

Tribune Editorials

Ridiculous Sweepstake Law

Canadians are enthusiastic supporters of lotteries. The recent seizure of \$25,000,000 worth of sweepstake tickets certainly points this out. If they are not, why would so a huge number of tickets be based here for distribution? Each year tens of millions of dollars go out of the country for these various lotteries.

As this column has said on more than one occasion, the present law covering lotteries is ridiculous. It is perfectly all right to visit the tracks and bet on horse races, buy tickets on draws at exhibitions but not to buy or sell a sweepstake ticket. Polls have shown on several occasions that at least eighty per cent of Canadians favour legalized lotteries in this country. The proceeds could be used here as elsewhere, to support hospitals and educational institutions.

There are numerous arguments to favour national sweeps. The countries that have established state lotteries have rid themselves of illegal draws. These sweepstakes answer the human

compulsion to gamble without forcing the gambler to break any law by dealing illegally.

Those who oppose the move tell us that gambling is immoral and the government should not become involved in an immoral project, but those who say this also regard drinking as immoral, and both the Dominion and Provincial governments profit substantially from liquor sales.

The government has been going out of its way to bribe Canadians with their own money in various forms of social welfare in order to gain popularity. Here is something which the newly elected government could do and get overwhelming support — amend the Criminal Code to get rid of this outdated lottery law.

Canadians are going to gamble, whether the law says they can or not, and the government might as well wake up to this fact for once and for all. After all eighty per cent is eighty per cent and no party should deny such a large proportion of the population.

Court News Not For Fun

Time and again we hear readers bemoan the fact that court news in the local press has besmirched the name of their family or someone in it. Some too, even think that some court cases are missed. Others have the notion that court news is only run according to our whims.

If the case is heard, you can rest assured you'll read about it in The Tribune. We run court news for two reasons. We believe that it is news and secondly we feel it acts as a deterrent.

Someone told us lately that they supposed we carried court news to gain

readership. All news helps gain readership, but sensationalism alone will not do it. It seldom works in a small town. It's fun reading it 'till you see your own name in it. Then the newspaper isn't worth a darn anymore.

Magistrates welcome us into their courts. They feel, like ourselves, that the newspaper can help in reducing the number of liquor offenders who appear. Humans being what they are, court news columns will never dwindle to nothing, but it would be a fine thing if they did. We hope that our subscribers feel this same way.

Off with the Old — On with the New

It's the end of an old year, the beginning of a new, a time for reminiscing. It's the end of an era for this newspaper and the beginning of a new. For those who are not so familiar with the local press, we can say that this is the fifth era the newspaper has entered since it began in 1888.

In the beginning it was known as The Tribune, a name to which it has now returned. Eight pages were produced, four of them in the home plant and the other four in Toronto, what was commonly called "boiler plate." In 1936 this original format came to an end and "The Stouffville Tribune" became all "home print," all eight pages being produced in our own plant. Ten years later there was still another innovation. The paper came out with seven columns instead of six. It is now fourteen years since the paper made the last big change, moved to a larger eight-column page, went into the pro-

duction of pictures on a large scale and turned to an outside firm for the paper's presswork.

This week another new day has dawned. The paper has returned to its original name "The Tribune." In addition it has blossomed into a full nine-column page size and in addition to maintaining and enlarging its use of pictures, colour has been added. The paper has been restyled, something that is particularly evident on this editorial page. Column rules have been done away with. A great many new features have been added and these will appear in greater numbers as we move into a new year.

The management and staff are proud of the "new look," and hope that you too will find favour with our efforts to give Stouffville and surrounding area the finest possible in weekly newspapers.



EDITOR'S MAIL

The Humane Society

By OUR READERS

Dear Sir: — Referring to your letter in the Stouffville Tribune of Dec. 23rd re forming a branch of the Society to service the northern half of York County, last year I submitted a plea to this effect; but being, as far too many people are, so unmindful of the dire need and suffering of our poor fellow creatures, the editor of this same weekly did not see fit to publish it. But now an outsider comes along with the same idea, and, Presto! his letter is promptly accepted! (Which again brings to mind our Lord's saying that, "a Prophet is not without honour, save in his own country" — or town!).

