

# Editorial

## Retires With Fine Record

Despite his defeat at the hands of the electorate in the recent municipal election, it is certainly fitting that Ken Wagg not pass from the local municipal scene without public recognition of the fine service he rendered during his four years on council. Mr. Wagg entered council in 1958, served as deputy-reeve in 1959 and 1960 and reeve in 1961. During that time he fought two election battles and was quite successful prior to the most recent balloting.

We know that our newly-elected reeve Mr. Timbers would be the first to recognize the valuable service the past reeve has given, being a municipal man of long-standing himself. Mr. Wagg was a good administrator and an excellent chairman. He represented the municipality well on all occasions and like his predecessors, Mr. Lehman and Mr. Daniels, gave more than his share of time to public

business.

We realize that the majority of the electors know very little of county council, of its administration and how the local reeves and deputy-reeves fit into the picture in this higher level of government. For those hundreds who are not conversant with these matters, we must point out that high honor was brought to Stouffville by Mr. Wagg when he was selected to be a County Commissioner for 1961. Stouffville has only had one Warden in its entire history of more than seventy-five years, and few Commissioners to our knowledge.

The Tribune extends to Mr. Wagg a 'thank you' for an administration job well done and for one which can be looked back on with pride. At the same time we welcome our new reeve Mr. Timbers who we know will be putting forth a sincere effort to guide the affairs of the municipality.

## Lady Candidates Make Their Marks

Not so many years ago, a lady candidate, preparing to embark on a career in municipal politics was considered lightly by the electorate and as a mere "pushover" at the polls by her male opponent. A woman's place in the home was the theme of the day. The tune for the 1962 political hit-parade is headed for a change, however. The long play record has been flipped over and the ballot boxes of '61 have produced some startling results. The town and township council chambers, once the consecrated confines of an all-male body has been "invaded" by that once degraded housewife. Newmarket has its Caroline Ion; Whitchurch has its Elsie Gibbs; Markham Village has its Alma Walker; Pickering Township has its Jean McPherson and East-Whitby has its Myrtle Lovelock.

No longer does the once-proverbial smile surround the mention of a lady councillor's name. Certainly, Caroline Ion has made her mark on the Newmarket political scene and

her support at the polls recently is an indication of her popularity with the electorate. Elsie Gibbs is a vocal match for her male counterparts in Whitchurch and Alma Walker has vaulted in the reeveship in Markham Village. No one needs to expound the vitality and enthusiasm of Pickering's Jean McPherson who, only last week, was returned to the deputy-reeve's post and Myrtle Lovelock has gained favor in East-Whitby.

Will these ladies last? Can they cope with the complicated problems of today's expansion programs, punctuated by debenture issues, subdivision agreements, re-assessments and industrial promotions? Some have already proved their capabilities. Others are merely on-trial. We, personally, are pleased that the ladies have made in-roads into what formerly was a closed male circuit. Surely, if they are accorded the right to vote, they can be equally capable of serving the voter. The proof of the pudding is in the eating and only time will tell the tale.

## A Despicable Act

The inhuman atrocity performed against a German Shepherd watchdog in the Claremont area recently, is one of the most despicable acts of brutality we have seen in many a day. We viewed the battered remains of the animal last week and a picture appears in this publication.

When the matter was brought to the attention of this newspaper, we were slightly skeptical that any sane-

thinking human being could stoop to such a low degree of vicious cruelty. After inspecting the rigid remains, we are confident that the owners are justified in their belief that the dog was tied to the rear of a vehicle and dragged to its death. We would like to think differently but unless someone can come forward with a more logical explanation our conclusions will remain unchanged.

## Another Vote-Catching Scheme

There have been a number of hints lately that there may be introduced a universal pension-scheme which will supplement the old-age pension plan now open to every person over 70 if he or she has lived in the country for ten years.

The hope has been expressed on numerous occasions that this contributory plan will be self-supporting and possibly even voluntary. The chances of it being self-supporting are in our opinion about as remote as anything could be. It might be reminded that when the Unemployment scheme was first introduced it was said that the government would make a contribution of 20 per cent and pay the administration costs. These two items form quite a dip into John Public's purse. Added to this has been the fact that in late years a great number of self-employ-

ed people, such as fishermen and other seasonal workers have squeezed their hands into the pot, so that the general idea seems to be that the Unemployment Insurance Fund can be "milked" by anybody who finds an excuse for being unemployed. Its original worthy purpose has pretty well gone down the drain and much of the assets are going the same way.

