

Tribune Editorials

Dragging It's Feet

The much-publicized, Ontario Municipal Board Hearing over the runaway gravel pit problem in Uxbridge Township will, if nothing else, bring pressure to bear on Planning Board to establish certain controls within the municipality before it is too late.

Uxbridge has been dragging its feet in this regard. By some members' own admission, they have put off until tomorrow what should have been done yesterday. The trouble is, to-morrow never becomes today.

Although the decision by the O.B.M. is still to be revealed, we personally don't know what they can be expected to do. If the Township Planning Board isn't interested in protecting portions of the municipality through proper zoning then how can the Municipal Board act on something that doesn't exist. Certainly,

they would be rather reluctant to recommend that a bylaw, if and when it does come, should be made retro-active.

Although most people tend to point the accusing finger at township officials now holding office, this is not correct. Gravel companies have been digging the 'heart' out of Uxbridge for years and it is only since a semi-kind of urbanization has come to the municipality, that the seriousness of the problem has come to light.

We would commend Clark Muirhead and his supporters for their action on this issue. While others were content only to talk about it, they did something about it and we hope their efforts bring results. Certainly the need for action is as evident as the areas of gravel wastelands already created.



"Now if we only knew where we left the car!"

SUGAR AND SPICE

There'll Be No Expo Trip For Me

By BILL SMILEY



We've been talking about it for a long time. It would mean a major upheaval in the family. But it's two against one, and this is a democracy. Unless, of course, your wife happens to constitute the minority.

Today I applied for an exchange teaching job, for one year, in the United Kingdom. I must be out of my mind, but I did.

Daughter Kim is all for it. With the adventurous spirit of the young, and their complete lack of participation in all the work involved, she glows at the prospect.

After all, England is the land of the Beatles, the Rolling Stones and the highest mini-skirts.

England, as the song says, swings like a pendulum do. That's for Kimbo. She'd like nothing better than to spend a year abroad. Not acquiring a broad education. Never! She looks upon education as small boys do upon

washing: the squarest and most useless thing foisted on the young by stupid, loving parents.

No, what she'd like to pick up in England is a Carnaby St. wardrobe and a Liverpool accent, so that she could knock the local kids dead when she comes home. The "mod" look of Carnaby is bad enough, but the dialect of the Liverpoolian is surely the ugliest in the world, outside the pure Hottentot.

What she doesn't picture, and I haven't the heart to tell her, is the truth. If the deal goes through, a year from now she'll be wading through the fog in Little Mulling, or climbing the cliffs on the Isle of Mull, complete with rubber boots, raincoat and sou'wester, approximately 3,000 social miles from the England and London's West End.

My wife blows hot and cold. One week, when things are particularly obnoxious around here, she's fairly keen. She sees a snug cottage, shining brass, and an English garden out back. She envisages a jaunt into London every week end, for piano lessons, concerts, lunch, and the theatre.

The next week, she's been talking to someone who has just spent a year there and was half-frozen for 12 months. Or she says flatly, "If you think I'm going to leave my comfortable home, treasured piano students, and all my friends, to go and live in some cold, clammy dump among a lot of strangers, etc. etc."

Sometimes, she wavers, and asks me what England is really like. The trouble is, I haven't been there for over 20 years. About all I can do is describe some first-rate pubs, and tell her how easy it was to lose your girl in the fog or blackout, unless you clung to her.

Somehow, these descriptive gems don't fan her ardor for the trip.

As I said, no one in his right mind wants to spend a year in the U.K. I know I'll come home either riddled with rheumatism, or in a wooden box with a sheen of fog on it.

And it isn't sentiment. Admittedly, there are a few old pubs I'd like to re-visit. But they've probably changed into raucous road-houses that serve martinis instead of half-and-half, and the waitresses are insolent pups instead of buxom barmaids who called you "Luv", or "Ducks."

And there are a few old girl-friends I'd like to re-visit. But a friend of mine did this last year, taking his wife along. Somehow, he said, there was a lack of rapport. And they were all so old. And, even worse, they thought he was old. And I sure as heck don't want to go and stand on some deserted, dilapidated air-drome and think of the old days. Old runways are for the birds, who make much better landings on them than I ever did.

No, what sparks my desire to go away for a year is none of these. It is the thought of spending the whole of Centennial Year in Canada.

Now, I love this land. But the idea of an entire year of having Expo rammed down my throat, of watching municipalities solemnly snip the ribbon at such sparkling centennial projects as the new public lavatories, or the new parking lot, makes me want to throw up.

And what better place to do that than the U.K., where I must admit I have done it before, on a number of occasions, after an evening of warm pints of bitters.



THIS WEEK & NEXT

A Senseless Argument

By RAY ARGYLE

Parliament can be a drag sometimes, and perhaps this is why some MPs leap so readily on whatever juicy tidbit which comes along to distract the House of Commons from the business of the country.

