

Editorial

A Step In The Right Direction

Stouffville businessmen took a step in the right direction last week when they reorganized the Businessmen's Association. Call it what you will, a Board of Trade, Chamber of Commerce or simply Businessmen's Association, it is a necessary organization for the promotion of the town's mercantile business. As Main St. business goes, so goes your town. Proportionately, Main St. businessmen pay the much larger share of taxes and to do so they must be in a healthy financial condition.

If your business places are prosperous in town, if they are up-to-date and alive you will find that this is the kind of a town which attracts people

to settle. If the business section looks dead and is dead there is little incentive for people to make such a town their home.

Stouffville's Businessmen's Association has had its ups and downs, and it is a most encouraging sign when fifty men gather at a meeting and agree to form a new organization. Our town today is becoming more and more filled with young and middle age residents who are alive, who want to see things go ahead, and our newly formed businessmen's organization can help. We congratulate those fifteen men who have signified their willingness to form the executive and we are sure that with a group this large, its success can be assured

An Apology In Order

On numerous occasions, we have listened to irate ratepayers heap verbal criticisms on a reeve or members of council for actions that did not meet with the complainant's approval. Although a solid report from the reeve's gavel might quickly quell such abusive attacks, we have felt that the citizen is permitted entirely too much freedom of speech under such conditions. This situation was worsened on Thursday evening at a regular meeting of Whitchurch Township Council when a private ratepayer was openly insulted by a resident visitor in an inexcusable temperamental outburst.

The victim of the verbal attack had merely performed his duty as an

There Ought To Be A Law

To what extent may a bailiff act and still remain within the legal limits of the law? The Tribune has covered various stories concerning evictions, seizures, etc. and on each occasion we have been amazed at the high-handed tactics employed by these parties. It would seem that the majority of these men have little or no regard for either a person's privacy or property. There would appear to be no rules or regulations governing their actions, highly comparable to Germany's once-feared military police agents. Since the mistreated are quite often in dire financial straights, the bailiffs have little to fear in facing any prolonged court actions.

A recent example was brought

Another Golden Opportunity

Night classes are again underway at the Stouffville District High School. They are held on Tuesday evenings and include everything from sewing to typing. It is hoped that interest will be keen and registration well filled.

Certainly there is no lack of activities in this community to keep one busy during the fall and winter evenings. We are rather blessed with too many places to go — however, the night classes hardly fall into the category of mere sport or entertainment.

If present-day society suffers one common ailment, it is created by

Any Wonder A County Police Force?

Is it any wonder that there is strong urging in political quarters throughout York County to set up a County Police Force which would do away with the smaller municipal departments.

Trouble seems to brew in these small forces on every hand. Stouffville has certainly had its share of this kind of thing during the last few years. Sutton, Newmarket and Richmond Hill have all had unpleasant dealings with local police forces. Uxbridge is presently faced with a damage suit for getting rid of one of its policemen and in Mount Forest we see that another officer is suing that town for \$10,000 for being dismissed.

spoon-fed entertainment. There is plenty to please the fancy in our moments of relaxation, but all too little to exercise our minds. In the course of the night classes everyone taking part will enjoy the thrill which no other activity can provide as completely as mental accomplishment. What a satisfaction it is to feel that with each passing week one knows a little bit more — no matter what the subject.

The fee is small for the entire course. We know that there are many who for years, perhaps, have intended to bestir themselves and take one of these courses. This would be a good year to start.

Trouble of this kind is a constant threat to municipal councils who find the small forces very temperamental and members would be most happy to be rid of the constant bickering.

This is not meant to be any reflection on our present police force in Stouffville where operations have continued smoothly now for some time. In fact, we understand that a number of the officers themselves favor a larger organization such as the county system would provide. They would have at their disposal all the equipment they need and which is now too costly for smaller municipalities. Ample manpower would be available and for these latter reasons a number of officers would favor a county police force.

Laff Of The Week



"Read any good cereal boxes lately?"

Handyman About the House

Friend of mine—(one of these days I'll run out of friends to write about; I lose one per column) — bought a horrible old house in the city. It sagged, it leaked. You could hear every footfall on the aching floor, and every footfall sounded like the last but one.