Outside, my home right now are six cats — poor strays from sold or abandoned farms; they still want to stay but for hunger, thirst, and starvation, which drives them out into a cold strange world in search of new homes and enough to eat to keep body and soul together. Some even come to my window, look in, and cry; and because I cannot help hunger when they hunger, and suffer when they suffer, I give them all that I can plus a few straw beds wherein they can get a little warmth and comfort at least during the coldest winter days and nights. But an unheated garage is not nearly enough; like human waifs, they too are here through no fault of their own, and have a God-given right to live their full life span, and share with

us the fullness of the good earth. We can afford to house and keep murderers, sex maniacs, and a host of other vile persons, whom the Holy Scriptures command us to death in the first place; also money to burn to build new stadiums, race tracks, innumerable recreation centres, hundreds of expensive buildings and places that are actually not needed; but cannot, we claim, provide decent shelters for our lesser brethren, where they could receive proper food and care until good homes can be found for them, or "until death do us part," and thus not cast them to destruction, or to laboratories or other such devilish places of torture and living death. Let us not be deceived: There will never be "Peace on earth, and Goodwill towards men" UNTIL Man becomes, first, willing to make peace with the lesser creatures, and do unto them as he would be done by. As long as he prefers to rule over them with guns, sledge hammers, gas chambers, and other satanic means, as long will God rule over him in like manner — with sickness and diseases of all kinds, with famine, pestilences, fire, floods, earth quakes and cave-ins, wars, hatred, etc., until He makes us so few in number that even a little child shall be able to count them that are left. If we believe in the Holy Bible, THIS is the Message; there is no other!

— Mrs. Dolores Deverell.



"But you can't see the New Year in without bagpipes!"

SUGAR AND SPICE

Organization Man

By BILL SMILEY



All my life I have admired organized people. This doesn't mean that I like them. In fact, my usual response to this type is instant hatred, because they make me look so confused in comparison.

You know the sort of person I mean. The chap leering at you from the life insurance ads. Mortgage on house paid up, pension all figured out, and a big, fat annuity when he retires at 60: And dies at sixty-one from sheer boredom because there's nothing left to organize.

Then there's the wife who runs her house like clockwork. Everything on time. Not a dirty ash-tray. Not a half-hour in the day of pure bumming for anybody in the family. Surely it isn't her fault that her kids became greasy beanbriks the minute they leave home, and her husband goes the normal course, from ulcer to coronary to stroke.

Much as I detest organization, I've got to let admiration overrule distaste. It's not easy, after a lifetime of comfortable chaos, but I've been driven to it. By my daughter. In a fit of teenage blues the other day, she was sounding off on the futility of life. Naturally, I

told her she was crazy, that life was a glorious adventure.

"Huh! Some adventure! Same old thing, day after day, week after week, year after year. Tell me, Dad, what do you and Mom have to look forward to?"

Well, that struck home. It didn't seem quite the moment to talk about the resurrection and the life ever after. Or even about growing old gracefully. Or even about the sheer joy of having the living-room papered.

It was right there and then I decided she was right. I don't plunge ahead toward a goal. I merely go around in ever-decreasing circles. I don't seize life by the scruff of the neck and shake it. I merely beg it to leggo and stop shaking me.

And this is the reason I, who has never made a serious New Year's resolution in my life, have a list of them drawn up. No more of this tottering from crisis to crisis. No more of this being late and lazy, inconsistent and inefficient, unhealthy and unwealthy.

Resolved: that I'm going to stop fighting with my wife. In 20 years, I won a single battle. Why spoil a record like this?

Resolved: that I'm going to stop

smoking, drinking and ogling. I think my lungs and liver are shot by now, so the first two don't amount to much. But the third one is liable to give me a heart attack from sheer indignation that these shameless hussies are allowed to go around like that on the beach. It says here.

Resolved: that I'm going to stop pampering my kids. The next time Hugh suggests he needs another ten bucks, I'll punch him right in the nose. The next time Kim tells me I'm an old fud, I'll take a strap to her. It's going to be difficult, as he outweighs me by 10 pounds, and I couldn't beat that sweet if she committed murder. But organization will make it possible.

