

Editorial

A Silver Lining

Sheer havoc was created in a little one-room public school building in the Township of Whitechurch last week. The wholesale destruction of property was the worst incident of this type ever witnessed by this writer. One would have to see it to believe it. One could scarcely visualize the extent of the damage inside by taking a passing glance at the white frame exterior. The school is appropriately named "White Rose" and the ratepayers have a just pride in the building that was erected some twelve years ago. Throughout the weekend, the trustees and residents in the section looked with unbelieving eyes on the vandalism that had scarred their proud project.

To every storm, even as regret-

table as this one, there is a brighter side. Due to the extent of the damage, the trustees ordered that the building should be closed until sufficient repairs could be completed. This news, no doubt, was received with the unanimous approval of the pupils. But who do you think was ready and willing to assist in the clean-up campaign? Why, none other than the senior students themselves. Assisted by members of the board and the teacher, the "kids" rolled up their sleeves on Monday in an effort to right the wrong that had been done. In a sense, it was a holiday, but the physical labours no doubt consumed much more energy than any seige of Reading. 'Ritinx and 'Ritinx

Resolving A Costly Menace

While in Ottawa last week we had the privilege, along with a number of other newspaper association directors, to visit the Prime Minister in his office for a chat on some of the pertinent Canadian problems. One of these was the butter situation, something of interest to our rural population.

We had suggested that the program of subsidizing into which the government has become committed, was looming as a more and more costly procedure, to which the Prime Minister agreed and pointed out the butter problem as a good example.

Only recently the dairy farmers suggested to the government that the retail price of butter be reduced by 14c a pound, but that they, the producers, should be subsidized by the government this amount, to make up the difference. Such a program, it was pointed out, would cost the taxpayers about \$50,000,000 a year. However, it would only aggravate

the production situation. At the present time we have enormous stocks of butter in the country, and keeping the price up through subsidizing would only encourage still more production.

This would certainly be an ok program for the farmers but the consumer would have to go on paying the same price — the retail price plus the tax subsidy to add up to the full guaranteed price.

It would seem desirable to everyone that the price of butter be reduced to be competitive with other spreads and the butter from other countries. However, we believe the guaranteed price should be withdrawn, and butter allowed to find its own price level.

This is only one field in which the government is paying subsidies, there are others, equally as costly and it would appear that the problem of getting rid of them now is greater than the problems faced when they were first started.

Who Is To Blame?

Last week, six Toronto juveniles were paraded into the Buttonville police office of Markham Township. They had stolen a car and were taken in for questioning by a Markham officer after the vehicle broke down on No. 7 Highway near Unionville.

For the majority of 13-15 year olds, the shame of being brought into a police station would be sufficiently effective to discourage any repeat performances of such joy-ride acts. For these lads, however, with the exception of perhaps two, it was a big joke, a hilarious chain of events that would eventually lead them back again before the juvenile authorities. This held no fears for them. They had been up on the carpet before. They proudly related their past records. One boy was on probation.

The serious part of this whole story concerned the parent interest or dis-interest. Only one out of the six suggested that his father would be willing to drive out from Toronto to Buttonville to talk over the matter with the officer. For the others, the word "parent" was shrugged off like some dead limb on a disjointed family tree. For them, the word "shelter" was much more inviting than their own homes. "At least it will be warm and we'll get something to eat," said one. "My old man's car wouldn't get him this far and he wouldn't come even if it would," said another.

This is only one of many similar stories. We would suggest that the cards are stacked heavily against such boys. We would suggest that, in the majority of cases, the parents are to blame.

Wheat No Longer Top Export Value

Of the two top export values in Canada, newsprint and wheat, the second has now been replaced in monetary value by tourists. This information was passed out as part of an address by the Hon. Walter Dinsdale in Ottawa. The statement further points up for us locally the great value of our parks, our natural tourist areas, and our recently established pioneer villages.

Metro Conservation to which we in Stouffville contribute, has been playing a growing role in the preservation of the natural resources of this area. While Metro has in mind primarily a place to play for those living in the area, many thousands of visiting tourists use the facilities

as well. Mr. Dinsdale pointed to the time when there would be a tourist camp every hundred miles and a picnic site every 50 miles, right across Canada. "Only the sale of newsprint now brings this country more dollars than tourists," he said.

