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CHRISTMAS
Message

By Rev. Arnold D. Weigel, Christ The King Lutheran Church

CHRISTMAS! What is it? What does it mean? Why all the excitement and jubilation at this season of the year? Is it simply a lengthened holiday from school — a relief from that rigid nine-to-four schedule? A beautiful array of multicolored lights affixed to the cornice of the house? The evergreen tree in scintillating beauty, the holly and the mistletoe? Santa Claus parades and all sorts of goodies from his alleged office at the North Pole? What is Christmas? Is it simply a series of staff parties and family gatherings? Turkey dinners, fruit cakes, plum pudding? Thousands of greeting cards? Gifts of all sorts interchanged in family circles? Is it joy, good will and peace among all peoples? What is Christmas? Is it a series of symbols, traditions and customs which have been preserved down through the ages and which are resurrected every year — something which we've gotten so used to that we can't do without? What is Christmas?

Perhaps as we celebrate it, Christmas involves for us, regardless of philosophical bent, choice of occupation, practically all of these practices. But if Christmas simply becomes a celebration with no reason, purpose or direction in that celebration, then surely the entire event becomes empty in effect, devoid in design and poverty-stricken in purpose! It amounts to little more than a "gay old time", which possesses neither depth in meaning nor any degree of permanence; it incorporates neither a wholesome "raison d'etre" nor exemplifies the full intent of Christmas. It then becomes an abbreviated "Christmas" in which we share in the festivities and celebrations of Christmas, but fail to acknowledge the actual reason for Christmas — in short, it becomes "Christmas Without Christ."

Now while Christmas incorporates these customs, traditions and practices, it does so for a purpose, to honour, respect and adore the Christ-child. To pay homage to the King, for "today in the city of David a deliverer has been born to you — the Messiah, the Lord." (Luke 2:11). This means that any symbols or traditions employed in the celebrations of Christmas should not become ends

in themselves — for this is sheer idolatry — but should rather lead us to an awareness of Christ's presence, to an acknowledgement of his Saviourhood, and to a realization of the significance of his coming for the life of every person. Therefore, in a full and wholesome celebration of Christmas, worship will play a major role, for therein we acknowledge our need for a deliverer and pay tribute to himself, who has delivered and daily does deliver us from the barriers which are prone to separate us from a living relationship with God. What is Christmas? It is the Christ-event; "and the Word became flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth." (John 1:14) Christ has come to bring salvation to all the world; therefore, we rejoice together, not only on Christmas Day, December 25, but throughout the entire year. "I bring you good news of great joy which will come to all people," was the angel's song. God shared his only begotten Son in a sacrificial love for all mankind; therefore, we also, as we acknowledge God's gift to the world, share our gifts with one another.

Christmas is the grandest season, Full of joy and mirth. Gay bells ringing, children singing Peace, good will on earth.

Christmas is a glorious season, Sincere greetings we extend, Hurriedly looking for an address, Wrapping something for a friend.

Christmas is a beautiful season, Snow flakes glistening in the light, The many twinkling stars aglow, Like diamonds in the night.

Christmas is a wonderful season, In amazement oft I stand, Thinking of God's wondrous mercy In the things that he has planned.

Christmas is a bounteous season, God's praises let us sing Glory in the highest To Christ, our Lord and King.

In the full acknowledgment of Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour, may you have a very blessed Christmas! May the love of Christ, the shared joy of the season and the good will of mankind, enrich and strengthen your life!

Show You CARE

It won't be long now. It's hard to believe but somehow you will get all your Christmas shopping done.

Maybe you will be up a little later than you intended on Christmas Eve, but all the gifts will get wrapped and ribboned and stuck with gummy holly leaves.

The Christmas tree will fall down three times but, in the end, it will stay up with ingenuity and two bits of string.

In the pale light of dawn the tissue paper will fly around the room and you will be up to your knees in an acre of new ties and socks and strange Martian weapons that shoot sparks and pink bath salts ("To mummy with love from the kids"). And then, Christmas dinner. Roast

turkey with cranberries and mashed turnips and candied yams and pickles and plum pudding and two kinds of Christmas cake and ice cream and . . . "I couldn't eat another bite, thanks just the same!"

