

Editorials

Tribune

An "E" for effort

Since its formation, nearly 14 months ago, the York County Board of Education has been the subject of some Tribune criticism.

Our comments however, have not been directed against the Board members, either individually or as a whole, but against the system that, we feel, is too far removed from the people. It's too impersonal.

As for the trustees themselves, we would not criticize but commend them for the work they have done under circumstances that have been anything but convenient.

Take for instance, Mrs. Louise Aime of Thornhill. She is the lone representative for all of Markham Township. How can she hope to communicate personally with parents, say in Mongolia or Cedar Grove?

The communications chore facing vice-chairman Arthur Starr is even more difficult. He must represent not

one, but two municipalities in Whitchurch Township and Stouffville.

In the Town of Markham, Mrs. Merna Colbourne has done a marvelous job. She has appeared before the council on several occasions and submits information regularly to the newspaper there. And yet, the impersonal attitude of the County system has been more harshly criticized in Markham than anywhere else.

In the field of communications, Mrs. Margaret McLean reels off reams of reports every week, keeping the press, councils and ratepayers' organizations well informed. But still the vacuum persists.

It is our opinion that people, including parents, aren't really interested at all. Not in the accomplishments of the past, the plans for the present or the objectives for the future. They are merely using the ignorance factor as an excuse.

Critical parking points

Near mishaps occur every day in town at three particular intersection points, namely Ninth Nine North and the school crossing on Main Street, at Mill Street and Main and Church and Main.

In the first instance it would seem that to alleviate the danger, not only for motorists pulling out of the Ninth onto Main and for the crossing itself, parking should be eliminated from the Ninth to the walk. Only last week this very point received some airing in traffic court where a motorist coming onto Main, testified that he failed to see a westbound car due to parked vehicles in this area.

In the case of the other two points,

the signs prohibiting parking, are located very close to the intersection so that even when cars are parked within the law, the motorist entering the Main Street traffic will find himself well out on the road before he can clearly see any oncoming traffic.

At the Mill Street crossing there is a further hazard for pedestrians using the crosswalk. With cars parked too close to the 'walk', it is necessary for people to step right out from beside a parked vehicle in order to be seen.

There will continue to be a rash of minor collisions and close calls as long as this lack of visibility continues.

Two wrongs not a right

An 80-bed nursing home is planned for a site on property adjacent to Stouffville's Brierbush Hospital.

Construction is expected to begin soon.

But Spring Street, likely to serve as an entrance to the premises from Main, is undersize, only 33 feet in width to be exact.

Planning Board, at an earlier meeting, had requested the applicant to donate sufficient land to bring the

road up to standard. This has been refused.

It is unfortunate that street of sub-standard width was ever allowed in the first place, but the town is only compounding the problem by permitting another exit or entrance onto it.

While the law may permit the granting of a permit regardless of the road width, it is our opinion that a little co-operation by both parties is in both parties' interest.

Editor's mail

For our children — a heritage of ravaged countryside

Dear Editor:

Fighting to Save the Earth from Man is the title of the cover story in Time Magazine, Feb. 2. I hope it is read by Municipal Affairs Minister Darcy McKeough and Mines Minister Allan Lawrence and considered in relation to Uxbridge Township's current application to the Ontario Municipal Board. The township council is trying to gain power to regulate the gravel mining industry which aims to strip off all the sand and gravel areas, representing about one-tenth of the whole municipality.

Thirty-eight gravel companies operate in this beautiful township, which is close enough to Toronto to be a dormitory area for commuters. There are 48 existing pits. Some of these are huge, fast-growing scars beside the highway. From these, the trucks roll southward endlessly, many of them overloaded to make an extra dollar, in callous disregard for the safety and property of other road-

users.

Such abuses are presumably the basis for the Mines Minister's statement to the Aggregate Producers' Association of Ontario — Clean up or close down!

The Ontario Government is showing concern over the destruction of our environment through pollution of water and air. But good earth is another element that needs protection. Uxbridge Township would be a good place for Queen's Park to demonstrate that the land of Ontario is going to get the protection humane sense demands for it.

