

Editorial . . .

More Co-operation Needed

We had another example last week of the lack of co-operation between Stouffville municipal council and the local school boards, as well as the Public Utilities Commission. In order to get a proper picture of what debts the various municipalities in Ontario are incurring, the Department of Municipal Affairs demanded some time back that each municipality make a precise statement of what capital expenditures could be anticipated in the next five year period. This is to be a continuing demand each year.

Council, which is the municipal body which must raise this money through taxation has been able to estimate its debenture issues, but has been frustrated continually by the other three Boards in trying to come to some definite figure.

As was pointed out at last week's council meeting, these figures must be firm and must be in writing, mere verbal guessing will not do. The local high school was the first to come forward but only with verbal figures until it was pointed out definitely that this would not do. The Department is quite strict about this matter and council is the body which must answer in the end. Failure to comply will only delay permission to proceed with all or any of the projects requested.

Last week, the Public School Board dropped a bomb shell on council by advising, again verbally, that it would require an addition of five rooms on the Orchard Park School, at an estimated cost of \$120,000. Later, under questioning, it was found that this figure was only a

The Future Of FAME In Doubt

We were indeed startled and somewhat dis-illusioned to learn last week that the much-publicized venture of the Farmers' Allied Meat Enterprises Co-operative Ltd. was on the brink of bankruptcy. The benefits of FAME, as it came to be known, were strongly promoted in this area and trusting shareholders in the company were confident that a pot of gold would surely be found at the foot of the rainbow. At the present time, however, it would appear that this project and the 1 1/2 million dollar investment has all but gone down the drain.

From what we can learn, the loss per individual, is not great. So far, in this district at least, we have learned of no one who had more than \$500 in the venture. There is a principal at stake here, however. Persons, supposedly with an insight into the financial aspects of the project, were willing to gamble with other people's money. They lost and not even a partial recovery of funds may be realized.

With their backs now against the wall, the executive intends to apply pressure on the Provincial Government in an attempt to acquire a

Conservatives Worried

Local Conservatives, as well as the other thousands across the country, are definitely worried about the future of this party in Canada. The most recent revolt sparked by Leon Balcer has now revealed that MP's as well as many staunch Conservative supporters all across the country believe that either John Diefenbaker should be re-elected or that a new leader should be chosen.

Many Conservatives have been completely disenchanted with Mr. Diefenbaker ever since his last term in office when he proved that he had many ideas in opposition, but was utterly incapable of making decisions to carry them out once he got into office. This widespread dissatisfaction is now being brought into the open.

Whether a convention would unseat the leader is still a matter of

Being Practical

"It would be insane to return". These were the very words spoken by a returned missionary who, with his wife and son, were able to escape the ravages of the Congo area where so many of their friends were massacred. On Saturday evening, we had an opportunity to talk with Rev. and Mrs. Marshall Southard who had spent nearly ten years in the mission field around Stanleyville. They were visitors in Stouffville at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Mills, Main Street.

Mrs. Southard, whose face mirrored

the horrors of the rebel invasion as she described some of their experiences, said that Canadian and American newspapers did not, in any way, exaggerate the incidents that occurred there. In fact, Rev. Southard said that as areas were temporarily liberated by paratroopers, scenes of atrocities were revealed that even exceeded the stories that were published here.

Rev. and Mrs. Southard feel they are fortunate to be alive. They do not intend to tempt fate again and stick their head in the lion's mouth. And they said so.

minimum, and should be upped to \$150,000 in reality. Council had set Feb. 1st as the deadline for turning in its five-year forecast, a fact that all boards have been advised some time ago.

Questioned regarding the Public Utilities Commission's possible expenditures, the reeve admitted that a tentative figure submitted earlier might now have to be changed, further frustrating council in its efforts to give the Department the figures they demand.

The Public School Board gave as an excuse the fact that the Dept. of Education had given tentative approval. This, of course, means absolutely nothing unless the body which must actually put up the money is willing. The Board spokesman said the addition was needed for next September. There is doubt now whether any such deadline can be met because of the Board's delay in making any mention that the money was required. Board members admit that the matter has been discussed for some months but council, the most important body of all to be approached, was only hearing about it for the first time.

