

# The Stouffville Tribune

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## Editorial

### Tired of Turning The Other Cheek

Editorial writers and columnists in the Toronto Press have, during the past few months found great delight in heaping printed criticisms on many aspects of semi-rural life outside the Metro boundary. Almost every town and village within a thirty-five mile radius of the "Queen City" has come under some fire from the pens of daily desk-warmers.

It would appear that these type-writer-tappers have exhausted their supply of adjectives to describe the subway schmozzle, the Sackville St. slums, the fluoridation question or the C.N.E. grandstand show. In an effort to retain the much-faunted byline, a number of columnists have set their critical sights on the defenseless suburbanite, the country cousin whose heretofore hum-drum life had absorbed little editorial ink.

Their remarks, however, have

not fallen on deaf ears. Small town residents have taken grave exception to these charges and insinuations and, combined with many weekly newspaper editors, they have returned the volley right in the lap of the irresponsible copy-writer. While we still share a small portion of independence, we like to feel that we can operate our own police departments, plan our own subdivisions, formulate our own bylaws and control our delinquency problems without reading the hows and wherefores at the supper table every evening.

The daily press cannot expect to lob their editorial artillery through the Metro curtain without receiving some form of retaliation in return. When the city of Toronto begins to show some signs of sprouting angelic white wings, then, and only then will the errant suburbs feel obliged to accept this type of advice.

### Hasn't Got A Chance

Mr. Jack Arthur, promoter of the C.N.E. grandstand show has our sincere sympathy. It would appear that no matter which way he turns in his search for headline talent, he will be subjected to critical comments from the public and the press. We are a people of varied tastes. What might constitute a pleasing program to some, would possibly be distasteful to others. Mr. Arthur could go to the ends of the earth and still not find a star that would be acceptable

by every Tom, Dick and Harry ticket-holder. We do not pretend to appreciate opera or ballet but thousands would enjoy it. We are not rabid fans of Wayne and Shuster and yet they are considered to be one of America's top comedy teams. Thousands of young people would flock to see Elvis Presley while thousands of adults would appreciate Bing Crosby.

We feel that Mr. Arthur should be given plenty of rope but don't let us put it around his neck. It's still almost six months till curtain time.

### Parents Can Help

We were indeed, rather surprised to learn last week from the local Police Department that young Stouffville boys, ten years old and up, had admitted purchasing and smoking cigarettes. This would mean, that some of these lads would only be in grades five and six at public school. The law against such practices has, of course, been on the books for many years but it has not been enforced to any degree. Only through the co-

operation of the parents and the merchants can police hope to halt this habit among minors.

Police are loathe to prosecute in this matter and we agree that little would be gained through such a practice. Here is indeed one instance where mom and dad can do both the police and their own sons a big service. By discouraging the purchase of smoking materials, they can save themselves and their boys considerable trouble.

### Service Through Electricity

As Canada celebrates National Electrical Week, Feb. 7-13, under the banner of "Electricity Sparks the '60s", citizens of Ontario can look to Hydro to help them achieve a better way of life during the next decade—through an abundance of low-cost electric power.

Homeowners and homemakers in this most densely populated of all the provinces, will be offered an increasing number and variety of time-saving, work-eliminating electric appliances and equipment. In addition, home improvements such as ultra-sound lighting, mural television, panel lights, electrostatic dusting wands, and ultra-modern heating and cooling systems will probably be in general use.

Before the Centennial of Canada as a Dominion in 1967, it may be possible for the man of the house to discard that instrument of torture, the snow shovel. He will merely flip a switch and lean back watching the snow melt as fast as it falls, thanks to the cables carrying electricity under his driveway. In the not too distant future he may be able to bring his electronically steered car from his garage to his door without getting out of his chair.

However, it is in the kitchen that the real revolution will come. The kitchen of the future will be built around four units, each with an electrically refrigerated drawer, for storing, preparing and cooking the family's meals.

Dishwashers will remove all

grease and matter from dishes and utensils within seconds by means of high-pressure sound waves which will agitate the water. All types of garbage will be pulverized into disposable powder by a compact electric incinerator. A small electronic memory or brain may be available to housewives to retain and give information on menus and recipes.

There will be extensive use of home freezers and irradiated foods, capable of being stored for several years. Fly swatters will be collected as antiques, as homes, commerce, and industry, (especially large dairies), will use electric fly-traps. Electric toilet systems will eliminate sewage disposal plants, while home precipitators will rid us of all domestic dust and dirt.

In the bedrooms of tomorrow a radiant heating pad will be suspended above the bed to keep sleepers comfortable without blankets. The panel may include a TV monitor screen to enable parents to keep a close watch on junior in the nursery. Electrical heating and cooling systems will provide year-round residential air-conditioning.

The coming decade will bring many changes, but the aims of both Ontario Hydro and local electrical utilities will remain the same: to provide a constant and abundant supply of electric power to the homes, farms, and factories of Ontario.