All over the world, the need is becoming more urgent for more living space, more breathing space, more recreation space, more space to grow things and more space for the diminishing wildlife. If the people of this Province allow large sections of one of their most beautiful areas to be gouged into wasteland, I predict that our children, looking at the re-



AT LAST... A NATIONAL COSTUME



SUGAR AND SPICE

Crescendo a catastrophe

By BILL SMILEY

Isn't it odd how troubles come in batches? You can sail along for as many as two whole weeks with everything going as smooth as cream. Then the roof falls in.

Ours almost literally did last week, when the ice piled up nearly two feet deep behind the eavestroughs, and I couldn't find anyone to chop it off.

Your run of calamities, however, usually begins with a few minor things, like a toothache or the flu, then builds steadily to a crescendo of catastrophe.

That's the way it's been with me in my latest bout with the fates. Knobs coming off doors. A broken tooth. Coming down and finding the front door wide open with

the temperature 10 below and the furnace straining to keep up. Wipers on the car broken down, which is a fairly easy route to suicide the way it's been snowing around here this winter.

Then my car, on which I recently spent \$63 to remove the problem of its not starting in the morning, started not starting again. My gimpy curling knee got gimpy and I've been limping around ever since like a sailor with a wooden leg.

But these things you are used to, and cope with, one by one. Got my tooth fixed. Got a chap to hack the ice off roof. Got the door-knobs working, the wipers working, and the knee wrapped in an elastic bandage that cuts off the circulation so badly my face is purple.

It's the things over which you have no control that hit you right between the eyes. Like Sunday noon, when we got a call from my daughter announcing cheerily, though with a touch of trepidation, that she was calling from the hospital. With infectious hepatitis.

You can't say that the kids nowadays don't live dangerously, at any rate. Kim left for the city at New Year, having quit university to live in a commune.

I don't have to go into the commune bit again. It's the method some young people use in today's society to escape from the latter. A commune is an idealistic utopia in which everyone shares the work and the food. Just one big happy family, with no nagging parents and nobody stopping one from doing one's thing.

The commune has vague links with the early Christians and the modern

Israelis, which is a nice touch of irony. There have been hundreds of attempts to form such communes in the past. The only thing wrong is that they don't work unless they are rigidly authoritarian, like the communities of Mennonites.

Kim spent a (presumably) happy week in the commune, then caught hepatitis from one of the other inmates, and lay sick, semi-conscious, without eating for about two weeks. She had too much pride, feeling she had let us down, to call. We didn't have any phone number and were waiting for a letter. We finally wrote.

She staggered out to the emergency ward of a general hospital, where they gave her a shot of penicillin and threw her back into the snowbanks.

On a Thursday night, one of the members, who had lately been getting a bit weird (going on a big religious kick), dressed himself in his best, went to his room, and set the house on fire. The others barely got out into a winter night, with the clothes they were in, and nothing else. He was burned to death. The house was destroyed.

Somehow, Kim got into hospital. All she'd saved was her Christmas present, a radio. A friend loaned her some clothes. She's feeling better.

But, and there are some big BUTS, we don't yet know what damage has been done. Her liver is affected. Its normal thing is 35 to 50, whatever it does. A doctor told her that the worst case they'd ever had in the hospital was 3,500. And then told her that hers was 6,000.

Give us a prayer if you have a moment will you?

main of their plundered heritage will say: "They must have been raving mad. Money mad!"

John E. Ricketts, Uxbridge, R.R. 4

Dear Sir:

Congratulations to you and your staff for again winning prizes for the quality of your newspaper.

Well deserved they are too. I cannot imagine, and certainly have never seen, a paper which serves its community better than do you.

Keep up the good work. We need you.

Clark Muirhead, Claremont, R.R. 1

Dear Mr. Thomas:

The members of the Stouffville Minor Hockey Association want to thank the many people of Stouffville, and the surrounding area who supported the Association during its Minor Hockey Week Program. This includes not only the people who bought tickets and attended the many games but also those merchants who donated door prizes for the different nights. Without this solid support, from our community our Association would have a most difficult time to operate. We hope that Minor Hockey will continue to receive this excellent support during the closing half of the season. It is something that is greatly appreciated by all of us connected with minor hockey in Stouffville.

