

Editorials

Tribune

Breath tests a good move

Despite the outcry of those who talk freedom for everyone, which would turn out to be freedom for no one, the breathalyzer tests which came into effect for motorists on Monday, are an excellent move. Conviction under the new law could mean a fine from \$50 to \$1,000, six months in jail or both. The penalty is the same if one refuses to provide a breath sample.

Drinking drivers must be kept off the road at all costs as a drunk driver is a potential murderer behind the wheel of a car.

Government surveys have told us that one out of every three fatal motor accidents involve a drinking driver and more than fifty percent of

the Christmas season fatal accidents involve a drinking driver.

Britain has reduced such accidents nearly 15% and serious injuries nearly 12%. Such savings by our figures would spare 785 lives and 16,500 injuries every year.

The carnage has existed now all too long and is particularly due to the slack penalties meted out for such offences. With traffic increasing by leaps and bounds, the crack-down must be hard and irresponsible drivers must be off the road for the safety of all.

The only way to be absolutely certain of avoiding a charge under this law is not to mix drinking and driving.

Good news or bad

"Why don't you print all the good news in that paper of yours?" How many times has this writer been challenged by this statement up and down the street. It's been the same as long as newspapers have been in existence.

Probably if these people would change the statement around this way, they might get the idea. Just turn the saying into "no news is good news". Newspapers try to dig out the negative and the shameful and give them an airing. If the newspaper doesn't, who will?

In short, good news is not always

printed because good news is not always news. When bad news is left covered and then discovered, who will be the first to be jumped upon — why the newspaper of course. We must have been asleep.

Weekly newspapers like The Tribune possibly do print more "good news" than any other media. But these same newspapers do be truly doing their job must also give space to the not so pleasant. Otherwise they will be operating with their heads in the sand and so will their readers.

It just doesn't add up

We're entering a period so-called new culture, but what a price we're paying. Education costs are under study by the Ontario Legislature. In Ontario the figure has risen to one billion dollars.

How much is a billion? The figures show that back ten years ago the figure was just \$177 million. At this rate of advance the cost will be \$5 billion by 1979.

What are we getting for all this money? During this period of skyrocketing education costs, the way of

life of Canadians has gone into a slump. Morals have declined, crime has increased, there are protests against almost everything, church affiliation has dropped. Is this the "new" culture?

Educationalists exert constant pressure for new research projects, new buildings, new courses. It spreads ever wider into every area of our lives. To get away one has to be either dead or not yet born. Are we spending even more just to speed our progress down-hill?

Letters to the Editor

Dear Mr. Editor,

The follow-up report to news that, last August, was deemed worthy of front page coverage with bold black edging for emphasis, is now obscurely noted on page 15 of the Dec. 18 issue of this paper. I refer, of course, to the item concerning criminal charges against Mr. George Foote, of which he has been declared not guilty. I protest this unfair arranging of the news.

Surely the dismissal of charges against a man is of as great importance to our community as is his reported guilt. Responsible editing would have located this new information in the same place as the first report. Or is this paper not interested in helping to remove a stain upon a man's reputation? Many people who read the August report because of where and how you presented it, will miss this December report for the same reasons.

But my fear goes even deeper. For I am of the opinion that had the court's decision been reversed, the news would have made the headlines. In other words, you are not interested in the real value of the news, but in the commercial value it provides. That real value must give consideration to the welfare of the people making the news, and to the benefit it provides all men. You have demonstrated that the news media does not have this concern.

I regret having to express my objection, but I cannot leave unchallenged this obvious injustice.

Gordon T. Gooderham, Pastor, Stouffville Baptist Church. Editor's Note: If the good pastor had taken the time to enquire personally into the matter he would have learned that (1). The editor was absent last week on vacation and (2). The 'commercial' value of news never has

and, I hope, never will supplant its 'real' value as suggested by the writer. The placement of the story on Page 15 was an unfortunate error with nothing intentional or personal involved. It only goes to prove that all persons, perhaps even ministers, are guilty of making mistakes.

Dear Editor:

Recently, there has been a great preponderance of items in The Tribune concerning the matter of drugs and suggested drug use. This is not unique however, since we are bombarded continuously by the news media with information on this problem.