Could one be blamed for reaching this conclusion after the latest performance in the House over CBC-TV shows?

Otherwise responsible Parliamentarians who called so loudly for censorship of the "Sunday" program following the showing of a harmless and rather amusing bit of sex on film from Britain, included some who hadn't even seen the program. David Fulton of Kamloops, who still harbors dreams of heading up the Conservative party when the current Dump Dief drive succeeds, got in his small contribution by charging the CBC with abusing its editorial freedom by purveying "garbage."

Eric Winkler of Grey-Bruce said he hadn't seen the show, but that the time had come that "the Canadian taxpayer need no longer pay for this sort of trash."

And Mr. Diefenbaker, who always manages to make things seem worse than they are, called for the Government to look into the possibility of laying criminal charges against those responsible for this "lewdness and pornography."

It has been evident for some time now that this country's political leadership does not represent the view of most Canadians.

At the same time, one cannot but respect the concern of those Canadians who in a time of shifting moral standards, are genuinely worried over what they regard as a general break-down in public morality.

But Parliamentarians who sit in an assembly which a few months ago engaged in cheap sneaking over the Gerda Munsinger episode, hardly qualify as defenders of Canadian virtue.

The main difference, it seems to me, in the morality of the 1960s and of, say, the 1930s is to be found in honesty and not behavior. It would appear behavior has changed very little, but people are

today much more honest about their behavior.

This explanation will never of course satisfy those who regard sex as dirty. To them, all public discussion of sex must also be dirty. Or garbage? Or trash? Or lewd and pornographic?

The lame-duck president of the CBC, Alphonse Ouimet (he will shortly retire) says the showing of the sex film was a mistake. "Sunday" producer Daryl Duke says his program is "stronger and better shape than I had dared hope."

In a way, "Sunday" is just what the country — and the CBC — deserves for having gotten rid of Seven Days, a literate and exciting public affairs show which may never again be matched for incisive fact-finding and investigative reporting.

As a successor to Seven Days, "Sunday" has thus been disappointing in its coverage of Canadian news. As an example, the program before the one featuring the sex film didn't have a single good Canadian news story. There was an insipid interview with the former Marina Oswald, a stupid conversation with the acquitted Cleveland doctor, Sam Sheppard, and a second-hand film on mental therapy from a Los Angeles television station.

The history of Seven Days, when linked to the almost unbelievable ferocious reaction of some MPs to the "Sunday" sex film, all add to the depressingly familiar Canadian reaction of horror and shock to anything which smacks slightly of moral honesty.

The grievous part of all this is that this attitude is not, I believe, shared by most Canadians.

Why else does Canada continue to cling to one of the world's cruelest divorce laws? Why then do we every year condemn thousands of Canadian women to illegal abortions? Why are there no laws setting out safety standards in auto manufacturing?

Is it not time that Canadians told their lawmakers: Get with it — your facade of upright morality only cloaks a meanness and an immorality that belongs to a less civilized age?

ROAMING AROUND

Informality Overdone

Informality was the keynote of Stouffville High's first student-sponsored Music Night program, Friday evening and that particular aspect of the show is the basis of our only criticism — it was too informal.

The audience, certainly a much larger crowd than we had anticipated, couldn't seem to comprehend the intended humour of classroom antics. Students of 1966 must remember that students of 1926 were white-headed boys and girls who attended school only to study — or did they? Well anyway, the past is sometimes soon forgotten.

The theme of the fast-moving two-hour show was centred around a teenager's Christmas weekend. Included were scenes taken from band and glee club practices, a night at the coffee house, a shopping trip to a town music store, a Saturday date, a dance and attendance at church.

Any audience let-down created through mis-understood informality, was far overshadowed by the wealth of talent presented generously throughout the program. The band's performance under the guiding baton of staff teacher, H. J. Waite, was the best we have heard. The glee club, led by Mrs. A. A. Gresham had, as its highlight, a duet by Anne Duxbury and Donna Wright. The response was excellent.

The coffee house harmony helped to slow the pace following a near-riot scene in class where hand-made paper planes bombarded the exasperated student-turned-teacher, Jewel Stoyan. Linda Sargent, whose academic standing needs no repeating, displayed a hidden talent in the folk music field. She also played the guitar. In solo work, it was Anne Duxbury and Ed Wideman who earned first class honours. Anne received an encore ovation.

Audience appreciation was even more evident in the show's second half with the carol service forming a fitting conclusion. The quartet of Paul Benson, Peter Gibbins, Jonathan Lemon and Ed Wideman was outstanding. Paul Benson took the tenor lead and the sound, so excellent in the auditorium, amplified the richness of his voice. As the choir filed down the aisle, the people joined in the singing of the Coventry Carol. It was impressive, both in sight and sound.

