



The Tribune

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CHARLES H. NOLAN, Publisher

JAMES THOMAS, Associate Publisher and Editor

ROBERT McCausland Advertising Manager



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Editorial

Stimulation for a 'sick' mind

Every time the siren sounds in Stouffville, residents wonder - is it the 'fire bug' again?

People here, particularly those living a short distance to the north, are concerned - concerned that their barn, perhaps even their house, may be next on the list.

The entire community shares their anxiety.

While there is no positive proof that all unexplained fires in the past three weeks have been the work of an arsonist, the pattern is too clear to make each "just a co-incident".

For example, all buildings have been vacant at the time of the blaze, but not necessarily unused. The locations too, have been quite close, with Friday night

or early Saturday mornings preferred. There is no sure-fire method for protecting ones' property against practices of this kind. Arson is a stimulant for a sick mind. However, increased police patrols might help. Night watchmen could also assist. Better still, we suggest, call on the aid of members within the Whitchurch-Stouffville Snowmobile Club. These chaps have always indicated an eagerness to help out when needed. Their help is needed now. While it is true, they may not catch the culprit, or even put an end to this fire-setting spree, their very presence in the area could serve as a deterrent and, just as important, give local owners a little peace of mind.

Attend Church this Sunday

Dec. 24 is Christmas Sunday.

The date means different things for different people.

For some, it's needed time to reach the homes of far-away friends or family relatives.

For others, it's an opportunity to try out that new snowmobile, that should have been kept a secret til Dec. 25.

For still others, it's a chance to 'rest up'

in preparation for to-morrow.

But there's another facet of life, that should not be overlooked. Because, for Christians, the religious meaning of Dec. 25, is what Christmas is all about.

How better then can you celebrate this occasion, than by attending the church of your choice, on Sunday? By making the extra effort now, the practice may come easier later on.

Editor's Mail

Dear Sir:

I have read the review of Sheila McLeod of the production of LOOK BACK IN ANGER, at Latham Hall, and I would like to acknowledge a critical perceptiveness in the article. Consequently, I am not writing as an irate director concerning a particular review. I am writing as a director concerning certain observations in the review about the production which I think should be qualified.

As director I assume full responsibility for the play being "uncompromisingly high-keyed and fast-paced" to the point where the critic felt that there was not sufficient ebb and flow.

I would have preferred the critic to mention specifically some of the "distracting gestures and facial expressions" of Dennis Empson which "marred" his performance. I felt he did a highly commendable job, and I think that

the critic also did, but the review reads too heavily in the other direction. It reads, as Alexander Pope put it, "To damn with faint praise."

I do not think the reviews of the performance of Gary Peterman, Nazneen Sadiq, and Frank Steele (while highly laudatory and therefore pleasing to the director) are in keeping with the reviews of the other two characters in the play. Surely the monumental performance of the role of Jimmy warrants treatment in a critical review equal to the treatment of all the other characters combined.

Concerning the performance of Patty Creet I would have to refer to a close acquaintance of mine who has himself been involved with theatre for many years. His statements about her performance were quite simple. He said she controlled the play because she set the tempo for everything. In his opinion, hers was the finest performance of all.



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

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My final point is perhaps my strongest argument against the review. As anyone connected with theatre knows, the director is responsible for everything concerning the play itself. But there are two other functions which are of virtually equal importance, and that is the function of the set designer and the producer. The review implies that the set was an "interesting" construction made up from left-over flats from past reproductions, whereas it was really a brilliant set design by Margaret Glew drawn to careful specifications for Latham Hall and for that play. The set was again a subject of numerous comments to me, all praising.

There is no mention in the review of Gordon Ness as producer. He saw to it that an audience went to the play. He constructed the set. He found the necessary furnishings. He found someone to do the make-up. He thus fulfilled a vital function well and these matters were simply ignored in the review. Perhaps for a Broadway production one would never mention the producer. But the review clearly makes several allusions to the Stouffville Players, and

therefore, the review was automatically concerning itself with the "production" of a play.

These matters are raised in good faith. I have no particular connection with the Stouffville Players. My focus is on York University, and I am raising these points simply to offer some objective observations about the production of LOOK BACK IN ANGER and the general future of the Stouffville Players. I look forward to their future success, and perhaps I will again be involved with them in a production of a play.

Matthew Ahern, Director
R. R. 1, Stouffville.

Dear Jim:

Your newspaper is to be congratulated on the excellent coverage it provided the Dec. 4 civic elections.