This year, all provinces will combine in an intensive campaign in Europe to attract tourists to Canada, and that means to Ontario and to York County. Spending by European tourists has been steadily growing yet this vast market has never been tapped by Canada. Beginning now Canada hopes to build the tour business to a peak by 1967, our centennial year.

ASK FREE HUNTING ON FARMERS OWN LAND

The Whitechurch Township Conservation Club has suggested that all farm owners and their families should be permitted to hunt rabbits and birds on their own properties without a license. A letter, dated Feb.

14th, was aled before a regular meeting of the township council last week.

The organization also suggested that the regular license fee should be \$1.00 with 25c to go to the issuer.

Since these recommendations would require a revision in the Hunting Bylaw, the Council decided to table the matter until it could be given further discussion at a later meeting.

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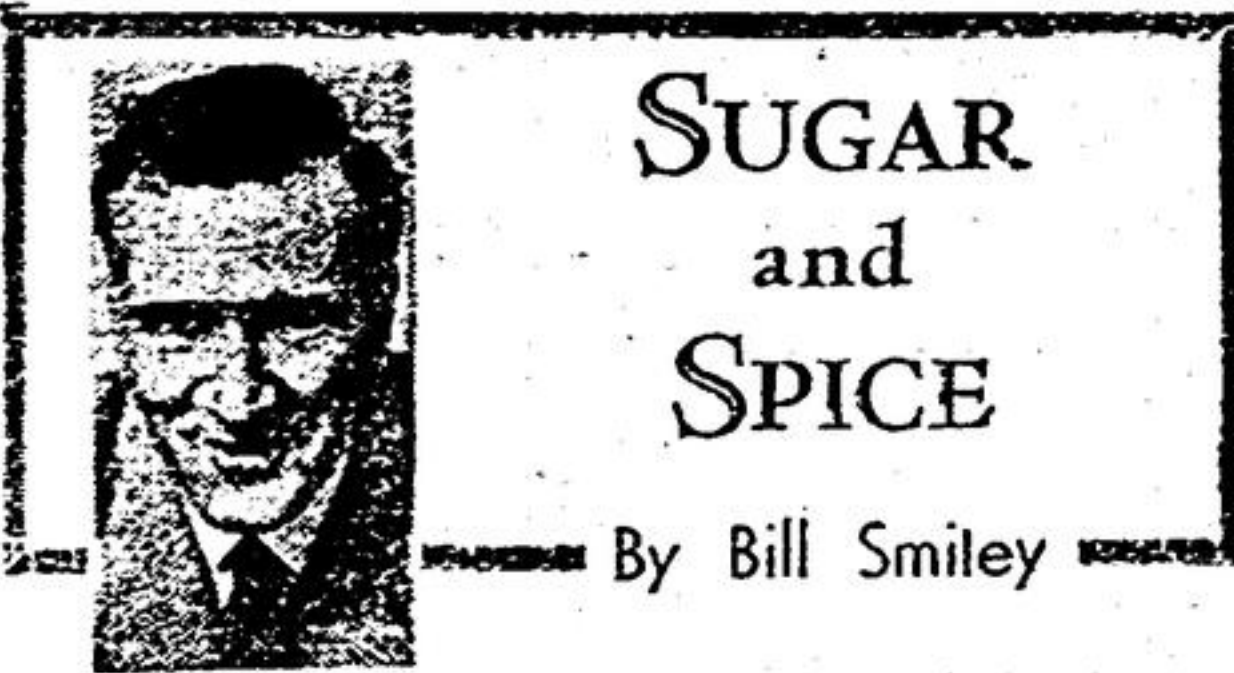
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SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

There's an aircraft flight scheduled for this coming July that I'd like to be taking. I read all about it in a letter received the other day from the air force branch of the Prisoner of War Association. Some of the boys, with their wives, are chartering a plane to take them to the United Kingdom, where they will visit old haunts.

