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Editorial

Not again!

The new intersection at Ringwood is now taking shape.

While the project itself is indeed new, the re-construction of this corner is not nor, in our opinion, is its design.

While it is true, a median has been built in two areas of Hwy. 48, that will tend to speed up the traffic flow, this was not the real problem in the past nor the major cause of truck-car collisions.

The trouble as we saw it was, the traffic lanes turning right and left

off Hwy. 48 were too narrow, particularly for the many large trucks with double trailers.

While it first appeared the Department would utilize land on the north-east, south-east and north-west to rectify this problem, the present location of new curbs would indicate the old route is little changed.

While sidewalk superintendents cannot qualify as professional engineers, there seems little doubt at this point that someone has pulled another blooper.

Use at the user's risk

Ever since the Milne's Pond Area in Markham has been developed and improved, there have been complaints of persons swimming there — illegally.

The site is not supervised by the Conservation Authority.

The location cannot be continuously patrolled by local police.

Warning signs have been posted. Newspaper notices have been published.

So why worry? If children or parents of children wish to run the risk of a drowning there, then let

them. Their misfortune will be of their own making.

Wherever there is water of any significant size or depth, you will find people. It can be a small stream, a pond or a lake. But just because individuals are tempted to use it does not mean that a municipality is obliged to protect it or even patrol it.

It's high time some responsibility was shifted onto the shoulders of those who would break the law and then complain should a tragedy occur.

Let the Municipal Board decide

A new funeral home in a residential area on Clarke Street, Stouffville?

We say yes, and we hope residents in that area will say the same.

However, we feel it should not be necessary for the applicant to conduct his own personal survey among property owners in an effort to win approval of this project.

Objections, if any, can be voiced at meetings of Planning Board and Council or, better still, at a Hearing of the O.M.B., after each resident has been properly notified.

This, in our opinion, is the way it should be handled.

From the discussion so far on the issue, there is an obvious division of opinion among Planning Board

members. If a vote had been taken, Thursday, a deadlock would likely have occurred since one representative lives in the area and requested permission to withhold his decision.

A similar split could also occur within council.

We feel this matter is far too important a request to be turned down on a personal opinion poll where all aspects might not be understood or on decisions of boards where personalities could be a determining factor.

It is our opinion that this lot is a perfect location for this particular project. And we feel adjacent properties would benefit by it being there.

Editor's mail

Dear Editor:

Re: Editorial Article "The Tail Wagging The Dog" June 4, 1970

Being a resident of Preston Lake and a member and past Secretary for the Preston Lake South Shore Property Owners' Association, I have read your article with resulting amusement as well as deep concern; thus I have felt moved to write as follows.