That's when someone will say it. Maybe it will be Aunt Martha, this year, or Uncle Fred or Grandad.

Someone will lean back in his chair and sigh, and say: "We're awfully lucky, aren't we?" We'll all agree.

Two-thirds of the world goes to bed hungry, Christmas night and every other night of the year.

A dollar mailed to CARE of Canada, Ottawa, sends a package of food to someone who is not so lucky — someone who needs it desperately. Your name on the package tells him you care.

Christmas

When God looks down this Christmas eve. On colored lights, so bright and gay. Will He find those who still believe And seek to walk in His way?

Blest will they be who follow His light, In kindness, and caring for others. Taking time to give thanks for blessings each night Knowing all men are their brothers.

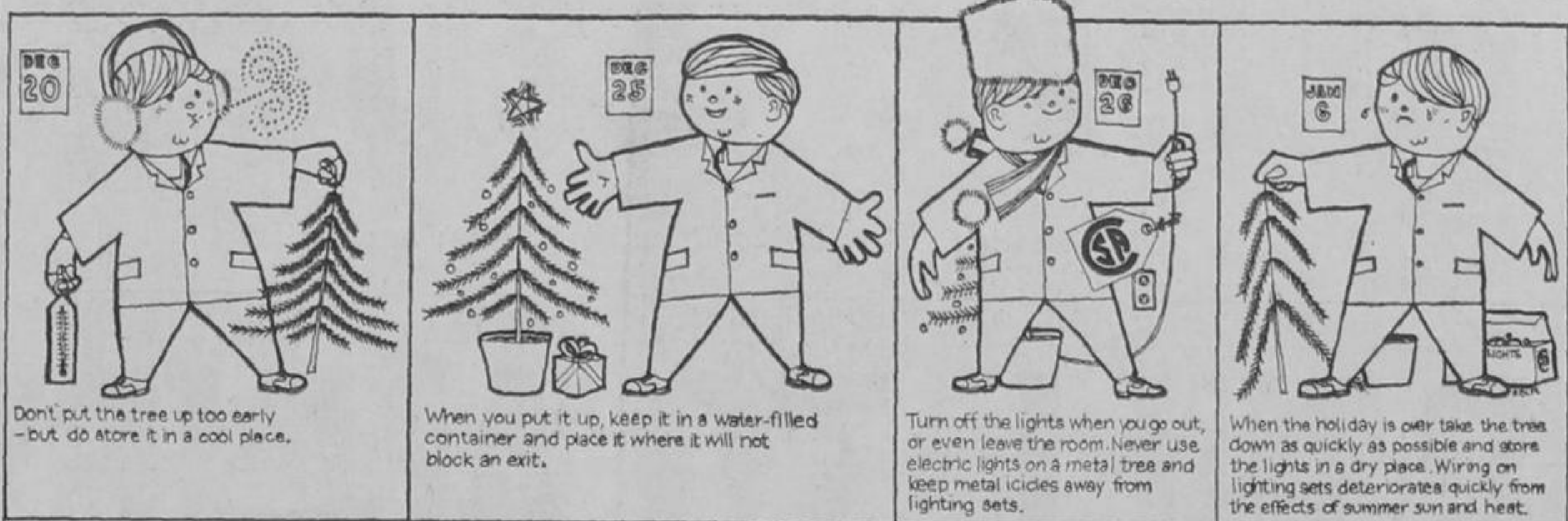
Quiet hearts with time to care For the old, the maimed, and the ill. For the broken in spirit, or filled with despair, They surely are doing His will.

The merry hearts, the happy and gay, The sunshine they shed is so healing, They seem to know the right thing to say, For them Christmas bells will be pealing.

Oh grant that we all may search for a way To find God, as revealed by His Son, Then peace and good will to all men, will still, Be the message when this day is done.

Elizabeth Jeffrey Richmond Hill.

a bright and merry Christmas



Don't put the tree up too early — but do store it in a cool place.

When you put it up, keep it in a water-filled container and place it where it will not block an exit.

Turn off the lights when you go out, or even leave the room. Never use electric lights on a metal tree and keep metal icicles away from lighting sets.

When the holiday is over take the tree down as quickly as possible and store the lights in a dry place. Wiring on lighting sets deteriorates quickly from the effects of summer sun and heat.

