

SCHREIBER (Cont'd from last page)

selaar, the intermediate class, led by W. Tripp all took part in the Advent readings. Mrs. D.Q. Hamilton was organist for the service and Craig Fischer was the candlelighter. The Christmas story was read and enacted by the junior classes.

Janice Cluett read a short Christmas story and Corned Prinselaar and David LeBlanc took part in a dialogue - Two Boys of Bethlehem. The gifts of the people were presented by Ian Fummerton and Douglas Glad.

Sunday school teachers who attended with their classes were W. Tripp, W. Hawke, David and Bill Drake, Mrs. D.Q. Hamilton, Mrs. Gary Drake, Mrs. J.D. Bromley, Mrs. E.C. Prinselaar and Sunday School superintendent

LITTLE HELPERS WELCOME SANTA

St. John's Anglican Church of Schreiber was gaily decorated for the Little Helpers party Sunday afternoon. Over 20 children who attended gave Santa a warm welcome when he appeared with a bag of toys and treats.

Karen Glad and Linda Birch of the Girl's Auxiliary arranged

games for the children until lunch was served. A special cake with Christmas greetings was made by Mrs. David Harrison, leader.

Assisting with the lunch were Mesdames Norman Glad, Bruce Morgan, A. C. Rigelsford and Don Tremblay.

COUNCIL CONCERNED OVER UNPAID TAXES

Schreiber municipal council expressed deep concern at regular December meeting over the large amount of outstanding taxes. It was unanimously agreed that a special meeting should be called to deal with tax delinquent accounts. Clerk Java will be instructed to proceed with a tax sale immediately after the new year.

Duties of the Community Centre Board was discussed and the clerk was instructed to contact N. W. Harrison of the Department of Agriculture and Food for assistance in organizing a recreation committee.

The Department of Agriculture and Food sent a letter stating that council's application for a grant under the Community Centres Act had been approved.

Council's appointments of trustees to the Schreiber Public Library board were H. M. Ermel, Mrs. Inez McCuaig, Mrs. Walter Wilkes, Miss Gwen Hadley and Mrs. D'Arcy McGuire. Appointed to the high school

board was Cyril Sparkes for a three year term.

Water works accounts of \$628.89 and general accounts of \$4,713.29 were passed for payment.

Shell Canada Limited was lowest bidder for supply of municipal fuel oil.

Citizens from the north side of Main Street were present to ask council to assume responsibility for the crossing and to request the same services other taxpayers receive. Council agreed that a problem exists but since private property was involved, the reeve will consult the town solicitor and in the meantime the road superintendent will be instructed to keep the road open after a heavy snowfall.

A lengthy discussion took place regarding a request from a Kingsway resident for water service for a Drive - in restaurant.

Council decided the fee would be a service charge of \$75 plus 100 per cent of the cost of installation. The township will not accept any responsibility for the water line freezing.

by Bill Smiley

Welcome to '68

Well, to get off to a profound start, we're all a year older than we were when we entered 1967.

As usual, there are exceptions to the rule. Some of us weren't born until June, and are only six months older. Others, after the Dionysian rites of New Year's Eve, are eight years older.

But count your blessings if your bursitis, your blood pressure and your belly are not hurting more, up more, or sticking out more.

And count some more if you've made a friend, had a thrill, done one good thing, loved somebody, and stayed out of the clutches of the boys with the strait-jackets.

I've managed to do all these things; these simple things, and feel that this makes up, in some measure, for the fact that 1967 was probably the most harrassing year of my entire life.

The last year has been one of those nightmares in which you only realize you're awake when you pinch yourself and it hurts. And when you pinch yourself and it doesn't hurt, it means only that you're so numb you can't feel.

My first-born quit college and went on the bum, the bum. Mexico, New Orleans, Montreal, Expo and now New York, where he's studying acting. My brown-eyed baby, to whom I once told bed-time stories about Munkle-Uncle-Unkie and others, hates school from the depths of her soul and wants to go away and be a waitress and LIVE. My wife is a kept woman (kept by me, I might add) in the city, and when I do see her, wants to talk until 4 a.m. about Nietzsche, Schopenhauer and a lot of other people I can't even pronounce, let alone spell.

Sometimes I felt like crying, bursting into tears, and letting the drips fall where they may. But I can't. The floor has just been polished. And somebody has to take out the garbage, and drive the cleaning lady home.

But, as you can see, there's something cheering about the

whole thing. There's no place to go but up.

Maybe Hugh will become a famous actor. Maybe Kim will become a waitress who doesn't have her thumb in the soup. Maybe the Old Lady will become normal.

And, who knows, maybe this is my big year. Maybe I'll break 100 in golf? Maybe I'll write the Great Canadian Novel? Maybe I'll get my Christmas tree to stand up?

Thus, hope springs eternal in the human beast. One milestone nearer the grave, but also a milestone passed in the effort to live life with dignity, humor and love.

Perhaps you don't like those three terms. Perhaps you'd prefer rectitude, righteousness and religion. Or industry, intelligence and integrity. Fair enough.

I like mine because they're more difficult. I find it extremely hard to be dignified, no matter how I try. It's almost impossible to retain a sense of humor when you have Rotten Kids. And it's extremely difficult to love. Truly and without qualifications.

This is all very abstract. Let's get down to concrete examples. Have you ever tried to be dignified while performing a flying tackle at your daughter in the snow in the backyard as she's leaving home for good, at midnight?

Have you ever tried to retain a gay sense of humor when your home form has given you, for Christmas, instead of the crock you confidently expected, a bottle of shaving lotion? (Some people can drink it; I can't.)

Have you ever tried to love someone with bad breath, a constant sniff and dirty fingernails, but who is basically a good, dull person?

Ah, well, the hell with it. It's another year. Once a square, always a square. And all three members of my family agree that I'm the most perfectly rounded square they've ever met. But I'm trying to become at least a parallelogram in '68. And the same to you.

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ONE AND ALL.