

Editorial

There's No Question - It Was The Greatest

There was no question about it, Saturday's Santa Claus Parade in Stouffville was the greatest yet, and the crowd, numbering thousands, was the largest ever to watch the event. Despite the great crush of onlookers and the more than thirty floats, the three bands and countless decorated bicycles, the big production came off without a hitch.

The chairman and Parade Master was Ted Topping, and he can certainly take a bow for a job well done. To assist him and take a vote of thanks as well were a great number of businessmen and members of committees who helped prepare for the event. The three officers making up our local police force did an excellent job of handling the big crowd, and other municipal officers, including the

Fire Brigade had a hand as well in seeing that the parade was a success. The weatherman co-operated to the full, which undoubtedly helped bring such an overflow crowd to town.

The fame of Stouffville's Santa Claus Parade has spread far and wide and this year's effort certainly will add even more to its popularity.

Well over two thousand candy treats were handed out by Santa Claus, and the big task of preparing such a quantity was handled by the ladies and friends of the Business & Professional Women's Club.

The Stouffville Businessmen's Association, sponsors of the Parade, can take great satisfaction from the success and the many favorable comments received both locally and from the many visitors who were on hand from other communities.

Student Rating Hits Rock Bottom

The intelligence rating of many students enrolled in the University of Toronto hit an all-time low in our estimation last week when mayoralty candidate, Mrs. Jean Newman, an invited "guest" was tormented by hoots and jeers from more than 500 so-called intellectuals. Such disgraceful conduct, possibly from a minority group, places the entire faculty in a bad light. The disgusting reception hit rock bottom when a number of the scholars ringed the platform with empty beer and whisky bottles. Two were broken in the melee. The act, a take-off on Mrs. Newman, a branded

teetotaler, was in the height of bad taste.

In this and other shameful exhibitions, it would appear that a certain rank and file of the University student body has little respect, either for themselves or the school they represent. The recent brawl at an inter-collegiate football match is still another indication of gross immaturity. We pour thousands of dollars into building campaigns, bursaries and scholarships — to what end? Our universities may rightly boast of their "brains" but from our vantage point they are also producing their fair share of "boobs".

Healthy Dividends

We would commend the members of Markham Township Council for their open-eyed appraisal of the Ratcliff Youth Centre, three miles west of Stouffville. The generous grant represents an investment in the youth of this area that will pay handsome dividends in the building of good character among our teen-age boys and girls.

It would be impossible to estimate the fine service that this centre and organization provides to our district young people. One need only to see the packed auditorium during weekend religious gatherings to understand the true value of Mr. Ratcliff's foresight. The Markham Council has seen fit to add their contribution toward this very worthwhile program. It is money well spent.

Making It "Tough" To Get Industry

People who move from small towns, such as Stouffville, to get larger wages in cities, don't always end up as they imagined they would. A great many of their living costs are correspondingly higher in the cities.

"The Printed Word" points out that the small town has an essential merit in the preservation of Canada. The publication has this to say:

"There is an offsetting threat to smaller communities and a regrettable trend to concentrate industry, on the whole, as close as possible to the hearts of such centres at Toronto and Montreal. This trend is due to the determined effort of the labor union leaders rather than the labor union members, to obtain identical wages in the smaller centre with those which prevail, and perhaps, justifiably prevail, in the large cities.

The unions refuse to recognize that a man with a decent job in a small town can live on lower wages than his brother in the big city. The man in the small town can walk to work, a big consideration in these days of high-priced motor transport. He can go home to lunch, and if so inclined, can get in a game of golf

between quitting time and dusk; perhaps even go fishing, if the small community is rightly situated. He doesn't spend twenty-five per cent of his day away from home in the mere job of getting to and from work. He can have a bigger lot on which to build his house; and the social life is at least as good as in the city. Still, in spite of small town advantages, a great many industrial workers do prefer the city and this keeps the city growing. At the same time it makes it difficult for small towns to induce industry to locate within their boundaries.

The employers in a small town do have certain disadvantages to overcome. In some kinds of business, his customers are suspicious that his product is not as good as that produced in the city. The unions, for reasons apparently not sound, have argued through the years for industry-wide bargaining. They say that conditions in one community are the same as in another. But this, it can be said flatly, is just not so. However, persistent success by unions in arguing in this fashion, will result in it being more difficult for small communities to get and to hold industry."

Newspapers Build Communities

Okah L. Jones, president and general manager of the Consumers' Gas Company, laid it on the line at a luncheon meeting in Montreal this month about the value of the community newspaper and the real returns it gives to advertisers. Mr. Jones is only one of the executives of big companies of this Canada who knows the vital part that newspapers play in moving goods and services. His company goes by results. In this respect he said — "With the help of newspaper advertising through our co-operative dealer program, we have managed since 1954 to increase our share of the customers' market from sales in 1954 of \$13 million to sales which this year will come around \$45 million and this has been done by telling our story to the customer, through your columns, telling the advantages of our service and then seeing to it that those advantages are carried through by our

employees.