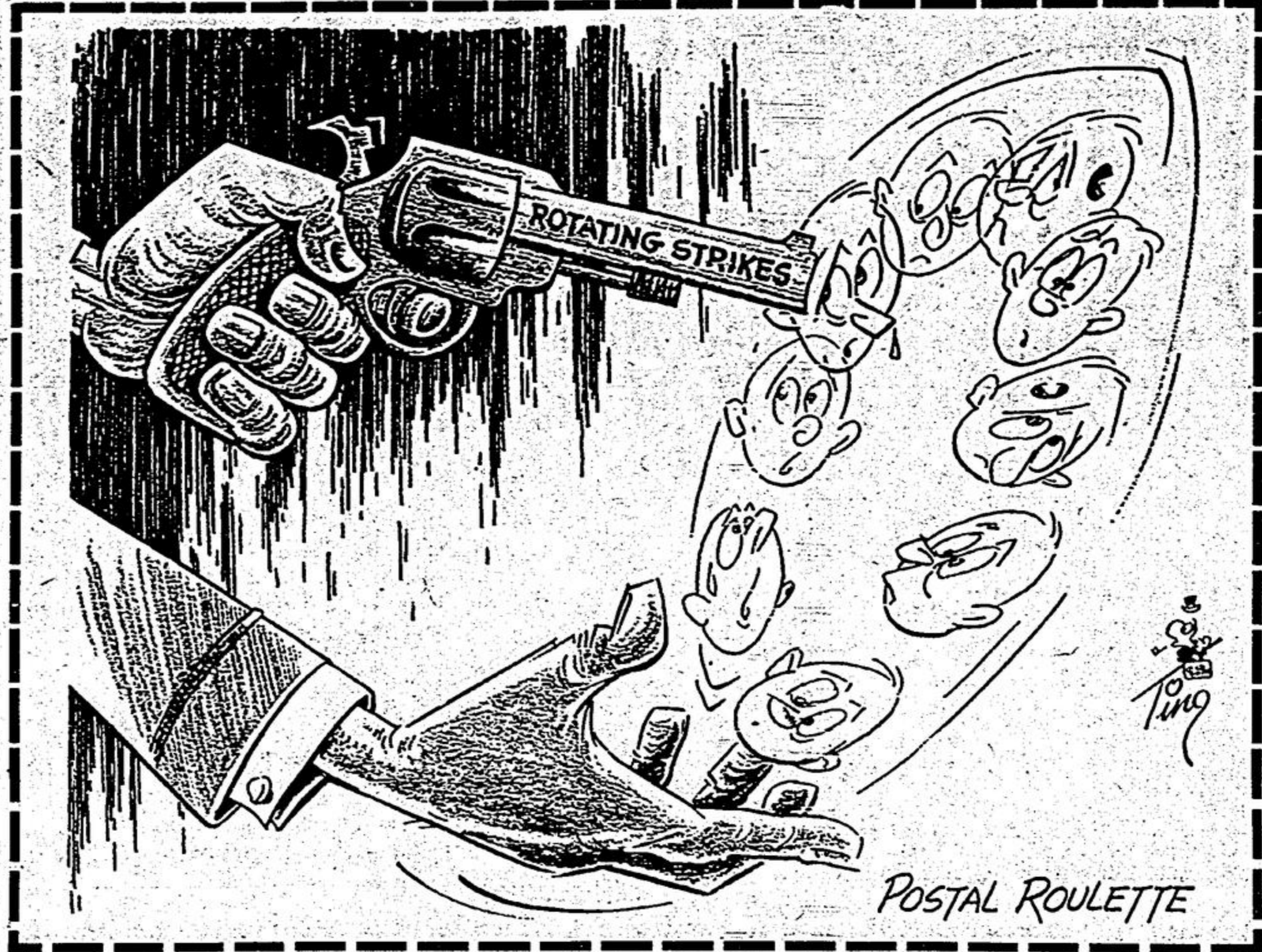
Yes, the property owners around Preston Lake have come to realize in very recent days, that they are indeed very lucky people to have a home as well as summer-cottage all under the same roof; all within commuter distance of their employment in Metro (better known as the "asphalt jungle"). I believe they would also agree with me, when I would agree with you in that we regard our lake as "Holy Water". Was not this body of water God Created and God Given for the use and enjoyment of each and every person God has seen fit to create? It is true that this is a privately owned lake, however there is a Public Beach Area for those who care to use its facilities, which I might add have been greatly improved for everyone's enjoyment.

The general public may not be aware that this body of water is known as a "land locked lake" which means that it is spring fed + having neither inlet nor outlet. When the local residents voiced objections to a proposed Boat Regatta, it was with

this knowledge in mind. The build up of gas and oil from such concentrated use would certainly add to the risks of possible pollution. If we allow this to happen then no one will be able to "dabble their feet in our drink". Also, the size of this lake being just over 50 acres is not sufficient to accommodate such an affair. How do I know; my husband in his younger years raced in Boat Regatta's and at such an affair on Fairy Lake at Huntsville, Ontario, he witnessed a fatal accident because of unfavourable conditions.

