

Editorial

Local Talent At Its Best

The huge crowd that attended the eleventh annual Spring Ice Revue promoted by the Stouffville Figure Skating Club on Saturday evening, witnessed an eye-catching array of local talent at its best. The program, although a trifle lengthy for the frigid confines of the arena, was a colorful performance and marked a fitting conclusion to the winter's sports attractions here.

Although the sprinkling of professionalism was well received by the patrons, the majority of persons present were interested mainly in the

skating presentations of Stouffville's own home-town talent. They were not disappointed. From the still weak-ankled beginner to the swan-like grace of the precision soloist, the entire exhibition was one of beauty and brilliance.

The work involved in the presentation of such an ice show must often go unrecognized since these persons work behind the scenes and do not share the spotlight of public attention. They must, however, share some satisfaction in witnessing a rousing public response to their season-long efforts.

What About Sunday?

Over the years the changing attitude of people towards the facts of life is a source of considerable speculation. To cite a case about which we hear considerable, let's look at the sanctity of Sunday. It is pointed out that church attendance is not what it used to be. True, we have a good many people in church, but then there are many more thousands available to fill the present churches. However, even if this be true, we don't think that in many cases it is due to any lack of interest in spiritual things. Churches are as prosperous as ever. Humanitarian movements are greater than ever. New churches are being built in Canada, and in the Old Land great expenditures have been made in the renovation of old churches and cathedrals.

It seems quite probable that the falling off is due more to the multitude of other things to do on the day of recreation. At one time the Lord's Day Alliance followed the pattern of not compelling people to go to church but trying to make it so there was no other place to go. This objective,

Aurora Councillor Picks Up The Ball

At least ten years ago, some local councillors and members of school board were appealing to the provincial government to do something about the high costs of architectural planning for schools, if they were sincere in wanting to cut costs. At that time The Tribune quoted a top official in the Department of Education as saying, "the architects had to make a living." This was a most discouraging note coming from a department which was supposed to be trying to keep costs in line.

Complaints have been made from time to time along the same line but all have fallen on deaf ears.

Now Aurora's councillor Alf Child is making a determined bid to have these high fees eliminated and has carried his crusade right to the Premier's office. Councillor Child's plan is to establish standard designs for Ontario schools, the same idea which was put forward a decade ago. Once again the Department of Education has hurried to the support of the architects and put forward a great number of what councillor Child terms, "excuses" of why such a

The Modest Dentist

In the field of the professional practitioner, the accomplishments of the dentist are permitted to go totally unrecognized through the spotlight of publicity. His immaculate office is a type of isolation booth and any rarities involved in the regular performance of his day by day duties are too often restricted to an appreciative word from the patient or a buried ten line paragraph in the dentistry bulletin.

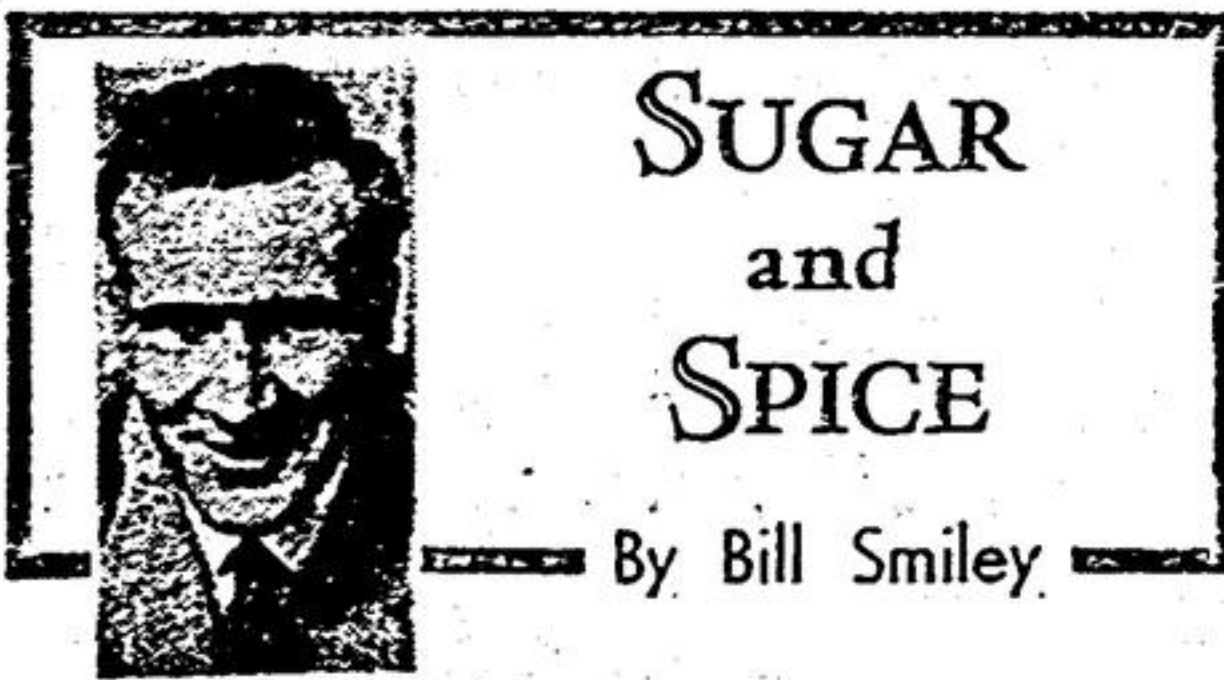
If a surgeon performs a heart-massage operation, it's front page news, and rightly so. If a lawyer wins in a controversial court case, his name is broadcast from coast to coast. If a scientist develops a new type of serum, over-night he becomes a national figure: What's new in the dental profession? Very little, as far as the public is concerned.

