

Editorial . . .

See You Next Christmas

Across Canada, Dec. 20th was marked in the majority of churches as the traditional Christmas Sunday. The pastor centred his message around the birth of the Christ child in Bethlehem. The choir sang a beautiful Christmas anthem and the congregation joined in the singing of several well-known Christmas carols.

The attendance at church on Christmas Sunday is usually above average. In fact, for some, it is the one and only Sunday out of fifty-two, that they can take the time and trouble to darken the door of the building. With a little extra effort, they might be prodded into attending a service at Easter or sit in with smiling approval on the baptism rights of a first grandchild, but nothing more.

It must cause the minister to

wince a little to look out on a congregation that includes so many strange faces. He must bite his tongue to keep from greeting these fair-weather worshippers with a "see you next year".

There are many who feel that a church and its minister are obligated to provide certain services in a community and regardless of a person's patronage, this service should not be refused. In effect, they are right and there are few pastors who will oppose the practice. It's regrettable, however, that a third class church supporter cannot qualify for third class benefits when he wishes to "use" the church to solemnize the ritual of marriage, baptism and death. Under such a practiced policy, the "see you next Christmas" might be altered to "see you next Sunday".

Should Not Be Discussed in Public

Last week, members of Pickering Twp. Council became involved in a discussion over a 3-year member appointment to the District High School Board. Two names were submitted and although the matter was never resolved, considerable time was spent on the subject.

At least two council members were noticeably embarrassed and one refrained from voting on either of two motions that were presented.

This is understandable. It becomes a pretty touchy point when the qualifications of one are compared

with another, in public. We would suggest that the members would feel more free to pick and choose if the discussion was held in private committee.

Towns and townships are continually looking for personnel to fill these important posts. There is little incentive for anyone to offer his services if his name and ability is to be tossed around the table like a ping-pong ball. If some member of the council appeared embarrassed, think how the individuals involved would surely feel.

A Bright Christmas

The home-owners of Stouffville show pride in their homes and community through the colourful displays of Christmas decorations and lights that dot the town. A drive down any street at this time of year points out the pride of ownership which most residents have. It is doubtful whether any town in Ontario of comparable size can equal Stouffville in the appearance of the residential districts.

Now that the homes have been decorated for the festive season, the

town takes on the look of a giant Christmas tree.

Although the majority of owners require no incentive to "dress up" their places for Christmas, we feel that some organization, possibly the Horticultural Society, should offer distinctive awards for exceptionally fine efforts.

Between Christmas and New Year's, a pleasant way to spend an hour, in the evening with the family is to drive through the residential streets of Stouffville and admire some of the handiwork.

Rushing The Permit

The promoters of the proposed drag strip project on the 9th conc. of Markham Township have been granted their 1965 licence in 1964. This rather strange piece of business was transacted last week and approved on a 3-2 recorded vote.

We are not suggesting that there was anything illegal about this procedure nor are we saying that there was any pertinent reason why the permit application should not have been approved — but in 1965, not '64.

There will be one change in the

personnel of the 1965 Markham Twp. Council and it is possible that this one new member could have definite opinions for or against this rather controversial item.

There would be nothing wrong with re-introducing the drag strip issue on the agenda for 1965. In the move made last week, the council in effect, has given its approval to two permits in one year, Jan. 1964 and Dec. 1964. This action has only stirred up the troubled waters and many feel that the licence has been "railroaded" through before too many contracted a change of heart.

Has Santa Got A Toy Problem?

There seems to be a campaign afoot to disarm Santa Claus' workshop according to the many protests about war toys. Remember, of course, that Santa fills public demand as much as he creates it. Let's not kid anymore, youngsters who watch war movies on TV and at the movie house, and there are plenty of them, naturally want to play with toys that fit their desires which are based on what they have seen.

It's hard to go along with an argument that condemns a war toy because it is realistic. Fears that war toys and equipment breed militarism are hardly justified by past history.