Resolved: that I'm going to take regular exercises, something more strenuous than bending my elbow, striking a match, or taking a cap off a jar of jam.

Resolved: that this column will be written at my leisure, not to a deadline which means sprinting through the snow to the mailbox at 9.59 p.m. In my slippers.

Resolved: that I will make lesson plans like the other teachers, and not arrive daily, gaily, and ask, "Well, where were we yesterday?"

Resolved: that I will stop being nice to people just because I like them, and will assiduously court those who can do me some good.

Sorry, we've run out of space. There are 374 other resolutions, and I feel that I've just scratched the surface. But look for a more dynamic, disgusting Bill Smiley in '66. I'm organized.

THIS WEEK & NEXT

In The Coming Year

By RAY ARGYLE



Crystal ball gazing is always a chancy business. With the world as it is today, it might seem foolhardy to predict what's ahead. But the mind thrives on speculation, and as is my custom at each New Year, here's what I see ahead for the coming year!

VIETNAM. After two years of bewildering diplomatic twists and turns, the U.S. now seems committed to what its military strategists have always warned against — a land war on the continent of Asia.

U.S. troop involvement continues to mount in Vietnam. Before the year is out, there will likely be 400,000 American soldiers there — a greater number than saw action in Korea 15 years ago.

Despite "peace feelers" from each side, U.S. continues to follow the Eisenhower "domino dictum" — the theory that if South Vietnam goes Communist, other Asian states will follow.

From a strictly military viewpoint, it is hard to challenge this logic. The weakness of it, as some U.S. politicians have pointed out, is that economic and social progress in these lands would create a far more effective anti-Communist stance than can be achieved by even the full force of U.S. military might.

The U.S. could end the conflict in Vietnam tomorrow by unleashing total war against this unhappy jungle land. This is what the right-wingers want. But the risks are so great — the risk of China's involvement, the risk of a wave of world-wide anti-Americanism — that President Johnson has wisely overruled the war hawks who rail against his "no-win" policy.

So the dilemma remains. The question to be settled in 1966 seems to be no longer whether Communists will take over South Vietnam, but how and under what conditions. In the long run, the best the West can hope for is a quasi-independent Communist regime in Saigon which — like Yugoslavia in Europe — could resist the power pull of Moscow and Peking.

RUSSIA VS. CHINA. These two goliaths of Communism will draw further apart in 1966 unless the tinderbox of Vietnam forces them into a common anti-Western stance. Settlement of the Vietnam conflict will take the pressure off the Soviet Union to compete with China in bellicosity and belligerence.

Power shifts in the Kremlin can be expected to accelerate following the resignation of president Anastas Mikoyan. Premier Kosygin and Secretary Brezhnev have managed to retain the collective leadership imposed following Nikita Khrushchev's ouster. But the Russian system has not yet demonstrated that it can adjust to anything other than supreme leadership of one man. That one man may not emerge in 1966, but he is waiting in the wings for the inevitable break-up of the present team.

RHODESIA. Prime Minister Ian Smith's breakaway regime faces a bleak outlook as 1966 begins. Britain's delayed but drastic move in a total oil embargo can bring the regime to its knees. But I predict that Smith will survive, if only at the price of guaranteeing eventual participation by the Negro majority in the government of the country.

CANADA. Two big questions loom on the horizon as 1966 begins. Will prosperity — and the Liberal Government — survive the coming year?

Spurred by U.S. economic expansion, Canada's economy is now entering its fifth year of unbroken industrial growth — a modern record. Money and credit will be tighter in 1966 than in the past year, mainly to dampen signs of inflation which have shown up recently. But no one around seriously expects anything but good business conditions in 1966. The outlook is optimistic.

The Liberal Government will be on trial in 1966. The pre-Christmas cabinet shake-up will have time to show its effects. Politically, the country should be stable in the coming year. Given another year of minority government, however — and possible changes in party leadership — it will take a lot of skillful manoeuvring to avoid an election in the Centennial Year of 1967.

