

The Stouffville Tribune

Established 1888

Member of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association

Issued every Thursday, at Stouffville, Ontario.

Eight to Twelve Pages Average Circulation 1,500 Copies

Subscription Rates, per year, in advance:
In Canada \$2.00 In U.S.A. \$2.50

A. V. Nolan & Son, Publishers

Citizenship Responsibility

Quite a number of times lately we have heard townsmen make the statement that "nobody wants the position of village councillor, or a place on the school board." This is a most unfortunate attitude to take toward these public offices. It is certainly nothing to be proud of to boast that you would not accept one of the positions even if paid to do so. There should be a sense of responsibility in every citizen, an inner feeling that you owe your community something, in return for the benefits it confers on you.

Calling All Housewives

by Bruce M. Pearce

"To beat inflation Canada depends on the housewife. She has the biggest single part to play in holding the price ceiling."

This is the unequivocal statement of Donald Gordon, Chairman of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board and pivot of the price control effort. It was the main point stressed in the course of a twenty minute interview.

Said he:

"Retail prices are what count—the price you pay when you buy things at the stores and Canadian women do over 80 per cent of all the retail buying in Canada. The housewife and the retail merchant need to do the job together in seeing that retail prices do not rise above the highest prices of the basic period, September 15th, to basic period, September 15th to October 11th

Read the details in the Government display adv. in this issue.

Hotel Without Chimney Touch Break For Santa

Halifax, N.S., December 17—When Santa Claus makes his Yule visit to the stately Nova Scotian Hotel, in Halifax operated by the Canadian National Railways, he is going to be up against it if he tries to enter through the chimney for the Nova Scotian has no such utility. However, Santa might, by trimming his waist line a bit, edge in through a roof ventilator shaft. Steam for heating is supplied the Nova Scotian from an outside central heating plant while cooking is done by steam and electricity.

Damage by Rats Totals Millions

In keeping with the increasing importance of the conservation of food and supplies in Canada's war effort, the elimination of a serious destroyer of valuable material, the brown rat, becomes peremptory. In some respects the rat might be regarded as a fifth columnist. It invades houses, stores, warehouses and markets; it destroys fabrics and leather destined for war equipment; it attacks all kind of food—grains, meats, groceries and vegetables. In town and country it attacks poultry, destroying eggs and chickens; it even damages the foundations of buildings. Everywhere it destroys unceasingly; yet, says the Agricultural Supplies Board in the War-Time Production series pamphlet "Control of Rats and Mice," its presence is tolerated. This pamphlet No. 33 can be obtained free from the Publicity and Extension Division, Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

How Price Ceiling Protects Farmers

In a recent radio address dealing with the fixing of the ceiling of prices and the relation of such to inflation, Donald Gordon, Chairman, Wartime Prices and Trade Board, said the farmer can play his part by producing as much as he can of the food products most required. Inflation may seem to benefit farmers by raising the prices of their products, but in the end, when deflation follows, the farmer faces ruin, he explained. Under the prices ceiling, the farmer is protected for the first time against a rise in the price of the goods he must buy and he has a vital concern in making the price ceiling work.

Mr. Gordon said "One of the dangers of inflation is the fact that it is disguised in fancy terms which make it hard to understand. Don't bother about the fancy terms. There are just two plain things we must know. First—what inflation does, so we can realize why we must defeat it. First then, what does inflation do? Why is it bad? Why must we defeat it at all costs?

"This is what inflation does. It puts prices and costs into a spiral that climbs faster and faster. Wages and salaries never catch up. Fixed incomes are left far behind. The cost of living climbs higher and higher, beyond your income. The dollar in your pocket becomes worth less and less. Your savings shrink away.

Inflation begins as a nation's war effort. In times of peace, this tremendous production would mean prosperity because we would be producing goods for our own use and enjoyment. But the things we are producing to-day are mainly for war and we have less and less of the goods and commodities that we want for ordinary use. What happens is simple enough. On the one hand, in the form of our Government, we begin to bid up to buy the commodities we must have for war. On the other hand, as individual citizens, we bid against our Government to buy things for our ordinary use. We thus get into a process of bidding against ourselves, and up go prices and costs to start the inflation spiral. There is only one way to fight it. It is the price ceiling."

