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Editorial

A time for constructive thinking

In deciding to push ahead with the expropriation of land for the Pickering airport, the government is taking the long term view and recognizing the benefit for the majority. Taking the long-term view is not an easy position and one which can be a real target for those with only personal outlooks and little foresight.

The immediate value of the government's decision is to obtain the land so that when the more chaotic conditions which are in store for Malton do arrive, at least the site will be ready.

Pressure which has smoldered for years to establish Toronto as the No. 1 air centre in the country, is building rapidly. Already the barriers are being lowered to let more foreign carriers land at Malton instead of forcing them in to Montreal and once the changeover is complete the present airport will be far from adequate, something that does not require an expert to perceive.

The Transport Minister Jean Marchand has made it perfectly clear that none of the old arguments put forward by the group opposing the airport, are to be reshaped. They have all been digested and not found suffi-

cient to alter the data compiled by the government's airport experts. In our fast-moving scientific age it is conceivable that new inventions may come forward which would have to be taken into account as to size, layout and operation of such a development. A new committee is also to study Metro's over-all transportation picture and the best ways in which surface and air travel can be integrated.

Opposition parties will undoubtedly try and make 'political hay' out of the report which will give solace to the disgruntled group opposing the airport project.

However, as was pointed out in this column months ago, this group, instead of outright opposition, could be of much greater service if they would concentrate on assisting with plans to facilitate the installation with as little upset as possible. Their opposition to any development in this area is completely futile, since subdivisions, high-rise and factories will most surely cover this landscape if the planes do not fly there.

This is one instance where foresight in early planning appears to be holding its own against hindsight. We trust it remains so.

Ranks infiltrated by extremists

The ranks of the 'People over Planes' organization has been infiltrated by extremists.

This was obvious, Saturday, during the mass 'invasion' of the D.O.T. headquarters at Brougham.

In thirty minutes, the actions of these uncouth 'bird-brains' did more to damage the cause of Dr. Godfrey's 'freedom-fighters', than anything their so-called opponents, could ever accomplish.

The P.O.P. role, supposedly sincere, but touching at times on the dramatic, was transformed into a comedy, Saturday, and pretty crude comedy at that.

The P.O.P. organization has dozens of well-meaning members who felt, and possibly still feel, there can be some purpose to factual, intelligent protest. And there is, if the protest is maintained on that level. However, as so often occurs in activist groups of this kind, the 'hot-heads' take over and the saner thinkers are pushed into obscurity.

The same too, must be said of the extremists on the other side.

Skinning a dog and placing the carcass on posts at the laneway entrance of a P.O.P. member's home is the work of a sadist.

Too many of both types could turn Pickering into a second Belfast.

Editor's Mail

Dear Editor:

The Tribune's coverage of the meeting at Franklin School in Markham, Jan. 23, when the 'open concept' question was discussed at length, was excellent.

The follow-up story (Feb. 1), on the program at Whitchurch-Highlands School, was also very helpful and complete.

Like it or not, it appears we are 'stuck' with the 'open concept' plan at Reesor Park School in Markham. But by reading of experiences in other areas, it helps parents like myself to better understand what the system is all about.

Mrs. Shirley King,
Wootton Way,
Markham.

Dear Sir:

