

Sugar & Spice

by Bill Smiley

Editorial . . .

No Man Could Have Done More

No man, in the more than one hundred year history of Whitchurch Township, has done more in the service of his municipality than the late John Crawford. John Crawford was the second generation of his family to serve the township in the position of clerk-treasurer, and the seventh man to hold the post in one hundred and thirteen years.

The deceased, whose untimely death brought shock and sorrow to so many residents, was a man of quiet and unassuming disposition. His cheery manner and long-standing term of office had made him one of the most popular and best-known municipal officers in the entire county. John Crawford grew up with the township. He entered the service of his home municipality at an early age, and as it grew, so he grew in respect and wealth of knowledge. History will never record the great weight of public problems which this man carried, during years when economic stress beset the township and times when his councillors were not gifted with the ability required to deal with a multiplicity of business items. John Crawford was never too busy to assist a ratepayer or a councillor with some problem either personal or public. He knew his people well and he loved them as he loved his township.

And not all the gratitude and appreciation due this public servant need come entirely from the Township of Whitchurch. Stouffville too, owes much to John Crawford for his determined co-operation along with this town's officials, to see that a high school was erected here, to serve not only Stouffville, but a large area of Whitchurch.

We were privileged to have known the late John Crawford as a close friend since the early time he took office, close to thirty years ago. His passing marks the end of an era in our neighbor township, one which we shall cherish a lifetime. John Crawford fought the good fight and has finished his course — no man could have done more. His life was one of service and we believe the words of Tolstoy aptly describe his philosophy:

"Life is a place of service, and in that service one has to suffer a great deal that is hard to bear, but more often to experience a great deal of joy.

But that joy can be real only if people look upon their life as a service, and have a definite object in life outside themselves and their personal happiness."

The Lone Soldier

On Friday evening, a lone girl stood on the sidewalk on Main Street in Stouffville in front of the I.G.A. Store. Without doubt it was the coldest night to date this winter. Pre-Christmas shoppers rushed past her, some trying not to notice, but finding it difficult to look the other way.

For nearly two hours she stood by her post, a half-frozen figure of loneliness but also a monumental martyr for all that is good. You see,

she was a member of the Salvation Army organization, a group of devoted men and women whose spirit of "giving" is practiced not only during the Christmas period but all the year round.

Never have we heard anything but the highest praise for the Salvation Army and their personal sacrifice for the welfare of others was never more evident than right here in town on a sub-zero Friday night.

More Thought To Paying Municipal Servants

With the high cost of living and a less appreciative public, more thought is being given today to the paying of those men and women who serve their municipalities, both as elected and appointed representatives. At the present time only public school trustees are not provided for in provincial legislation. Payment has been appropriate for some time for members of municipal councils, of the Members of Parliament, of the high school board members and planning board. It should be equally so for public school trustees.

Here in Stouffville, the amounts paid are pitifully small. It is interesting to note that the recently-elected reeve in the town of Markham receives more remuneration than all the members of the Stouffville municipal council put together. In fact this reeve receives over \$600 more in total. Stouffville Planning Board members recently had their stipend increased from \$8 a meeting to \$10 a meeting at their own request. Stouffville high school board members are allowed to receive much less than \$100 each for an entire year's work. Public School Board members are allowed nothing.

We're the first to agree that in some municipalities such remuneration is high and even more so when

it is abused. However in many business operations some of those who are well paid, abuse the privilege, but this is no reason why those who do an honest job should be penalized.

No one suggests that the calibre of candidates for public office, or the quality of service rendered, is in any way impaired by remuneration and there is no reason to suppose that it will be different with public school trustees. The administration of school affairs requires those elected to the board to give much of their time, in some cases at the sacrifice of personal business and at personal cost. It may be assumed that there are people qualified and who would be willing to serve but who cannot afford, for financial reasons, to offer themselves. The same could be said of those on council. A reasonable salary would offset to a certain extent this disadvantage.

A poll was recently taken by the school trustees' council in this connection and the majority is in favor of payment. This is at least one reason for the provincial government to enact legislation permitting such an improvement for public service. In the case of the small annual fee paid to local councillors, the reeve has announced that this matter will be reviewed at an early date in the new year.

