

**The Tribune**  
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## Editorial

### Short-sighted thinking

Re-develop the downtown business area?

No. Forget it. You're only flogging a dead horse, commented two realtors at a public meeting to discuss Stouffville's revised Official Plan.

Begin new commercial development in open-space areas, they advised.

We say, financially (for them), such a scheme would be fine. But for the over-all good of Stouffville, the policy would be tragic.

Look elsewhere, to communities as large or larger than this one, to

see the results of such ill-fated planning. You find store vacancies, bankruptcies - ghost towns.

Look elsewhere to communities to learn the cost of correcting such planning errors. Thousands and thousands of dollars lost in commercial assessment and then an equal amount expended in commercial re-development.

We say - expand Stouffville's commercial zoning as the population warrants. But don't 'kill' that which is already here by approving something entirely new.

### If in doubt-ask!

Details related to notices of assessment are just so much Greek to many people.

They don't understand what the figures represent, how they are arrived at or what the result will be.

Some are too embarrassed to ask. Others are negligent. Either way, they occasionally learn too late that an error has been committed.

In an effort to ward off the wave of complaints that 'flooded' the Newmarket Office last year, a slip of paper is included in every assessment notice sent out in 1970 for taxes in 1971.

Read it carefully and follow its advice.

It says in part: 'Would you please bring to the attention of the Assessment Commissioner any

error in any assessment, particularly spelling mistakes, errors in address, inaccurate description of property and wrong designation of school support so that corrections can be made without the necessity of an appeal'. Information concerning the assessment may be obtained at the Assessment Office, York County Building, Newmarket. Hours available for this purpose are —

Sept. 15 to 30, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., Monday to Friday and Oct. 1 to Oct. 14, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., Monday to Friday. THE LAST DATE OF APPEAL IS OCT. 14.

Few persons complain about paying their fair share. But no one should pay more. Last year some did. Don't get caught again.

### An 11th hour appeal

Representatives of Uxbridge Township Council and Planning Board met personally at Queen's Park with Ministers Charles MacNaughton and Darcy McKeough, Sept. 8.

The discussions, according to our information, lasted 'about one hour'. Just how so many men could have talked so long and accomplished so little, remains a mystery. The meeting, of course, was held in private. But it is now apparent, Messrs. MacNaughton and McKeough told their visitors to go back to Goodwood and do a little homework.

It was back on May 5, four months ago, that Premier John Roberts officially introduced his 'Design for Development Plan'. At that time, he specifically requested each municipality, affected by it, to submit recommendations in writing on or before Sept. 30. Uxbridge, we learn, out of either sheer contempt or dire neglect, had, up until its tete-a-tete Sept. 8, declined to follow this advice. A hastily-called meeting, Sept. 9, brought about a decision to

proceed.

Here, we have a township, with a satellite city of some 32,000 people proposed in an area of about 7,000 acres. Suddenly, Premier John Roberts designates the municipality for purposes of recreation, open space and agriculture — the exact opposite to the scheme of mass build-up presented by Revenue Properties. But, Mr. Roberts left the door open. Send me along your suggestions and comments, he said, intimating that in theory, at least, each would be considered.

But Uxbridge did nothing. For eighteen weeks, they let the invitation slide. Then, under some back-room prodding by councillors Harvie and Dowsell and some pinpoint questioning by residents, past and present, a resolution, approving the Century City concept in principle, was passed on a 3-2 split vote.

By now (Sept. 17), the written report should be complete and in the Minister's file.

That is, if someone took the initiative and licked the stamp.

## Editor's Mail

Dear Sir:

I thought you, and some of the other 'oldtimers' might be interested in a former native and his family and some of the interesting things that have been happening to them.

John (Jack) Drewery, a long-ago graduate of Stouffville High School, was the producer of the CBC documentary special seen locally, Aug. 23. The program concerned the voyage of the oil tanker 'Manhattan' as it followed the ice-breaker 'St. Laurent' through the Arctic. John also wrote the poem used by the folk singer as background music.