Former prisoners of the Germans call themselves "kriegies." It's an abbreviation of the German word "kriegsgefangenen"—or something of the sort. It'll be a lively jaunt. There is to be a well-stocked bar aboard. I can visualize the antics when some of the old kriegies get into the grape.

At one end of the aircraft, the singers will be serenading O'Riley's Daughter and other ladies of that ilk. In the galley, somebody will be mixing up a kriegie cake: pulverized biscuits, powdered milk, marg, and prunes. There was never a cake recipe to beat that one for sheer weight — 12 pounds to the square foot. You can have your Duncan Hines mix.

Some other character will be setting out a batch of pure, unadulterated kriegie brew. It's made from potatoes, turnips, prunes or anything else that will ferment. One hooker of that stuff, and an angel can turn in his wings. He doesn't need them any more.

Elsewhere in the aircraft, some old-timer will be hammering away at empty powdered-milk tins, turning them into cups, plates, jewelry and high-powered machinery.

But I doubt if the expedition will ever make it to the U.K. Some kriegie, who cut his way through a six-inch concrete wall with a nail file, 20 years ago, and was on the loose for three days before he was caught, will insist on demonstrating how he did it. And when the whole bottom falls out of the aircraft, the others will have to agree that he hasn't lost his touch.

Every old kriegie is larcenous at heart, and the pilot of that aircraft is going to have his hands full convincing them that he hasn't room on the return trip for a few things they picked up in England, such as The Tower of London, Princess Margaret, Big Ben, and the entire saloon bar of The Gate Hangs High or the Dirty Duck.

There's to be a grand re-union party in London, with former RAF kriegies. That'll be a good one. I wonder if wee Jock will be there, with his Inverness tongue that could peel your hide? Will Paddy B. make it, and if he does, will he get drunk and want to fight everybody? I wonder if Dave will show up and infuriate one and all with his calm English view that it's time somebody "took those colonialials in hand," meaning us?

Trouble is, I see them, and many like them, as they were then. Wee Jock with his nobby, schoolboy face, Paddy as strong as a bull and quick as a rabbit. Slim, blond Dave with his casual manner, lean face, huge mustache. And all of them just a year or two older than the lads I'm teaching in school right now.

Wouldn't it be terrible if they turned up for the re-union party looking just like the rest of us: thick around the middle and thin on top; a whole lot less interested in staying up all night; and meekly murmuring, "Yes, dear" to some strange woman with a cold, suspicious eye in her head.

That letter about the trip brought back a host of memories of prison camp days. All a beautiful piece of machinery built into us humans—the ability to forget the bad times and remember only the good ones.

In retrospect, the life in prison camp has a great attraction for old kriegies. The reason, of course, is because it was completely free of complication. There were no jobs, no homes, no mortgages, no cars, no children, and no women to worry about.

All the decisions were little ones. You had to decide whether to have turnip soup or turnip stew for dinner. You had to decide whether to go on smelling like a goat or to have a mid-winter bath with ice water in the unheated washhouse. You had to decide whether to gobble your slice of bread in one gluttonous mouthful or nibble at it for an hour.

Looking back from the welter of payments and problems and children and wives in which they are firmly morassed today, it is little wonder that old kriegies heave a sigh of nostalgia for the simple, ordered existence of the camp. Even though they'd have sold their own grandmothers into slavery to get out of the place while they were there.

Editor's Mail

Stouffville, Ont., Feb. 23, 1962

The Tribune.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I read with interest (and some disgust) the editorial that appeared in the Feb. 22nd issue of The Tribune entitled "Ten Ways to Keep Husband Happy". Brother, have you got a few things to learn! If you had to follow me around every day while I pick up after my husband, you'd sure change your tune. When I read that article, it made me so riled, that I decided then and there to sit down and put my protest into writing.

In reference to the wearing of cold cream or curlers to bed, let me tell you that my husband is hardly home that much at night to even notice or care. If he isn't sitting in Harold's Grill drinking coffee, he's up at the Bethesda curling rink or just loafing on the sofa watching the Jack Parr Show.