Still, in he went—with his hopes, his dreams; my sander and my paint scraper. He belongs to what he calls the Crowbar School of Home Improvement. Motto: To Improve, Remove!

To improve a new home, you add things. You slap on new paint, new wallpaper, new panelling, etc. Improving an ornate old residence is largely a matter of tearing away the debris of the ages. For example — the paint on my friend's woodwork and window frames is nearly one-quarter inch thick. By burning scraping and sandblasting he has now accumulated six packing cases full of old paint flakes. (Which he sneaks out by night and places beside other people's garbage cans.)

By hacking away old plaster he has uncovered two lovely old brick fireplaces, the existence of which was unknown. They look exactly like the modern phony brick fireplaces suburban homeowners build at considerable expense. Only when they were built it was fashionable to expose raw brick to view in the living room.

He has jacked up the sagging beams in the basement and propped them in place with steel

pipings. Through painstaking detective work he has located several of the principal cracks in the ground floor and rammed wedges under the offending planks from below.

There's not much he can do about the upstairs creaks without removing the ceilings below. But if he continues hammering the way he's going, this situation may resolve itself.

My friend is one of thousands who are gradually reviving and repopulating the older central areas of Canadian cities.

While home improvement is a good idea no matter where you live, improving a really old house in a valuable central location is like digging your own gold mine. The value skyrocketed.

And most communities encourage this sort of thing. Most of these improvements do NOT increase the assessment for taxation.

ROAD DEBENTURES

Thornhill Police Village has applied to Markham Twp. Council to arrange for the sale of debentures in connection with the cost of road surfacing in the village. The Township share would be \$65,000. However, the Dept. of Highways would only sanction subsidy on \$50,000 for road treatment. Cost had been estimated at \$98,800.

Have you heard of an exterminator who worked for years to perfect a new exterminating machine, and then couldn't get the bugs out of it?

Sugar and Spice

By BILL SMILEY

As I have now been teaching for a full month, I feel sufficiently qualified to point out all the flaws in the educational system, and demand their immediate correction. However, as that would require an essay of the approximate length of Lady Chatterley's Lover, I shall content myself with suggesting one major change. I would like to see the "subject" known as Religious Instruction scratched, blotted or erased from the list of secondary school courses.

Don't think that this is going to get me in trouble with the preachers (not that it would be the first time). With a few exceptions, I think ministers and priests who are forced to teach this course consider it an abomination, in the same category as saying the burial service over some old brute who has ignored the church all his life.

What I'd like to know is: Who wants Religious Instruction in the schools? The students don't. They think, the more coherent of them, that it's an interference with their schooling, a waste of time, and something they have already received, in better surroundings, at home or at church. Others echo the remark I heard from one lad: "It makes a nice break."

The school board doesn't want

it. The question of religious education is a prickly one, especially where there are half a dozen Protestant denominations, Jews and BC's. It takes a lot of broken field running to make sure nobody's toes are stepped on.

The teachers don't want it. They think, with some justification, that there is enough interference with their attempts to cover the course, what with field days, football games, assemblies, teachers' conventions, visiting speakers and other special events.

Is it the clergy that is demanding it? I don't think so, from what I've been told by a couple of reverends. For the average preacher, used to a silent, if somnolent, audience, it must be a bit hair-raising to face some 35 young hellions, 32 of whom consider this little more than a chance for a supervised visit with their friends. The clergyman, his chest-high pulpit exchanged for a navel-high desk, feels naked, neglected, and much like the Old Woman Who Lived In A Shoe.

Is the whole business pushed by the Department of Education? I doubt it. The Department, with Machiavellian cunning, does not make Religious Instruction a compulsory subject. It leaves it to the discretion

of the school board. This is like the Emperor of Japan issuing an edict that reads: "Now, we all know that suicide is old-fashioned but if anyone requires a sharp knife, just fill in this form and send to..."

Do parents want it? Again, I would take some convincing. In a decade in the newspaper business, I don't recall a single delegation of parents, carrying crosses, making a pilgrimage to a meeting of the school board and demanding that their delinquent offspring be instructed in The Word.