Yes, we the residents did descend on Council in force because as I have pointed out earlier, this lake is privately owned and other property owners have been granted "access to and the use of" the lake. It is, therefore, our moral obligation or responsibility to take care of that which we have been given, otherwise by our lack of concern (which should prompt action), we will lose that which has been given by our lack of action.

The council in making its original decision should have made certain that the Pepper Pot Lodge Management and the Oakville Hydroplane Club had the approval of each person concerned: Granted, the Electorate of Whitchurch or any Township have placed people in office to conduct their affairs "to the best of their ability". Do you know why I'm not Secretary this year? I can't spell Regatta (Regata) — this is an Executive Joke and the laugh's



SUGAR AND SPICE

The good life

By BILL SMILEY

There's something basically piggyish about man.

He wants to get his snout into that trough, and devil take the runt who can't wiggle his bum in there, because the landscape in front of him is one of solid bums, harder to break through than a cement wall.

When you look at the size of Canada, and then at the population figures, it's difficult to believe that Canadians feel they can't get at the trough, that many of them feel like the runt of the litter. Yet thousands do.

Many of them feel, as the old rural expression has it, that "they're sucking the hind tit." Tit is a short, but perfectly decent, synonym for feat. The hind one is the one the runt gets, if he gets any.

This is rather a long-winded prelude to my major proposition: That thousands of city-dwellers are desperate to get away from it all, out of the smog and the concrete canyons, into the wild green yonder.

For practical reasons, they must, in most cases, live in the city, or exist there. That's where they make a living, where their children will have the best schools, where their friends are. But they don't like it.

Obvious solution — buy a summer cottage. Many do. But even there, one does not escape from the throngs, the cramped feeling. Cottages are, mainly, stuck cheek by jowl. Boats and motorcycles in summer, snowmobiles in winter, pollute the air with stink and noise. Added hazards in winter are the roof breaking in under snow, and local hoodlums breaking in under booze.

Also, for many, the cost of a waterfront lot and cottage are simply out of reach. Have you tried to pick up a nicely-treed, sand-beach water lot lately? Figure on \$50, a foot for anything decent. Add a cottage, drill a well, pay taxes and up-keep, and you have to be pretty

on me! However, Councillors, we all make mistakes don't we; and as long as we learn from them we're headed in the right direction — I forgive you and I think the other residents will too. Guess I'd better include the reporter in this one as he somehow "missed our point".

Lorraine I. Hutchinson
R.R.1, Gormley.

Editor's Note: While we were well aware of a public beach at Preston's, we did not know the lake itself is privately owned.

Village everglades

The York County Board of Education will establish two school sites north of Manitoba Street on the former Lehman farm, now owned by Delverton Holdings Limited — on one condition. That a swamp area to the east be made available as a school playground. "As it is now, the trustees fear the kids might be eaten by the crocodiles," commented chairman Bill Kamps at a recent meeting of Stouffville Planning Board.

well-heeled even to consider it.

Accordingly, many city denizens of modest means are buying a chunk of land right in the country, anything from 10 to 50 acres. In some areas within a couple of hours drive, one can still buy 'land' for \$50, an acre. Thus, instead of socking \$5,000 into a 100-foot water lot, you can have your own ten-acre empire for \$500.

European immigrants are particularly interested in such land, because they didn't have a hope of buying an acre at home, unless wealthy.

This land is usually sub-marginal, or worse. But there seems to be a basic instinct to own some land, even though it won't grow anything but rocks and Christmas trees. Just to be able to pace around and say: "This is mine. Nobody can take it away from me." And the sheer delight of posting "No-Trespassing" signs around your domain!

A man's home used to be his castle. Now it's his prison. But he can have an estate in the country.

It's an ideal set-up for a man with a young family. Preferably he should be handy with tools. He can buy his chunk of junk and spend a couple of years just going up on

week-ends and vacations, tenting and clearing a hole in the scrub brush for his shack.

