

The Tribune
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Editorial

Garbage debate ridiculous

Recent municipal meetings have brought to light what might have turned out to be a ridiculous situation concerning the disposal of garbage for Whitchurch-Stouffville. Council has been considering a contract with York Sanitation, a licensed dumping ground near Wilcox Lake, while near at hand, Highway 48, is the Bremner dump which is also fully licensed to accept dry garbage, and is doing so from a number of outside municipalities.

After a heated debate on Tuesday, council agreed to request a contract price from the Bremner firm before entering into any contract with York.

Councillor Merlyn Baker has been leading the fight against contracting with the nearby dumping ground even though it has been pointed out on numerous occasions that other municipalities are using this facility quite legally. The Highway 48 operation is regularly inspected for proper handling procedures but Mr. Baker is quite adamant, and has failed to present tangible evidence of misuse.

He has been able to muster some support from Councillors Gordon Ratcliff and Betty vanNostrand.

On the surface the debate appears ridiculous. There appears to be no reason why local taxpayers should be called upon to pay for trucking garbage all the way across the municipality when properly licensed and inspected facilities may be available much closer to where they are required.

Stouffville's contract with the Beach dumping ground in Uxbridge Township will cease this spring.

Metro boundaries heaving

Metro is heaving with growth pains only a few miles away and the likely inclusion of a part of Pickering Township as a fifth borough will undoubtedly make waves which will be felt even in Stouffville.

Markham has already been fully urbanized and the slim strip of greenery separating it from Metro is less and less noticed by residents who continue to crowd into the area. These growth reverberations will be felt more and more here and the line of developers who wish to come in here with their plans is

growing longer by the month.

The third sizeable apartment house is under construction here at the moment, and this will undoubtedly be just the beginning. Commercial plans have also been spurred a pace, and several are now being considered with more in the offing.

To date, Stouffville Planning has withstood the outside pressure to a large degree but we would suggest that time is running out with Metro tentacles pressing ever closer. The rural town complexion is fading fast.

formation.

To some extent, the police recognize this problem. A special press conference will probably be called later this month to establish some new system of communication. It is significant that we learned of this, not through the Commission or the Chief's office, but from fellow journalists.

We do not wish to hand out any wholesale criticisms over this issue. Chief Crawford seems to be an excellent administrator, an experienced police officer who is doing a fine job of running the York Regional Force. He is handicapped in many ways by a tight budget and a lack of manpower; for this reason he appears to have given public relations a very low priority.

A public relations officer is, we feel, badly needed around police headquarters. This does not need to be a constable, necessarily, and would not place a further strain on the supply of uniformed manpower.

At this stage, the situation is not critical, but it could easily become so. We hope Mr. Illingworth's dulcet tones will penetrate to the proper quarters and inspire some action to ensure a continuing flow of information.

Communication channels needed

Aurora's Mayor Dick Illingworth came up with a very good idea at the last Regional Council meeting.

Mr. Illingworth is one of the most active members of the Council; rare is the issue on which he does not have - and state - an opinion. He definitely makes himself heard; Mayor Illingworth has what might be called "a carrying voice". This is in pleasant contrast to some Council members, who can't be heard at a distance of five feet. Mr. Illingworth, in full cry, can probably be heard in Sutton.

During discussion of a resolution concerning the Police Commission, Mr. Illingworth suggested that the police should improve their public relations. We heartily agree.

The fact is that the police department has no public relations, as such. Channels of communication to the press and the public are generally informal. To find out something, you used to drop into the station and talk to an officer you knew personally. Since the formation of the York Regional Force, this "system" has been under severe strain.

The latest closing of four stations has pretty well destroyed the old method. With everything centralized in Newmarket, it has become increasingly difficult to obtain even routine in-

Editor's Mail

Dear Sir:

Parkview Home now serves the community of Stouffville and surrounding districts in the following ways:

As a charitable non-profit organization, operating under the Charitable Institutions Act, supervised by the Department of Social and Family Services, Homes for the Aged Branch; providing three levels of care: normal, bed, and special, to approximately 109 residents. These people are from many backgrounds; providing equal care to persons regardless of their ability to pay for their cost of maintenance;

recognising the needs of its Residents through varied programs and activities which seek to meet the physical, social and spiritual needs of each person; providing high standards of professional care in a homelike and compassionate atmosphere; providing employment for between 50 and 60 local people.

