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ROAMING AROUND

I attended church New Year's Eve

By Jim Thomas

There were lots of parties going on in the town, but I went to the Stouffville New Year's Eve.

I know, for I conducted myself as a member of the town, some time before 2 a.m. While the Legion hosted the biggest party, a few of the private gatherings were sizeable too, with the majority of folks going on their own way, welcoming 1973 with a kind of celebration.

While the morning-after-the-night, I saw little excitement on Main Street, early-risers were up and about as usual from each, the greeting was the same.

"Happy New Year, whatcha do last night?"

And to each, my reply was the same: "I went to church."

Boy! The startled look—and silence—I could tell what they were thinking. "New Year's Eve—one big night in the town, this guy's got nothin' better to do than go to church. Wow, that's what I call real New Year's."

Their facial expressions said it all. But to each his own, I say. Let them know what they enjoy doing most: Jean and I were singing (or listening to other people sing) with Dec. 31 falling on a Sunday, it's appropriate to sing in the New Year in church.

The service was held at Heise's country-type chapel on Don Mills Road in Gormley. We arrived a half-hour early, which for me at least, is something ordinary. Usually, I come flying in just as the choir is filing up to sing. Thirty minutes early, and the session suspect I had set up residence, and I would die of shock.

Folks who have scanned this column in the past eight years, will have noted many occasions I have criticized traditionalism within the Christian Church—one for all, I've urged. But I have fallen on deaf ears. The Baptists, the Methodists, the Anglicans, the Presbyterians, the Uniteds and so on.

Realizing then, that the idea (at least) was a bit in the extreme, I've promised. Let the denominations remain, have the congregations work more closely together, with special events including just a segment of the church-going community, but all of it.

And that's what's happening in Stouffville, in Markham, in every area where I sincerely want it to happen.

And on New Year's Eve, it happened at Heise Hill too.

Church representation on the program was as desegregated as in the audience, the people loved it—to be part of it.

The singing, by The Harmonaires, Freeman, The Selwoods and The Happy Sings, was an inspiration to everyone. It's "new sound", that's catching on with everyone everywhere—the young, the old and the in-betweens.

The service, that started at 8.30 p.m. continued through to 1 a.m., interrupted only by a mid-evening coffee and doughnut break.

Living it up, you wonder? Fun, you ask? I've never seen people come more alive. I've never seen folks have more fun. A wonderful way to conclude old 1972. A fine start for '73—at least for me.

Quite happy to be planted under a permanent tree, even if it's permanent. It's a better deal than a snow-shovelling heap getting lost in a blizzard between garage and being frozen to death.

Even the calendar conspired to help. School teachers can usually count on a holiday to recharge the batteries before going back into the long winter term, you know it? This year, with Christmas falling on Monday, we get three days of holiday, aside from ones. I know what you're saying, heart out, teach!

Oh, well, you can't win them all, you know. I do admit that I'm a bit like Job, except for the horns, of course, my hemorrhoids are up, so we're even.

Areas of change

immediately called up on the carpet. Yesterday, it was informality. Today, it is regimentation. The change, enacted so swiftly, has not been accepted by a segment of the public. There have been complaints—protests. The change, enforced so rigidly, has not been accepted by a segment of the force. There is discontent—resignations. The Police Commission, caught in the centre of the controversy, has been 'floundering about', attempting to serve two masters. They've even recommended the holding of an investigation. An investigation into what? Into change? Their time can be better spent—for it would solve nothing, alter nothing, prove nothing. For pressure of change is all about us. Some can change with it. Some can't. Those that can't—quit.

Local boundaries make sense

between urban and rural Pickering. While the rural south boundary could just as easily be drawn at Hwy. 7 as Con. 7, there's no doubt that communities like Claremont and Mount Zion will feel more 'at home' in the 'North', than in the urban oriented 'South'. Uxbridge Township and Town have always looked on each other as country-town 'cousins', and while the seat of government could cause some controversy, the miles vs. population benefit will ultimately determine the site. As far as rigid opposition is concerned, we feel Jack Anderson, (Pickering Ward 1), and Uxbridge councillors, would be well advised to sound out the thinking of their respective residents, before embarking on any course of action that would tear the Plan apart.



"OH NO! NOT THAT MOTHER-IN-LAW AGAIN!"

Auditor's Mail

Dear Jim: You last week's column referred to the need for 'curbside heaters' to dispose of the next three inch snowfall on Main Street. The recommendation made its point. Last winter, and again this season, the snow removal program, (and I use the word 'removal' quite loosely), has been non-existent—at least not as in previous years. During Christmas week, when merchants beckon for business, motorists were stuck all over the place, and passengers were wading through snow and slush up past their ankles. Has the Town's agreement with the Dept. of Highways expired, or who is responsible for this snow-clearing job? Admittedly, the sun will do the job, but who wants to wait until spring? Walter Jacobs, Stouffville, R.R.2.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Better days ahead—I hope

By BILL SMILEY

Winter struck swift, sure and without mercy this year. Five days before Christmas we'd had about two feet of snow in these parts, along with the usual combination of blizzard-force winds and a generous sprinkling of freezing rain. Today, with my driveway plugged again and my sidewalk drifted in a foot deep, and myself still nursing a deep cold contracted two months ago, I'd be just as happy if some-

body marched me out, stood me with my back against the garage, and shot me, right under the flower-box.

It was a pretty uncheery holiday at our place. It wasn't planned; it just turned out that way. I'd bought the usual pair of trees, a spruce and a Scotch pine. Too sick to put them up and they sit by the back door, forlorn, covered with snow and ice.

The Old Lady caught her second round of flu and just didn't feel like coping with family decorations and the whole Christmas scramble. She was even too sick to lash me on to greater heights, which is mighty sick. We had hamburg for our festive dinner.

Missed three holiday parties and had to cancel our own. Didn't even get out to church.

Thought desperately of fleeing the whole thing, going to Montreal to spend Christmas with number one son, and eating out. Could not get a plane or train ticket and didn't feel up to driving.

Thought even more desperately of fleeing south, whatever the cost. Same thing. No seats.

Didn't get our cards started, let alone finished. Didn't get the wreath of holly on the door, or the mistletoe up. In fact, you name it, and we didn't get it done.

This is a solemn warning to whoever is in charge of things. If they don't get better smartly in 1973, there's going to be trouble.

I've been through two rounds of antibiotics and about 300 pounds of calcium tablets, in an effort to shift my cold. It worked. I shifted it from my head to my chest and back again, and now it's penetrated as far as my big toe.

My, this is a dreary little recital of woe, isn't it? Come on, Bill, surely something remotely pleasant happened.

Well, yes. We did enjoy getting cards from all the old friends. It's good to know that not everybody has one foot, both physically and mentally, on the edge of the grave.

And there is the cheering thought that everything has no place to go but up. Lucky that came out spelled right. Typed it with all my fingers crossed.

And there is one thing to hang on for. We're going to go south for a week in March and try to make the sun and the rum put some life back into the reluctant bones.

There will probably be a revolution on our Caribbean island the week we're there. But I don't care. By March I'll probably be



Public School (S.S. No. 12) Markham Twp.—1919

attracted more reader interest than this one is from S.S. No. 12, Markham Public School on the 5th Concession. Students and teacher are: Rear row (left to right) Alvin Caseley, Mildred McKay, Jacob Smith, Ralph Crossley, Mary Cober, John Bruce, Jean Mustard, Ruth Caseley, Harold McKay. Front row (left to right) Garnet Mustard, Levi Smith, Martha Cober, Marion Agar. Seated (left to right) Jessie Colard, Miss Jean Scott (teacher), Audrey Mustard.