To student Producer and Director, Ted Topping, it was an excellent effort. We'd like to hear more of the same and we speak voluntarily for every person present.

It may be a little late for this year, but if you are looking for an evening of good entertainment plus some excellent pre-Christmas toy bargains, try to attend the Toy Auction at the Stouffville Sales Barn, north of Stouffville.

We dropped in for a couple of hours last week and we've already ringed the calendar for a date in December, 1967. Items that ranged all the way from rolls of wrapping paper to 17 pound pails of candy, found ready bidders. Dolls, Teddy bears, guns, cars, lamps, trucks and you name it, were sold, not singly, not in dozens but by the carton. In return, money rained down from every direction. Five, ten and twenty dollar bills were tossed recklessly around. How everyone received his correct change in return, we'll never know.

It was a veritable 3-ring circus — the buyer, the seller and the carrier. One woman, laden down with three guns, three cement mixers, three tanks, a set of pots and pans and a bathroom scales, made two trips to her car and returned for another round.

Auctioneer, Norm Faulkner held a revolving mechanical man up high. As it rotated, its face lit up in the dark. "I'll bet many of you here tonight have been in much the same shape." One red-faced gent nodded agreeably as his wife jabbed her elbow into his side. "You don't have to tell the whole world about it," she said.

19 Years Ago

1947

A damage claim of \$1,100 was approved by Markham Township Council for sheep killed and injured on the farm of William Brodie. The valuator was Hugh Boyd. One of the dogs involved in the attack was ordered destroyed.

Wilmoit Warriner, Markham, RR 2, was honoured by the Markham Fair Board at the annual director's banquet. He was presented with a chair by Jack Torrance representing his father who was absent due to ill health. Addressing the gathering were — Walter Reesor on behalf of the Junior Farmers, Warden Charles Hooper, Reeve Charles Reesor of Markham Village, G. A. Stewart, John Scott, Edward Logan, Will Clark and A. H. Crosby.

Mr. Wes Schell was the big money-winner at the Stanley Theatre's Foto Night Contest. He received a cheque for \$235.

Mrs. Robert Ratcliff was present in Ottawa for the presentation of the Distinguished Flying Cross to her son, Flying Officer J. R. Drewery. The gathering was held at Government House and the presentation was made by the Governor-General of Canada, Viscount Alexander.

Prize horse teams in the Stouffville Christmas Show were entered by Heber Down, Brooklin; Roy Hall, Oshawa; Harvey Schell, Stouffville; Vince Baker, Stouffville and Herb Simpson, Ballantrae.

Christmas Lights For Town-Country

Even though summer weather returned for a time last week, Christmas month did start off with a good snow storm to begin the season of hustle and bustle.

Nothing does more to impress one of the season than the multitude of Christmas decorations and lights which appear like magic on so many homes and business places. The custom is spreading and many rural homes as well are festooned with this yuletide magic.

The coloured lights have been turned on along Stouffville's Main Street though this year's lighted Christmas trees have not yet appeared. Many try

to outdo their neighbours, to have the gayest, most colourful, and most original decoration on the street. However homeowners claim costs are rising each year and some find it difficult to keep pace with the trend. To create this fairyland aspect, colour and light, does take money. With high taxes, mortgage payments, huge gift lists and the ever-rising cost of living, things can get out of hand, and pocket too. Nevertheless Christmas is Christmas, and without the lights it just isn't the same.

Before the magic day arrives, take a nighttime tour — see the lights, and get the Christmas spirit. It'll do you good.

Diefenbaker Off Deep End Again

Mr. Diefenbaker who has the characteristic of going off the deep end without prime reason, was at it again last week. He struck out with wild statements against the government's move to up old age pensions, charging people would be checked as to present income before any increases were handed out. "There will be snoopers on every hand," he said.

We believe some checking should be done. It is inescapably true that money handed out, whether in pensions or other form, to those who don't need it

is money that cannot go to those who do. Mr. Diefenbaker claims that to ask for a declaration of income is degrading. This we can't accept.

Old-age pensions have provided an inter-party squabble for a long time and has been most wearying. No doubt the parties' attempts to outbid each other have contributed to the increases in the pension, but their motives have always been questionable. No doubt the strife will more or less end when the Canada Pension Plan comes into full effect. Meantime the proposed increase is regarded as an interim solution.

increased this Fall, and the reason given was the high level of recent land sales in the area. This phenomenon, which has already occurred in King Township and elsewhere, reflects the closeness of Uxbridge Township to Metro Toronto, its commuter services, and the scenic qualities of the Oak Ridges terrain which crosses the Township. I myself purchased land at Dagmar overlooking Chalk Lake and built on it this Spring for these very reasons. I have travelled throughout North America and Europe, and I doubt whether anything I have seen surpasses the view from my living room windows at Dagmar.