What strikes me most emphatically is the consistency on the part of the general public to despair in the face of this undaunted invasion into the lives of our perplexed youngsters.

In my teen years (10 to 15 years ago) it was children from broken or underprivileged homes who fell prey to this destruction. But now, it is children and young people from all stratas of society, including church-goers, products of respectable, conscientious upbringing. No one can say 'my children are immune'.

I came from a home in which the head of the house was engaged in teaching 'the dangers of alcohol' for a living and I well knew how that first drink could begin the lonely downhill ride to world's skid row. I saw many a film depicting smashed cars and lives when alcohol and gasoline had a 'rendezvous' on the highway. But when I left home and parental restrictions, at the first opportunity, I was knowledgeably sipping rye on the rocks. Does this mean I should have been taught 'how' to drink at home?

Really now — do we show our toddlers how to take small sips of bleach



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

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SUGAR AND SPICE

Christmas is hairy

By BILL SMILEY

As the getting-ready-for-Christmas tempo around our house increases from mild panic to wild hysteria, I can't help thinking a long way back to the times when Christmas was an experience to be anticipated with thrilling delight, to be savoured when

before dinner so they won't down the whole bottle when left alone? Do we drop pills into their mouths and shoot drugs into their veins to bring them along under the watchful eye of our family doctor?

We have tried 'culturing' and 'educating' and found it to be wanting. Even the young people chained by their habits can give no reason why they began, knowing the ghastly future awaiting them if they say 'yes' to the pusher. I shudder when I contemplate what may have been my fate had I not met someone who had an answer to my insatiable inner hunger and search for satisfaction at the age of 18.

As long as parents, adults skirt the only proven answer and seek for non-existent remedies, at best temporary, there will be a continual rise in drug use. So much so, it will be the norm rather than the exception to be 'high' and 'go on trips'.

Our younger generation need to have an alternative presented to them. There is a way out — a way up — a way back. I am speaking of the Eternal Remedy for every dilemma of sinful man's making, Jesus Christ. Until a young person discovers that true life IS Jesus Christ, he will succumb to many or all of the counterfeits the deceiver lays in his path. Millions have found Forgiveness of Sin, Reality, Freedom, Love and Peace in the person of Jesus Christ. I did. You can. Two books that may be helpful are 'The Cross and the Switchblade' by David Wilkerson and 'I Believe in Miracles' by Kathryn Kulman.

Jesus is the only final answer to drugs — to any human problem. You will find no other. (Mrs.) Della Soper, R.R. 2, Pickering.

it arrived, rather than the inane, exhausting scramble it has become in these affluent times.

First real indication of Christmas was the buying of the turkey. In my home town, there was an annual Turkey Fair, late in November. Exciting for youngsters. Farmers brought their turkeys to town, fresh-killed and plucked, but with heads, feet and guts still there. Housewives wandered among the turkeys, looking for the perfect bird, pinching, poking, sniffing. Then it was hung in the woodshed, by the feet.

At the right time, it was brought in, the pin-feathers plucked with care, head and feet chopped off and guts removed. Then the scent of home-made dressing filled the air. It was a real turkey.

Today, we elbow and shove our way along the meat counter; gazing at a row of pallid, yellow-white lumps wrapped in plastic, legs neatly tucked in. They all look the same, and they all taste the same (wet paper), but we are secure in the knowledge that we don't have to disembowel them, that they are "eviscerated" and that the giblets are in a nice little bag tucked inside the frozen carcass. I can't quite believe that they have ever been real turkeys that have walked and eaten and fought and mated.

Getting the tree was the next step. You went out into the country with your kid brother, walked half a mile into the bush and selected a beautiful spruce, one cutting, the other watching for the farmer. You dragged and

carried it, sometimes two miles, home. There was a great sense of satisfaction.

Today we go down to a Christmas tree lot, fumble through a pile of half-frozen, crumbly Scotch pines, select the least misshapen, take it home, and when it thaws, discover that the frozen side has a gap the length of your arm in it. This after forking over a small ransom. There is a great sense of dissatisfaction.