The real value of the weekly press to the community was verified that same week. The Toronto Star ignored non-Toronto communities. And while some 32 percent braved the elements to cast their vote, it wasn't until the local press went on sale, that residents learned the results in the civic elections held locally.

Because we rely so heavily on the weekly press for information, I feel that Markham council should meet Monday's rather than Tuesday's. This would assist the press in meeting publication deadlines, and give reporters more time to prepare their findings in greater detail. I think then, that we could expect a more fully informed electorate would expect and perhaps even demand more of their elected representatives. The added communication between residents and councillors would be appreciated, I believe, by the latter. The community as a whole is bound to be the winner.

Holding this view, I intend to ask the new council to change their meeting dates.

Ronald A. P. Moran,
Councillor - elect,
Ward 6, Markham.

OUR SAVIOUR

Came as a little babe to earth,
Holy angels proclaimed His birth;
Born in a lowly cattle-shed,
With no downy pillow for His head.

Shepherds in the fields that night,
They beheld a wondrous sight;
Angels from the realms of Glory,
Sang to them, the sweetest story.

Listen, while the angels sing,
Good tidings, unto you I bring;
Wise men travelled from afar,
As they were guided by a star.

ROAMING AROUND

Love of birds was my 'downfall'

By Jim Thomas

All week long, folks along Main Street have been staring at me kind of strange like.

They've been giving me that old "what's he been drinking" look; and although no one has had the nerve to come right out and ask it, I know full well what they're thinking.

A-ha, they conclude, at last he's gone and done it - he's yielded to temptation; cast aside the chaste cloak of teetotalism and begun to 'live it up'.

Admittedly, while the sniff of a cork would send me into never-never land, I don't blame these well-meaning souls for what they're saying. For my slouchy sidewalk demeanor has certainly left that impression.

However, in case any readers are really worried, I'm still not imbibing in anything stronger than a double-creamed coffee at Bing's. My awkward gate of late, like a seagull in a windstorm, is due to a near-tragedy at home. I fell; breaking three ribs.

Okay, go ahead and laugh. Everybody else does.

Every time I try and explain my problem, listeners break into uncontrollable guffaws; like I had accidentally caught my Christmas tie in the washer wringer, or fallen head-first down the basement sump pump hole.

Funny or not, my disability hurts like old Harry, forcing me to walk with a slight stoop and on a bit on the bias, to ease the pain.

It's probably not the fact that I fell, that causes folks to double-up with laughter; it's how the accident occurred that's so amusing.

I was standing on the top rung of the step-ladder, putting seed in the bird feeder when suddenly - KERFLOP! down came me, the seed, ladder and all. The end result - hurt pride and three bashed ribs.

Around our house, feeding the birds has become an extra-curricular activity that interests everyone. Interests everyone, that is, to the point of watching. The feeding part, however, falls to dear old Dad. And, without pretending to boast, I perform this chore with great enthusiasm and little complaint.

Usually, I don't get started on this outdoor hobby until mid-January. By that time, everything except a few patient house sparrows, have flown to 'greener pastures', on Glad Park Avenue or Elm Road. It's hard to coax them back.

This winter, however, I vowed to begin earlier, and with three days' vacation promised, I assured the kids we'd have the best-fed birds in Stouffville.

With this plan in mind, I carted home 30 pounds of seed last Wednesday, dishing up a generous helping for the initial hand-out.

That's when it happened.

The 'end' result, while a trifle scary, wouldn't have been quite so painful if, on my downward 'flight', I had landed in soft snow. But no, I hit the fence first, caving in my right side.

So now I'm a semi-invalid; waited on hand and foot.

My wife holds my coat. The kids shovel the walk, lace up their skates, hang up their clothes and, yes, feed the birds.

Our family physician, Dr. Glenn Graham, has assured me that 'convalescence' for this type of injury, could extend up to three weeks.

With treatment like I've been receiving, however, I'm seriously considering a relapse.

We repeat the wondrous story,
Jesus is the King of Glory;
Born to save the sons of men,
His the royal diadem.

by Laura Jervis, 87,
South Street,
Stouffville.

Dear Mr. Thomas:

Your "Roaming Around" column in the Dec. 7, issue of The Tribune was hilarious! However, the next time when you have to go to Toronto, I suggest you save your nerves, time and gas by taking the train!

Risto T. Puhakka,
Agent, CN Unionville

