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**The Tribune**

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# Editorial

## The tail wagging the dog

In many municipalities, we often wonder on occasions who actually makes the decisions on controversial issues, the council selected by the electorate or the electorate themselves.

Time and time again, resolutions passed one week are rescinded the next due to public pressure.

This is an unhealthy situation, placing the original applicant in an awkward and sometimes embarrassing position.

If a council or a committee of council takes the necessary time to thoroughly investigate such applications, then there should be no need to backtrack once the result is revealed.

An example of this occurred

recently at Preston's Lake in Whitchurch Township where a weekend regatta had been in the planning stage since late last fall. The council gave the two-day competition its blessing and a date was set for later this month.

But ratepayers at this resort seem to regard their public pond as 'holy water' and woe betide the visitor that dares to dip a toe in the drink without their personal authorization. When word of the council decision reached their ears, they descended on the meeting in force. The application was then rejected and the licence fee returned.

Who's governing who in Whitchurch? In this instance at least, it looks very much like the tail wagging the dog.

## Cannot be ignored

Last week, The Tribune carried a Front Page story on a motorcycle gang establishing clubhouse quarters in a residence near Goodwood.

Several readers have been mildly critical, suggesting that organizations of this kind should receive no publicity at all.

In part, perhaps these readers are right. But recognizing the cyclists' presence is not likely to keep them here any more than ignoring them will force them to leave. We merely tried to tell it the way it is.

But this does not mean we condone all they are supposed to stand for.

Nor does it mean we paint each member with the same black brush.

During the past weekend, we watched the activities of not one but several cyclist clans as they stopped here en route to and from a one-night rendezvous north-east of town.

Some, it is true, upheld the reputation of their renegade group - brash, vulgar, the scum of society.

Others however, did not, in fact, quite the opposite - clean-cut, quiet, polite.

The trouble is, when they're all together, it's difficult to sift the chaff from the straw.

## Conservation importance grows

The importance of conservation is looming larger and larger and it is gratifying that the provincial government has recognized this fact in its recent proposals for green belt areas to the north of Toronto.

The legislators have realized that there is a general feeling that life in the city has gone a bit sour.

To the small towns such as our own, this trend has not been felt so deeply. Our closeness to nature helps. Here people still live with the seasons, see each sun rise and the moon at night.

Living so close to a rural area we are deeply aware of the seasons - if they're good the farmers have good crops and prosperity; if they're bad the town tightens its belt.

Knowing what they know and seeing what they see the small towners are healthier. I've been told by neighbors that there's no greater feeling than drawing a long, sweet breath of country air when they get home from their city work.

As for the cities it's a different story. People in high rise apartments, small crowded homes, walking paved streets, jamming into large buildings of concrete and glass begin to lose the feelings of nature.

The seasons to them are snow tires, anti-freeze and long lines of jammed traffic. Then there are the dull heat-laden days when they no more than exist with occasional relief from an air-conditioned office or a cold shower.

These are some of the basic reasons why guarding our parkland areas is so important. Man has an instinct to try and get back to nature to rest and relax. In this day and age his solaces are few and even this last retreat may slip away if we are not alert. It is everybody's job to protect these free and open areas where nature is still king. More and more people are coming to this realization and we are thankful for those who had the foresight to recognize this need years ago.