Decorations in those days were simple, inexpensive, but just right. Strings of red paper bells, venerable but cheery. Strings of red and green curried crepe paper all over the house. The tree itself had "icicles" and some colored balls. A few wealthy people had colored lights. On top was a home-made angel.

Today, on decorations alone, some people spend what would have fed a family in those days for two months. Fancy candles; store-bought wreaths of ersatz holly; colored lights everywhere, inside and out; trees that are almost hidden from the naked eye by festoons of frippery.

Buying gifts in those days was simple, compared to the frenetic business it is today. There was scarcely any money then, and everybody needed something. So it was long underwear, or a hand-knit sweater, socks or gloves, maybe a few real luxuries, like a 59-cent game of snakes and ladders, or a book. Ten dollars didn't go far, even then.

Today people almost go around the bend trying to find something for other people who have everything, or

ROAMING AROUND

Yes 'Tina' - there is a Santa Claus

By Jim Thomas

Her name is Christine Beattie. To her Mom and Dad, brothers and school chums, she's just plain 'Tina'.

But 'plain' is hardly the proper word to describe this cute little nine year old. In fact she's quite the opposite — pretty, polite and bright as a new silver dollar.

Less than three weeks ago however, the prospects of a merry Christmas for 'Tina' were anything but bright. And while the tragic circumstances that surrounded her young life had failed to dim the sparkle in her dark brown eyes, there was little hope of improvement.

Her father was in hospital. Her mother should have been. If any home in the whole wide world was destined to be missed by St. Nick in his night-flight Christmas Eve, 'Tina's' humble abode would be it. Dec. 25 would be just another day in 365.

But such a thing could not occur in Stouffville. There are just too many parents of too many 'Tina's' to let it. News of the family's plight soon spread.

And the response was not confined to this community alone. For many miles on every side, offers of aid poured in.

—A Stouffville church congregation donated a Christmas turkey.

—A senior resident of Parkview Home sent along a cheque for \$10.

—A sympathetic lady on Rupert Avenue donated a blanket, a chair and a house plant.

—A Stouffville man and former reeve gave \$100 in cash.

—The Lions Health and Welfare committee re-decorated the family's apartment.

—The children of Glasgow Public School conducted a canvass in two rooms and donated \$15.50. The sum was then matched by their teacher.

The list could go on and on — clothing, canned goods, groceries and toys.

And many were accompanied by heart-warming letters, all of which I have on file. One, I feel, deserves repeating. It's from a Grade 4 boy. It reads as follows:

Dear Mr. Thomas: Here is six dollars. I saved it from my paper route. Please put it to some good use for the family I read about in The Tribune — maybe for Tina. I'm nine years old, same age as her. I feel you and me are something the same. We're both newspaper men, excepting you make it and I deliver it. I walk my route every afternoon after school. It takes almost a full hour. Some day I hope to have a bike and was saving the money for it. But what's a bike when some folks don't even have a turkey or a Christmas tree? My Mom doesn't know I'm doing this. I'm sure she won't mind cause she knows I earned it by myself. Maybe she'll be even proud cause she's all the time helping others too. When you see Tina or her Mom and Dad, tell them Merry Christmas for me. I don't know them and they don't know me, but my Christmas will be better if their's is.

Bye, Billy

It's because of you and boys like Billy, that 'Tina' is assured of the Merriest Christmas ever.

Yes, 'Tina', there is a Santa Claus.

can buy it. Nobody makes a gift. They buy them. They haven't time, because of the "Christmas rush". Clothes that don't fit. Eight-dollar toys that last five minutes. A hundred dollars worth of ski equipment that isn't the right kind.

Christmas Eve then was carols around the piano, mother stuffing the turkey, kids to bed early quivering with excitement. Stocking-stuffing time for the adults. A quiet chat, with a little despair that there wasn't money for skates and new winter coats, and things like that.

Today it's frantic last-minute shopping and wrapping of gifts, entertaining people who have managed to finish their rat-race (we got to bed at 4 a.m. last year after receiving carolers and others, and believe it or not, we had frozen chicken pies for Christmas dinner.)

Hope I'm not getting maudlin, but Christmas used to be merry. Now, it's just hairy.

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