The whole picture points up the great need for more co-operation among the various boards and necessity for them to meet with council more often to discuss their plans. The matter is a serious one. Stouffville's debenture debt has risen to very near the top figure allowed by the Department for safety, and groups dropping in with requests at the last minute could well find their projects turned down by council and government alike.

loan. Why should the government gamble one red cent of money, yours and mine, until a full investigation of the setup is completed? Nor is it likely that a loan will be received from any source, until this step is taken. While it is hoped that the large investment made by Ontario farmers can be saved, they can hardly expect public money to be tossed in unless the venture appears sound.

It would appear to be a pure and simple case of gross mis-management; men with their sites on the stars and their heads buried in the sand; operating a Cadillac project on a Chevrolet budget.

Our sympathy lies, not with the executive heads of this organization, but with the lesser lights, the local promoters who were indeed sincere in the ultimate success of the scheme. They have taken an even stiffer kick in the pants than the local shareholders for they must shoulder the burden of responsibility in the loss inflicted on their friends and neighbours. One farmer we talked to, put it this way — "I have lost \$100 but gained \$100 worth of experience". As the saying goes — once burned, twice wary.

guesswork. A close vote would merely aggravate the split in the party.

The solution, as agitation for a change builds up, is surely obvious. That would be an offer to resign from Mr. Diefenbaker himself.

we admire the man who stands with his back to the wall, but we admire the man who is willing to accept the truth, however unpleasant. It would certainly gain him more respect and do more for his historical record. Merely fighting a rearguard action along with a few diehards can do the party no good.

Mr. Diefenbaker could do much to redeem his reputation if he were to yield gracefully to the facts and help present his successor with a party united in the interests of Canada as a whole.



SUGAR AND SPICE by Bill Smiley



HO HUM, WAR IS HELL

Is there anything sillier than an old soldier? Wait a minute, Jack, I don't mean honest veterans like you and me, who fought our wars, then forgave and forgot. No, I mean the professionals, and especially the generals.

My feelings toward the top brass were rekindled recently when General Omar Bradley took a swing from out in left field at General Montgomery, claiming Monty had been too slow and too scared to close the Falaise Gap when he should have. Twenty years after the event, the old boys are still bickering.

I didn't blame Bradley much. Montgomery has been blaming every other general, ever since the war ended, for everything that went wrong. Apparently he was the only big shot who was always right.

And that reminds me of the silliest thing Montgomery ever said. It was a few years ago, during an interview. It was to the effect that he likes to see soldiers soaking wet, hungry, filthy and exhausted. Then he knows they have been soldiering. That sort of poppycock is fairly typical of the intelligence of a general.

This may have been true during the Kaiser's war. Old soldiers of that one knew all about dirt, wet, lice, slim rations and exhaustion. But their troubles were all physical ones: being blown up, or sniped, or caught on the barbed wire, or gassed, or eaten alive by rats. They didn't face the psychological horrors of my war.

It was sheer hell, at times, for us pilots, especially if we were officers. Even today, after two decades trying to heal the scars, memory of those ordeals sends a cold shudder through me.

Sometimes, for example, the batman would forget to put sugar in the morning tea he brought when he wakened you. But you never complained. You drank it down stoically, without a whimper.

Another experience that left its mark on many of us was the time they took the batmen off altogether and substituted WAAFs for them. Some of the chaps were totally unnerved by the morning by a chubby little air-woman who would say "ere's you tea, luv. Drink it up while it's hot."

Some of the other hardships we encountered were recounted in a family journal. I had the incredible bad luck to be in the front line when we were eight miles from the front. The boys had to get there was by helicopter.

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Another painful memory is that of fat senior officers standing with their backsides to the fireplace, while we junior officers, shut out from the only heat in the place, shivered miserably around the bar.

Old sweats talk about marching 300 miles in ten days. They don't realize what we went through on those trains in England. Sometimes we officers, even though we had first-class tickets, had to ride in the third-class coaches with all those rude, nasty soldiers and sailors and things.

Looking back, I can't help but marvel at the way we faced up to the hardships of those grim days, without a murmur. But it was war, and we were true-blue. Except in the mornings, when we were a little green around the gills. That's when they'd give you a kipper for breakfast. Hardships? I could write a book.