National Electrical Week serves as a reminder of the important role electricity will play in making the next 10 years the Successful Sixties.

## Laugh Of The Week



"Quick! ... I wish to reserve a single room and a bassinnet!"

## Sugar and Spice

By BILL SMILEY

Let me tell you about the Typhoon. No, Aunt Elsie, the Typhoon is not a big wind in the south seas. In fact, it is nothing but a memory. Not a sweet, tender memory, but a strong, pungent one.

This memory was stirred and wafted by an article in MacLean's Magazine called Break-out at Falaise, a story of the Canadians' war in Normandy, circa the middle of August 1944. With the article were several pictures painted by war artists. One of them showed Typhoon fighter-bombers strafing a German column. It was like seeing an old friend, and I studied the gruesome thing with delight.

The Typhoon was a big, ugly aircraft, built like the proverbial brick backhouse. It took off like a pregnant pelican and landed with the grace of a stovellid. If the Spitfire handled like a dainty racing mare, the Typhoon was like a great cavalry charger, always fighting for the bit.

But in the air it had the bite and balance of a Viking's battle-axe, the deadliness of an English yeoman's longbow, and the dash and striking power of a modern motor torpedo boat.

In World War II, the Typhoon was used in the role of cavalry, to hit the enemy hard and often and from all directions, to smash him when he was stubborn, and to harry him without mercy when he was on the run. A squadron of Typhoons had the mobility and force of a squadron of cavalry in the days of Cromwell.

Think I'm bragging, do you? Not a bit of it. When the troops were in trouble, when the tanks were held up by a nest of 88's, when the infantry was being belted by a nasty lot of mortars, somebody would holler for the Typhoons. A flight of 8 could be airborne and plastering the trouble spot, with bombs or rockets within minutes.

I've never seen it from the ground, but those who have, tell me that when a flight of Typhoons attacked, the sight and sound were incredible. Down out of nowhere they'd come, motors snarling, cannon cracking, until the moment the bombs or rockets were released, when they'd leap into the air like silver darts, while all hell broke loose where they'd struck.

There is only one type around who has more respect for the Typhoon than the pilot who flew one. He is the infantry soldier who was baled out of a hot spot by the timely arrival of a flight of Typhoons. Once a year I meet one such. He's a weekly editor who was a lowly foot-slogger with the Canadians. And every year, he buys me a very expensive dinner, not because he likes my big, blue eyes, but because he has an abiding gratitude for the Typhoon and its ex-jockeys.

There were bigger aircraft and

better ones, but there wasn't anything tougher than the old Typhoon. Twice I was hit by shells that would have torn the whole wing off a less rugged aircraft. All they did was jolt my old bird, and put a hole the size of a watermelon in the wing. The last time I flew one, a battered old relic called S for Sam, it was shot through the heart, but staggered with me into a plowed field and there deposited me so gently I didn't even bruise.

Those of us who had trained on Spitfires were desolate when we were posted to Typhoon squadrons. The Spitfire was the ultimate in the simple ambitions of a fighter pilot. The Typhoon was a sort of ugly duckling with a not too savoury reputation.

But we soon grew attached to the big, ill-mannered brutes, as one does to a strong and willing mongrel. We revelled in living in the field just a few miles behind the lines, and looked with some scorn on the Spitfire boys who returned to tea in the mess after an operation. We decided we were winning the war, and the Spits were only for glamour-boys. We went so far, in some cases, as to label them the "civilian air force".

Several hundred young Canadians flew Typhoons. A lot of them were killed because the type of job they did produced a high casualty rate. But any pilot who completed a tour of ops on Typhoons can look any man in the eye. Some of them can even look their wives in the eye.

It would be as foolish to write a sentimental ode to the Typhoon as it would be to compose a lyric to a locomotive, but I'm glad I got these fond words written before my old friend is consigned to the dust-gathering statistics of a forgotten war.

A nurse who read that a physician had taken a whale's pulse wasn't greatly impressed. "So what?" she snorted. "I've often taken a shrimp's pulse."

## FOR PARENTS ONLY

By Nancy Cleaver

### WHERE IS YOUR CHILD?

Where are you going? Whom will you be with? About what time will you be home? Are you in the habit of asking your son or daughter questions like these when they tell you they are going out? Perhaps you think these inquiries unnecessary. Quite likely your child often considers them a nuisance! But the knowledge where a child is can be of great value. Not long ago a small preschool boy in a Canadian city was lost for most of a day and his mother was quite unaware of this! She thought that he was visiting his grandmother. After a brief call on her, he started for his home. The grand-

## EDITOR'S MAIL

R.R. 2, Gormley, Ont., February 1, 1960

Mr. and Mrs. Markham Township Taxpayer,

If Assessors had time when they visit your home, to talk about how and why you pay taxes, this is what they would tell you.