## Editor's mail

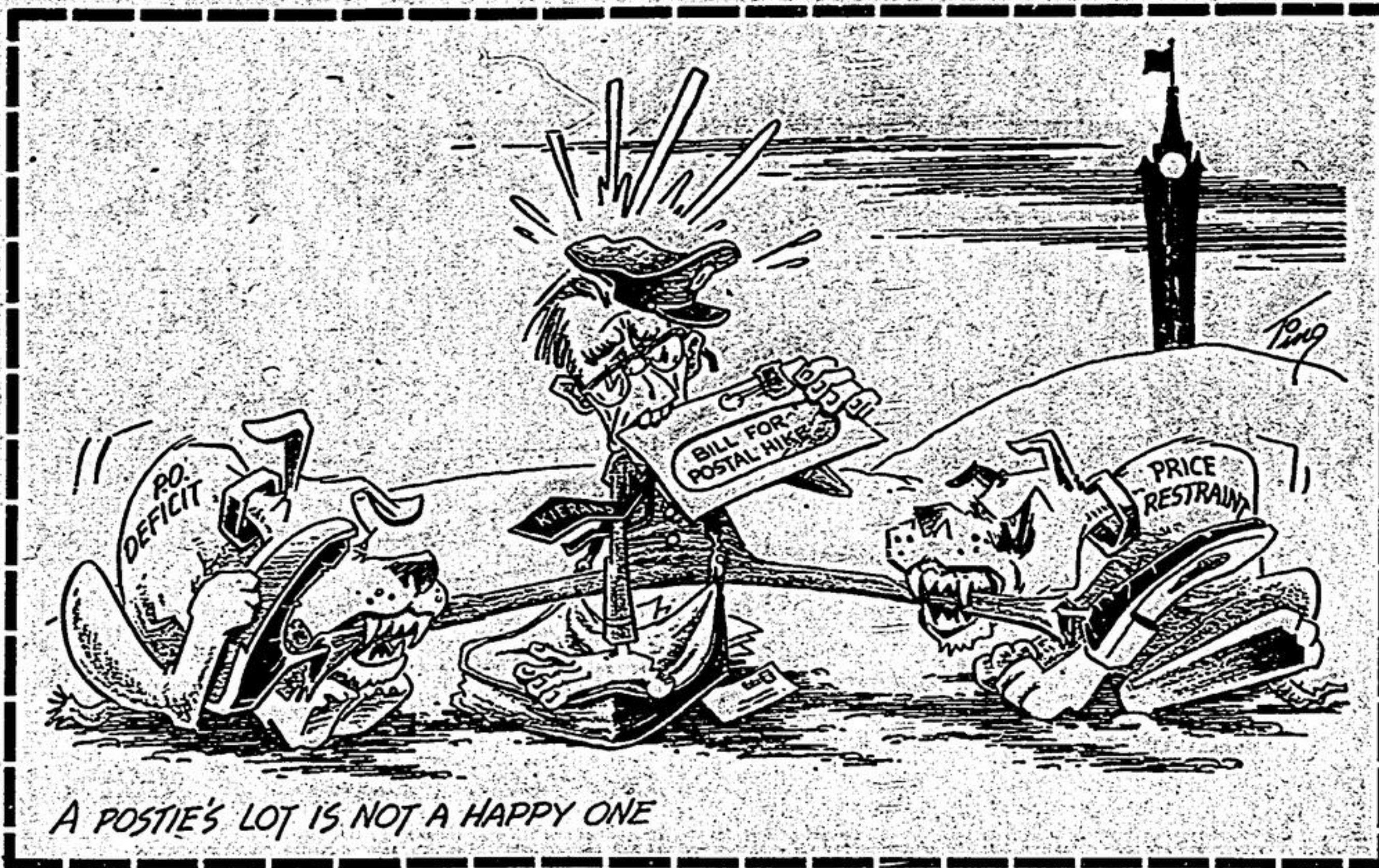
Dear Editor:  
Anyone who had the pleasure of attending the performance of 'The Pirates of Penzance', presented by the students of Grades 7 and 8, at Stouffville Dist. Secondary School, must indeed have felt proud, not only of the pupils themselves but of the teachers who devoted much time and patience in the preparation of the play.

At a time when there is so much unrest among young people, it is indeed encouraging to see such a fine group utilizing their talents in this way.

The performance was excellent in every respect and the standing ovation was well deserved.

It is my hope that this kind of production can be continued. It warrants the support of everyone.  
Margaret Holder  
Albert Street, North.