.....by your electrical inspector



George Mayes On —

The Flip Side

This is the time of year when everybody dreams about a white Christmas — while going into the red.

Christmas has become so commercialized that Canadians will soon have to rely upon the immigrants for their Nativity.

Finance Minister Sharp brought down his mini-budget this week with "a Christmas present for the older folks" . . . Yeah, it was SAINT Nick for them and ANOTHER Nick for us!

LONDON — (Reuters) — London's strippers today stepped out of their clothes with official blessing from city fathers when the Great London Council voted to legalize the "spectator sport of sex" . . . Except that in this spectator sport the onlooker is more of an off-looker.

One Christmas present we could do without is governmental statements that it definitely intends to put bi-lingual signs on all federal buildings . . . decking the halls with vows of folly!

A North York school trustee says if he were in the shoes of a teacher teaching sex education he would rather teach basketball. . . More emphasis on court-ship, eh?

Thought for driving home from the Christmas Party — The best Christmas present is a Christmas, present.

Canada has finally got into the Vietnam War — we have sent a couple of thousand Christmas Trees (Continued on Page 16)

Flashback

In Years Gone By

A Merry Christmas to you! How these words go from lip to lip and from heart to heart. How they echo and re-echo from continent to continent, from island to island, wherever the story of the Babe, born in a manger in Bethlehem, has been told. In these words William Harrison opened an article which was published at Christmas time in 1909.

The first record of the institution of Christmas as a church known as the Feast of Fools. Society was turned upside down and submitted itself for the time to the government of the Lord of Misrule. Order and decorum were set aside — the rich acted as if they were poor and the poor as if they were rich, after placing themselves in ridiculous and laughable positions.

It became the duty of the Lord of Misrule to provide all possible forms of amusement with the people of all grades and all ages as the actors. Comic masks and fancy costumes were worn and everything that would add mirth to the occasion was encouraged.

In later years the custom of trimming the church and houses with evergreens became common. The holly, the ivy, the mistletoe, the cedar and the pine are the most popular evergreens.

Christmas has long been regarded as the children's festival and Christmas eve the favorite period of the year for the giving of gifts, especially in the family circle. The Christmas tree is set up in the house, illuminated in various ways; its branches decorated with gifts for old and young to be distributed by an ancient liberal old gentleman, familiarly known as Santa Claus.

The celebration of Christmas varies from country to country. It is now summer time in New Zealand and Christmas Day is spent in picnic parties — the cloth is spread on the grass and the roast turkey and plum pudding are served in the open air. All the children of that land know of Santa and his marvelous midnight excursions are what they read of him, his sleigh and his eight tiny reindeer. Here, in Canada, we hear the jingle of sleigh bells every year and it is easy to imagine we can see Santa arrive to distribute his gifts.

In the Fiji Islands Christmas Day is proclaimed by the ringing of bells, the shaking of hands and a sort of contagious epidemic of kissing. There also the day is introduced by a laughing chorus adapted from an ancient heathen ceremony.

As soon as the clock strikes 12, in every home parents begin to laugh, the children laugh, in fact everyone in the house laughs. This laughter is caught up on the streets of every town and village and is heard for miles along the public highway. The Fijians laugh until they are tired, then they go in for something good to eat.

We expect that the Christmas Babe will return again this Christmas and hope that every heart will be a Bethlehem and that there will be room for him in every inn.

REFERENCES Forest Flora of Canada Potter's Cyclopaedia of Botanical Drugs The Complete Herbal — Nicholas Culpeper — written in 1653, but not published until 1814. Observers of Yellow Bedstraw on my property at RR 1, Richmond Hill, which Vaughan Township tried to destroy with the result that newly planted trees died but not the bedstraw. They replaced the trees for me. There is a great deal of it around Jefferson.

Rambling Around

by Elizabeth Kelson

A Merry Christmas To Everyone From The Villa

December was a happy gay month for the shut-in citizens of the Villa Hospital on Bathurst Street. They can do very little for others except to give the glad response of their hearts for the many kindnesses they enjoyed during the past year.

They spent their time decorating their rooms, holding parties for nurses and other patients and exchanging gifts.