Item 4 really roused my ire. Talk about me losing weight! My husband has built himself such a bulge around his middle that he can hardly tie his own shoe laces. I have suggested that HE should go on a diet but he claims that this curling sport will eventually produce the same effect. He's been doing it all winter but I can't see any improvement. (By the way, I wish he would do a little "sweeping" around the house once in a while).

In item 5, you talk about going out for a game of bridge. Well, I haven't been outside my own house for an evening for so long, the spiders have constructed a permanent cobweb nest in my high-heeled shoes. The only time I get down street is to stock up a week's supply of groceries at Ratcliff's and most of that is consumed by my five children. My husband also eats his fair share, I might add.

Item 6 — "I will pick up after him." That's all I ever do. He's worse than the kids. He leaves his wet rubbers in the kitchen, his newspaper in the living room, his "woolies" in the bedroom and cigar butts in the bathroom. I carry the garbage out and bring the empty can in. He usually leaves the lawn mower out in the rain and my clothes line has such a sag in it that the washing drags on the ground.

That "love me" item is a real joke. I can't remember if he's ever mentioned those words since our wedding day, sixteen years ago. However, I don't really expect it and he knows it.

Item 8 — "Learn more about his favorite sport." If you could picture me tossing a curling stone along the ice, you'd realize that such a scene would be the seventh wonder of the world. I get enough practice swinging a mop without playing golf, and nobody will ever convince me that Frank Mahovich is more talented than Lawrence Welk.

As far as laughing at his jokes is concerned, as mentioned in item 10, the only kind he knows are not fit to listen to, let alone funny to laugh at. Fortunately, he saves them "for the boys".

Now that I've aired my complaints, I feel much better. I must admit that I enjoyed reading the item, although I certainly didn't agree with it. Please do not use my name, not that it would embarrass my husband as much as it would me.

—A WEARY WIFE

Stouffville, Ont., Feb. 23, 1962

Stouffville Tribune.

Dear Editor:

On request or as the result of a dare from someone to offer suggestions as to how to keep a hubby happy, I would like, in comparison, to pass on a few suggestions on ways to keep the little lady happy.

1. It is not necessary to use the cold cream and curlers. Use a good night cream well massaged in, with the surplus wiped off and a very slight dusting of powder over. It smells nice, too. As for the curlers, if wifey has straight hair and cannot do the job herself, a trip to the hair-dresser once in two weeks and a light hair-net should do the trick.

CHEERS! Now, Let's Conquer the Space Between Us!



Mennonites To Fly Here For Conference

Three planeloads of 342 Europeans, Africans and Asians will attend the Seventh Mennonite World Conference Aug. 1-7 in Kitchener, says Cornelius J. Rempel, conference secretary.

"This is amazing, because we figured we would be doing well if only one chartered plane load came," he adds. The third plane was chartered just recently and it will leave Frankfurt, Germany, one week before the meeting starts.