In my opinion, the story was admirably narrated by Mr. Drewery. Mrs. Joan Drewery, his wife and mother of five, has a nationwide program that began Sept. 7 at 1.30 p.m.

Entitled '55 North Maple', Joan

plays herself, with an interesting and stimulating parade of 'friends' passing through her home. This, in fact, is pretty much what does happen at 586 Fraser Street, Ottawa, as we observed the 'parade' for a short time again this summer.

(Mrs) Lorraine Steckley  
Ninth Line South.

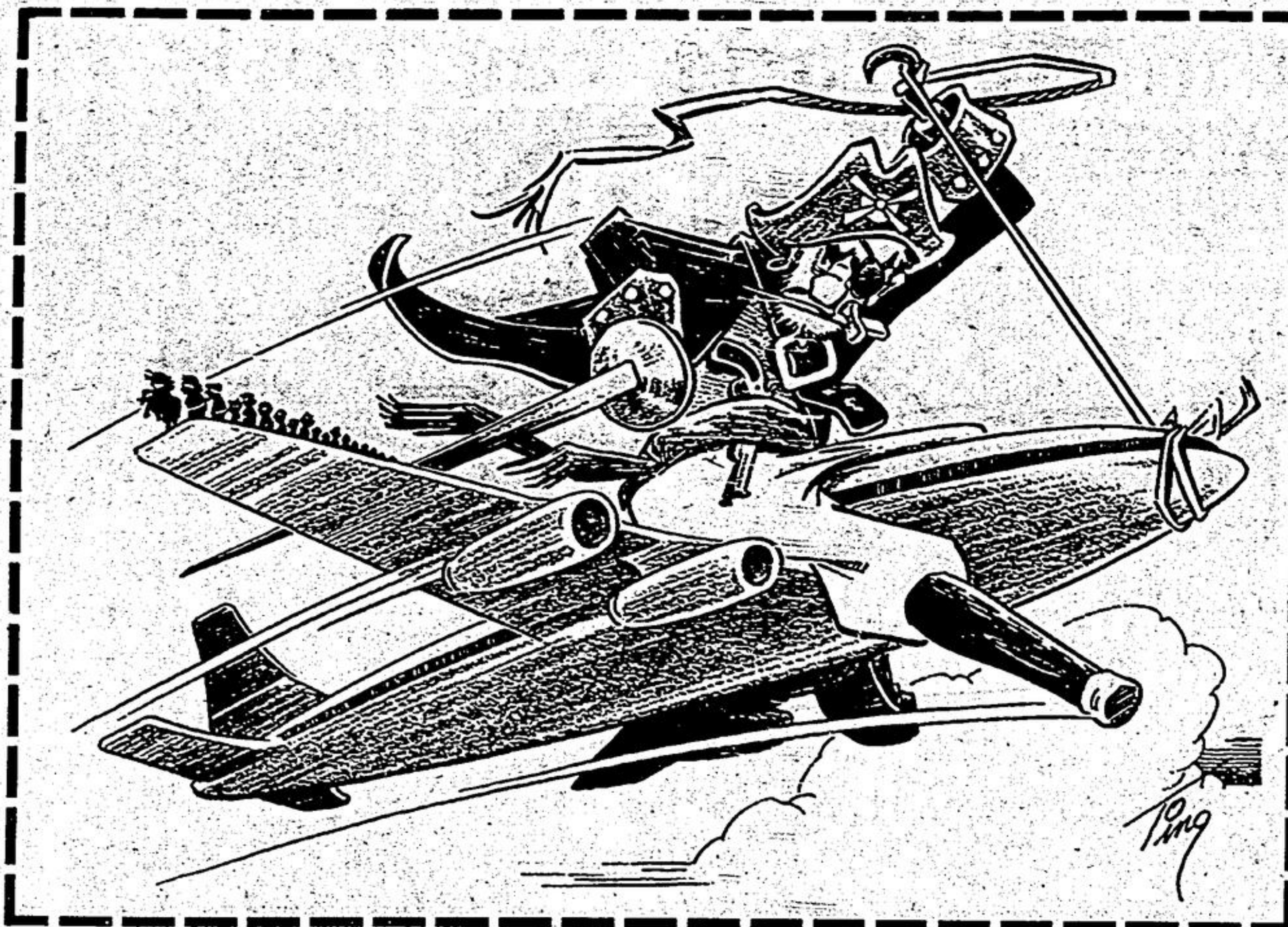
Dear Mr. Thomas:

Our thanks for a visit from our old home town - Stouffville Tribune each week.