Holy Day Helped Comfort Sorrow

Even when Christmas wasn't merry, history shows that the holy holiday has brought comfort and hope into the midst of sorrow and hardship. Such was an early Christmas in the New World, observed in 1335 at a small fortress on the banks of the St. Charles river near what is now the City of Quebec, Canada. Jacques Cartier, French explorer, and his band of 110 settlers were beset by cold and

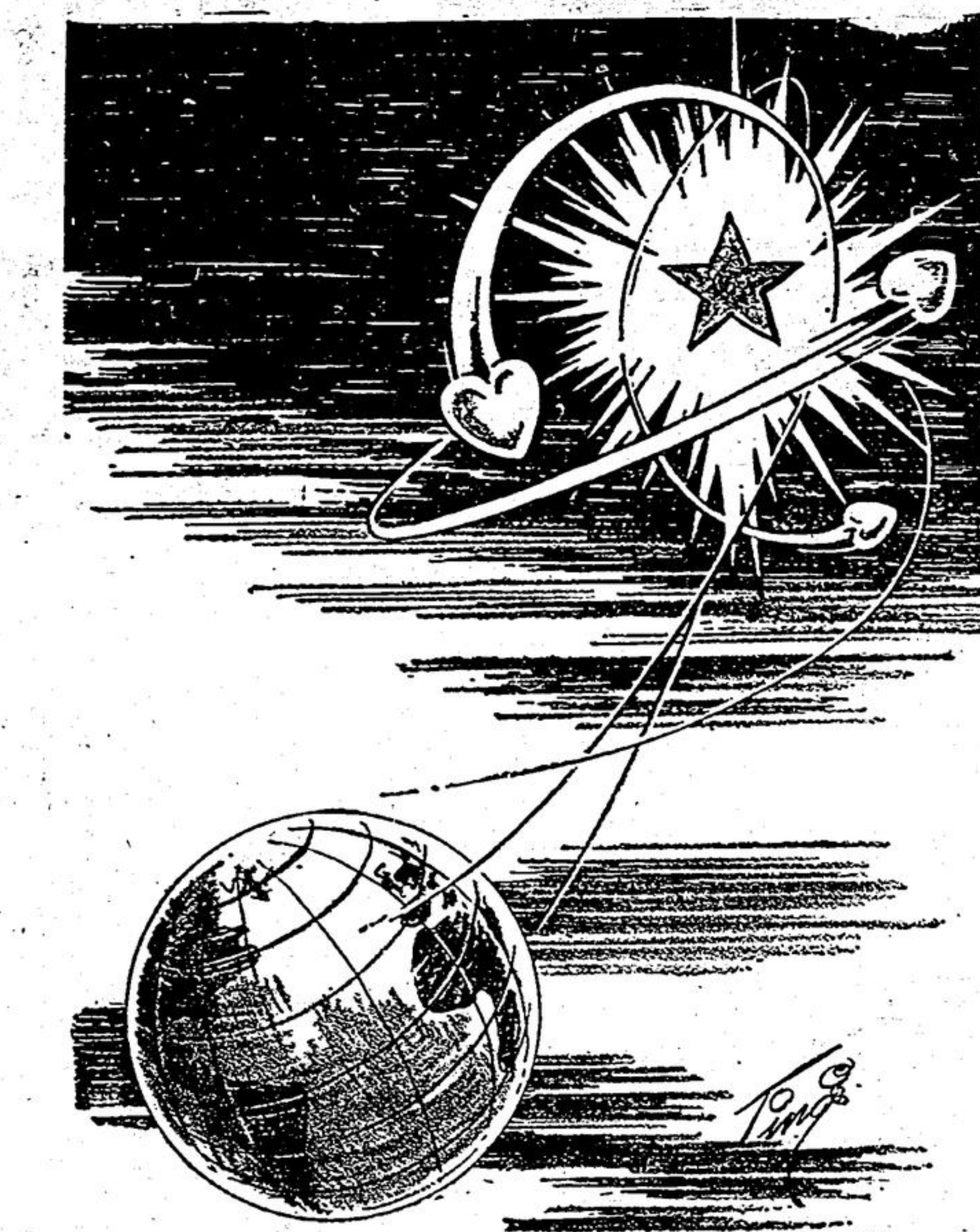
hunger, as well as fear of the nearby Indians, whose friendly attitude seemed to have changed. More than half the members of the colony suffered from scurvy. Bravely, the men celebrated Christmas. Mass was said in a log cabin, at an altar made from a wooden table; evergreen branches decorated the walls; carols were sung and the best of the meager food supplies were used for a "feast."