I expect that thousands of Metro residents like myself will discover the Uxbridge hills and build there, and pay taxes there — and their families after them for generations to come. I envisage in the future an area of high scenic beauty containing the broadly spaced residences of local residents and Metro commuters, where land values will be very high indeed, and the tax revenues therefrom will guarantee in perpetuity the development of schools, roads and other community services of the finest order.

The alternative, if gravel pit operations are permitted to continue without restriction, will be a wasteland where no one will choose to live if he can avoid it. The hills will be scarred and dangerous areas — and their gravel reserves will inevitably be eventually exhausted.

Therefore, Sir, I urge your readers and the residents of Uxbridge Township to prevail upon the Township officers to pass laws regulating gravel pit operations before it is too late. There is no time for procrastination. Every day, chunks of the Uxbridge hills are being removed forever and dumped onto the roadways of the rest of the Province.

I suggest that the Township undertake a survey of sand and gravel reserves in Uxbridge Township, and pass legislation restricting pit operations to precisely defined reserve areas which would not encroach on lands of high present or prospective value for residential use. I further suggest that it should be unlawful to operate a gravel pit within a defined distance of an existing private residence, that the routes taken by gravel trucks should be subject to Township approval and so designated as to cause the least danger and disturbance to residents, and that road damage done by the gravel trucks should be the financial responsibility of the gravel pit operator. If enacted in time, these suggestions would permit the regulated continuance of sand and gravel operations within the Township, while guaranteeing the rising value of its lands for residential use for all time.

Yours very truly,
David M. Bryson,
Chalk Lake, RR 4,
Uxbridge.

P.S. — It has been suggested to me that, to obtain a licence to operate a gravel pit, the operator should be required to post a bond (returnable on fulfillment of the condition) against his promise to return the topsoil to the pit and plant trees to reforest it when the operation is finished. This seems to me a most sensible suggestion.

EDITOR'S MAIL

Scars Left On Landscape

By OUR READERS

Dec. 6, 1966

The Editor,
The Tribune,
Stouffville, Ontario.

Dear Sir: I was an interested spectator at the recent hearing on gravel pit operations in Uxbridge Township, held on Monday December 5th at the request of a group of concerned Township residents headed by Mr. Clark Muirhead. My impressions, stated below, are based on observation of the morning session only, as I was unable to remain for the afternoon session.

Mr. Muirhead was not represented by legal counsel, whereas the gravel pit operators were represented by two lawyers. As a result, Mr. Muirhead's efforts were obstructed at every turn by legalistic quibbling, a proceeding apparently encouraged by the presiding Chairman at the hearing.

Nevertheless, it was clear that the gravel interests base their defence on three counts: (1) that Mr. Muirhead and the other residents were aware of existing gravel pits in the area and therefore should not have built homes there in the first place; (2) if gravel pits are to be excluded, then so too should be all other forms of industry; and (3) gravel pits bring more revenue to the Township than do private residences.

I submit, Sir, that these claims are questionable and answerable.

Firstly, the claim that Mr. Muirhead and others should not have bought and settled at all is preposterous. Mr. Muirhead built in 1964, and the pit in question was not begun in the property immediately adjoining his until 1966. Furthermore, in the broader sense, does the Township truly wish to totally discourage the purchase of its lands for private residential construction? If so, the effect on land values and assess-

ments will be disastrous. This will become clear in the discussion on point 3. The second claim, namely that all industry must be excluded if gravel pits are not to be discriminated against, is begging the question. It is gravel pits that were at issue in the hearing, and its authority did not extend beyond that. Furthermore, even if it did, is there any comparison between an industry that destroys the very face of the ground for all time (and then moves on) and any other industry?

Finally (and in fact the essential crux of the matter), there is the 3rd claim, that gravel pits bring greater revenue to the Township. The point is, for how long? And then what? These pits are exploited for contracts within easy economic reach, and then abandoned. While in operation, the pits have many adverse effects. They obviously detract severely from property values in the immediate area. Quite apart from aesthetic consideration, the amount of dust and noise created is of almost unendurable proportions. The heavy gravel trucks damage the Township roads and, as all who drive in the area know well, create fearful road hazards associated with dust, speeding, inconsiderate driving and truck widths greater than one-half that of the unpaved side-roads they travel.

By far the greatest damage, however, is done by the enormous scars left on the landscape by the pits for all time. When a private individual buys land in the Township (and he must generally buy not less than 10 acres), he improves it, builds on it (not less than 1200 square feet of dwelling space), and increases the value of all other built-up and residual undeveloped land in the Township. Indeed, land assessments in Uxbridge Township were

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