If it were government intention to make a supplementary pension truly self-supporting, it would not be necessary to have one at all. It is the privilege of any citizen to arrange with an insurance company or through his employers for a pension plan to be contributed to on a monthly basis. If the government does it, watch out — it will be a vote-catching scheme, and if it is vote-catching you can bet your bottom dollar it won't be free.

## Never Too Old To Learn

Prior to the election in the Township of Vaughan this year, a school was conducted for all deputy returning officers and poll clerks within the municipality. The clerk, Mr. James McDonald was the chief instructor. Every detail of the election program was discussed in an effort to avoid any minor discrepancies that could result in a ballot re-count. The class, according to all reports, was success-

ful. Perhaps some other district towns and townships might consider a similar scheme. In Pickering, on Saturday, the officials at three polls took almost seven hours to complete their count and the finalized returns were not received until after 3 a.m. on Sunday morning. A pre-arranged class of instruction could eliminate a repeat of such a schmozzle in the future.

# Cliff Of The Week



"Oh, knock it off—I've had a rough day, too!"

## For Parents Only

By NANCY CLEAVER

### YOUR CHILD'S CLOTHES

"The clothes make the man," was an old Latin proverb. Many people think too much emphasis is placed on clothes, but they are important at every age. The runabout child soon becomes aware of how he looks. Gay color, clothes that are easy to take off and put on, appeal to him. As soon as he begins to play regularly with other little tots he wants to look like the other children. Adult standards of fashion or cleanliness make little dint on him. He just does not want to seem queer or different from the other kids."

This desire to belong to a group and appear like the other children is strong all through school days. In large families, clothing must be handed down from an older child to a younger. But mother should do her best to make the second-hand article look as nice as possible. The addition of a new leather belt or collar and cuffs can brighten up an old dress which the older sister has worn.

Girls are more sensitive than boys to their chums' comments about their clothes. Once in a while every child should have some clothes which are completely new. Nor does it harm a small child to wear a "hand-me-down" which is clean and mended. Mothers who are friends can often help stretch their clothing dollars by exchanging outgrown articles in good repair with each other, or by patronizing an Ex-Toggery centre.

Never Hoard— Never hoard children's clothes for which you have no use! Pass them on to a needy family or contribute them to a clothing collection for destitute children. There is still a need for all kinds of articles of clothing for children under the care of the United Nations and in some centres for newly arrived Hungarian immigrants.

It is not easy with living costs so high for children to be given a major choice in picking out their wardrobe. Boys are notorious for being hard on their clothes. But if son has a voice in the buying of a new sweater or pants, he is more likely to take a little better care of them. Little girls love to go shopping

with mother. If they know the outside limit of money which can be spent, why not let Helen select a pink dress instead of a blue one?

As boys and girls reach their teen years they should be given more and more responsibility for the choice of their clothes. By experience they should learn to budget their clothing allowance so that it will cover big expenditures like a winter coat or a suit, and at the same time invest in the smaller necessary accessories from time to time.

Adolescents' taste is different from their parents'—but after all, they are the ones who are appearing in the clothes which are purchased. When they realize how much good clothes cost they are more co-operative about contributing to the cost of their wardrobe, with money that they have earned in their leisure time. By the time they graduate from Collegiate, a boy or girl should be capable of looking after his or her own clothing needs and be able to shop independently, and keep within the money which the family income can set aside for his expenditure.