Children have always played with war toys and toy soldiers. You may not recall it but in the First World War small boys frequently had complete miniature uniforms and real-looking guns. These are the children who later grew up to be the pacifist "won't fight for King and country" voters of the 1930's.

We think Santa does a pretty good job. After all parents aren't obligated to see that he brings their children these toys unless they approve them, and this wild idea of picketing stores seems about the least sensible way of handling the matter.

Poinsettia

Poinsettia, a traditional Christmas plant, thrives best in a well-lighted location and a temperature of about 65 degrees F. The flowers of this plant are inconspicuous, but a colorful show is provided by the large scarlet bracts. The red variety is the most popular, however, there are also white and pink varieties.

To prevent yellowing and drooping of the bottom leaves, horticulturists with the Ontario Department of Agriculture have the following tips: The poinsettia should be kept out of cold draughts. Place the plant in a window where it will receive as much sun as possible. In addition it should not be allowed to dry out.

Plants may be carried over to the next year. After "flowering"

rest the plants in a cool location for 8 to 10 weeks and let the soil dry out. However, do not let the stems become so dry that the bark shrivels. After the rest period cut the plants back part way, place in a larger pot and supply water. They should then be exposed to good light and a temperature of 65 to 70 degrees F. These plants can then be grown on for next Christmas.



THE STOUFFVILLE TRIBUNE

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EDITOR'S MAIL

RR #3, Claremont, Ontario, Dec. 19th, 1964.
Mr. J. Thomas, Editor, Stouffville Tribune, Stouffville, Ontario.

Dear Sir,
This letter is written in appreciation of the kindness of the Tribune in printing the picture and story of our lost dog, which was instrumental in his return. I am fully convinced that without your paper's coverage of the story, "Charlie" never would have been returned home. A kind man, Mr. Larry Wilson, who was working at the Pickering Signal station near

Ajax, found him when hunters dropped him off, and after feeding him for several days, he took "Charlie" with him to his home in Orillia, rather than leave him out in the severe cold. It was through the article and picture in the Tribune that he discovered "Charlie's" real owners and he phoned us long distance to tell us he had the dog at his home. We were able to make a positive identification from the number on his Rabies tag. Mr. Wilson was even good enough to drop "Charlie" off to us the following day on his way to Toronto.

If we had never gotten him back, it is obvious that he would have had a good home with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and their children, but of course if we hadn't heard from Mr. Wilson we would never have had the satisfaction of ever knowing our dog was alive and well. I only wish that all the good people who took the time and trouble to phone up with information of dogs that they had seen, could have witnessed the joyful reunion between four children and their beloved pal. I'm sure they would have felt their kind thoughts and wishes had not been wasted.

In this day and age, when the headlines are crowded with gangsters and delinquents, we tend to overlook the overwhelming number of ordinary good-hearted folks, who, although their names or faces may never reach the papers in the proportion that the infamous do, go quietly about their respectable living, and just as quietly perform their simple acts of un-rewarded (in this world) decency. These are the kind of folks who phone and say, "We just saw a large black dog near our house," and follow with a description of where and when.

Invariably, when a reward was mentioned, the reply was always, "Oh, that's all right, we'd just like to see the children get their dog back." It is at such times we realize how many wonderful friends and neighbours we dwell among.

To each of those who were so kind as to phone with information and encouragement, and especially to the Editor and

SUGAR AND SPICE by Bill Smiley



SOCIAL, BUT NOT SOCIABLE!

There is little use in complaining about the rigors of putting up my tree, the horrors of trying to find a present for my wife, the abyss of debt into which I am plunging. I know how much sympathy I'd get. We're all in the same boat.

But, with the holiday season coming up, accompanied by its usual parties, I thought it might be a good time for your friendly old uncle Bill to pause and examine that phenomenon of the second half, of the 20th century — Social Drinking.

