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 CHARLES H. NOLAN, Publisher
 JAMES THOMAS, Associate Publisher and Editor
 ROBERT McCASLAND, Advertising Director
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Favor recreation complex-in phases

A 1½ million dollar recreation complex for Whitchurch-Stouffville, is a one-unit project of unacceptable magnitude for the taxpayers of this Town.

First, certain segments of the plan are not practical at this time, and second, neither is the price.

However, we do favor such a centre as an ultimate achievement, phased out over a period of ten, fifteen, perhaps twenty years.

We would recommend too, that one committee assume the sole responsibility of

giving the project direction, rather than several committees going separate ways.

We would suggest the setting up of priorities, with a public library heading the list. An arena, curling rink and swimming pool could follow in that order.

The promoters of this 'total complex' plan, must be commended. There is the type of foresight Whitchurch-Stouffville needs. However, their enthusiasm should be restrained to the point of realizing that not every resident called on to 'pay the shot', will curl, swim, chase a puck, or borrow a book.

Mobile homes-worth a look

Bill Corcoran's mobile home project, north of Gormley, has aroused much interest among residents, not only in Whitchurch-Stouffville, but many miles beyond.

And no wonder. For the purchase of standard-type residences, is almost prohibitive in this area, particularly for young couples.

Quite naturally then, a price tag of \$10,000, is attractive. It comes close to what most couples can afford. They're asking questions like when? and, why not?

Town Council, on the other hand, has been cautious. Their immediate concern is for the residents now located here. They must also consider the municipality as a whole, not one developer and one area.

However, before coming to any conclusion, either for or against, we feel the members—all members, should inspect a similar 'subdivision' elsewhere.

In this way, the decision can be based on fact rather than heresy.

Short-sighted planning

A 3½ acre site, on the west side of Edward Street, opposite the High School, has been sold by the congregation of Stouffville United Church for a reported \$57,000.

Who purchased the property is not our concern. For the transaction cannot be altered at this stage. However, it is our opinion that the York County Board of Education showed little initiative and no foresight, in not acquiring this land for their own use.

On the east side of Edward, at the present school site, there's no room for expansion,

without encroaching further on already limited playground space.

Undoubtedly, as build-up continues in Stouffville a senior public school (or junior high), will be constructed on the west side. And there's no telling, at this stage, what other additional educational facility, might be desirable. With this plan in mind, wouldn't it have made good sense for the Board to have staked its claim on the church site too? We think so. Then later, if the land was not required, it could have been sold—possibly for a sizeable profit.

Editor's Mail

To the Editor:

There may be no deer hunt in Whitchurch-Stouffville. However, I can't understand the ridiculous attitude of some members of Town Council (and residents), towards hunting.

If residents opposing the hunt do not want deer to be hunted on their properties, then their wishes should be respected. This does not give them the right to impose their wishes on others who might wish to hunt on their own lands or oblige their neighbors.

Most of the opponents of a hunt, are the same people who are currently crying over the high cost of meat. Venison is very good meat.

Modern living has turned some people into hypocrites who scream about hunters killing off maybe 5 per cent of the deer in an area, but still support chain stores who slaughter 100 per cent of the cattle they buy.

But they don't kill animals! Don't they? If there wasn't any demand, the supply would dry up.

But there is supply, and the same opposers go to the same stores and pick up a Sunday roast or mince meat. But they don't kill anything. Don't they?

They enjoy beef and pork. But aren't cows pretty to see on the hillsides? Yes, they are, but still they're raised for the sole purpose of killing for food.

Some people think venison is tasty meat. But it can't be bought legally!

No doubt some of the opposers enjoy lobster—enough to see them boiled alive; or order salmon that has been caught in nets and die of suffocation after much suffering.

But this is their personal taste.

Should they then be able to deprive others of fine meat? Certainly not.

There are more deer today than at any other time in history.

Deer management wages and expenses come largely from sportsmen who pay their \$10, just to try their luck and skill.

In The Tribune, a National Resources expert stated that deer were overly abundant in our area, and that an open season would not harm this population. Are the towns people and recreation committee more knowledgeable on the subject than the government department that is set up to study wildlife?

