


# The Tribune

Established 1888

CHARLES H. NOLAN, Publisher

JAMES THOMAS, Associate Publisher and Editor

ROBERT McCAUSLAND, Advertising Manager



Published every Thursday by Inland Publishing Co. Limited at 54 Main St., Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 640-2101. Single copies 15c, subscriptions \$5.00 per year in Canada, \$9.00 elsewhere. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation, Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association and Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Second class mail registration number 0896.

## Editorial

### Pet vaccinations - a priority

Vaccination first - licence later. Such was the recommendation put forward recently by Whitchurch-Stouffville councillor, Betty vanNostrand. And we agree. Mrs. vanNostrand suggested that if people really care for their pets (in this case dogs), they shouldn't mind this type of mandatory law. The truth is, and councillor vanNostrand knows it, the majority of people don't care - at least, don't care enough. If they did, the law wouldn't be needed in the first place. In spite of her urging, council declined to adopt such 'stringent' measures,

suggesting instead, that a free vaccination clinic this spring would alleviate all the problems that could result. Poppcock! In the past, anti-rabies clinics held here and elsewhere, have not been well patronized. There's no reason to suggest that another one in 1972 will be any better received. By then, the current rabies 'scare' will have been forgotten. We say, every dog-owner in Whitchurch-Stouffville should be required to produce a vaccination certificate when applying for a licence. It's the only kind of 'co-operation' some folks understand. Anything less is hopeless.

### An outlaw league

Juvenile class hockey should be banned - withdrawn from the organized program of the O.M.H.A. We have long thought this, and a report following a game between Stouffville and Sunderland only confirms the belief. While we did not see the fracas that occurred there, a description, from three separate sources, sums up the scene in a single word - disgraceful. We have watched Juvenile teams in action for over twenty years. And while there are exceptions (Stouffville Champions of 1970), in the main, it's 'bush' hockey, played by 'bush' players before 'bush' fans. Combine the latter two, and the result is a free-for-all, like

the one in the Sunderland Arena, Saturday. We ask, why Juvenile hockey at all - anywhere? What does it accomplish? The majority of boys are dumped into this category because they're too old for Midget and not good enough for Junior. The end result is a bad name for the community they represent - in this case, Stouffville. For many years now, the Juvenile team here has not formed part of the local minor hockey association program. The executive is smart. A boorish 'sport' of this kind shouldn't be wished on anyone.

### Experience best teacher

York Regional Police Chief Bruce Crawford was undoubtedly disappointed over the rather mediocre results from written tests completed by 61 officers within the force recently. While no figures were released 'officially', it is understood that only about 20 percent were successful. The rest failed, some miserably. Persons closer to Chief Crawford than the Press, have admitted to his leanings towards 'academics' in police work. And being new on the job, an exam of this

kind, was about the only criterion available to measure the credibility of certain men for certain positions. But, in our opinion, a good book-learner, does not necessarily make the best policeman. In other words, an officer's present position or future promotion, should not be based entirely on marks received on a test paper. Experience, we say, is still the best teacher. Even in this day, with increased stress on 'degrees', experience should still count for something.

### True meaning of Christmas

Christmas, with its commercialism, is criticized by many. Christmas, and its religious interpretation, is ignored by many more. What then, is the Christmas season all about? Last week, this very question was asked of the Grade 1 class at Stouffville's Orchard Park Public School. The replies were many and varied, most touching on the giving and receiving of gifts.

But not all. Seven year old Stephen Howard gave his version this way. He entitled it simply 'Christmas'. "On Christmas Eve, Jesus was born. The shepherds came and gave their presents to the baby Jesus. His mother was Mary. His father was Joseph. On Christmas night, a bright star shone up in the sky. The Christians followed". Who among us, in so few words, could say more?

## Editor's Mail

Dear Editor:

As a relative newcomer to Stouffville and as one who has been in close touch with several areas of the community's life, getting to know many of its people through direct and indirect contacts, I am proud of this town. With its fine schools, enthusiastic support for local teams in hockey and baseball, concern for the aged and community spirit, it is truly a great place to live. One of its finest hours has been in the response to the great needs resulting from the "Stouffville '71 Fire". I have lived in small communities and towns, in the cities of Sudbury and Toronto, and never before have I witnessed such deep concern for persons. Offers of help, donations of household goods, showers of linens, etc. along with the giving of hours of time and service by so many of our citizens, the co-operation of all the churches and all organizations, and the fine effort by the Secondary School students in the presentation of their

excellent variety program, have made this one of the most meaningful experiences of my life. I believe the true spirit of Advent - God's coming to mankind in love and compassion - has become a reality in our midst. I trust that every individual who has shared in any way feels "a little bit taller" for having given of himself for others. I am grateful for the privilege of working with and living among people who practise a faith that tries to match their Christian ideals.