His remarks are so true and so vital that we would not be human if we did not get great enjoyment in reading them and passing them along to the many doubting Thomases who watch their businesses wither because they do not have the courage or the common sense needed to tell the people what they have to sell or service.

In our community there are stores that live on impetus provided in the past and sales made from direct approach by hungry customers. No wonder that there is such a feast of selling for the big outside stores with their brightly illustrated catalogues carrying a full description of goods and come on prices that really tempt merchandise hungry small town buyers. The catalogues offer quality, sizes, wide ranges and moderate prices which in some cases are bona-fide and in others not.

Laff Of The Week



"I don't recall the face, but the grip on that drumstick is familiar."

Sugar and Spice

By BILL SMILEY

This is a trying time of year. Across the land, a lot of people are in a stew about something. Merchants who have gone to the hilt on the overdraft, for a big stock, are sweating out the pre-Christmas doldrums. Students who have had a ball all fall are green as they face Christmas exams with nothing in the belfry. Housewives look forward to the Christmas chaos with sheer dread.

But I'm not worrying too much about any of them. The merchants will wind up a few dollars ahead of last year. The students will totter through on a mixture of luck and nerve. The housewives will emerge on Boxing Day, bloody but unbowed. The people who have my deep sympathy, this time of year, are the men and women in hundreds of municipalities who are standing before a mirror, trying to look firm, intelligent and able, as they seek to muster enough courage to run for public office.

The annual nomination meeting is the best show in town. It produces enough high drama, low comedy and suspense to make some of the so-called masterpieces of W. Shakespeare

look pretty flimsy. For ten years I attended every nomination meeting, as a newspaperman, and on a couple of occasions as a candidate. I wouldn't trade it for a season's ticket to the Stratford Festival.

Before the meeting gets really warmed up, there's lots of fun. The mayor and the reeve have their heads together figuring out how to skate over the thin ice of that substantial deficit. Expert needlers in the crowd are sharpening the points on their questions. The practical jokers are nominating the local idiot, dead people and the town's loose woman. The inevitable drunk is on hand, not quite tipsy enough to be thrown out.

And sitting there, still as the grave, staring wildly into space, are the brand new candidates, who have thrown caution to the winds and decided to "go out for" a seat on the council or school board. It's a pretty tense business for them, I can tell you.

Don't talk to me about your Kennedy and Nixon. Those big fellows have staffs of advisers and consultants and public relations men and pressies and moguls and campaign managers and experts and party machines and ward heelers and all sorts of things on nomination night. They're not alone.

But that determined-looking little woman in the fourth row, who turns alternately red and white, like a neon sign, is as lonely as a deaf mute on a raft in the Sahara. She has keyed herself to a frightening peak of nerves. She has never spoken in public before. And she is going to run for a seat on the school board and try to ginger up that all-male, inert body, which is all talk and no action. She is fierce, but frightened.

And look over here. Young Punkiss is "going out" for council and he looks it. There's a fine film of sweat on his face and he grips the back of the chair in front of him with the same expression as a kid on a roller coaster. You can't blame him. He's going up against Doc Secum, and everybody in town owes the Doc. Punkiss has only been in town for 12 years and has a lot of nerve to try for a seat. There's some pretty ragged material going on the ballot this year.

There, the speeches are starting. Listen to old George giving it to the mayor about the side-

walks. Old George knows a thing or two about those side-walks. He helped build them, 52 years ago. There's Joe Sloss, with a skiff, going after the reeve about the taxes on his place. Says he won't pay a cent till they pave the street, put in a sewer, and install a street light in front of his house. His total taxes are \$18, and he's two years in arrears. There, the chief is ushering him out, same as last year.

And so it goes. Don't tell me about the Roman senate, or the House of Commons. For vivid flash of personalities, for the rapier thrust of wit, give me a nomination meeting every time. The chairman of the school board defends himself like a tiger when some pretty sharp questions come up about teachers' salaries. The chairman of the library board paints a sweeping picture of the town's cultural progress, with 300 more books borrowed than last year, and two new shelves added to the library.

But it's 11.30, and a lot of the spectators have drifted out. They have to get some sleep. After all, tomorrow's the day the magistrate holds court, and there are some pretty interesting cases.

It's a pity, but by the time there's a chance for the new candidates to speak, there's nobody left but the chairman, looking blue, and the caretaker, who has to sweep up after the meeting, looking black. Little Mrs. Bantam, the candidate for the school board, rises anyway. It's understood that she has prepared a pretty savage attack on the other members of the board, and has a bold, new platform to propose. She looks at the chairman, who is nodding, at the caretaker who is muttering, and at young Punkiss who has fallen sound asleep, while waiting his turn.