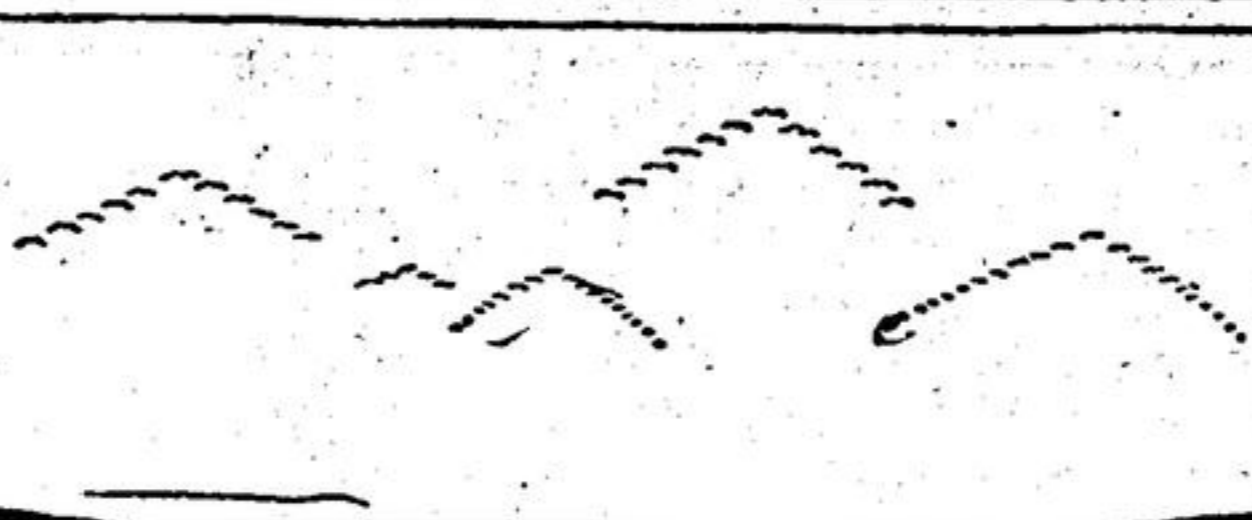
In planning for a child's clothes, parents must think not just of today's needs. They want their child to grow into an adult who can spend money wisely on clothes which are durable and becoming. Swift once made the cynical remark about a woman who "wore her clothes as if they were thrown on her with a pitch-fork." Parents want their son or daughter to select their apparel with care, be proud of their appearance, and wear clothes in a manner which is an asset and not a drawback to the impression they make on their friends and on the public.

"Good clothes open all doors," Thomas Fuller pointed out in one of his books.

The difference between a poor man and a rich man is that one worries about his next meal while the other worries about his last one.

When a right guy goes wrong a lot of wrong guys are always ready to go right along with him.

# HALF-PAST TEEN



## Christmas Trees Indoors Can Be Dangerous

Christmas trees, a symbol of gaiety and happiness, too often become a mass of flames and a symbol of disaster, according to the All Canada Insurance Federation.

Trees, decorations, and special Christmas costumes should all be chosen with special care and protected from fire. The Federation, which represents more than 220 Canadian fire, automobile and casualty insurance companies, makes these recommendations for safety in the home during the Christmas season:

Choose a small Christmas tree; it will be less hazardous than a larger one.

Keep the base of the tree in a container of water; the water will be absorbed and keep the tree moist.

Keep trees away from stoves, heaters and fireplaces.

Use good quality electric lights on the tree, not candles.

Check your lights for any defects which might cause short circuits.

Be sure that Christmas lights do not overload the electrical circuits in your home.

Keep papers, gifts and other inflammable articles away from the base of the tree until Christmas Eve.

Do not use paper, gauze-like materials or other highly inflammable cloths for children's costumes.

Check carefully for burning cigarette butts after every party or gathering in your home.

Always turn out electric lights when room is unoccupied.

## What About Frankincense And Myrrh?

Gold has always been one of man's most treasured possessions; but what about frankincense and myrrh, the other substances which the Wise Men chose to offer as gifts to the infant Jesus? Why were they so highly valued?

Frankincense and myrrh are resins taken from trees and shrubs found on the dry rocky hills of Somaliland and southwestern Arabia. Peoples of antiquity used the two substances for a variety of purposes—for embalming and in cosmetics, perfumes, medicines, and incense.

Frankincense Somaliland is chief producer of frankincense, although some comes from Arabia. Most frankincense comes from a small shrub-like tree with a stout trunk and pale brown and yellow bark. Its flowers are grouped in slender clusters and the fragrance of the blossoms is discernible for a considerable distance.

The resin flows from natural fissures in the bark of the tree, or from man-made incisions. It emerges as a whitish, viscous liquid that turns yellow and clings to the wound in the tree like tears. Every few days the resin is collected and the wound in the tree is freshened.