They tell me how much they appreciate the many visits and the abundance of Christmas Cards. They thank everyone from the bottom of their hearts and want you to know how glad they are that there are so many that care about them.

THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE IT CHRISTMAS ALL YEAR ROUND

Mrs. G. Barenthin, the Villa's director of recreation says that the groups from this area and the city come every night throughout the year except Saturday and Sunday. It works out, approximately, to one visit per month from each group.

Every Sunday at 5.30 pm a church service is provided by the ministers from Thornhill, Maple and Richmond Hill. The service is undenominational.

A film is supplied once a month and every Tuesday the younger ones are taken to the Jim Vipond Pool for swimming lessons. The Red Cross provides transportation. On Wednesdays Jim Harvey of Studio Nine holds a class in photography. The equipment for this is supplied by the Richmond Hill Rotary Club. Once a month, the Civitans put on a bingo and hold variety shows.

The units of Thornhill UCW visit and hold occasional parties throughout the year.

Pat Wynn teaches the Villatones to sing and Mrs. E. Harwood teaches a class in music theory. The Curtain Club of Richmond Hill is responsible for the art lessons taught by Denny Featherstonhaugh. They provide the material for art and music theory lessons.

Other organizations provide the young people with pocket money. Among these are the Doncaster Ladies Club, the UCW of the Richmond Hill United Church and the Thornhill Lions Club. A unit of the Richmond Hill UCW has also established a library which is open every Tuesday afternoon.

EVERY DAY IS CHRISTMAS IN DECEMBER

There is a very full calendar of Christmas events but all events were not known at the time of writing this column so the list is incomplete.

The festivities started off with a bang on December 1 with the UCW from St. Matthew's United Church. They provided a variety programme which included some of their children as participants.

December 6 saw 18 girls from St. Gabriel's Anglican Auxiliary entertaining patients with carol singing and slides.

December 7, 30 girls from 1st Richvale Girl Guides added their contribution of Guide songs and carols.

December 8 was a film night. It was "High Society" put on by the auxiliary from Bloorview Hospital.

December 14, four young ladies, Beverly Charbanick, Colleen L'Esperance, Shirley Young and (Continued on Page 16)

Christmas Memory Of A Weed

BY LORANE PORTER

(A free lance writer, Mrs. Porter, formerly lived in the Jefferson area. She and her husband now reside in London, Ontario.)

Just north of Richmond Hill there creeps a weed that over the centuries has taken a firm hold of the ground. Today we call it Yellow Bedstraw and Vaughan Township tries in vain to eradicate it. In ancient times it was the housewife's useful friend and known as Ladies' Bedstraw. They tell it was in the hay when our Lord's Mother slept in the stable that very first Christmas.

Yellow Bedstraw is a native of Europe. It was brought over here for deer bedding. The deer gradually disappeared from the built-up area around King-Vaughan Townline. But the tough little weed, with its reddish root and thickest yellow flowers, lived on and flourished. Deep ploughing is the only way to control it. Although it is of some benefit in preventing erosion on the slopes and uneven ground, gardeners heartily dislike the pesky plant that seriously interferes with other growth.

"The plague of our countryside," says a farm neighbor of mine. Yet, back in 1633, Nicholas Culpeper, an English physician, attributes to this weed many medical uses in his book "The Complete Herbal". A liquid was made with one ounce of herb in one pint of boiling water and taken in a wine glass several times daily as a remedy for gravel, stone, and urinary diseases. It was also used in hysterical complaints and epilepsy. And, according to this 17th century physician, if you bruise the yellow flower and put it in the nostrils, it will stop nosebleed. Nicholas Culpeper also tells of the weed's soothing effect on burns: the flowers and herbs were made into an oil by being set in the sun and some wax melted in it. Often this ointment was used to bathe the tired feet of travellers, to relieve stiffness in the joints, and "the itch in children".

Yellow Bedstraw was a handy-plant to have around the house in the "old days". The housewife stewed it a little and the roots made a red dye that brightened many a faded frock, or homespun carpet. She crushed the plant for the yellow color that gave her butter a golden glow. Today the useful weed of long ago is a nuisance. Nobody wants it. Defiant, it successfully struggles on against powerful sprays. Its branches lean a little to the ground, taking root at the joints, and thus easily increasing. However, Vaughan homeowners try to mow it

down quickly before the golden flowers blossom. Otherwise, the small black seed will scatter in all directions.

