It could not have happened by accident.

God did it.



The eerie scene of the lonely barren tree and the decrepit, rotting bench at its base is a gloomy sight when seen in the overcast days

of Fall. The brisk wind that sweeps through the vacant branches foreshadows the coming of winter. — John Montgomery

## Crazy lady on a frosty morning

BY ANNIGRET LAMURE

Now that the frosty mornings give the first hint of winter, I am reminded of an incident that illustrates well, the remarkable talent of little children to land adults in embarrassing situations.

It started innocently enough, with a trip to the corner rink.

One sunny morning, I set off with four well-bundled toddlers to do a little skating. After maneuvering eight very limp little feet into their tiny skates, and doing up four pairs of laces, I blew on my frozen fingers reflectively. Was it really worthwhile putting on my own skates? Inevitably, as soon as I had them completely tied on, the first small child would complain of being tired and demand to go home.

However, I was lucky. It was a glorious morning, the ice was silky-smooth, and best of all, the rink was completely vacant. There wasn't another soul in sight.

When a little one got tired, I boosted him into a snow filled nook created by the boards and a corner of the outside fence. This nest-like space gave rise to the wonderful bird game.

One by one the little ones would tumble out of the nest and try their wings on the ice. When they finally tired of this, they all settled in their nest, and demanded, wide-mouthed to be fed.

I swooped up and down the ice in great loops, flapping my wings mightily and croaking "Caw, Caw, Caw!" with enthusiasm, as I sought their food.

A sudden noise made me halt in mid-flap and I turned to see a mother clutching her

small child. She stood frozen, glassy-eyed, and appeared to be choking. As I turned towards her to explain, she gave me one last horror-filled look and fled down the street.

Somewhere in the Region of York there is probably a woman, who, when the weather

turns cold, tells her friends about the woman she saw, gliding wildly about the ice, flapping her arms, and yelling "Caw, caw, caw!", on a completely empty rink in a deserted park. For the children, of course, were well hidden in the nest.

## 30 years ago this week

Excerpts from The Tribune from Nov. 8, 1945.

### Timbers best boy Plowman

Winners were announced and prizes presented at Vellore on Friday night at the annual Home Plowing Banquet presented by the York County Junior Farmers.

W. L. Clarke, Gormley, the judge, spoke briefly concerning the quality of the plowing and outlined the difficulties experienced in this year's competition.

The MacGregor Trophy and a cash prize of \$20 for the best plowed land was won by Robert Timbers, Stouffville.

The T. Eaton Trophy was won by David Ratcliff, Stouffville.

### Impudent rascals

A couple of impudent young rascals who deliberately knocked a lady off the sidewalk on Hallowe'en night, and then attempted to run off with the lady's hat which fell off, were soundly swatted by the husband, who went to work on the lads, and

as he said, "straightened them up". It was a timely lesson.

Although it was the first peacetime Hallowe'en in six years, the lads contained themselves very well on that night of nights when city folks fairly went crazy in Toronto. Locally the usual pranks were indulged in and a few folks who found steps and walks overturned were annoyed, but the damage was light.

The older lads took to pelting good eggs at several business buildings and The Tribune office stood up well under the barrage, also the house of our esteemed citizen Mr. E. J. Davey was spattered, and a residence east of Church St. also two cars at the Mansion House belonging to travellers who unfortunately for them spent the night here. A town official offered to pay for cleaning up one car that looked like a big omelet, but the offer was turned down.

Although the wherewithal to appease the youngsters was a problem to provide in the absence of sugar to make candy the "shell-out" gang fared very well.