The picture of Cookie (Earl Cook) and myself in the Sept. 3 issue brings back many happy memories.

We owe so much to so many wonderful people in your town.

Bruce Lehman,  
Delhi, Ont.



### SUGAR AND SPICE

### Sunshine, sand, bacon, eggs & beans

By BILL SMILEY



In a burst of blind fury, I made my wife get off her tail and go with me on our Big Trip, in the last week of holidays.

It had started out, back in May, as a leisurely trip to the British Isles. It shrank like a dowager on a crash diet.

There was no formal opposition, just a lot of little feminine tricks,

something like the Chinese water torture. Drop after drop. Insomnia, nothing to wear, can't afford it, who'll cut the lawn, absolutely must have the so-and-so's for a weekend. You know the gamut.

By mid-July it was a trip across Canada, with a trailer. Looking up friends and relatives, not driving too far in a day, enjoying the camarade of the trailer camp.

By mid-August, it was a mad dash to the Maritimes. But Kim was home and, "We can't leave her alone" (and she didn't want to go with us, after just having been there).

Well, spilt milk isn't much use. We finally made it. Left on a Thursday afternoon, and got home Sunday evening. How's that for a Big Trip?

However, perhaps it was worth waiting for all summer. It was different. We bought a Coleman stove, as we planned to cook along the way. Anyone interested in a brand-new Coleman stove that has never even been lit?

And, of course, we bought food here and there, to cook on our new stove. Arrived home with two huge boxes of groceries. I swear I had 12 meals in a row of bacon and eggs and beans. No mean fare. But we've still got two weeks' supply.

We just drove until we felt like stopping. North and north. And we wound up spending a couple of days in a cabin on a lake and loving it.

It was a run-down, old-fashioned tourist resort. We got one of the deluxe cabins. No bell-hops, no broadloom, no T.V., but a real washroom, with running water. In fact, the water was running all over the floor, from a leak or something, when we checked in.

Strangely, my wife loved the place. At home, she's a psychotic

emptier of ashtrays, sweeper of floors and maker of beds. At the cabin, she cheerfully walked around in grit up to the ankles, and actually chuckled when the Trans-Canada train went by three or four times a day, rocking the cabin like a cradle.

For a couple of days we forgot about pollution and population-explosion and other such poppycock. It was enough to wrench the door open, look at that great, clean lake 20 yards away and wonder what the rich people were doing. Sunshine and sand and bacon and eggs and beans.

Evenings were just as paradisaical. Campfire until midnight, then into the hut with the little gas stove sputtering cosily, a novel, a night-cap, and no phone ringing or car door slamming to indicate callers.

We had a special treat on Friday night, when the proprietors held a dance. The rock band made the railroad train sound like a muted whisper. We didn't go to the dance, but it was just like home, when Kim has a record on.

But idylls must end. Third morning, woke to a wild wind, a driving rain coming in around the front door, and the worst storm of the summer in full flight.

Drove the long way home in rain that was worse than a blizzard, with sundry morons tail-gating, cutting in, passing on corners and hills and over the white line, when you couldn't see the front of your car. Shaky.

Things didn't improve. They just got back to normal. Discovered daughter engaged to fine young chap who had two cents. Literally. I know it's hard to believe in this affluent age, but he had two (2) cents cash when he proposed.