Sometimes Christmas is written Xmas because "X" is the Greek equivalent of "eh" and stands for the word "Christ."

Hanging Stockings

Story of the first Christmas stocking is associated with the real St. Nicholas, a fourth century bishop known for his many kind deeds. Wishing to present an anonymous gift to help the daughters of an impoverished merchant, he threw a bag of gold down the chimney where it fell into a stocking hung up to dry.

The legend is reflected in today's custom of tucking "gold" — an orange or tangerine — into the toe of a Christmas stocking.



By the way . . .

Anne Ross

We have had numerous requests to re-print the poem written for last Christmas, and so here it is. We hope you will relax and smile as you read it the day after Christmas this year.

'Twas the night-time on Christmas, when up and down street Not a creature was stirring, not a soul did I meet. The stores were all closed, forsaken, forlorn, (They'll be open for business again Friday morn, When shoppers exchange the gifts they received For sizes and colors more close to their need).

The merchants and clerks and their poor tired feet Were way off in dreamland — a happy retreat; The children, all played-out, were snug in their beds; While visions of precious toys danced in their heads; And Ma's in their kerchiefs and Pa's in their caps Had just dropped, exhausted, into much longed-for naps.

When way down the street there arose such a clatter I whirled around quickly to see what was the matter; Then straight to the ruckus I flew like a flash, Towards Santa's chalet I made a fast dash. The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow Round the little red house made everything glow.

And what to my wondering eyes should appear But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer With a little old driver, so lively and quick, I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick. He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot, And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.

Although he looked tired (he'd had quite a night) And his toy sack was empty, yet to my delight His eyes, still they twinkled, his dimples were merry, His cheeks were rosy like roses, his nose like a cherry, His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow, And the beard on his chin was still white as snow.

He had a broad face and a round little belly That shook, ('cause he laughed), like a bowl full of jelly; He was chubby and plump, still his jolly old self, And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself. A wink of his eye and a twist of his head Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke: "Are folks happy in Stouffville this year? For I've filled all the stockings," I said, "Santa Dear We've had a grand day and I know everyone Thanks you dear Santa, for the fine job you've done." He said: "You're most welcome, 'twas a joy to be here, And tell all the folks to be good till next year."

The stump of his pipe he held tight in his teeth, And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath. As he sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle, And away they all flew like the down of a thistle. But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight, "Good-by till next Christmas, and to all a good night!"

Then I wandered alone, back home, past the stores, And thought of this wonderful Christmas of ours, And wondered if, with all the joy of the day, Folks remembered its origin, when the wee Baby lay In a manger in Bethlehem, and the shepherds adored, And the wise men brought gifts to the Son of the Lord . . .

His Son . . . who brought light to the world long ago, Though that light sometimes flickers (we're so busy you Yet it shines bright as ever with Christmas goodwill; So let's carry it over, the whole year to fill With love and respect for every man's worth, To fulfill that great promise — peace on the earth.

Sunday School Lesson

GOLDEN TEXT: But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law. — Gal. 5:22, 23.

Approach to the Lesson The lip service that is paid to liberty today might give the impression to the casual observer that it is a modern discovery by the Western world, and generally enjoyed outside the Communist states. Both impressions would be quite wrong. In the days of our Lord's earthly life the Jews, at that time under the Roman yoke, were indignant at being offered freedom by Christ and proudly said, "We be Abraham's seed, and were never in bondage to any man." Bound they were, not only by foreign domination but by strict religious observance that gave no joy, freedom, or life; yet they labored under the delusion that they were never in bondage.

Multitudes are today in a comparable situation from which laws cannot give deliverance. Freedom of religion in a country does not insure freedom from sin's bondage in life; freedom from fear of governmental interference does not guarantee we shall be free from the bondage of fear in our minds — and so we could go on. New Testament freedom is a personal experience of the liberating power of Christ's life in the believer, setting him free from the dominion of sin. Charles Wesley could write of Christ: He breaks the power of canceled sin.