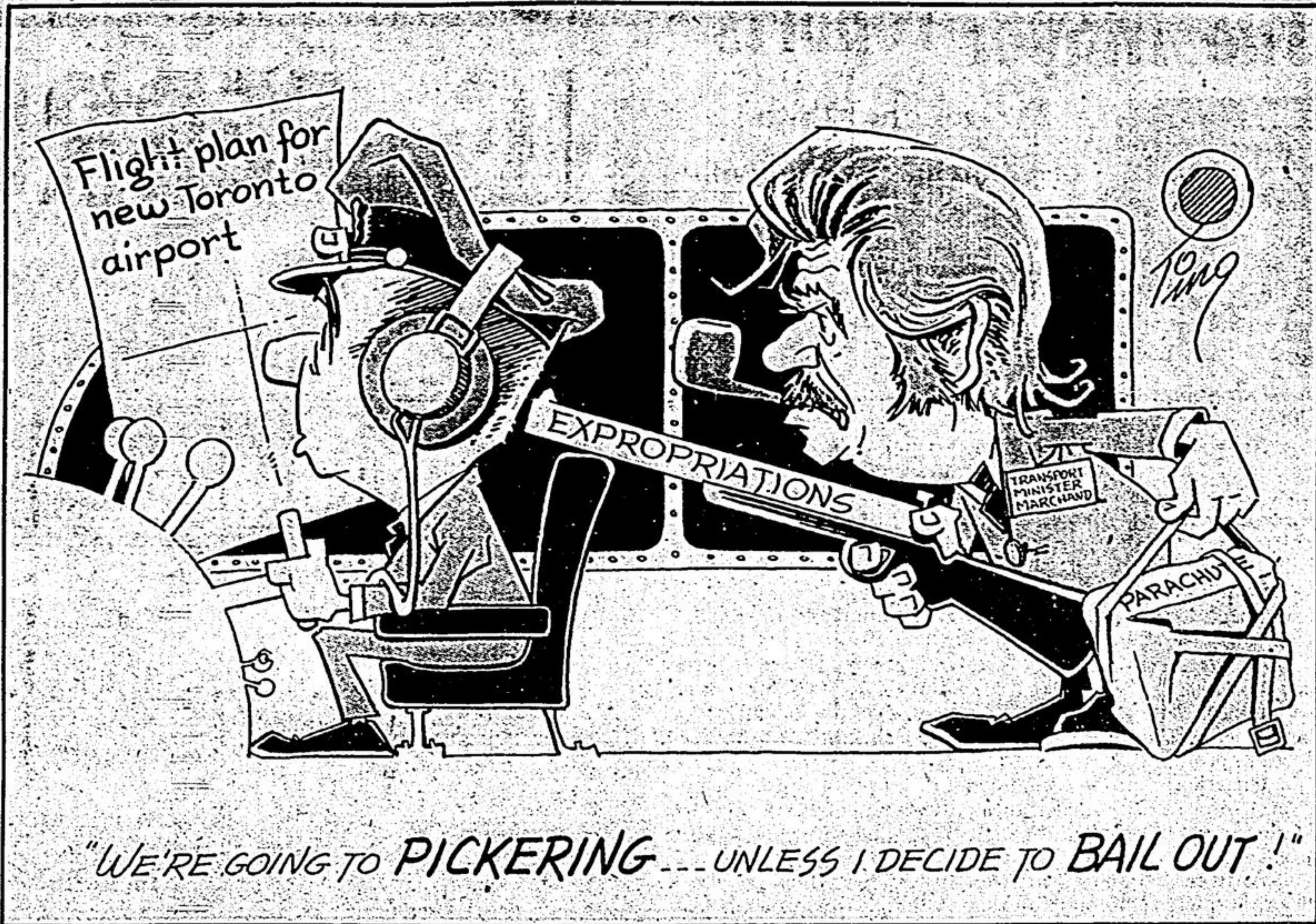
I would like to commend your newspaper on its feature picture-story each week related to a typical teenager in town.

It is one of the first things I look for, and while I may not know the girls personally, I enjoy reading about their interests and activities.

And who knows, some day our own daughter may be included on the Tribune's 'pick list'.

Mrs. Phyllis Gentry
P.S.—Cathy just turned five.

Some Whitchurch-Stouffville drivers are not happy with the lettering on 1973 licence plates for this area. It spells DYE.



SUGAR AND SPICE
Dentists not all bad
 By BILL SMILEY

Some random shots and shafts this week. Today we were missing some 400 students from among 1,400 at school. That's about double for this time of year. It's the flu. I've never seen so many kids and teachers dragging around as though they were not long for this world.