Although construction of the new \$289,000.00 addition to Parkview Home has been subsidized through government grants, a portion of the costs must be met by the Institution. At present the home has a capital indebtedness of over \$100,000.00.



"CHICKEN CHOW MEIN... CHOP SUEY... TWO EGG ROLLS... AND HEAVY ON THE FRIED RICE"



SUGAR AND SPICE

Whoever heard of bubble pipes?

By BILL SMILEY

Never fails. Had barely written a column extolling the grand, mild weather we'd been having, when the wind came out of the north with a bone in his teeth, and the snow flew, and the car and I both started coughing.

And almost before I'd begun rueing the writing of such a jinx column, my wife yelped something like, "Holy Old Whackers! It's almost Christmas". And sure enough, it almost is.

Christmas, when we were all young, was something. There was looking forward to school holidays, associated with sleighs and toboggans and skating and coming in soaking wet, rosy as a cherub, hungry as a hyena.

There was the anticipation of decorating, hanging stockings, rustling paper, and a vast, magnificent turkey dinner, a once-a-year treat.

Christmas shopping was no problem. Nobody had any money. Of course, the agonizing decisions were there, even then. For adults, should it be something practical - a new sweater or long underwear; or should it be something magic and enchanting - a game or a book? No question of both.

For kids, with maybe 85 hard-earned pennies to spend, there was no problem. A bubble-pipe for your brother (10 cents and supply his own soap); a colouring book for your sister (15 cents and find her own crayons); a beautiful cup and saucer for your mother at 35 cents; and a purple and yellow tie for you dad, at 25 cents. If the family were bigger, you cut your cloth.

And you did all your shopping on the day before Christmas. There was never a frantic thought that the stores might be sold out of bubble-pipes or long underwear.

Then there was the symbolic significance, though we didn't even know the meaning of either word then. There was the church concert, usually held in the Sunday school hall. There were games and carols and choirs. There were the telegrams from Santa Claus, read aloud periodically, and with mounting excitement, to say that he was getting closer and closer, from the North Pole, though Donder had come up lame. Then the entry of himself, the wild clamour, and the dispensing of those string bags with candy and an apple in each.

And the Christmas pageant in the church, the nativity scene, invariably

broken up by a tiny angel piping, "Hi, Mommy. Looka me. I'm an angel", while Mommy blushed deeply between embarrassment and pride.

I still look forward to Christmas, but there's a difference. It's about the difference with which a prisoner would look forward to (a) getting out of jail, or (b) going to the electric chair.

Nowadays we anticipate Christmas, all right. But what we look forward to is a hectic, expensive scramble, with precious little of the mystery and delight remaining.

The Christmas turkey is now just a dirty great bird that has to be stuffed and then stuffed into us, and then cleared up after. A turkey today is not a gruesome, fascinating thing hanging head down in the woodshed, by its claw-like feet. It's just something you buy and stick in the freezer, anytime during the year, in case you have unexpected weekend guests.

Shopping has changed immeasurably. The panic button is pushed about the end of October and we are warned, shouted at, and scorned by the various media until we have a tremendous guilt feeling if we're not Christmas shopping by mid-November.

The agonizing decisions are still there, but most people have some money now, which quadruples the decisions. Every year, at our house, we firmly decide, about Dec. 1st, that there will be no gifts or cards this year. And every year, at the last minute, we plunge into an orgy of both and wind up Christmas Day feeling that we were right in the first place.

Every year, the big problem is What To Buy Grandad. It's not that he is The Man Who Has Everything. The trouble is that he's The Man Who Doesn't Need Anything. He doesn't smoke or drink. His slippers are good as new. And he has at least six shirts in his bottom drawer, not even unwrapped, bought on previous desperate birthdays and Christmases.

The symbolic significance is still there, of course. And the Christmas concerts and pageants. But what's a bag of candy to a kid today? He probably collected eight times that amount on Hallowe'en, and also has an allowance, so that he can buy his own, not that cheap stuff in the Christmas bag.

And the pageants, more's the pity, tend to become second cousins to lashings of liquor, phoney TV Christmas programs, and sheer greed: "I wanna snowmobile!"