He sets the prisoner free; His blood can make the foulest clear; His blood availed for me. There can be no doubt that this hymn expresses New Testament Christianity. But does it accurately present the experience of multitudes of sincere Christians today? Does this assertion that Christ breaks the power of sin in the believer really signal the experience of the teacher and class members? It is just this enjoyment of victory with which our lesson deals today and which constitutes a significant and very practical subject for attention and personal application. For here in our lesson the great truths of this epistle are brought to bear on our daily living; and, after all, if they do not do that, then our profession of faith is useless.

Heart of the Lesson: As the cultivated rose has a dual nature because it has been grafted on to the old stock, so has the Christian whose new life from (and in) Christ has been planted in the old nature. There is bound to be a conflict of interests. The rose can only grow in fragrance and beauty as the new life is cultivated and the old nature is ruthlessly cut back. The Christian grows similarly. The pruning knife is the Holy Spirit and He operates in the surrendered life.

Trimmed Christmas trees first appeared in the United States probably during the American Revolution. Hessian soldiers with the British forces started the practice to relieve their nostalgia for the homeland. An early diary, written at Fort Dearborn, Ill., in 1804 relates the practice of trimming the Christmas tree with ornaments of the time.

I wish to take this opportunity of extending to the people of Ontario Riding my very best wishes for this Yuletide season and health, happiness and prosperity during the year 1964.

Wading through the snow to the garage this morning, climbing the snowbank thrown up by the plow and picking up my shovel to commence a typical Canadian winter day. I couldn't help feeling sorry for poor old George Cadogan and wife, Elda, who are wintering in Spain. The cowards!

Newspaper people who are taking a year off to write, they are settled on the island of Mallorca in the Mediterranean, with two cats, a dog and daughter Kathie, 14.

Anyway, as I took a deep breath of that crunchy polar air, and started coughing, my heart went out to them. Here I was, a vile man of the far north, red blood pumping in practically every vein, nose running freely, heart thumping sporadically, battling the elements to begin another day's hunt for meat for my little family.

And where was George? At that very moment, he was strolling idly down the hill in Palma de Mallorca, on his way to the bakery to buy some of those crusty little rolls, hot from the oven, and take them back to the apartment where he and Elda would sit on their balcony, in their shorts, and have breakfast, looking at that same old monotonous scene — the Mediterranean sparkling in the sun.

And as I thought of this, I was so overcome by pity for them that I started to cry. At least, I think that's what made me commence weeping. At any rate, I was still sobbing when I got into the car and found it wouldn't start.

Think of what they miss! There's the happy family jaunt to the Christmas tree lot, and the delightful democratic choosing of the tree:

"That one's scrappy. This one's bushy at the bottom but skinny at the top. Like spruce. No, we're getting a Scotch pine. Too big. Too small. Too much money."

And who'd want to be in Mallorca on Christmas Day? Nothing to look at but palm trees and blue sky and golden sand and blue sea. No crackle of flames in fireplace.

No Boxing Day rabbit hunts or calls on friends for eggnog by the fire. No skiing, skating, sliding. No rosy cheeks, no left-over turkey. Feel a pang for the Cadogans. Just sitting there, in their shorts, watching that lousy Mediterranean.

And look at the fun they miss on New Year's Eve. No first-footing it through the drifts for a drink. No losing your overshoes at the party. No catching hell on the way home from your wife, for kissing all the other wives at midnight. The Cadogans probably just sit around on New Year's Eve in a Spanish cafe, drinking wine with a lot of other lucky devils, lonely souls, listening to a flamenco singer trying to cope with the lousy Spanish.

No, I wouldn't mind joining the Cadogans in Paris in the spring. Or Rome in the fall. But nothing could force me to miss the brisk joys of winter and the holiday season in the true north, strong and freezing. Nothing, that is, except enough money to get out of it!

EDITOR'S MAIL

RR 4, Stouffville, Ont. December 6, 1963.

Editor, The Stouffville Tribune.