Croaking, sweating, dull gray in color, they are like so many zombies. Why don't they all stay in bed? Well, I have a theory about that. Bed is boring, unless you are engaged in sleeping, or some other pleasurable occupation.

Dental Health Week is upon us, and I can't avoid the feeling that the cruel month of February is the logical time for it.

I have considered dentists as honorable, but mortal enemies since I was a kid. As a teenager, when my teeth had the consistency of cheese, every visit was a traumatic experience. Crawl into the chair, wishing the dentist would have a heart-attack or something before you did. Clutch the arms in a death-grip. Open the mouth and prepare to render

up your soul. Mutter "Aggh. Glug," as he asked stupid questions about what grade you were in this year.

My attitude to the man in the white coat didn't change in the service. Just before I was shipped overseas, I had 14 fillings in one afternoon. No anaesthetic. The maniac who did me filled about six canyons, then stuffed my cheeks with cotton and went into the next room for afternoon tea. I could hear the teaspoons tinkling and the heartless swine exchanging jests with the nurse as I lay there quivering like a trout just pulled out of the water.

It's not so bad with the new, 'painless' drills. But there isn't much to work on any more. I break a piece off a tooth, go to the dentist and whine, "Couldn't you just build that up one more time, Doc?"

It's rather like handing a man a single brick, and asking him to construct a high-rise with it.

However, young Jane Almond of Meaford thinks dentists are pretty fine fellows. She has won a prize and a plaque from them for a poster, chosen the best for Dental Health Week. Jane designed the poster in Grade 5, and she's now only twelve.

And come to think of it, dentists deserve a decent living and some recognition. They are far more interested in saving your teeth than pulling them. And any man who spends a lot of time looking into mouths like mine can't be all bad.

And an Ontario reader who hails from Wrexham, North Wales, wrote after I mentioned that town in a recent column. I spent a dreary winter there during the war. Edward J. Jones wants to know if I wish any old contacts looked up or have any anecdotes for the Wrexham Leader.

Please, Mr. Jones. I am a happily married man. Any old contacts would be strictly out of the picture. As for anecdotes well...

You might mention the night they cancelled night-flying, the abomination of fighter pilots, because of fog. We were so overjoyed, both instructors and students, that quite a celebration developed.

It began with hurling empty pint beer-mugs at the clock on the mantel. When we ran out of mugs and clock, another game began. This was an old R.A.F. favorite.

The hero takes off shoes and socks, lies down on his back and blackens the soles of his feet in the cold fireplace. He then makes footprints up the wall, as high as he can reach. He blackens feet again, gets up on a chair and makes further footprints, higher up. This continues until he is held up to the ceiling by some mates standing atop a table. When it's finished, it looks exactly as though someone has taken a run at the wall, gone right up it, across the ceiling and down the other side.

It was hilarious. We topped this off with a game of rigger in the mess. And by the time this ended, it was a mess indeed.

For some reason, the C.O. was not amused, when he surveyed the mess in the morning. Surly old coot. It cost about twenty of us ten quid each to redecorate the officers' mess.

Ah, dear. Nowadays they'd call it flagrant vandalism, and sock the taxpayer for the damages. In those days, it was high spirits, and we paid the shot ourselves.

Or, Mr. Jones, you might mention that Wrexham had one of the best hockey teams in England. We were about eighty per cent Canadian, with several hockey players of Jr. A calibre. Our C.O., an Englishman, had lived in Canada and loved the game. We won every game, except the crucial last one. Our goalie hit the ice with about twelve pints of bitter in him. He was outstanding. Every time the opposing team shot, he'd stop two of the three pucks he saw, but miss the third. Score, 14-2.

And a happy Valentine's Day to all.

ROAMING AROUND
 Lifetime investment
 By Jim Thomas

Feb. 4 through 10 is Dental Health Week in Ontario.