London in Blackout Very Black and Quiet

This is a fourth in a series of articles about conditions in Great Britain and other countries visited by a group of Canadian newspaper editors. It was written for the weekly newspapers of Canada by their own representative, on the tour, Hugh Templin, of the Fergus News-Record.

First impressions may not be accurate, but they are always interesting.

The first thing that any visitors to England wants to see is the damage done by the bombs. I was no exception. The airport where our plane had dropped us down on British soil was interesting in its way, but much like a dozen others I had visited in Canada. There were only two apparent differences: the planes were of different types, though there were a few familiar Avro Ansons, and the buildings were protected against the blasts from bombs dropping nearby.

The customs examination was brief though the examiner did show some interest in the things I had thought if necessary to take to England with me. I had a short brush with lady censor. She took away all the letters I had carried from Canada and appeared to be horrified that I had taken along a map of the British Isles. Apparently, I had unwittingly committed a grave crime and she said she must confiscate it.

First Impressions of Bombing.
It was only a few miles to the nearest city, a seaport on the west coast of England. I had never been across the Atlantic before, so I watched with interest for the things I had been told about so often—the small fields enclosed by hedges, the slated or tiled roofs, the little locomotives pulling long trains of tiny wagons. Nothing really seemed strange, for photography had made them all familiar. Only the barrage balloons floating over the nearby hills showed that England had changed.

As our car entered the city, we all looked around curiously for signs of damage. Rumors in Canada said that this ancient port was practically destroyed. German versions said that the dock area was rendered useless. As we crossed a bridge over the river, I looked at the shipping and saw no sign of damage to the docks.

The first blitzed house stood on a corner. Or it had stood on the corner, for not a thing was left except a pile of bricks in the basement. The houses on either side seemed undamaged, except for a few boarded-up windows, but the corner one was gone as cleanly as though it had been carved out with a big knife.

I thought to myself: "This is exactly what I expect to see: it looks just like the pictures."

In the next block, another house had been hit. It wasn't as thoroughly destroyed. One side wall remained, and up it irregular intervals were the fireplaces which had once supplied a bit of a heat to its rooms. Part of the floor of one upstairs room hung in the air, with a bed on it.

Again there was that feeling that this was just what I had expected. It remained while we drove down a long street, with half a dozen houses missing at more or less regular intervals. After that, my feelings began to change. Perhaps it was the ruined churches. Several of them had nothing left but blackened walls. On the main business street, many stores were without windows; others were hollow shells.

It made me angry before long. This wanton damage seemed so senseless. Obviously, military targets had not been hit or they had been repaired so quickly that the effect was slight. It was the houses that had suffered most, and the churches.

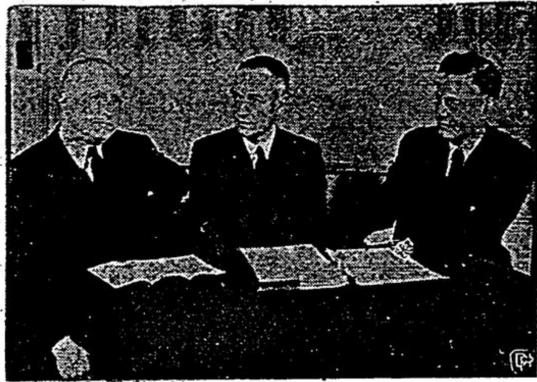
The train to London was crowded, but the six of us got a compartment to ourselves. On the wall was a detailed map of the railway line. I thought of the girl in the censor's office and my map. But I never saw another one on a British train. Most of the railway stations have had the names obliterated or the signs torn down in the hope that invaders might get lost.

London in the Blackout

The train was about half-way to London when blackout time arrived at about half-past six. The guard rapped in and pulled down heavy heavy blinds over all the windows and doors. Even the door out into the corridor had a blind on it. It was the first hint that there is nothing half-hearted about the British blackout. It's black.

Inside the railway carriage, two dim lights kept the compartment in a state of semi-darkness. One was a white light, set high up in a deep tunnel in the roof. The other light, more exposed, was blue and did not give enough to make it possible to read a newspaper.