Dear Mr. Editor:

While I do live closer to Aurora than Stouffville, I do take the Stouffville paper because of family connections there. There's a big argument going on in Aurora right now about having another through road in the town, north and south, so that people can avoid the heavy traffic on Yonge St.

I'm in Stouffville fairly often and if there's an argument going on in Aurora, there should be a bigger one in Stouffville. That single route through the town from end to end is terrible.

It seemed to me that your paper announced big plans at one time for another road across the north side of the town. What happened to them? Is someone dragging their feet?

It used to be bad just in the summer but now it's all year round. So much talk and so little action. Maybe it's this new type of government that's so big it can't move?

J. M. Nighswander, Administrator.

Alvin Henshaw, Whitchurch-Stouffville.

ROAMING AROUND

Bah! Humbug!

By Mark Niblett

I don't know which attitude you prefer at this time of year - "Peace on Earth" or "Bah! Humbug!" - but I must confess I incline towards the latter.

Don't get me wrong, now; I'm not a Scrooge. There are some very enjoyable features about Christmas.

Unfortunately, I find myself becoming increasingly irritated with this festival as it is celebrated in our society. Christmas is basically a religious occasion, and religious observance of the winter solstice goes back well beyond the dawn of recorded history. As practiced by the early Church, Christmas had much to commend it. It was a time of rejoicing, in a spiritual way; even up to the early part of this century, the character of the holiday remained basically unchanged. Indeed, in some countries - such as Spain - celebration of the birth of Christ has changed very little in the last 500 years. Spain, though, is not North America.

Christmas, here and now, has increasingly become "just another holiday".

Such has been the decline in religious belief that today it is a rare Canadian who observes Christmas primarily as a religious holiday. There are people who adhere to their faith, and practice it; who go to their particular church and offer up thanks for the birth of Christ.

Last week I went down to Toronto to do some shopping. I did this with great reluctance, only at the point of a metaphorical gun. It was just as bad as I'd feared.

The weather was bad, and there was no place to park the car within 6 blocks of my destination. But mostly, the crowds got to me.

They come out every year: vast masses of humanity pushing and shoving along the sidewalks. You look at the dishevelled hair, the hard eye, the thin-lipped glare - and you wonder, is this Christmas? In the stores they snatch at items on the counters, elbow their way along the aisles. Extra security guards are all over the place, because the merchants have learned that a bit of Christmas spirit doesn't prevent people from shoplifting.

Okay, that's bad enough; but what about the children? For them, at least, Christmas should still be a thing of wonder and beauty. But last week I saw literally dozens of children being slapped or dragged along by their harried mothers. At times the Christmas carols could barely drown out the wailing, of tired, puzzled, upset children. Is this Christmas?

(I also get pretty sick of those Christmas carols. To me, Hell is a place where I have to listen to Bing Crosby singing "White Christmas" 24 hours a day.)

I can't claim that all, or even most, people act like the mobs around Yonge and Queen. It's quite possible that these actions - the glares, the elbowing, the slapping - are a result of pure frustration, and that these women would not normally dream of doing such a thing. Mind you, I can see their point; after a couple of hours I felt like belting a few people myself.

Sadly, I know that I'm part of the whole scene. There is an irresistible social pressure to do what is expected, and it is never stronger than at Christmas.

Ideally, I'd like to spend Christmas quietly at home, with my friends and relatives dropping in for a visit. I'd like to send cards only to people I think deserve them; not to people whom I despise. I'd like to get rid of all the hypocrisy and uproar which now surrounds Christmas.

Unfortunately, I lack the courage of my convictions to the extent that I generally go along with this "celebration".

I'm not asking that the clock be turned back, and I don't seek the Big Rock Candy Mountain. There won't be any Peace on Earth in Pakistan this Christmas; there won't be much Good-will Towards Men along the East Bank of the Jordan; there won't be any grateful prayers offered up from Kingston Penitentiary. I wouldn't ignore all these things; they're part of life as we know it, and I generally enjoy life. There was no Angel of Mons, and all the myths about Christmas are either dead or dying.

But it could be a lot more than it is. It could be a time to think, to reflect, to act decently towards your fellow man - if only for a day.

Is that so much to ask?