J. L. Carder,  
102 Church St. North.

### Early start

They start young these days. Six year old Peter Foulds, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Foulds, Second St., Stouffville, was seen leaving for a Mite hockey game recently, carrying his skates, a stick and a Teddy Bear.



In quiet serenity, let us reflect on the true message of Christmas. May your home and family be blessed with the spiritual joy and happiness that His birth taught us to cherish. With our greetings goes our sincere appreciation.

## The Tribune

James Thomas	Glenys Davis	Elva Nighswander
Mark Niblett	Dorothy Moyer	Mary Sauder
Robt. McCausland	Stan Schmidt	Kit Stevens
Tom Vernon	Carl Mantz	George Baker
Bill Stephenson	Myrna Curran	Joan Marshman
Audrey Smith	Betty Acton	Sheila McLeod



### SUGAR AND SPICE

### The ghosts of Christmas past

By BILL SMILEY

Looking forward to Christmas has become something less than unadulterated joy. The thrice-blasted cards, the seven-times blasted tree with its inevitable crooked stump, the ever-increasing cost of gifts - these and other aspects of the festive season have turned the festive part of it, at least, into an exercise of hectic futility. I think many will agree when I say that there's a huge sigh of relief on Christmas night when the last of the wrappings have been put away, the last of the dishes washed, and we can sit back, look at the lights, and listen to music. It's a lot easier on the nerves to look back on Christmases of the past. They were probably just as frantic, but in retrospect they have a sort of rosy glow about them. There's one that still causes me a pang of remorse and shame. My mother was making the usual huge turkey dinner, with all its entails. We were to eat about four. Around two p.m., my kid brother and I sneaked, yes, sneaked off to the matinee. About the same time, my older brother and sister went for a long walk

with a friend. None of us got home until about 5.30, and there was Mom stuck with the ruins of a magnificent dinner, on which she had toiled for hours. She didn't say anything, but I, for one, felt like a rat. I was about ten, and it was the first time I ever realized how thoughtless and selfish kids can be. Which reminds me that my own two thoughtless, selfish brats will be home this Christmas. Hugh's a vegetarian and will have his little bag of whole brown rice. Kim's on some kind of a crazy diet. By some strange coincidence, the vegetarian becomes a carnivore and the diet goes out the window when they're home. It's tempting to think of making them a nice nut salad, and cooking a small duck for their parents only. Another Christmas I'll never forget was that of 1944, deep in the heart of Pomerania, behind barbed wire. We didn't have to worry about buying gifts, sending cards or making long-distance calls to relatives. Maybe that's why it was so much fun. Not even a tree to wrestle with. We exchanged gifts. I gave a pair of gloves to one of the artists, and he gave me a caricature of myself. Someone else gave a pack of smokes and received a razor blade that had been used only one week. And there was the Christmas dinner. We had saved every scrap we could from the last of the Red Cross parcels. We had two tins of salmon with delicious creamed sauce made from powdered milk. There were potatoes au gratin (we'd hung onto a hunk of cheese). And there was that fantastic cake...crumbled Graham crackers and mashed turnips held together by a bit of marg, with two melted chocolate bars stirred in. It was cooked on top of the stove, and weighed about 18 pounds, one pound per man. With dinner went kriegie brew. We'd saved enough prunes and sugar to make a potent potion (just add water and let it ferment for a couple of weeks). After scoffing the lot, we lay around on our bunks, with the firelight flickering from the battered stove. Did we talk about home and loved ones? We did not. We just lay there and groaned, like 18 pythons who had simultaneously swallowed 18 goats. Most of us were sick half the night, but it was worth it. It was the only time for months that we hadn't been hungry, and the only time for months that we wouldn't be. Other Christmases swarm into memory. I'll not forget the one when my

### Our Country - CANADA...

Christmas. Watch a child's face on Christmas morning and feelings you had almost forgotten come flooding back. The sheer wonder of being alive. The simple pleasure of sharing our love and affection with one another. For when Canadian snows lie deep and the winds blow chill it's sometimes easy to forget. Yet in the midst of winter comes Christmas - a shining, brilliant jewel that brightens the winter dark and brings us together once again. A reminder that in this hardy, northern land our greatest strength lies in our unity, our togetherness. So, as we share our Christmas with one another, let us also remember the joy of being a part of this vast adventure called Canada. Canada, our country. A community of people, cultures and ideals holding to a common pride. Together it is ours to keep and to build.

