

Editorials

Tribune

The spirit of receiving without giving

By Ken Edwards
Is it really better to give than to receive?
Everyone has heard the phrase "it is better to give than to receive," and most would accept it as being true. This concept has been drilled into us from early childhood, and, for this reason, most people are adept at giving gifts, but few know how to receive them graciously.
If you feel that you are an exception to this rule, then try this experiment on yourself this Christmas. Instead of giving presents this year, just accept all your gifts without offering any in return, and try not to feel guilty.

There are few people who have not experienced the embarrassment of receiving a Christmas card or gift from someone whom they have not included in their shopping list. When this happens both parties find themselves in an uneasy situation. The person who gave the gift is embarrassed for the perplexed recipient. And, in

turn, the person who receives the gift feels uneasy about getting something for nothing.
The ones hit hardest by this "spirit of giving" are families living on a tight budget. Every Christmas thousands of people stretch their budgets to the breaking point, or even go into debt, to ward off the anxiety of receiving without giving.
Although no one would advocate selfishness, it could be suggested that along with the "spirit of giving," Canadians should learn the "spirit of receiving."
This would allow them to relax and enjoy the celebration of Christ's birthday without competing against each other in the meaningless exchange of expensive gifts.
A gift is meant to be a symbol of affection, friendship and love. Why, then, should we insist on giving substitutes? Instead, we should give freely of the real gift, love itself. This would put the symbolic giving and receiving of presents in their proper perspective.

'Tis the season

There is little time left before the big day, perhaps we should say the big season. Carols and candy, colored trees and treats, gifts and greens, and most of all — Santa Claus. This year again, it's a treat to drive around the town and see the wonderful Christmas light displays which home owners have put up.
Many have already pressed the panic button and joined the frantic last minute rush. Care has to be taken that this final fling doesn't overshadow the happiness and goodwill which are supposed to represent the spirit of the Yuletide. Nerves become frayed and Santa has a hard time saying "no." Store clerks are harried and Mom in the kitchen is up to her neck in preparations.
There is no special season in which there is more uniformity in the ways

that people everywhere choose to mark the holiday. True, there is more travelling than ever before, but then there are millions more people and more ways to get about and communicate.
The customs of old, however, still have their place in modern celebrations. It's been said that "the more things change, the more they stay the same," as countries, communities and individuals seek to preserve their cherished traditions.
Church services, family gatherings and the giving and receiving of gifts are standard format which defy the years: Stouffville, Markham and the surrounding rural area will be no exception. To all these thousands of readers who will be enjoying these well-worn customs, The Tribune extends one more "Merry Christmas."



A message for Christmas

To you, our good friends and customers, we're extending warm wishes for a bright and merry holiday season abounding with good cheer, fellowship and joy. And with deep appreciation, we send along our many thanks for your thoughtful consideration all year. Serving you has indeed been our deepest pleasure and privilege.

The Tribune

C. H. Nolan, Publisher

- James Thomas
- Harry Hooper
- Noel Edey
- John Maxwell
- Mrs. Audrey Smith
- Miss Dorothy Moyer
- Mrs. Marie Campbell

- Miss Margery Mertens
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- George Baker
- Glenn Thompson

ROAMING AROUND

A break with tradition

By Jim Thomas

How often do you find yourself doing the same old things year after year? You never change because — well, everyone else does it or you're afraid to take a chance.

For example, how about holidays? The majority of folks try to set their vacation dates well in advance in an effort to obtain choice weeks during July and August. Me too — mainly because the kids are out of school — but not entirely. It's become a kind of tradition to load up the car and take off on a trip during the mid-summer months. But not any more. You see, I've just returned from the best holiday ever — not in sunny Florida or Jamaica, no sir, but right at home.

Around our house as in most family homes, I suppose, odd jobs tend to pile up. To all this add the routine of a normal work week plus the chaos of the pre-Christmas rush and it's enough to drive any parent to the brink of a nervous breakdown.

My vacation period was to begin Dec. 12. Just prior to that date, as you may well recall, we experienced the coldest, blowiest snap of the season. With the storm windows still neatly tucked away in the basement we might just as well have been perched out on an ice flow in Baffin Bay. The curtains wafted to and fro in the breeze and the furnace roared continuously throughout the night. "Of all those beautiful days in the fall and it comes down to this. You take them off in June and put them on in January. The baby could get pneumonia. It's freezing in here..." chattered my wife. And she had every reason to complain. I felt ashamed.

Naturally, on my very first day at home, the storm window installation project was number one on the agenda. The neighbors must surely have wondered what in the world was going on. We're now all cozy as six bugs in a rug.

With the initial ordeal ended, the remaining days were pretty well routine, with one exception. We decided to go out and cut our own Christmas tree.

Any father who has never embarked on such a bee has not experienced the real joys of parenthood.

The site we selected was on the sixth concession of Uxbridge Twp. We clipped the advertisement out of The Tribune and followed the directions as indicated on an accompanying map. We joined dozens of other Moms and Pops, all out for the same purpose.