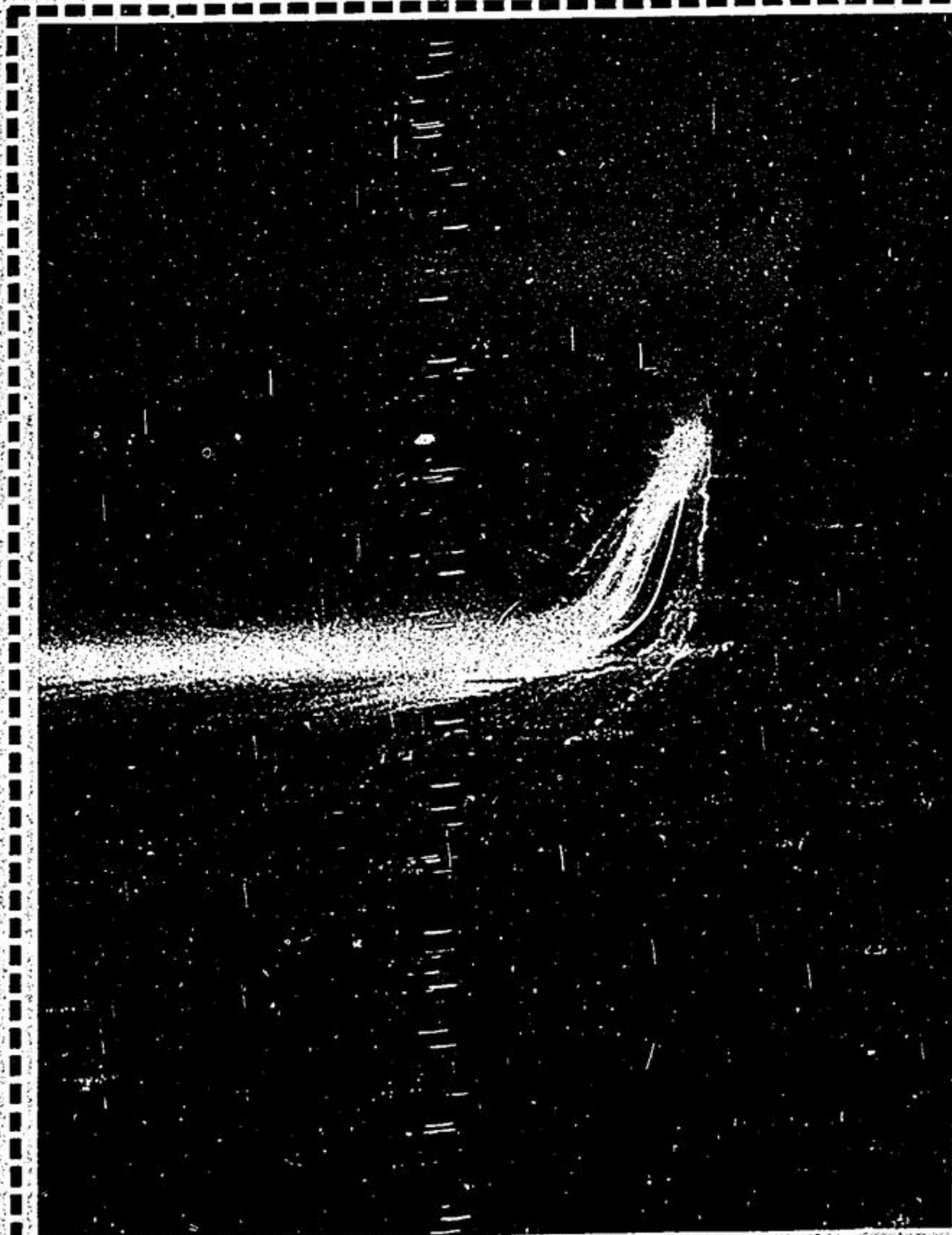
Keith Sutherland, Secretary, Stouffville Minor Hockey Ass'n.