Of all the first impressions, none is more vivid than that of my arrival in London in the blackout. There was some doubt about whether the train had reached Paddington station or not but everybody seemed to be getting out. One of the editors opened



Picture shows, from left to right, Mr. G. H. Rennie of Toronto, Mr. James Stewart, Administrator of Services, and Mr. A. T. Smith of North Bay, Mr. Rennie and Mr. Smith are opening regional offices of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board in Toronto and North Bay, as Prices and Supply Representatives. Mr. Rennie has extensive experience in merchandise administration and in Toronto financial circles. Mr. Smith is well known in Northern Ontario as a successful dealer in men's clothing.

the door. There wasn't a thing to be seen except three scattered blue bulbs in a ceiling high overhead. Moving shapes came past the door and one of them answered the question: "Is this Paddington?" with a short, "Yes, sir."

Nobody who hasn't been there will ever believe how dark London can be in the blackout at the time of the new moon. Three blue bulbs really give no light at all: they just intensify the darkness. And London was not only dark, but quiet as well. This didn't seem like a railway station. Outside, not a light allowed in the city.

Somehow, our hosts from the British Council found us, and they knew what to do. In a few moments they had a porter hunting for a taxicab. Where he went, I'll never know, but he came back with two, and in the light of later experience, that was something of an achievement.

Our taxi driver was old and his cab was ancient. Four persons and their luggage seemed like too much of a load, but we entrusted ourselves to him, hoping he knew what to do.

The only outdoor lights in London are the traffic signals and the shelter signs. Even the traffic lights are covered, except a tiny cross in the centre. The shelter signs have only a dim "S" showing on them.

An Uncanny Quietness

The feeling persisted that this could not possibly be the world's largest city. Sometimes the taxi would stop and a bus or some more taxis would go across the intersection. Each had one dim headlight, fitted with shutters so that it threw a circle of semi-darkness on the pavement. The windows of the buses were covered. They were just dim outlines as they passed.

The tiny red cross at the corner would disappear and be replaced by a green one and the driver would start up again. Some of the editors, familiar with London in the past, asked him questions about the localities. Only once, at the corner of Hyde Park, did one of them guess correctly.

The cab stopped under some kind of roof. A man with a tiny pocket flashlight helped us out and called for someone to take the bags. We passed one by one through a revolving door and emerged suddenly into the bright light of a hotel lobby.

There was something familiar about the place. The feeling persisted even after I had been taken to my room and had looked into the bathroom with its Roman bath and Royal Doulton fixtures, reminders of past splendor. Then I remembered. I had seen this famous hotel in moving pictures long ago.

Bomb Damage in London

The next morning, I saw London for the first time. Our hosts from the British Council came around in an old car and drove us around the central part of the city, particularly that part of Old London which had been destroyed by the Great Fire in 1666 and rebuilt better than it had been. Now it has been destroyed again.

East of St. Paul's Cathedral and north of Fleet Street, there is an area of almost a square mile with hardly a building standing. Perhaps you have seen that remarkable photograph which shows the great dome of St. Paul's standing up above a mass of smoke and flames, while in the foreground the walls of ruined houses are silhouetted against the fire. I had wondered sometimes if that photograph was not faked. In a room of the Press Club in London, I saw the original. Walking through the ruins of the old City of London, it is still easy to picture that terrible night. Many of the walls which stood up in that blackened area since the big blitz last December have been torn down by demolition squads.

Where there are basements, they have been cemented and turned into water reservoirs for fighting future fires.

This was an area of office buildings and publishing houses, with a number of fine old churches and some of the most administrative buildings. It was burned in a concentrated blitz one weekend before the Londoners had learned how to

fight the incendiary bomb. I don't think it could ever happen again. An incendiary bomb is small and light. A large bombing plane might carry a thousand of them. They are showered down by hundreds and are just heavy enough to go through a slate roof. It is two minutes or so before they burst into flame. Every second counts. The incendiary bomb can be conquered in the first two or three minutes. After that, it takes the fire brigade to do anything about it.

Strangely enough, the things that touch the heart of the observer in desolate areas like this are the small things. In ruined houses, it is dolls or other toys lying around; in former office buildings, it is battered typewriters piled up, a dozen or so together, or some other evidence of the normal life that was once carried on there.