She bursts into tears and stamps out. Awakened abruptly, Punkiss leaps to his feet. His chance has come. Now is the time for that brief, witty and gracious speech he has prepared. He blurts: "Mr. Chairman, fellow ratepayers, I wanna thank my nominator and second-order and I elected I will do my best to serve to the besta my ability."

And from such gallant souls as Punkiss come our local legislature and that spark of fire that keeps democracy burning bright.

sionally with slightly warm water.

Here's a novel idea that really works! Take the seed from an unpitted date and plant it about one inch deep in a well-aerated, open soil. After some time, you will have a young "palm tree" in the house. Be patient, though; horticulturists with the Ontario Department of Agriculture warn that it takes about two years before the tree becomes attractive. It's a dwarf variety and is most suitable as a house plant. Keep it well watered.

A keg of wine blew up at a wedding party and the drinks were on the house.

For Parents Only

I CAN'T WAIT

November has been torn off the calendar — the Christmas month is here at last. In how many homes children and young people and grown-ups, too, are exclaiming "I can't wait until the 25th!"

Waiting is never easy. For the very young, it is exceedingly trying. Have you ever watched a small child in a station waiting with his mother or dad for a train to pull in?

Small children are eager to learn how to read the time on a clock, but the concept of time is difficult for boys and girls. A little youngster lives in the present. Tomorrow is a long time away — and a whole week seems a great distance off. He tries to measure time into "long sleeps" or night time, and "a-wake" or day time. How can he be sure that to-morrow or next week will ever really come?

In this modern world much emphasis is placed on speed and getting things done quickly. Parents sometimes forget that one lesson is that waiting is sometimes unavoidable.

The child who whines that he can't wait and pleads to "open just one present" is very unpleasant company. He should be given a time of isolation by himself in his own room until he can act in a more sociable way.

If his parents give in to his wheedling, they are doing him no kindness. He misses some of the very special joy of Christmas morning which is every youngster's heritage. Part of the price of the Big Occasions in life is being patient for the Special Day to arrive.

In adolescent life the boy who cannot wait to have his own money in his pocket, quits school as soon as he is sixteen,

and gets whatever job he can. The responsible positions with increasing salaries go to the men who have waited for full time employment, until their education was completed.

Parents fail their children if they do not show in their actions and teach that true happiness comes to those who have learned to wait, to work and discipline themselves to attain worthwhile goals. Nature has made the sex urge strong and insistent, but marriage is worth waiting for.

One of the marks of maturity is the ability to wait. Some people never learn it. But it is a lesson which should be learned in early childhood. In a home where an orderly routine is followed, it is easier for a child to learn this art. If he has learned to stand the brief discomfort of being hungry while he waits for dinner to be put on the table, he is discovering that, unpleasant as it is — if necessary, he CAN wait!

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Post Office Announces New Stamp Issue

The subjects of four new postage stamps to be issued in 1961 were announced today by the Postmaster General, the Hon. William Hamilton. The stamps will be issued before the 1st of July, 1961. All will be of the five cent denomination.

The first issue, to be released on the 8th of February, will be a tribute to the development of Canada's Northland and the increasing activity there in recent years.

On the 10th of March, a new stamp will be issued to commemorate the centennial of the

birth of Emily Pauline Johnson, Indian poetess. Miss Johnson, a Mohawk, was born, according to most authorities, on the 10th of March, 1861, at "Chiefswood" on the Six Nation Indian Reservation in Ontario. She died on March 7, 1913, at Vancouver after making a unique contribution to Canadian letters.

In keeping with tradition, the late Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen, a former Prime Minister of Canada, will be remembered in a special issue which will be released on April 19. Mr. Meighen served two terms as Prime Minister — from July 10, 1920, to December 29, 1921 and from June 19, 1926 to September 25, 1926. Mr. Meighen died at Toronto on August 6th, 1960.

The 10th Anniversary of the Colombo Plan will be marked by a special stamp to be issued on June 28th, in time for the official Colombo Plan Anniversary to be celebrated on July 1. Canada has participated actively and substantially in both the fields of capital and technical assistance to fellow Commonwealth Countries and, more recently, to other countries under the terms of the Colombo Plan.

The Post Office Department has plans for other issues which will appear in the latter part of the year, and these will be announced as soon as the subjects have been confirmed.

HOUSE PLANT HINTS

House plants in plastic pots don't need to be watered as often as their comrades in the standard clay pot, advise horticulturists with the Ontario Department of Agriculture. Besides being injurious to the plants themselves, dryness invites such insect pests as red spider mite, fern scale and thrips. A simple humidifier (a pan of water on a radiator) will help, although this seldom provides enough moisture in the winter. Spray the plants occa-



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