And if he's smart, it will be, at first, just that — a shack. Never mind the three bedrooms. Bang in some bunks. Never mind the big stone fire-place. Get a good wood stove.

Over the years, he can add to the place, until, eventually, he will have a snug retirement home. No traffic problems. No pollution. No punks. No people. Small tax bills. A place to putter, to meditate.

Sound silly? Maybe. But with the new leisure age creeping upon us, it makes more sense than taking on a huge mortgage at 10 percent, which will be paid off eight years after you die.

Ideally, the property would have a small stream loaded with fat trout, a deer run, huge patches of wild berries. Realistically, it will be impossible to get water when you drill your well, the land will be infested by rattlesnakes or rodents, and smothered in nettles and poison oak. But we can't have everything.

I'm tempted myself. Any chuckling, gleaming-eyed farmer want to get rid of 50 acres of rock and swamp for \$10, an acre?



Portraits from the past

When Edwin Byer, R.R.2, Markham, tells his grandchildren about the 300 pound bear he shot near Peterborough, he has proof to support his story — this picture, taken by The Tribune in June of 1958. — Jas. Thomas.

ADAMING AROUND

His name is — 'TIMMY'

By Jim Thomas

Three weeks ago, during one of my more poetic moments, I revealed, or at least hinted, that our immediate family circle could conceivably increase from five to six.

While not meaning to divulge any deep, dark secrets (for who can keep such things secret anyway), my wife admittedly didn't take too kindly to the announcement that, she said, was a wee bit premature.

And she was right.

Therefore, as penance for being too personal, I've been consuming my daily ration of baked beans without complaint.

But strange isn't it how people take to such things? A million babies are born around the world every week, but the one next door or even in the next block is something special.

— And the questions — some subtle like — is it really true? or — why didn't you tell us? to the more frank approach like — gee, are you going to have your hands full or — what another! they'll drive you crazy.

And I received a few myself like — say, I thought you were the kinda guy who worked every night (ha-ha-ha) or — did you know they don't allow four-storey homes in Stouffville?

Although we both endeavored to deny the report emphatically, and suggested to each person they read the poem again, few seemed convinced. Jean said she could fairly feel everyone staring at her — like living in a goldfish bowl.

Well now, the truth's out, and there's no use trying to hide it any longer. You know the way kids talk.

It's a boy. He arrived Friday. And a cute little gaffer, he is, too.

We're calling him Timmy. Timmy Thomas. It's generally agreed the names go well together.

While our most recent arrival has been home less than a week, it's already obvious the children are crazy about him. They've set up a kind of shift system, taking turns feeding and changing him. We feel the practice is good, giving the kids a new sense of responsibility.

But two problems have already arisen.

Number 1, the little guy has a tremendous appetite — so ravenous in fact, he's eating us out of house and home — not to mention money. It all comes at a time when I thought this formula thing was at an end. Now it's started all over again. Fortunately, it comes already mixed. You merely add one teaspoon to a pint of lukewarm water, stir slightly and that's it. He's got it downed in a matter of minutes.

Problem two and even worse than the first is the matter of accommodation. With our new addition already occupied and two sleeping down below, there are no rooms left.

So, as a temporary solution (and don't tell the town building inspector), I've constructed a special compartment out in the garage which should serve quite nicely during the summer season at least. Come fall, with cool days and chilly nights, I'll have to do something different. Right now, everyone's happy and content. Who could ask for anything more?

My main fear however is, that if Timmy's present rate of growth continues, his room, temporary as it may be, will soon be too small. For little tadpoles soon become big frogs — and here, my wife takes a stand. She says a "snore" is one thing, but a "croak" is something else.

Airborn division

With the success the Markham Township Police Department has enjoyed recently, apprehending suspects with borrowed aircraft, Chief Harvey Cox must surely be thinking seriously of adding a helicopter unit to the force. There's one problem, however. The purchase price would consume one-half the year's total police budget.