ROAMIN' AROUND

It's really amazing the number of different ways the town of Stouffville is spelled, especially on Christmas cards received through the post office. Here is a sample that we noticed and there are probably others — Stoveville, Stuffle, Stouville, Stuffville, Stoveville, Stouffville, Staffordville, Stoverville and Stoufferville.

The Liquor Store on the Main Street of Markham is about as "lit up" as many of its patrons will be come New Year's Eve.

One of the most unique Christmas gifts that we saw over the holiday was prepared by Mr. Peter Hajduk of the White Lunch Restaurant in Markham for his father out West. It was in honour of his 65th birthday and he had sixty-five 1965 silver dollars embedded in an engraved wood block. Mr. Hajduk delivered it personally in a family reunion gathering.

Private squabbles between girl and boy friends often end up in court. The police and possibly magistrates too are never anxious to become involved in such affairs since, in most cases, the individuals soon forgive and forget. Magistrate O. S. Hollinrake tells the story of levying a fine against a young man for assaulting his ladyfriend. He also required him to post a bond to keep the peace. Two weeks later, the couple were married. It goes without saying which "bond" would be the most expensive.

The little two-by-four service station on the Kennedy Road south of Unionville continues to do a booming business. Six pumps have now been installed. Regular gas is selling at 36.9c per gallon with a five cent hike for the premium petrol. On Thursday morning of last week, we counted five cars on the lot and three more waiting in line. Who says that the men folk aren't bargain hunters?

A miss is as good as a mile, says Earl Crowder of Baker Avenue, Stouffville. Last week, while cutting through the pavement on Main Street in preparation for the laying of a sewer pipe to Coffey and Bartley Motors, a vehicle came so close that the drill was knocked out of his hands.

Stouffville barber, Len Keeping, will soon sport the finest car in town. He will accept delivery next week of a new Lincoln Continental, purchased through Coffey and Bartley Motors but made in the United States. Delivery will be to the Ford plant at Oakville.

The next adult skating night in the Markham Arena is Saturday, Jan. 8th.

On Tuesday evening, Dec. 21st, it would have been better for 19 year old Vincent Paul Leo if he had gone to bed instead of coming to Stouffville. Nothing went right. While driving down the Main Street, a brake seized up on his car and the rear wheel caught fire.

Someone directed him to the new fire-hall but there was no one home since the equipment has not been moved in. Police on patrol, noticed the smoke and turned in the alarm. When the trunk lid was raised, a couple of bottles of "joy juice" were found and the lad was charged. Later, while attempting to "assist" firemen in dousing the blaze, he took the full force of the water hose flush in the face. Believing that three times is an official out in any kind of game, he headed back to Downsview a little poorer, a little wetter and a little thirstier.

If you can find time between now and New Year's Day, bundle the kids into the family car and take them out. Altona way past the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Britton. Their place, a beautiful sight in any season of the year, is especially attractive this Christmas. Coloured lights are spotted everywhere.

While in that vicinity, take a look at the illuminated manger scene in front of the H. E. Nighswander residence. Immediately to the south. To get there, turn east at Elson's Garage to the four corners of Altona, then south about 1 mile.

While on the subject of Altona, we have learned that the 155 acre farm formerly in the Wm. Reesor Estate, has been sold to Norman and Maurice Tapscott, Hwy. 48, south of Markham. They will not take possession of the property until April, 1967. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wallace currently reside there.

An Amusing Sight

If you want to witness an amusing sight at this season of the year, take a walk down the Main Street of Stouffville about a half-hour before the stores close on Christmas Eve. Take a look at the people, mostly frustrated husbands and fathers, trying to cram twenty-one shopping days into thirty nerve-racking minutes. It's a mad, mad world. We took such a trip on Friday evening and saw the last-minute shoppers in action. One man told us that he was looking for ornaments. He explained that one of his children had tied up the family dog to the trunk of the Christmas tree and . . . well, to make a long story short, Rover decided to take a walk. How was your Christmas?



Winter's beauty has begun at last to blanket the landscape. The stream remains unfrozen . . . but the snow's sheen adds a touch of diamond-like brilliance.

The Tribune

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