Social Drinking is one of those beautifully vague terms we're so fond of these days. They cover a multitude of sins, and yet, somehow, they sound respectable.

It's like "Neurotic". The lady who is nutty as a fruitcake will inform you, with some pride, "I'm terribly neurotic, you know." Fifty years ago, she wouldn't have announced so freely that she was batty.

Social Drinking is similar. The fellow who is so hung-over the blood is running out his eyes, will tell you, "I'm strictly a Social Drinker."

Everytime I hear the term Social Drinking, I utter a couple of short, barking laughs. Social Drinking is just an excuse for getting plastered in public, instead of quietly and decently at home, or out behind the barn.

Social Drinking and the Cocktail Party go hand in hand. A Cocktail Party is any gathering of Social Drinkers, sipping free liquor into empty stomachs at a rate which suggests prohibition is about to become law within the hour. They make a gesture toward the social end of it by eating a cracker, with a dead sardine on it, with every fifth drink.

Don't confuse sociable drinking with Social Drinking. Sociable drinking is a quiet glass with an old friend, by the fire; a couple of bottles of cold beer, out fishing; a hot noggin, in company, after a winter's day outside.

But Social Drinking is a horse of a different hue. Ask the housewife who comes down in the morning after a Cocktail Party, head thumping like a bongo, and is confronted by the following: a cigarette-burn on her new coffee-table; a puree of whiskey-and-ashes on her white linen tablecloth; a purple splotch on her lemon carpet; 28 dirty glasses; a lady's handbag; a man's hat; 34 empty cigarette packages; and her husband, snoring on the chesterfield.

Ask the chap who drops in for a drink — just one — before facing the spouse and spawn, after work. He gets talking with the boys, arrives home an hour late. He's a little high-spirited, but scarcely a reeling drunk. Know what he gets for dinner? Cold shoulder and hot tongue. Yet all he was doing was a little Social Drinking.

Actually, Social Drinking was fine, as were so many other things, before women got into the act.

But then women started boozing, and things have gone from bad to hopeless. Mixed drinking developed. And the only thing worse than mixed drinking is mixing your drinks.

Social Drinking has all the potential destructive power of The Bomb. It leads to broken promises, broken dishes, broken noses, and broken homes.

The only good thing about it, and the only reason it is so popular, is that it enables one to put up with all the bores and boors, the knuckleheads and knotheds, the dopes and dullards, with which society seems to be infested nowadays (except for the sparkling people like you and me).

Now, I hope I haven't thrown a wet blanket on your plans for a wet holiday season. But just to end this little homily, may I remind you of the lines written in elevenvent seventy-seven by the great Welsh poet, Hugh Dumnit:

If you get stinking
From drinking,
It isn't Social;
It's atrocious!

Roamin' Around . . .

Many homes in Stouffville have been beautifully dressed up for Christmas. If an award was to be given for any one display, we feel that it would have to go to Ross Hetherington on Rupert Avenue. His decorated front-lawn tree is an eye-catching effort and, although rivaled by Dr. Doug Brodie's masterpiece on Glad Park Ave., the difference in height gives it a slight advantage. Between Christmas and New Year's it's well worth the time to take the kids on a half-hour trip around town to view the sights. Some of the beauty spots that have attracted our attention are as follows: Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Harris, Glad Park Ave., Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Hetherington, Mr. and Mrs. Win Timbers, Dr. and Mrs. Blair Mitchell and Mr. and Mrs. Len Wilkes, Rupert Ave., Mr. and Mrs. Bob Bangay, 9th Line S.; Mr. and Mrs. Don Campbell and Mr. and Mrs. Bert Taylor, Sunset Blvd.; Miss E. B. Hosie, Charles St.; Mr. and Mrs. Percy Schell, William St.; Mr. and Mrs. Bud Sanderson, Victoria St.; Mr. and Mrs. Doug O'Neill, Fairview Ave.; Dr. and Mrs. John Button, O'Brien Ave.; Mr. and Mrs. Ken Laushway, Park Drive; Mr. and Mrs. Gary Grundy and Mr. and Mrs. Doug Ramer, Hawthorne Ave.; Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Winterstein, Main St. E.; Mr. and Mrs. Keith Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Curtis and Mr. and Mrs. Martin O'Quinn, Loretta Cresc.; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Morden and Mr. and Mrs. Lorne McMullen, Tenth Line S.; Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Stewart, Manitoba St.; Mr. and Mrs. Mickey Hunt, Elm Road; Mr. and Mrs. Harold Murphy, Main St. E.; Mr. and Mrs. John Illingworth, Hawthorne Ave. and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Drewery, Tenth Line S. There are many we may have missed. If so, we'll try and catch you next Christmas.