It was the same story during the World War days. There were hero padres, doctors and nurses but to our knowledge, few dentists were recognized for acts of bravery although they probably served as close to the front lines as many of their fellow officers.

Through sheer modesty or an all too-strict allegiance to a time-worn code of ethics, the dentist tends to shy away from the limelight of public praise for accomplishments "above and beyond the call of duty". We have found this to be true locally, although the exact reasons surrounding this general practise have never been openly revealed.

The latest incident revolved around an exclusive Tribune story in last week's issue concerning a tooth-re-plant performed on a Box Grove boy by a Markham Village dentist, Dr. C. G. Hunter. Dr. Hunter was more than willing to explain to this newspaper, the facts surrounding the feat, but he declined to accept any personal praise for the operation and was hesitant to agree that his name should even be publicly acknowledged for the rather outstanding achievement.

Favourable publicity, if presented in the light of its true facts, will never hurt any professional man or his profession. On the contrary, it could have a far-reaching effect for good.



SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

"Golly, Dad, are you ever old!" This was my son's comment when he learned the other day that I'd been born in 1920, just a couple of years after World War I. You would have thought it was immediately following the Gay Nineties, to hear his tone.

There is only one comfort, as the years rush by. One's age values change conveniently. When you are 10, anybody over 21 is middle-aged. By the time you are 15, you realize that people aren't middle-aged until they are 30 or more. When you are 25, middle age begins at 40. And when you are 40, you are serene in the knowledge that you won't really be in middle age until you are about 55.

This disparity in point of view is brought home to me with some force when I'm talking to teenagers at school. One day I saw a film on the history of flight. It contained some shots of aerial combat in World War I.

Later, I remarked jokingly that I'd enjoyed seeing some of the old aircraft I had flown myself in those days. They didn't get the joke. They really thought I'd been a World War I pilot. This would make me at least 60. I asked them sharply how old they thought I was. One particularly sweet girl in Grade 10 said: "You don't look it, sir."

That's why a lot of us World War II veterans, who keep thinking the war was just a few years ago, should pull our heads out of the sand.

We may feel that we're still practically gay young blades, but we should realize that a whole new generation has grown up, to whom our war is as remote as the Crimean War was to us, at the same age.

Just the same, it's fun to look back. About the same day my son was relegating me to the horseless carriage era, my daughter, while prowling around for something to read, came across my old prisoner-of-war log book. She went through it in one sitting. From time to time she looked at me curiously, cocked an eyebrow, and read on.

I'd forgotten what was in that

log book. But I found out. Young Kim went to her mother with it and said, "Look at this, Mom." She was pointing at two pages of photographs of striking young ladies.

I had them in my wallet when shot down, and pasted them in the book under the youthful, silly, but harmless heading, "My Comforters."

Despite the fact that some of those girls are now doubtless on the verge of grandmotherhood, the Old Lady got sore. She gave the snapshots one long, searing look, gave me another, sneering "Oh, weren't you the charmer!" and flounced off to finish her washing. Kim looked pleased.

I decided to take a look through the old book myself, and spent a thoroughly enjoyable hour, like an old maid with her faded ribbons and her dance programs. It took me from the dreaminess of early April, from the morass of middle-class domesticity, back to a time when I was young and tough, completely irresponsible, and slightly wicked.

There were the names, many of them forgotten, of the motley crew in my barracks. I wonder what Jannie de Wet of South Africa thinks of Canada these days? Is Nils Jorgenson back on his railway job in Osh? How does Don McGibbon of Bulawayo feel about the riots in his Rhodesian homeland? What's become of Tony Frobolo of Alameda, Cal.? Did Clancy Cleary ever get his dairy farm going in Australia? On which side of the Iron Curtain did Rostislav Kanovsky, the Czech, land?

There were the crazy cartoons by "Chuck," the mad Ukrainian, spoofing the Germans. There were the old prison-camp recipes for turnip jam and prune whisky and powdered-milk pie. There were the incredible stories — like that of the Dutch lad who was shot down and taken prisoner while on leave.

There were the excerpts from letters from home. They were horrible in their thoughtlessness but we thought them hilarious. For example: "We are sending you a five-year calendar, feeling it may come in handy."