## ROAMING AROUND

### Santa please bring -

By Jim Thomas

On Friday evening, Santa Claus will visit thousands of homes in the Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville and beyond. On Saturday morning, thousands of wide-eyed children will thrill to the presentation of gifts, some large, some small. But what of the adults? What will they receive? I offer the following suggestions. For Whitchurch-Stouffville councillor Merlyn Baker - a specially trained hound with a 'septic' snout (a super snooper), to sniff out suspected seepage of liquid waste on the site of the Bremner Dump, near Hwy. 48. For Whitchurch-Stouffville Fire Chief Walter Smith - delivery of a new water tank truck before the cab and chassis of the present one part company. For all York Regional police constables - personalized road maps, clearly indicating the locations of Box Grove and Cedar Grove; Dickson's Hill, Vinegar Hill, Hagerman's Hill, Churchill, Locust Hill and Richmond Hill; Unionville, Melville, Lemonville, Pleasantville and Stouffville; Maystone Court and Maytree Avenue; Elm Street and Elm Road; Kleinburg and Schomberg; Musselman's Lake, Wilcox Lake, Preston Lake and Mud Lake; Elder Mills and Elgin Mills; Armadale and Armitage; Cedar Valley, Pine Orchard and Maple; Mount Albert and Mount Joy.

For York Regional Police Chief Bruce Crawford - sufficient funds to hire a Public Relations Officer who can also sub as a Press Agent. For Whitchurch-Stouffville councillor Betty vanNostrand - another pink pant suit and for councillor Tom Lonergan, a pair of 'blinkers'. For Pickering Township reeve John Williams - a used dung fork with instructions on how to use it by Claremont's Hugh Miller. For Lemonville's Henry Nauta and Reg Fairbanks - a Community Centre, courtesy York County Board of Education. For Uxbridge Twp. deputy-reeve Don Jackson - a toy go-kart and for co-councillor Clark Muirhead - a gravel truck. For Mr. and Mrs. David Ku and family - a new restaurant site, in Stouffville. For Markham Fire Chief Meryl Smith - a blond toupee to match his yellow fire truck. For Dr. Donald Petrie - a snowmobile; for Stouffville O.M.H.A. Convenor, Ed Grimshaw - a private secretary. (38-22-36); for Orchard Park School principal, Keith Sutherland - an all-weather bus stop. For Stouffville Postmaster, Jack Sanders - a 365 day automatic stamp dispenser. For Whitchurch-Stouffville mayor Ken Laushway - a second model senior citizens' apartment. For Uxbridge reeve Bob Nesbitt - a thermostatically controlled toilet seat for the 'air conditioned' washroom in the township hall at Goodwood. For all York Regional police officers - a bottle of Sloane's Liniment as a naive suggestion that right arms are as practical for waving as saluting. For The Tribune editor (that's me), a pair of tin pockets in my pants where I can attach my magnetic car keys. Merry Christmas.

wife was having the family, for the first time. She fussed all day and had everything just so. She was going to show her mother and aunts that she was no slouch of a housewife. Her eyes were darting everywhere, making sure that everything was in order. The atmosphere was about the same as that at Cape Kennedy when they're going to fire at the moon. Finally, the supreme moment. She ushered everyone to the table and rather grandly ordered me to take the turkey out of the oven. I did, but the dam' pan was red hot and I dropped the whole works, gravy, grease, dressing and turkey, on the shining kitchen floor. I'll spare you the details, but I've never come closer to sudden death, even during the war.

In parting, I have three wishes for my loyal readers: that your Christmas tree doesn't fall over just after you've finished decorating; that you don't drop the turkey; and that you have the best and happiest Christmas you've ever had, with people you love.