Dear Editor:  
I was surprised and somewhat disappointed to read on the front page of last week's Tribune about a motorcycle gang taking up residence in Uxbridge Township. While the information was undoubtedly correct, I feel the less publicity given such groups the better. It only tends to make heroes out of individuals who should be totally ignored.  
Name withheld upon request.



## SUGAR AND SPICE

### Let's have some service

By BILL SMILEY

I have no sympathy for anyone except the public.

Mail service in this country has gone backwards about 50 years in the past two or three years.

Costs have steadily increased, and service has steadily decreased, until we have reached the point where many people would welcome the return of the pony express riders who used to carry the mail through dust and storm and hostile Indians.

Because it is a government monopoly, it is huge, sprawling and utterly inefficient in a modern society. No enterprising private business would put up with the incredible sloppiness of the present postal system. If it did, the public would soon put it out of business.

It's rather a paradox to note that the liquor stores, which used to operate on a five-day week, are now open six days, plus Friday evenings, while postal service has been cut to five days and post offices close

earlier. Apparently there's more profit in booze than public utilities for government.

And that's what the postal service is, or should be — a public utility. Wouldn't we be in a fine state if hydro power, and the telephone service, and police and fire protection were lopped off on Friday, to recommence Monday — or Tuesday, if there were a Federal holiday?

The only people who have benefited from Mr. Kieran's new, "efficient" postal service are the telephone and telegraph companies. They're reaping a harvest because big business has practically stopped using the mails.

What's the point of posting an important letter on Wednesday if you know it probably won't be delivered Friday, and therefore will be delivered the following Monday, or Tuesday if Monday's a holiday. It's bad enough to drive a

businessman to apoplexy, but it's just as frustrating, on a more personal basis, to the ordinary citizen.

Our daughter lives in the city, 90 miles away. She doesn't have a phone. If we write her on Monday, she gets the letter Thursday or Friday. If there's something urgent, and we write Wednesday, there's no guarantee she'll get it that week.

So send her a wire! Suppose she's not at home. She doesn't get the telegram until next day, or the next. If I were to drop dead, she might find out about it a week after the funeral. It wouldn't bother me, in that condition, but it might upset her a bit.

Today I checked at the local post office. Three mails a day go out. If I send a letter to my father-in-law, 120 miles due west, here's the procedure. It goes due east for 35 miles, then southwest for 200 miles, southwest then northwest for 120 miles. The shortest distance between two points is a triangle, in post-office math.

There is a good-sized town three miles away. A letter sent from there can, and usually does, take two days to get here. You could walk it in 45 minutes. Paradoxically, a colleague of mine writes his mother in England, and she gets the letter within 36 hours. If this is efficiency, I'm all turned around somehow.

Granted, the postal workers were underpaid for years, though I'll witness that they were not overworked. I was employed in a post office during the Christmas rush and nobody was rushing that much.

Pay them a decent wage, give them decent working conditions, but let's have some blasted service. If the P.O. runs at a loss, pay it.

The CBC and CNR are heavily subsidized, and there aren't too many squawks. Millions and millions are thrown down the drain on such flourishes as the aircraft carrier Bonaventure, and shrugged off.

How about delivering the mail on time!

## In the public interest

Dear Sir:

When Honorable Allan Lawrence, Minister of Mines for Ontario addressed a gathering of ratepayers in Uxbridge Secondary School, May 21, to explain 'The Report of the Mineral Resources Committee to the Minister of Mines' absent were our two Queen's Park representatives, Wm. Newman and Dr. Dymond.

Mr. Lawrence explained that these two gentlemen had heard the same speech at two other meetings and further, that the House was in session that night. What was being discussed at Queen's Park, it is hoped, was of equal importance. For many felt these men could not possibly stay away and still keep attune to the residents' concern.

Because both Mr. Newman and Dr. Dymond are our representatives, they are better able to communicate with the Minister of Mines and express to him, the feelings of their

constituents. Every question has differing points of view. The gravel question is no exception.