For instance, every bridge over the Thames is in operation. It is said not one has been hit though thousands of bombs have gone into the water in an attempt to cut traffic. There are temporary bridges which can be quickly finished if any bridge is destroyed. They have never been needed.

Seeing other parts of London later, I felt again and again that the German bombers had failed.

I wandered through the dock area near Tower Bridge one day. The little houses in the East End have taken a bad punishment. In two places, I saw vacant lots piled high with bricks that must have come from hundreds of houses. But the docks were still in operation as usual with convoys going out the Thames. It was obvious that Tower Bridge itself had never been hit. The Tower of London has lost only a corner of one small bastion.

There hasn't been any bombing in London lately. It is now five months since the last bombs have fallen on the capital. Only once while I was in London did an enemy plane ever come near the city. From the roof of a newspaper office I watched the flashes of the anti-aircraft guns away to the east. The Germans never got through.

There was bombing going on all that time, but it was around the coasts of Britain. I came through a bombing one night in Bournemouth, and will tell of it in a later story. But conditions have obviously changed. The Germans no longer have superiority in the air. Defences are stronger. It doesn't seem likely that the British will be "blitzed" again as they were last winter: actual invasion seems impossible.

STOUFFVILLE

Marble & Granite Works

Orders Promptly Executed

P. TARR, Proprietor
Phone 4303

L. E. O'NEILL
STOUFFVILLE
FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND
EMBALMER

Continuous Telephone Service
Day and Night
Business Phone Residence Phone

R. G. CLENDENING
Funeral Director

AMBULANCE SERVICE

Phone Markham
9000

Business Directory

DENTAL

E. S. BARKER, L.D.S., D.B.S.
Honor Graduate of Royal College
of Dental Surgeons and of the
University of Toronto.

Office in Grubin's Block
Phone 274

Markham every Tuesday
Office in Wear Block

MEDICAL

DR. S. S. BALL
Physician and Surgeon

X-RAY
OFFICE: Cor. G'Brien and Main
Phone 196

Coroner For York County

INSURANCE

THOMAS BIRKETT & SON
General Insurance Agency
Stouffville, Ontario.
Established 1908
Insure in reliable Companies at
reasonable rates
Prompt Service
Phone 25902 - Stouffville

H. O. KLINCK

108 St. George Street
Toronto

for your insurance needs in:
Fire, Life, Automobile, Burglar
and all Casualty Lines

A. C. BURKHOLDER

Insurance

Canada Life Assurance Co.
-also-
Automobile and Fire

BARRISTERS

Office Phone - Residence Phone
3160 - 3514

ARTHUR W. S. GREER
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public
6 King Street East
OSHAWA, ONTARIO
Resident Partner Branch Office
W.C. Pollard, K.C. Port Perry
Uxbridge, Ontario, Ontario Phone 25

Office Phone - Residence Phone
Elgin 7021 - Kingdale 7355

SAMUEL D. BORINS

Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
503 Temple Bldg.
62 Richmond Street W.
Toronto.

BRIERBUSH HOSPITAL

Government Licensed

Main Street East, Stouffville
Maternity, Medical and Surgical
Cases Taken

AMBULANCE SERVICE

Registered Nurses and 24 hour
service.

Mrs. E. R. Good Phone 191

A. C. KENNEDY

Chiropractor

Church Street - Stouffville
Monday, Wednesday & Fridays
9 to 12 a.m.

A. S. FARMER

Licensed Auctioneer

20 Years Experience
York County, Uxbridge and Pickering
Townships
Farm Stock and Furniture Sales
a Specialty
Telephone Stouffville 7369
Address: Gormley P.O.

CLARKE PRENTICE

Phone Agincourt 52 W3, M.M.B. Co.
Licensed Auctioneer

For the Counties of York and Ontario; successor for Corpl. Ken. Prentice of C.A.S.F. and of the late J. H. Prentice (Former Prentice & Prentice). Farm and Farm Stock Sales a specialty at fair and reasonable rates.

Phone KI. 4912 Res. HA. 6795

ERNEST W. HUNTER
CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT
AUDITOR

Residence Office
61 Chilton Rd. Room 106
Toronto 57 Bloor St. W.