Then who is responsible for this changeling, this awkward, unwanted child in the family of education? Is it a small but zealous group of stern Christians who believe that you can make a horse drink if you stick his nose in a trough? Is it a few frustrated, lonely clergymen of the off-beat sects, seeking a captive audience? I don't know. I'm just asking. Perhaps if one soul is saved, it is worth all the confusion and cursing it causes.

I am not opposed to religious education in schools. Where it is properly integrated and where it is desired, it has a vital place. But where it is stuck into a curriculum for no apparent reason, it is as digestible as a humbug in a rice pudding.

For Parents Only

By Nancy Cleaver

"Tommy is a slow poke in the morning! He takes ages to get dressed. I despise mothers who continually nag at their children—but what can I do to cure him?" Mrs. Black asked her mother.

"Don't worry too much about his slowness in the morning. He's only a little fellow..."

"But he should have time to eat a decent breakfast—and I don't want him to be late for school. Dawdling over dressing may seem a small fault, but it is terribly annoying!"

Until a child starts to school the exact time when his dressing is completed does not matter very much to his mother. But once he has that "nine o'clock deadline" for greeting Teach, dawdling over dressing may become a real problem in a busy household. It is a good plan to establish the earlier breakfast hour for a child several weeks before he or she goes to school for the first time.

Col. F. J. Picking Begins Regular Radio Comment

A former weekly newspaper publisher and editor of wide experience and an intimate knowledge of the area is being heard on the air in a new program on Radio Station CJRH (1310) Richmond Hill.

Col. F. J. Picking, who was formerly Managing Editor of the Richmond Hill Liberal and later publisher of the Aurora Banner, broadcasts every Monday evening at 6:30 in a program entitled "Parading With Pick". He is now head of a Richmond Hill firm, York Office Equipment, and is president of the Yonge Street Business and Professional Association.

His program will be of a regular "cabbages and kings" type, devoted to comment on topical subjects. Earlier programs will, for instance, deal with local history, local municipal government affairs, suggestions as to where to go in the immediate neighbourhood to see the full beauty of autumn scenery.

Adults must remind themselves that although time means a great deal to them, to a small child the passing of time means very little. Children hate to be hurried. Sometimes one of the simplest ways to overcome tardiness in the morning is to call the child a quarter of an hour earlier, see that he is out of bed and thus give him a longer time to put on his clothes. A large alarm clock on his dresser with time marked when he should be starting on his way to breakfast is useful for some youngsters.

Choosing what he is to wear and laying out his garments on a chair beside his bed the night before is a practical suggestion. When a little girl is sleepy, it may be confusing, and take several moments to decide, whether to wear the blue dress with the white collar or the green jumper and yellow blouse. Small socks, shoes and underwear are apt to be misplaced under the bed or in the clothes closet or bathroom in the process of getting ready for bed! Make a game the night before of leaving them all out in readiness for the next day.

Mother should check on the physical condition of a child who dawdles continually. Is he slow because he is feeling sluggish? Perhaps he needs a tonic or a medical check-up. A low grade sinus infection can make him feel very "loggy" in the morning. It might be that his bed-time hour is a little late—or his sleep has been interrupted. Maybe his bedroom is not well ventilated? More rest and fresh air may make all the difference.

If there are several children in the family, the business of getting ready for school may be delayed as they argue with each other. One mother finally made the rule, "Wait to talk until you get to the breakfast table." Another parent discovered that arranging for two brothers to dress in different rooms speeded up this process. If they were together, inevitably they started fooling around and laughing at each other's antics. Still another parent gave special praise to the first child to appear at the table.

Some children are not very dexterous with their fingers. A little help from mother in tying shoe laces or doing up a button may be just what is needed to finish getting dressed. Most children's clothes today are simply made and easy to get into. But if a child is a dawdler, mother should check that buttonholes are large enough and zippers easy to handle.

A pleasant prospect ahead is a real inducement to finish a task like dressing. What tiny youngster doesn't enjoy a cheery greeting and "a morning kiss" when he comes to breakfast? If possible, give Junior a small chore which he likes, such as bringing in the morning paper or the milk or letting the pussy cat outside before he sits down to the table. Children do relish a bit of fun at breakfast. If more mothers would take time for a little nonsense, instead of worrying so about nourishing meals and promptness at school, there would be less dawdling!