While on the subject of homes at Christmas, Santa's chalet on Main St. in Markham took a sudden shift in the wind last week during a snow and wind squall that hit the area. It was flipped completely over but fortunately no one, including St. Nick, was inside the structure at the time.

It is reported that a sizeable chicken-raising establishment is planned for the 5th conc. of Uxbridge Twp. near Coppins' Corners.

While on the subject of Uxbridge, a sign on the County Road east of Balsam advertises the Ski-Loft ski haven at Dagmar. We would like to know if this local resort is open to the public or if it is a private venture. If it is public, it is never, to our knowledge, listed in the daily ski reports. If it is private, then the restrictions are rather loosely enforced.

A word of warning to venturesome motorists who may, through business or pleasure, be attracted into this Dagmar area or any other parts of rural Uxbridge for that matter. If your car is not equipped with snow tires, don't try it. We took the chance recently and believe me, it was our first and is our last. Of course, it's that reckless spirit of adventure that keeps tow truck crews busy on winter weekends.

Persons of noble character standing directly behind the Stouffville net in last week's Junior hockey game at the arena claim that one of the seven goals scored by Lindsay did not cross the line. The referee over-ruled the decision of the goal judge and counted the tally. It resulted in a verbal protest by cage-guardian "Chuck" Doyle and his subsequent banishment from his post. It just goes to prove that it doesn't pay to argue with an official because, right or wrong, he's always right.

Girls, if you want to look like Bridget Bardow but must wear glasses, drop in and see local optician, Howard Mills, Main St. W. He has just acquired the latest in lens and frame designs from France and, according to our information, is one of the first in the area to receive this stock.

Local barber, Bob Snowball will mark his 40th year in the tonsorial trade this spring. He has operated a shop in Stouffville for 31 years, beginning in 1933 at the present location of Ben Raxlin's store. He moved to his present site in 1946. He has managed his own business longer than any person presently located here. It would be interesting to know how many tons of hair he has lopped off during this time.

Persons wishing to make their debut in an actual on-the-spot C.B.C. telecast are asked to congregate in the area of Church and Main Streets on Thursday evening (to-night) at 6:30 p.m.

Hudson's floral design have transformed the former Krings annex store on Main Street into a real beauty spot. We only wish that a flower shop of this nature could be operated in town on a year-round basis.

staff of the Tribune, without whose benefit this happy letter could not be written, the Kerr family would like to say a heartfelt "Thank you" — God has answered the prayers of four children through the sympathy and kindness of many of His servants, and in closing we wish you all the Blessings of the Christmas Season.

In sincere appreciation,
Des and Adelaide Kerr and family.

TREES A' PLENTY
The popularity of the family Christmas tree is found in the fact that approximately 45 million commercially-grown trees were sold in the United States last holiday season. This number does not include the small operator who cuts and sells trees locally, nor the hardy individuals who venture forth to chop down their own.

GIFT TIP
For a new, unique lady's gift, buy a large plastic-covered dish and fill it with cotton powder puffs. Decorate the cover of this dish with a pattern of shells or fish scales dyed pastel colors.

Babe in the Woods



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