On a spring day a city visitor may stop to admire the deep green of the small leaves branching out in a whorl from slender stems. But the rural dweller is content only when winter's white blanket covers it menacing tenacity.

Yellow Bedstraw belongs to days long past when man had more simple needs. It was when the world was young that Mary found shelter in a stable. And down through the ages came the story of the weed with the yellow flowers that was in the bedding for mother and child that very first Christmas.

REFERENCES

Forest Flora of Canada Potter's Cyclopaedia of Botanical Drugs The Complete Herbal — Nicholas Culpeper — written in 1633, but not published until 1814. Observers of Yellow Bedstraw on my property at RR 1, Richmond Hill, which Vaughan Township tried to destroy with the result that newly planted trees died but not the bedstraw. They replaced the trees for me. There is a great deal of it around Jefferson.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF BOOKS

At Your Richmond Hill Public Library

BOOK SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING

THE SPY WITH FIVE FACES by Amelia E. Walden Ryerson Press \$4.35 A very exciting book for boys and girls between the ages of 12-15. Mounting suspense, romance, adventure and danger in the violence of a fascinating setting.

THE BRIDE'S COOK BOOK by the editors of the Bride's Magazine Harper \$5.95 Here at last is a very special cookbook designed to make the new cooks' introduction to the kitchen a happy one.

THE MAN WHO LOVED HIS WIFE by Vera Caspary Putnam \$4.95 Another thrilling suspense story by the author of Laura, Vera Caspary reveals with a sure psychological insight the strange desires that hide in the hearts of seemingly respectable people.

BIRDS OF THE NORTHERN FOREST by John Livingston McClelland & Stewart \$17.50 Fifty-six large reproductions of Fenwick Landdowne's paintings with text by one of Canada's foremost naturalists and director of natural science programs for the C.B.C.

NEEDHAM'S INFERNNO by Richard J. Needham Macmillan '66 \$4.95 The Globe and Mail columnist's exhilarating collection of editorial page columns with two main themes down town Toronto and the world of ideas.

TWO UNDER THE INDIAN SUN by Rumer and Jon Godden Knopf \$5.50 The Godden sisters as young girls in India between 1914 and 1919, the book contains personal memoirs with a panoramic view of the India they knew and loved.

PAINTING IN CANADA: a history by J. Russell Harper Univty. of Toronto Press 1966 \$20.00 A major account which, is a combination of entertaining biographical accounts and critical judgments in a lively style attractive to the general reader.

THE BIRDS FALL DOWN by Rebecca West Viking \$5.95 This book is based on true events, a period piece capturing the essence of upper class Russian life in the 1900's.

ALL IN THE FAMILY by Frank O'Connor Little Brown \$6.96 A memorable nostalgic novel about an Irish-American family that will remind readers of the Kennedy family.

WILD HORIZON by F. Van Wyck Mason McGraw-Hill \$6.96 The exciting story of a little known but decisive battle of the revolution which made possible the ultimate victory at Yorktown.

THE SUN KING by Nancy Mitford Harper & Row \$15.00 A lively, readable biography of Louis XIV, King of France commonly called the "Sun King". It is also beautifully illustrated.



As carolers sing their Happy Christmas songs, we add our voices to wish you good cheer.

BORK JEWELLERS

88 YONGE ST. S. RICHMOND HILL

TOWN OF RICHMOND HILL



CIVIC HOLIDAYS

By virtue of a resolution adopted by the Town Council of the Corporation of the Town of Richmond Hill, it is hereby proclaimed that Monday, December 26th, 1966, Tuesday, December 27th, 1966 and Monday, January 2nd, 1967 shall be Civic Holidays.

R. Lynett Clerk T. Broadhurst Mayor



Your friendship and patronage have helped make this a truly happy time for us. May your Christmas abound with the spirit of great joy.

MRS. LAWRENCE FOLLIOTT, Prop. LLOYD REID, Mgr. AND THE STAFF OF SUMMIT VIEW GARDENS RESTAURANT 2 Miles North of Richmond Hill