To 'celebrate' the occasion (and that hardly seems the appropriate word), the Ontario Dental Association has produced a slightly theoretical news release entitled, if you can believe it, "The Painless Era Now at Hand for Dentistry".

Personally, I had always felt this to be one profession completely immune to pain, unless of course, they are still human enough to wince a little when sending out their bills.

And what does this thing 'at hand' mean? I'm prompted to read on, and sure enough, the 'explanation' follows in the second paragraph. It says, and I quote: "Painless dentistry is almost here", end of quote.

"Almost here", now what's that supposed to mean — tomorrow, next month, next year, or maybe an anticipated break-through in the next century?

Who is to know? Certainly I don't if the dentists don't. Anyway, I do know the so-called 'Painless Era' isn't now — at least not for me.

I also take issue with the editorial in other areas.

It suggests, without boldly coming right out and saying so, that the fears of the parents are too often passed down to their children.

Not true — at least not true with me. I've never so much as breathed a word of my experiences to the kids, and I'm glad. For they are ten times braver than their Dad. In fact, the boys would much rather visit the dentist than the barber. Strange age, this 1973.

The release also claims that 'new office furniture' has helped patients overcome dental timidity.

Stupid! Like bating the trap with cheese. Far better to ring the seat with tacks. It would soften the agony to follow.

But what lies beyond?

What breakthroughs are at hand? In Russia, there's a machine called Elox-1 that is supposed to reduce the pain of the dentist's drill by 80 per cent. The device operates by attaching a clip to the patient's ear (ouch!) thus cutting back on the pain signal transmitted from the tooth to the brain.

However, if a trip to Moscow is out of the question, there's always acupuncture, a new fan-dangled idea that's apparently proved quite successful in China, and now being tested in Canada.

While both innovations may have merit, the editorial mentions nothing about gas, without doubt, (in my opinion anyway), the most painless procedure yet devised.

And, if it works so well on tooth extractions, why not on filling jobs too? Just a little whiff and presto — job over.

While pain, inflicted by the dentist's drill, may soon be a thing of the past, such is not the case as related to a specialized aspect of the dental profession.

They're called braces, now the 'in thing', particularly with girls.

Take a look at the pre-teen kids today, hundreds sporting 'silver smiles', without the slightest sign of embarrassment. It's great.

When Susan, our eldest, was five, she had beautiful teeth, white, straight and firm.

Then something happened. Her replacements, while white and firm, were certainly not straight. We thought about it, talked about it, then two years ago, decided to do something about it. We were referred to Dr. Allan M. Davis, an orthodontist in Richmond Hill. Dr. Davis wasted no words. He told us exactly what to expect — in time, cost and results.

It's been sixteen months. The cost is \$800. And the results — amazing, the best investment we'll ever make — a guaranteed smile that could last a lifetime.



The mid-1930's — Stouffville United Church Choir Pose for Formal Photo

On an afternoon in the mid-1930's, members of the Stouffville United Church choir posed for this formal photo. The names and faces will recall many pleasant memories. Members are: Lower row (left to right) — Bertha Winn, Ida Lehman, Eva Hoover, Anne Lehman, Robert Leslie (choir leader); Agnes Lloyst, Luella Gayman, Edra Burkitt, Mildred Burkitt, Mary Laidlaw, Mrs. Jas. Ridout. Centre Row (left to right)

— Dr. Neil Smith, Mrs. G. R. W. Thomas, Mrs. Robt. Leslie, Mrs. Geo. Saunders, Flossie Barkey, Mrs. Thos. Laidlaw, Mrs. Milt Storey, Mrs. Gertrude Kellington, Jane Burkitt, Emma Winn, Doris Ross. Top Row (left to right) — Carol Boadway, Isaac Barkey, Ormsby Lehman, Lou Barrett, Rev. Thos. Laidlaw, Hugh Thomas, Floyd Forsyth, Bert Carpenter, Jas. Ridout.