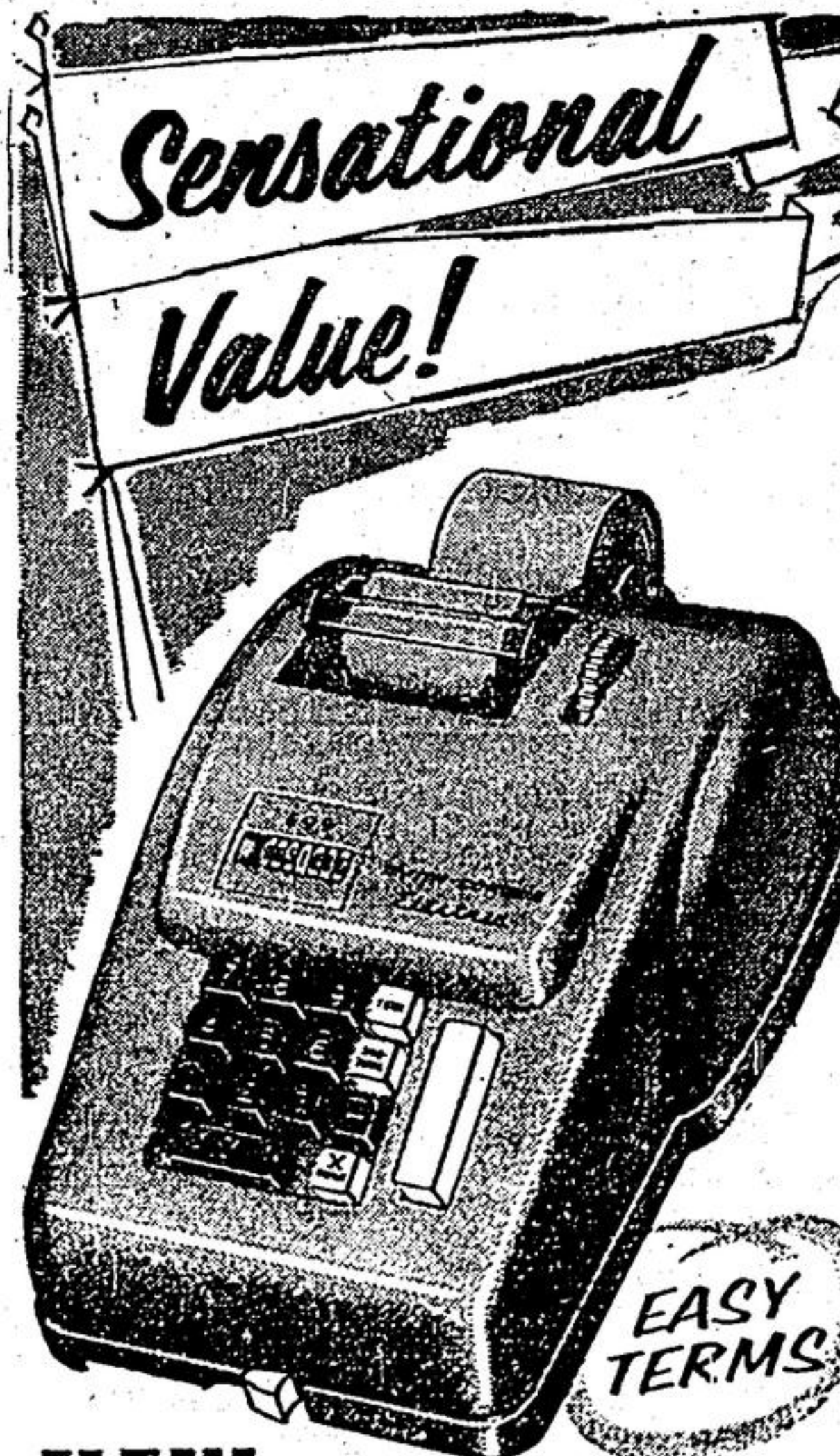
The first two planes will leave Frankfurt and Amsterdam, Holland, on July 31.

A simultaneous electronic translating service will be in operation during the conference, and German and English will be the official languages of the session, Mr. Rempel said.

The week will have plenty of music, as choirs from Goshen, Ind.; Bluffton, Ohio; and Newton, Kansas, are booked. Two choirs from Winnipeg are expected and an all-Ontario choir consisting of 500 to 600 voices is being assembled.

"The conferences are held every five years in various places around the world. The Brethren in Christ Churches are also represented. No formal resolutions are made, as the Mennonite and Brethren churches are autonomous congregations, like the Baptists. The last one was held in Frankfurt.

There are exceptions to the saying, "Every cloud has a silver lining," an outstanding one being a war cloud.



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Gormley R.R., Feb. 19, 1962

Dear Mr. Editor,

I feel that I must write a few lines in reply to Mr. Sykes' letter to Farm Machinery Act.

If he is going to shed a lot of tears for the wives of the dealers, why not a few for the farmers' wives who wait and worry while their husbands hunt parts for machinery to get the harvest in?

No farmer has to much complaint against his dealer. It's the manufacturer who is to blame.

Surely, Mr. Sykes would not suggest that the government only pass laws to get votes? Farmers only represent about 11% of the population and 5% of the income, so why should the government worry about them?

I don't know what wind tunnels have to do with farm machinery, but I certainly hope the farm organizations are able to show that some guarantee of repair parts is maintained in Ontario.

If everything is so good, what is Mr. Sykes worried about?

Yours for the Act,
—FARMER'S WIFE