You know how it is with your Civic or Community Clubs — they raise the funds necessary to operate by charging each member "dues" in such clubs, the dues are alike for all members, we are all members of at least one club — our local government. We might call it the "Markham Township Community Club" because our club contains people of varied means. We do not charge identical dues, we charge each according to the value of his property. These payments are our dues.

This Club J our Township Council — has a number of Executive Committees, the Road Department, the Planning Department, the Building Department, the Relief Dept., the School Boards, etc., just as other Clubs have committees on social affairs, membership drives, and welfare activities.

In addition to these committees, you have various persons to serve as Officers of your Club; one of these is the Township Assessor. He is hired to see to it that the costs of running the Club are assessed against the members accurately and without playing favorites. He doesn't decide whether the Club will have a Christmas party for the needy this year, or whether it should repair the road or clean out the ditch past your house. This is determined by you as a Club member and by your Township Council, the taxing body. Whatever the Club does, it is the Assessor's job to divide the expenses of doing it. He does this by fixing the right value on the property of each Club member. If he fixes the value of one member's property too low, it means that you and the other members must pay more than you should. It is vitally important, therefore, that he use good judgment and fairness; it is vitally important to you; you have set up your Club (Township Council) because you believed that it could do certain things for you better and cheaper than you could do them yourselves.

Taxes — the dues — reflect the cost of whatever activities the members of the Club think it should engage in. Clubs cost more to run these days, most of them have raised their dues, your Township also costs more to run, the membership of your Club (the population) is increasing and continually ask the Club to undertake more projects. Some of these are in the field of education, public health, sanitation, relief and welfare work, police and fire protection and better roads. Club members want all these things in an expanded form. If as Club members we want all these projects, then we must pay our dues.

Your tax bill tells you how much your dues are but it does not tell why they are that much or just what you receive for your payment, nor does it answer many questions in which you are interested. Your Assessor would like if he had time, when he visits the home of each member of Markham Township Community Club, to explain these things but that is not possible.

Yours very truly,  
J. A. Fleming,  
Assessment Commissioner  
P.S. — This is my Township and I am proud of it. My Township is the place where my

## How's Skiing?



George Gross Telegram Ski Reporter

Skiing's good when you check The Telegram Ski Bureau Reports, the most complete and frequent ski service available. Published three times each week — Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays — they embrace all the major ski areas in Ontario, Quebec and Eastern United States. And each Tely Ski Report includes a summary of road conditions, and a forecast of weather conditions for Ontario. There's a special skiing bonus for you in Friday's Telegram, when top European sports reporter George Gross brings you his up-to-the-minute ski column. Don't miss it!

Ski Reports in  
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home is founded, where my business is situated and where my vote is cast, where my children are educated, where my neighbours dwell, and where my life is chiefly lived. It is the home spot for me.

My township has the right to my civic loyalty; it supports me and I should support it. My Township wants my citizenship, not my dissension, my sympathy, not my antagonism, my intelligence, not my indifference. My Township supplies me with protection, trade, friends, education, churches, and the right to free moral citizenship.

It has some things that are better than others; the best things I should seek to make better, the worst things I should help to suppress. Take it all in all, it is my Township, and it is entitled to the best there is in me.

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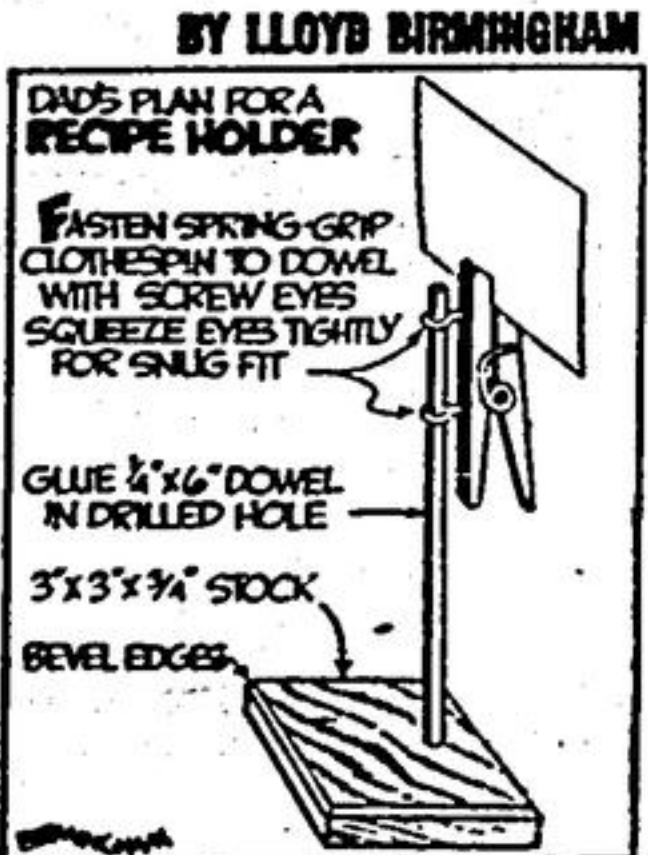
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