Editor's Mail

77 Mountland Dr., Scarborough, Ont.

The Editor, The Stouffville Tribune, Stouffville, Ont.

I would like to offer a word of encouragement to the editors of the "High School News". Not so long ago, I was a student at S.D.H.S., and am consequently interested in all that goes on now. I have noticed, regrettably, that there has been a lack of actual news on that page since this project was undertaken. I am sure that I am not the only one who takes an interest in the goings on at the school.

However, in spite of this lack of news, this page is still very interesting. The editorials that are supplied every week are not indicative of the impression normally given of teenagers. They are witty, interesting, and quite often revealing. For instance, I would refer to the editorial last week by Elizabeth McDowell, "On the Word, DON'T". The author here does a first rate job of expressing her ideas on the subject. Myself, I now have the greatest respect for that much overworked chap, DON'T.

Keep it up people, you're doing the job very well.

Sincerely Yours, Tim Wees.

I Gave My Blood

(Reprinted from the Stouffville Tribune)

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Roamin' Around . . .

You can't please all the people all of the time. We have heard at least two complaints with regard to the location of street postal deposit boxes. One resident in the west end of town argued that the container was too close to his home while another in the east end said that it wasn't close enough. For the most part, however, the project has been well received and appreciated.

Yukon Eric, a favourite performer in the wrestling ring here for many years and a long-time drawing card at the Gardens, is dead. Apparently he found it much easier to dispose of his ring adversaries than his domestic problems and ended up by disposing of himself. He was found in the front seat of his car at the side of a U.S. highway. A suicide note was located near the body. We can recall one night, 15 years ago, when 14,000 people jammed M.L.G. to see Yukon meet Whipper Billy Watson. The match lasted three minutes with Watson the winner.

Contractor, Chas. McTaggart of Greenwood had a close call recently while building a new home near Aitha. He was working in the basement during that recent mid-January cold-spell and had lit an oil space heater to keep the temperature above the freezing mark. One of his workmen left early in the afternoon but decided to return. He found Mr. McTaggart asleep. He was awakened but on reaching outside, he slumped over, unconscious. He was revived quite quickly and taken home, apparently none the worse for his experience. It is believed that oil fumes from the stove had filled the basement and, with insufficient ventilation, could not escape.

Lloyd Turner, long an ardent supporter of sports here in Stouffville, showed his generosity recently during a trip to Bobcaygeon by treating the entire team and their girlfriends to a post-game dinner. Not only did he pay the expenses out of his own pocket, but he also took a load of players to Bobcaygeon in his own car. Lloyd is the time-keeper for all "Clipper" home contests and there's no more capable clock-watcher in the business. He is also quick to assist in other games at the arena when his help is required.

We have learned that the May 1st date for the official opening of the new St. Citizen's Home in town is only tentative since it is still too early to set the time. With 50 per cent of the work now completed, Home officials are confident that they will be able to cut the ribbon some time during that month but not necessarily the 1st.

We noted that every member of the Ajax girls' hockey team now wear boy's hockey skates. As if they weren't good enough before. We still say that, minus bodily contact, the Ajax girls could give a Bantam or even a Midget boys' club a real run for their money. They can shoot harder and skate faster than some Bantam lads we've seen. To date, in regular league competition, they have not lost a single game although they have come out second best in a couple of tournaments.

Many people may consider it a sin to shovel off their sidewalks on a Sunday for the condition of most walks last Sunday morning was terrible. Some didn't even bother to clear a single-lane path all day, hoping perhaps, that the ensuing rain would wash the white stuff down the drain. It seems to me that there's a moth-eaten bylaw on the books somewhere that says something. Here again, perhaps Sundays are excluded. We'd bet that there were some pretty soggy silk stockings parked under the pews just the same.

We noticed that in the report of the Markham Township Sunday School Association that the United Missionary Church School in Stouffville has had as many as 250 in attendance and on Sunday, Jan. 10th when Mr. Hugh Boyd made his visitation, there were 215 present. This is indeed a wonderful record and speaks well for the future of this congregation. The General Superintendent is Mr. Carl Reesor with Mr. Lloyd Wideman and Miss Louie Hoover as his capable assistants.