It was generally felt by those present, that the committee preparing the Report, favored the industry, for the majority came from the aggregate operators which sells gravel and from the Mines Department which promotes extraction of the mineral.

It was pointed out that no one from the local municipal level had a voice in the Report's preparation. Because the effects of this proposed legislation are felt primarily at a local level, we rely heavily upon our representatives at Queen's Park.

When the Minister of Mines from a Toronto Riding thinks in terms of the 'public interest', we depend on our M.P.P.'s from this area to interpret to the Minister what 'public interest' means to these areas.

Mrs. D.E. McNab Uxbridge.



## Portraits from the past

The Bethesda and Stouffville Telephone Company was purchased by the Bell in March, 1960. One of the veteran switchboard operators of that day was Miss Mildred Barkey, Main Street East. She

was employed with the local firm over 40 years. The premises was in the building next to Greenwood T.V., Main West.

—Jas. Thomas.

# ROAMING AROUND

## A snake . . . In the grass

By Jim Thomas

This week in the mail, I received a typewritten news release from Professor Ross Irwin, School of Engineering, University of Guelph.

The subject matter, confined to four paragraphs, deals entirely with that comparatively new outdoor innovation, the electric lawn mower - its advantages and disadvantages.

While it is highly unlikely that Professor Irwin has anything to do with cutting the grass around the College, it is obvious from his remarks, he has 'enjoyed' some practical experience with equipment of this kind. His points, pro and con, are well made.

However, I feel in listing the problems with electric mower operation, this learned educator has neglected to mention the mental anguish and physical hardships imposed on the operator due to one single but very necessary attachment. The 'x'! & 'x'! 'x'! cord. Professor Irwin refers to it only as 'a nuisance' - certainly the understatement of the season. For, in my opinion, this snake-like flower-snapper is, without doubt, the most exasperating 'test' imposed on mortal man since Job. And believe me, I know. I'm now on my third summer with this 'cursed' contraption and growing more impatient with age.

It was just eleven years ago that we purchased our little half-acre. It was then I invested something like \$17 in a push mower. It was a dandy. I had the lawn looking like a putting green.

But to keep up with the Joneses, I switched over to gas, a capable but highly temperamental machine. To get it going was like spinning the crank on a Fordson tractor.

As always happens, four seasons later, Mr. and Mrs. Jones went all-electric and so did I. I've been 'blowing fuses' ever since.

In all fairness to firms who manufacture these units, they're really quite good - excellent in fact. At least mine is. But that cord - it's got to go.

In this day and age, it's difficult to understand why something retractable can't be invented - you know what I mean, a line that extends for long cuts and retracts for short. I'd buy one quick.

According to the calendar, summer isn't supposed to start for another seventeen days, but already that frustrating link between plug and switch has lopped off seven petunias, four marigolds, two pansies and one geranium. These have been completely decapitated. Others, while less seriously mutilated, may still not survive.

As strange as it may seem, every electric mower owner has not experienced the same difficulties. In fact, several I have talked to, are completely satisfied and fully intend to invest in another. Personal endorsements like this, don't help one little bit. They sort of place the responsibility in the hands of the operator and make me feel like my licence came from a popcorn box.

I don't believe in re-incarnation. But in this particular instance, I'd almost swear this mower cord of mine was once human and now returned to earth to haunt me.

We engage in some terrible backyard battles, so fierce in fact, that only the other day, I cut the ruddy thing in two.

So, dear friends, if you should see the night light burning on Church Street North, illuminating a little plaque that bears my name, just pray that my passing, by hanging or electrocution, was completely painless.

## Beg pardon, sir!

The double murder in Whitchurch and Albion Townships and the subsequent artist's sketch of the killer, published in all local and daily papers, has resulted in hundreds of calls to police, all of which have been investigated. On Thursday, Constable Donald Moxam of Stouffville received a report of a man meeting the description seen in the west end Plaza. He responded immediately but later identified the gentleman as none other than his department cohort, off-duty Constable Harry Davis.