Dear Editor, I noticed in your Editorial of November 28 Tribune, that you said you would welcome more letters on the controversial subject of Government change in Government laws regarding Lotteries, Draws and bingo and other forms practiced by Service clubs and so-called charitable organizations. I have been very busy since that time with my Bible reading so did not intend to write. But after reading what was in two particular letters in Tribune of Dec. 6, I dare not refrain: for one letter condemned the church people and churches for failing to contribute to some of the needs, which are supported by the social clubs etc. I am willing to admit that if the churches had done their duty down through the Years, as outlined in the Bible, there would never have been need for the Social clubs or other so-called charity drives. This is because so many so-called Christians are robbing God of what rightly belongs to him. In the old testament the people of God were required to give the tenth as a minimum. Under the new testament teaching the tithe should not only be given but more according as God prospers us, as Paul tells us. On the other hand the reasons we Christians do not support these so-called charity drives is because, a great share of the money goes for so-called administration costs. And quite often a large expensive banquet is held at the close of the drive out of a people's money; and many of the needy never get a cent. Again some of the collectors are paid for collecting. If all the millions collected were spent for the cause of which they are supposed to be collected: all the poor would be taken care of. Our nation is following in the foot steps of the Ancient Roman Empire. What was the cause of its downfall, I shall explain this under three headings.

1. Drunkenness. It is getting time for the preachers to speak out boldly against this devilish government traffic. Don't let it Government control. You can't control either the devil or his works. When men whom the people have sent as trusted servants of the country to Government positions are arrested for impaired driving (Drunkenness) it's time as Christians wake up. For as sure as God is in Heaven, God will bring every secret thing into Judgment. For righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people, Prov. 14:34.

2. Sports and Idleness. History tells us Rome before its downfall spent the day in her youth in sports, drunkenness and gambling, and we know her doom. Do you think when our people desecrate Gods holy Day by all kinds of sports and working on the day he appointed for worship and rest; that God will overlook it any more than he did Israel or other nations? In spite of all the calamities of the past few weeks; still people go on mocking God. Some of our radio programmes and announcers use blasphemy which ten years ago would have put them off the air. Now the law winks at it. Some few men on the radio can hardly speak in an intelligent manner any more. Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. Some men have been cut off in their sins and more will be unless they repent. Mark my words unless there is a return to the faith of our fathers, an old-fashioned revival of bible salvation, great calamities are coming. God will judge our nation. John Wesley teaches that others of his day saved England from a bloody revolution. I thank God

for every preacher who has the courage like my brethren of the last few weeks, who dare to cry out against the sins that are damning our Nation. God bless and pity the meek-mouthed compromisers. Gambling in any form whatever is forbidden in the word of God. The purpose does not make any difference. Wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished; but he that gathered by labor shall increase. Prov. 13:11. There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but which end thereof is the way of death. Prov. 16:25.

3. Lawlessness. I was shocked to read that foolish letter in this week's Tribune about the boy expelled from school for a few days. If children were disciplined in the home, instead of being allowed to rebel against their parents, there would be no trouble with them at school; and our country wouldn't have to spend millions every year to confine so-called juvenile delinquents, in our reformatories and prisons. The people who are the delinquents are the parents, and lawmakers who forbid discipline in schools. And preachers who are only icicles in the pupil and teach good works instead of Salvation through the blood of Christ; denying the inspiration of the Scripture, the Virgin birth, bodily resurrection, and personal return of our glorious Redeemer. If parents would teach their children the facts of life, we would not have the thousands of unmarried mothers, divorcees, broken homes, and children left to run the streets, and get into all kinds of trouble. I was converted when I was 10 years old and brought up in a christian home. I never sauced my parents or teachers or lied to either of them. I did disobey my parents at times and was properly punished in love, and not pounded or sworn at as I have seen some parents do. The Bible says parents are to love their children and bring them up in the fear of God and children are to obey their parents in the Lord. The wise man said: — Without nor correction from the Lord (in the home or school). If thou bearest him with the rod he shall not die. Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shall save his soul from hell. Pro. 23:13, 14. Mother's place is in the home and not in the saloon, club or social or factory or store, unless she needs to support herself.

Leslie Grove.

OLD CUSTOM

In ancient times, mistletoe was used to insure the favorable outcome of crops. Later, its charm was invoked to happily guide the destinies of young lovers. Through the centuries, long after the Druids, who popularized mistletoe with symbolic rites, were absorbed by other cultures, the custom of hanging the mistletoe persisted.

First Stocking Filled By Accident

In Britain, it is the custom for children to leave their toys under the tree until the afternoon of Christmas Day. Santa Claus (Father Christmas) makes his Christmas Eve visit, however, filling the stockings left by the children at the hearth or beside their bed. British legend says the stocking custom originated by accident. Once, St. Nicholas was making his descent down a chimney to leave some toys for a family of children and some gold coins fell from his pocket, dropping into a stocking hung by the hearth to dry. Since that time, Santa has always had something for every stocking.

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