Where there's life -

Staunch Presbyterians in cars lined up beside the gas pumps at Mickey Hunt's Sunoco Station, Sunday morning, is a sure sign that the ecumenical movement is far from dead.

It's called efficiency

Sgt. Bill Vance is an officer with the Markham Police Department. He is also a co-owner with his brother in the Vance Ambulance Service. On Sunday afternoon, he was called to 16th Avenue and conc. 10, Markham Twp., where it was reported that a snowmobile operator had suffered a heart attack. "What is the man's name," asked a Tribune reporter at the scene. "I don't know yet," replied the Sergeant seriously. "The ambulance had already left before I arrived."



Mid-winter beauty on at midnight

The location of this mid-winter scene is on the Aurora Road, west of Bal-lantrae. The unusual photo at a five minute time exposure was taken by The Tribune's Peter Harris. The bright streaks were created by headlights of a passing automobile.

ROAMING AROUND

The 'big blow' and 'The good old days'

By Jim Thomas

Wednesday, Feb. 11, will go down in the memory of most motorists as the worst day of the entire winter.

I say — most motorists, but not all. I for one, thought it was great. In fact, if it wasn't for inflicting irreparable damage on the town's road budget, I'd favor a 'big blow' every week.

Now I know what you're saying. You're calling me a white-collared pencil-pusher whose only hardship is walking from a warm office to a warmer house, a half-dozen blocks away. And you're partly right. The truth is, my heart goes out to all you commuter chaps who daily must fight bumper-to-bumper traffic snarls in and out of Toronto, every morning and again at night.

I'm the first to admit that, under normal weather conditions, the trip is hazardous enough. But take an afternoon like last Wednesday and well — it's a temptation to head South and never look back.

But not me. When the wind is whistling and the snow is swirling, I love it. It tends to turn the calendar years back a decade or two when mountainous drifts and blocked roads were expected and accepted. But best of all, it tends to change the personalities of people. Folks become friendly again. I know, because I met a few of them — some I had seen before but couldn't call by name.

It was about 4 p.m., when I was overcome by a sudden and foolish urge to head north into the country. Minus snow tires or even a snow shovel, I ventured as far as the boundary limits of Lincolnville. That was far enough. The highway up front was jammed with cars, trucks, buses and plows. What lay beyond was anybody's guess. It was not my intent to add to the confusion, but I could see people out helping each other — pushing, pulling, huffing and puffing. Just like old times.

Changing directions, I went west towards Bloomington. The road, what little I could see of it, was good. But visibility during wind gusts was nil.

On two occasions, over a distance of 1 1/2 miles, I was stopped by approaching drivers, each relating tales of traffic tieups ahead. I continued on, reaching concession 9 without difficulty and then south to Stouffville. Signs of winter at its worst or best, were everywhere.

On the C.N. line, south of Main Street, was a diesel locomotive, itself a kind of oddity in town. The engineer had left his steel 'monster' to pick up a couple of cups of hot coffee. His machine had taken on a ghostly appearance, the front packed with snow.

"What's it like," I called up to the brakeman, still perched in the cab. He shook his head, indicating that the answer was obvious. "Pretty bad," he replied, "just like old times."

I learned that part of his freight load was still marooned back at Markham. The other half had been hauled as far north as Uxbridge.

Everywhere I went, the topic of conversation was the same — the weather.

And everywhere, people were talking, each relating his or her own particular experiences and always concluding with 'just like old times'.

But what were the 'old-fashioned winters' really like?

If you remember, the subject needs no explaining.

If you don't, chances are you wouldn't believe it anyway.

But regardless of the tales told out of yesteryears, driving conditions were never worse than last Wednesday.

And property damage — in the many thousands of dollars.

But unlike a split hame strap, you can't mend a bent fender with a piece of baling wire.

Attraction - 1970

What is the newest attraction at Stouffville Dist. Secondary School? Mini Skirts? No. Maxi-coats? No. Sports cars? No. It's snowmobiles.

On Friday afternoon, we counted eight of these vehicles in the parking lot.

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