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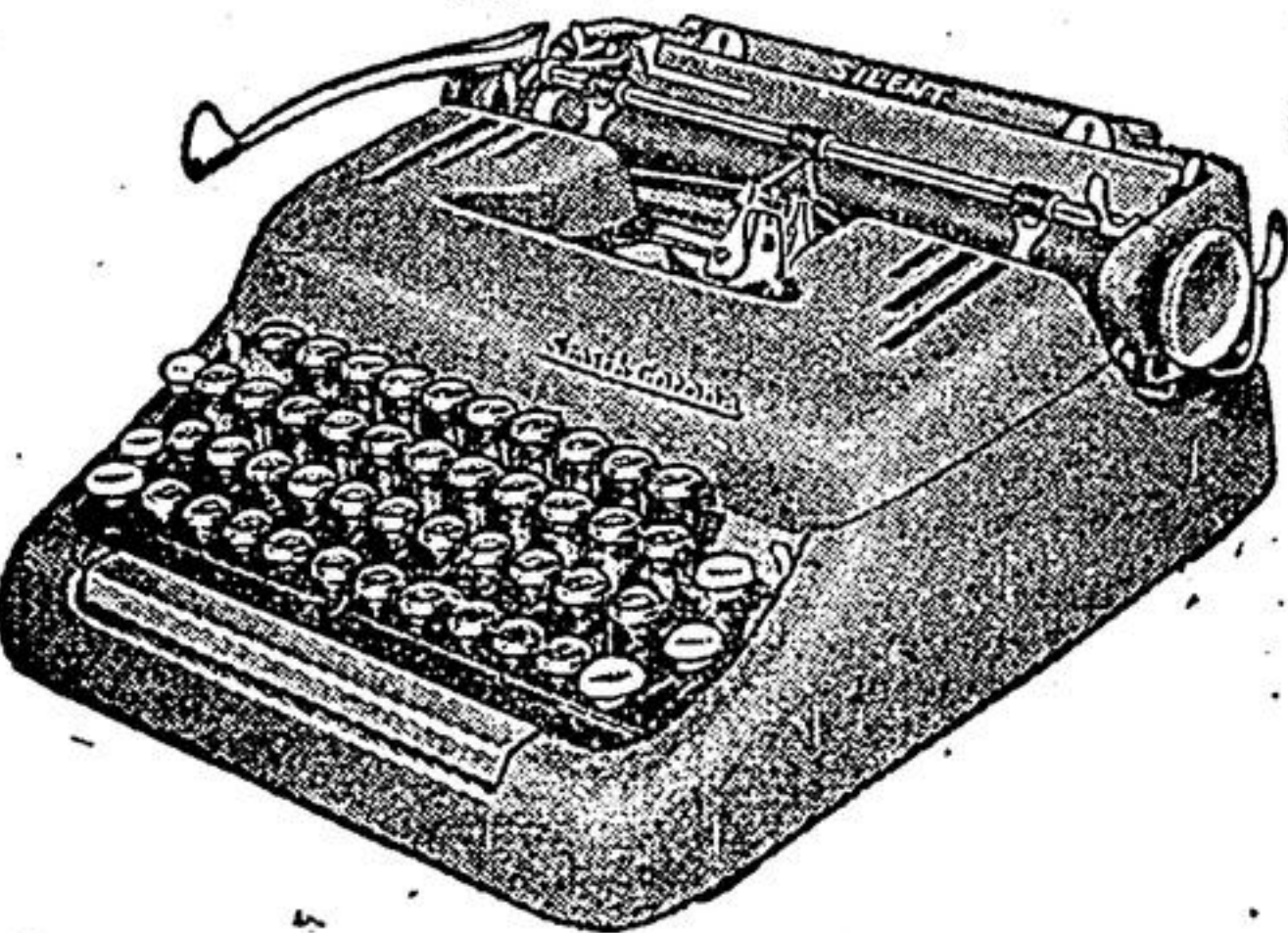
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