For Parents Only

OUR JET FLIGHT

"Do jets fly to the North Pole? They're much faster than reindeer, aren't they? Why doesn't Santa use a jet?" Jimmie followed his mother from one room to another as she did her housework, asking her questions. "What is it like to be on a jet? Does it scare you?"

Mothers sometimes feel that there is no end to a child's queries, but adults use questions, too, to satisfy their curiosity. Since we went from Winnipeg to Toronto for the autographing party for our book, "The Treasure Of Family Fun" on Publication day, quite a few people have inquired, "How did you like going by jet?"

Travelling, for us, is always a real adventure, and we found this new mode of transportation thrilling. We enjoy looking forward to a trip, the trip itself, and the memory of it, and to thus taste the pleasure of a break from the daily routine three times. There is so much to observe and wonder about, especially at a railway station, a bus terminal or an airport.

Air travellers are asked to arrive half an hour early to weigh their baggage and check on their plane seats. Forty lbs. are allowed in luggage for each traveller, and overweight is expensive, so we watched this carefully. These duties com-

There was the long list of things to do when I got out — pubs, girls and restaurants to be revisited, places to see, gifts to buy. There was the entire account, in tiny writing, of what had happened to me after I was shot down — a comedy of errors.

And there, right at the back of the book, tucked into a little flap, was something that brought me up with a jolt. It was a head-and-shoulders photo of a young fellow scowling at the camera. He was whiskery and dirty. But there wasn't a line in his face, his eyes were clear and sharp, he had a shock of thick, dark hair, and he looked as tough as top rope. I looked at it for quite a while.

Then I got up and went into the bathroom and looked in the mirror. And I saw the deep furrows in the face, and the bleary eyes with the purple hammocks under them, and the wispy, graying hair, and the general colour of a milk pudding. I looked at it for quite a while.

And I picked up my log book, with the photo of that young fellow, and I took it down cellar, and I put it in a box, and I placed a large trunk on top of the box. And just before I mounted the stairs again, I saluted — merely a casual flip of the hand — toward that corner.

Then I squared my shoulders, pulled in my pot, donned a pleasant look, and, slightly favoring my arthritic knee, walked up the stairs, whistling, to help with the dishes.

Local B.&P. Club Helping UNESCO Project

The Canadian Federation of Business and Professional Women started 1961 with a brand new project designed to interest its more than 165 clubs in helping women in the Middle East and in Africa, through the UNESCO gift coupon plan.

In charge of the project is Miss Nazia Dane, Toronto, a National Vice-President and the Federation's United Nations Chairman.

The aim is to raise sufficient money by the end of April to enable Canadian Federation to purchase UNESCO coupons necessary to provide needed material and equipment for the Ramallah Handicraft Society in Jordan and to at least build a chalet for women students at Awudome, Ghana.

The Ramallah Handicraft Society in Jordan was established by a former UNESCO Fellowship holder now working with UNRWA. It offers young women of Ramallah the chance to learn a useful trade while receiving just compensation for their work — but not enough to obtain material and equipment so badly needed to expand the work and to train more eager women to become self-supporting.

At the residential adult college in Ghana, much in the way of equipment and housing is needed to make this project serve the women of Ghana to its fullest potential. Money is needed to build small chalets to house students, to purchase equipment to train adult women students in many fields and to improve their living conditions.

Both these efforts tie in with aims and objectives of Canadian Federation of Business and Professional Women which include support of the work of United Nations.

The Stouffville B. & P. Group contributing to this project.

pleted, we bought flight insurance. We had time left to watch our fellow passengers, and before long we were chatting with a Vancouver mother and daughter who were meeting in Montreal the father of the family stationed in Newfoundland.

Beside us in the plane our companion was a fisherman from the B.C. coast who had left Vancouver Wednesday afternoon. He planned to spend one night in a hotel in London, England, and he expected to be in Yugoslavia, the land of his birth, on Friday.

"A jet sure eats up distance!" he exclaimed. "How did you like going by jet?"

We had flown in other planes and we had often watched the swift flight of a jet above our home. It seemed to travel at such a terrific speed that we rather expected a fearsome, almost terrifying sensation when the jet was leaving the ground. Our fears were foolish. The jet pressure in the cabin, the mechanical perfection of a jet, the lack of noise and of the sense of vibration, make the passenger amazingly comfortable.

We glanced out our window

and found the twinkling lights of the streets of Winnipeg, row upon row, a particularly moving sight. We could trace the dark ribbons curving to meet each other, made by the Red and Assiniboine Rivers.

The illumination which gave us the most pleasure was much older than electric lights. The jet was so comfortable and we had been so busy all day, that we found ourselves dozing for a short time. Upon awakening, we looked out our window and to our surprise, there was the moon. It seemed so close — just over our right shoulder, almost.

The air-hostess schools certainly do a wonderful job in coaching their employees in the pleasant way of doing things. Indeed courtesy from everyone, the travel agent, and each TCA employee who waited on us was a distinguishing mark.

We had travelled from the East to the West by train and car, but the speed of this jet flight took our breath away... only one hour and fifty minutes from Winnipeg to the Malton airport.

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