The Stouffville Minor Hockey Assoc. have quite an eye-catching display in the window of O'Boyle's Butcher Shop on Main Street in keeping with Minor Hockey Week across Canada.

The gremlins were at work in our column last week and a couple of items became mixed up in the shuffle. By way of explanation, it was the staff of the Stouffville 5c to \$1.00 store that prepared the decorated birthday cake in honour of Mr. Howard "Pat" Malloy who was 89 on Jan. 15th.

Perhaps you didn't know it but there are two new arrivals in the Geo. Baldwin family on the Glasgow Sideroad in Uxbridge Twp. The babies possess tremendous appetites — each consume two ounces of a prepared formula every four hours from 7 in the morning until 11 at night. The diet consists of eggs, corn syrup and milk. The mother, Mrs. Baldwin, one an orphan and the other a child of a child when its mother's home-made supply failed, feeds the babies. The entire Baldwin family take a turn in feeding the babies. Even 7 year old Susan doing her share. The latest report, the "children" are doing well.

All we can say is, you could put in the top of a ketchup bottle, knowing our love for commercial eggs, and you could make a do-it-yourself recipe and, believe it or not, it's amazing. We're passing it on to you for we think it's great stuff. It's called Instant Nog. 1 pkg. of pudding mix; 6 cups of milk; 2 egg yolks; 2 stiffly beaten egg whites; nutmeg. Method — In a large mixing bowl, beat together the vanilla pudding mix; sugar; vanilla; milk and egg yolks. Carefully beat in the stiff egg whites and add a dash of nutmeg. Chill. Makes 8 glasses. If it doesn't turn out as expected, it's possible that you may have omitted some of the ingredients, like the eggs or the milk. Anyway, ours was okay. Until we can turn out another batch, we'll chalk it up to beginner's luck.

Believe it or not but the Stouffville Figure Skating Club has a little girl in its membership of 110 who is only two years old. She's Cindy Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Wilson, Rose Ave. This little lassie is actually skating on her own now after a rather wobbly start earlier in the season. A sister, Beth, 4 and Terry, 7, are also in the club. Another future Donald Jackson may be in the making in 2 1/2 year old Randy Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Brown. He, like Cindy, is making good progress under the guiding hand of his mother and club instructor, Mrs. Jean Barelay.

While on the subject of the Figure Skating Club, their annual Spring Ice Carnival has been scheduled for Saturday evening, April 10th. Reserve this night on your social calendar.

It's pretty hard to protect the foolish, but the Dept. of Lands and Forests is attempting to save the foolish ice-fishermen from an unexpected dunk in the Lake. As of 1965, it will no longer be permissible to use a hut or place one on the ice after March 31st on the waters of Lake Timagami or south of this point. It is strictly a safety measure and a very good one too.

Recently, we attended a local cattle auction. The enclosure was crowded with farmers, both buyers and sellers. Midway through the sale, a little red and white calf was led alone up into the ring. Bidding started rather slowly and the auctioneer appeared ready to lower his gavel. In the very front row, a small boy sat motionless on his father's knee, his eyes fixed on the calf inside. Suddenly, in a voice that could be heard above all the clamour of the crowd, and with tears running down his face, he turned to his father and said — "Buy her back, Dad, she's the bestest one of the whole bunch."

Into the main room, with girls, and girls, and more girls. Mrs. Mary Iron, a two-and-a-half year veteran, beckoned me in. I entered, slowly at first, summoning my courage for the adventure ahead. She assisted me onto a comfortable cot, wrapped this long strip around my arm, and took my blood pressure, which I might add, had risen the moment I entered the room. Miss J. Isaacs, all the way from India, came over, smiling and humming. Sure, she could be happy; she didn't have to lose a whole pint. She was carrying a bottle, with a tube and a needle. "A needle!?? Oh no, you don't! It'll hurt, I'll cry." After I cooled down, they told me the needle had been in my arm for about two minutes. I didn't believe that, so they let me look. Sure enough, there was this red river flowing down the tube into the bottle. I was being emptied. While the drainage program was on, Mrs. Iron chatted with me at my bedside. She informed me that, actually, only 1/4 of a pint is taken. The other one quarter of the bottle has an anti-coagulant in it to prevent the blood from, if you'll pardon the expression, clotting. (continued on page 4)

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