The location, just north of County Road 1A, can truly be described as a winter wonderland. We found the selection so excellent that it was an easy trick to pick a tree to fill the bill in a matter of minutes.

While we were impressed with the product, it was the attitude of the customers that pleased us most. Strangers who wouldn't give you the time of day on the streets of Toronto, mingled as one happy family across the hills and hollows of Uxbridge terrain. It had to be that fresh country air.

And the type of transportation used. Can you imagine trying to stuff two trees into the trunk of a Volkswagen or cramming one into the rear seat of a Cadillac? Neither was successful, but they tried.

Can you picture a father attempting to cut through the trunk of a Scotch Pine with a jackknife? He had left his saw at home.

For the nature lover, it was paradise. We counted one fox, three rabbits and a deer. Birds, the kind rarely seen in the built-up regions of Stouffville, were everywhere. They performed daring tree-top acrobatics before an audience of silently excited children.

For the privilege of cutting our own plus an enjoyable two-hour outing, the cost was \$2.00. I can't wait for another year to roll around so we can do it all over again.

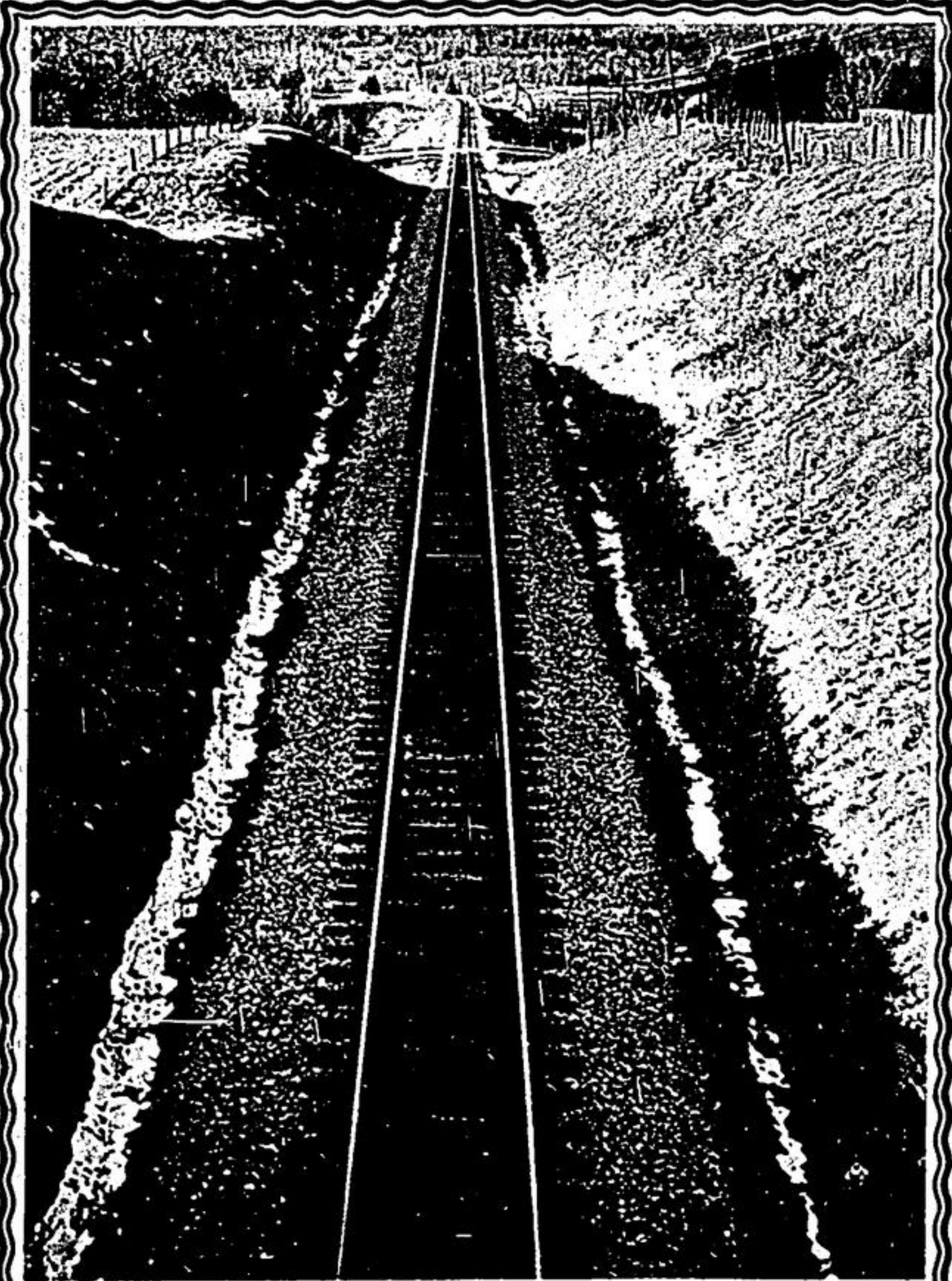
But what of the trespassers looking for something for nothing? The kind who tote a tree over the back fence rather than pay the nominal purchase price.