Ancient Arab traders introduced frankincense to many peoples. Today, the yellow tears and brown lumps of resin are sent to the seaport of Aden to be shipped to Europe, America, or Bombay.

Myrrh From Somaliland Myrrh is obtained from trees of several species and most of it comes from Somaliland. Some of the trees are from ten to thirty feet tall, other myrrh-producing plants are mere bushes.

Myrrh flows freely from a break in the bark of the tree or plant and is collected in brownish-yellow or red brown masses that may be as large as a hen's egg.

The ancients used myrrh in embalming; the Egyptians used it in the mummification process and Roman physicians prescribed myrrh in treatment of dropsy, carache, eye diseases, bladder stones, abscesses and broken heads.

Frankincense was chiefly used for incense, yet was an early ingredient in prescriptions for chest pain, hemorrhoids, hemorrhages from the mouth and throat, broken heads, paralyzed limbs, bruises and ulcers.



## SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

Whoa, there! Slow down. Relax. Get that frown off your face. Don't look so strained. It's not a funeral or a wedding, or even a treshing you're getting ready for. It's Christmas. Remember?

In know, I know. "It's a trying time for all of us" and "Christmas is getting too commercialized" and "it's not what it used to be" and "we can't afford all those presents" and "Christmas is just a big pain in the neck" and "I don't enjoy Christmas any more, I'm simply worn out." I've heard them all.

Poppycock! Piffle! It's not Christmas that's a big pain in the neck. It's some of the so-called Christians who celebrate it—worrying, complaining, grabbing, sweating, pushing, whining—in a perfect frenzy as the glorious day approaches.

For myself, I find Christmas, and the weeks approaching it, a demanding but exhilarating experience. Each Christmas season, around our house, presents a challenge that brings out the best in me. And don't anybody, please, remark that the best is none too good.

The reason is that, each year, about the time other people are wrapping gifts and addressing Christmas cards, we are up to our ears in a Domestic Project. For some reason, we become involved, annually, in the most stupendous household upheaval, just before the festive season. It's not my doing. Every year, about the first of December, the Chief Engineer gets hallucinations of grandeur, and we're for it.

One year, it was a new sink in the bathroom. Translate, this means I wound up with a complete new bathroom which took me about two years to pay for. Another year, she thought we'd sand all the floors. The result looked like Lake Superior on a choppy day. One pre-Christmas we got into the painting and whenever the family met at mealtime, it resembled a war-gathering of the Six Nations.

On still another occasion, we had to build a chimney a couple of weeks before Christmas. (No, Virginia, it wasn't for Santa Claus to come down. It was for

the smoke to go up, for a change, instead of just hanging there.) Anyway, the man said the bricks were too wet, or something, so we wound up with about 8,000 bricks piled, to dry, in the kitchen.

During these ordeals, the old Trouble 'n Strife is about as easy to get along with as a cobra with a hangover. That's why I look on the annual Project as a challenge. If we can get through a couple of weeks of this without anyone picking up an axe, Christmas is a breeze.

When the last snarl of the sander fades, or the last brick is slapped into place, or the last splatter of paint is turpentineed off, I know that Christmas, peace on earth and goodwill toward me and the kids, are practically upon us.

Each year the Project has acted as a safety valve for the Old Girl. You know what women are like with Christmas coming on, normally. They run around in ever-decreasing circles as they try to cope with turkey and tree and trimmings, pudding and presents and pies. After a couple of weeks of painting, or running around the brickpile, my old lady was always so whacked out that getting ready for Christmas was a pleasant change, in comparison.

That's why I was a mite alarmed this year. You see, we're living in a rented house, and there's no outlet for that pre-Christmas project. The lady is restrained by law from ripping off all the wallpaper or launching into a linoleum-laying orgy. All she can do is eye it longingly.

But I needn't have worried. Unable to create alarm, confusion, chaos and open warfare in the house, she has gone further afield. To church. As organizer, she's facing her first Christmas, with all the extra and special services. There's panic aplenty. That kid spends more time at church than at home. We have carols coming out our ears.

But it's a good thing, I say. Here's the program: three services the day before Christmas, including a midnight; a service Christmas morning; then jump in the car and go haring off a hundred miles across country to Granny's, for Christmas dinner.

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