### Hall of Fame

Markham historian and sportsman, John Lunau, must enjoy some thrill in the knowledge that his picture holds a place in the C.N.E.'s Hockey Hall of Fame. John has served as trainer with the N.H.L. 'Oldtimers' for several seasons. This particular building, in our opinion, was one of the most interesting on the grounds.

### A waste

The Imperials, that featured the Youth Concert in the Peoples' Church, last week, are an excellent musical group. Those publicizing the event in Stouffville, however, hardly did the young men justice by attaching their photos to all the garbage containers in town.

### Austerity?

In The Tribune issue of Aug. 27, a figure of \$45,000 was estimated as the amount of the 1970 Stouffville police budget. We were low — \$15,000 low. The Clerk's office has revealed the total as \$60,300 for the current year.



### 'Portraits of the past'

One of the last horse-drawn vehicles to be seen on Stouffville Main Street was this horse and buggy driven by Leslie Wideman seen here parked in the

centre of town about twenty-five years ago. Mr. Wideman farmed on the eastern outskirts of town and worked as a mail courier for many years. —Cadieux Studio.

## ROAMING AROUND

### A pet called Porky

By Jim Thomas

Every boy deserves a pet. And, in my opinion, it's every parent's responsibility to provide him with one.

However, I fully realize that at some homes, there are limitations. Like at my own. Nothing with feathers or fur is permitted on the property - doctor's orders. The very whiff of a cat or a canary can react on son Paul like goldenrod or ragweed. Thus, the animal ban is strictly enforced.

But how they crave for something - anything at all on four legs that lives and breathes. So, they make substitutions. On Friday, it was a grasshopper; on Saturday, a toad and on Sunday, a praying mantis. The latter, a real novelty, even to their father, was the subject of a Zoology lesson around the supper table, Sunday night.

But parting is such sweet sadness. Barry tried unsuccessfully to hide his tears as he reverently returned his new-found 'friend' to the exact location where he had caught it.

But watery eyes today will turn to broad, bright smiles to-morrow when they come marching home with a specimen of something entirely new. That's life. And I have no complaints - at least not yet. That time will come when the household is odoriferously introduced to our first live skunk. There, we draw the line.

While certain rules and regulations must be enforced in all family activities, I think it's great when Moms and Dads adopt the broad-minded approach with regard to a boy and his pet, be it a dog or a donkey.

Take for instance, 10 year old Wayne Holden, 'Albert Street North and 8 year old Harvey Schell, Ninth Line North, in Stouffville. They share a pet they call 'Porky', nicknamed after Harvey's father. It's a 20 inch long garter snake.

The two lads found it in a pasture field about 4 weeks ago, a thin scrawny looking thing that resented all thoughts of domestication. You should see it now - sleek and fat, the picture of health. In fact, 'Porky' looks so well, he (at least they think it's a he) won a prize in the Trade Fair Pet Show, Saturday. And talk about tame - it will slither up Wayne's right arm and down his left or curl around Harvey's neck - a forked red tongue lashing out harmlessly throughout the act.

While you'd never know it now, Harvey admits he was 'a little bit scared' when he first found it. In fact, he threw it down and 'Porky' almost got away. Now, they're inseparable.

For Wayne, the rearing of the pet snake is serious business. He knows all about them and applies this knowledge in the proper rearing of his pet.

But a snake, tame or not, fills most people with fear. Like on Saturday, several girls took one look, screamed and ran. A lady, Harvey said, almost dropped her entire grocery order.

"Some folks don't like them because they don't know anything about them," explained Wayne. He said he would never purposely use 'Porky' to tease or frighten anyone.

So, if about now, the Grade 4 and 6 teachers at Orchard Park School are shaking in their shoes - don't.

Both Wayne and Harvey have taken out an oath on the 1970 edition of Audubon that they will never enroll 'Porky' in class. They respect their pet too much for that.

### Something missing

'History in Action Day' at Brougham has, through the years, been one of Pickering Township's most exciting annual attractions. And it should have been exciting this year too, except something was missing - people. Few people knew about it, a fact that was quite apparent from the few who roamed the grounds.