The answer is contained on a huge billboard sign, erected near the intersection of the rural concession road and Hwy 1A. It reads — BEHOLD THE JUDGMENT!

Pardon our envious eyes

The Council of the Twp. of Pickering, admittedly concerned over its own unbalanced economy, is now assuming the added burden of concerning itself with a proposed development in another municipality — the Township of Uxbridge.
This stand, so soon, reeks not of concern but of envy.
Was it not this same council that gave serious consideration to a sizeable residential build-up on the 7th

concession south of Claremont? There was no promise of industry there. In addition, the site would not be serviced by either a sewer or water system. But yet, these same members gave the proposal a long, hard look.
One cannot help but wonder what Pickering's attitude would have been if promoters had selected a site to the south of the township rather than north. The answer, we think, is obvious.



A steel trail through Uxbridge Township

The picture could pass as a scene in Northern Ontario but it's a section of the C.N.R. line in the Glen Major area, looking west past concession 7, Uxbridge Township. —Staff Photo

SUGAR AND SPICE



Have a good Christmas

By BILL SMILEY

Don't you dare feel hurt because you didn't get a Christmas card from us this year. It wasn't the extra tuppence for the stamps, the only visible sign of the Just Society. It was a straight lack of time.

In December, my wife was up to her ears in essays with a pre-Christmas deadline. Kim was up to hers in practicing for her performer's degree in piano. And I've been snowed under the usual assortment of anti-hero activities that every day, every week, make me less afraid of going to hell. It's right here on earth.

Like an idiot, I offered to type my wife's essays for her, after she'd written them. Did you ever try to type with three fingers and someone breathing hotly down your neck? There was nothing sexy about that breathing. She just wanted to make sure I didn't alter a word, a comma, or a quotation mark in that deathless prose.

She thinks she knows more about punctuation than I do. Hilarious! And I told her so.

About every 20 minutes I'd snarl, "All right, type the dam' thing yourself!" and stomp off. And she'd snap, "How anybody who writes a column can type as badly as that is beyond me." And so it went. It took at least three times as long as it should have.

This was right in the midst of that annual debacle of pre-Christmas exams, an event that makes the honest teacher feel like handing in his resignation, because after marking the kids' papers he knows that he has taught nothing whatever in the fall term. Except, maybe, some bad grammar.

After this ordeal, it's pleasant to look forward to holidays: Time to relax, read, contemplate, gird up one's loins and say, "The hell with it. It's the kids who are stupid, not me." Only thus can one face the long, bitter winter term.

Not this time. There I was, typing wife's essays, marking exam papers, trying to cheer up Kim for her flunk in French. Enough, one might say, on top of the regular chores: "Oh,

no!" cry the Fates. "That bird is still too cocky. Let's really sock it to him."

And they did. My car, for which I pay the bank \$90 a month in perpetuity, was the target. Right in the middle of that cold snap and those blizzards, it began to act like a hamstrung mule. It wouldn't go at all, except when I didn't need it. And when it did, it not only limped, but coughed.

Did you ever try to get a tow truck at midnight, in a blizzard? Have you gone out three mornings in a row, after having your battery charged fully, turned on the key, and got a "Rargh, rargh, rargh, rargh, sput, rargh, rargh, cough, rargh, ar ra...?" Three licensed mechanics and at least ten amateurs, told me it was: the automatic choke, the ignition, the points, the plugs, the carburetor, the altimeter, the tachometer or whatever. This meant as much to me as the past perfect subjunctive participle means to them.

I thought longingly of my grandfather's transportation: "Giddap, Nell, we ain't home yet."

Editor's mail

Dear Sir:
The front page report in the Dec. 19 issue of The Tribune related to Pickering Council's concern over the planned satellite city in Uxbridge is, in my opinion, ridiculous.

While it's still a trifle early to make any rash predictions, I can't see how a self-contained city should pose any real problem to a neighboring municipality. If anything, it could prove a benefit.

I replaced everything they told me except that rotten little plastic thing you scrape the windows with. And it still runs like a horse with the heaves.
So I'm not dreaming of a white Christmas, or a Yule log, or wassail, or jolly guests. The only guests around our place this holiday season will be a bunch of foreigners.

My wife will be entertaining a 19th century German philosopher, Herr Hegel, who is duller than a dish of mashed peas. My daughter will be consorting with a bundle of Bohemians called Beethoven, Bach, Granados and Dohnani.

I'll be the one with the apron on, doing the dishes, or vacuuming. (Or I might even be the one on the bus, headed for the airport and Acapulco, with the joint account).

However, "no reason to be grievin' in the holiday season," as Kim might put it in one of her songs. Hugh will be home, and we'll have some jolly chats about his future as a waiter which he is now.

You have a good one, anyway, with all my heart. Or what's left.

For Pickering to raise objections at this particular time is rather amusing since that council is itself determined to form part of a region with Metro, a 'monster' many times larger than this development will ever be.

I feel that Pickering's troubles are not so much related to what's going on outside its borders as to the disorders within.

Sincerely, A. D. Jones, Claremont, R.R. 3.

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