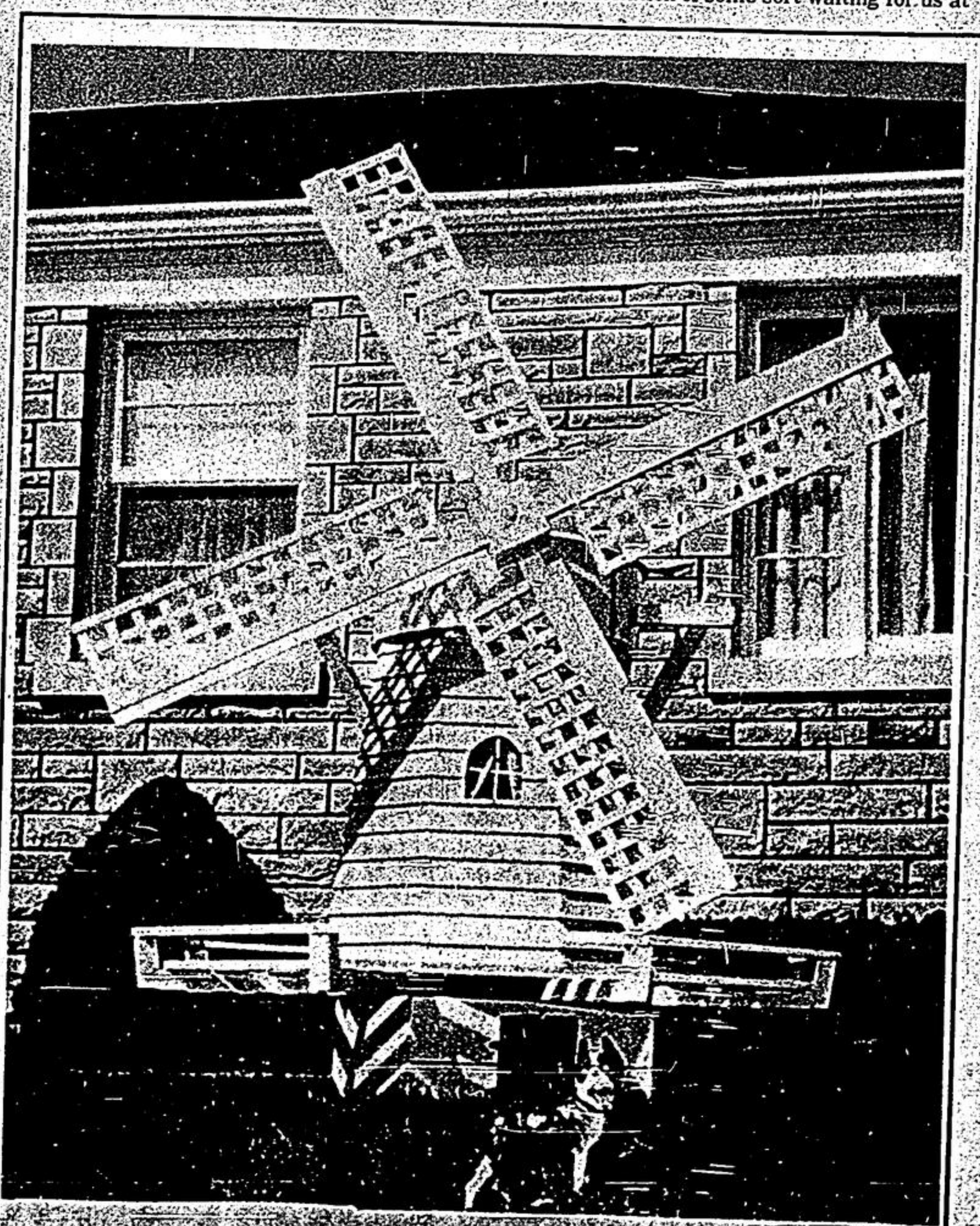
Nature does take care of over-population. Instead of a possible five clean kills in a herd of 60, Nature may allow death by slow starvation and exposure of 15 or more.

I feel that our Mayor was out of place when he stated in an official column 'The Mayor Reports' that he personally hoped there would be no deer hunt. His personal views should be aired as his, not as the Mayor's. This opinion could have swayed public feeling and votes about the hunt. This is not doing his best for the people, which should be the first concern of his office.

I suppose it will be the vegetable lovers' next. After all, doesn't a vegetable start from a seed, need oxygen, water, nourishment, then grow and die?

Then there will be no picking of wild onions!

Charles Shimmers,
 Elm Road,
 Stouffville.



A touch of Holland

A touch of Holland has come to Stouffville. This beautiful windmill is the property of Mr. and Mrs. Ross Madill, Lloyd Avenue, and formerly of Ajax.

SUGAR AND SPICE

We're calling on the Queen

By BILL SMILEY



We're planning to go to England this summer. Last summer we planned to go to the Maritimes. Last winter we planned to go to Barbados. Two summers ago it was a trip across Canada. The plans are great but the performance is nil.

I'm not sure whose fault it is that the Smileys never get off the ground. I blame my wife. She hates getting ready for a trip. I sometimes think she deliberately broke her ankle last summer so she wouldn't have to get ready.

She, naturally, blames me, because I don't get everything laid out in time. She may have a point. I don't like super organization. I like to just take off and wind up wherever the fates take me, with as little baggage as possible. She likes to know where she's going to lay her head at night, and likes to have "something decent" to wear on every occasion that might present itself. That means three suitcases.

It also poses a big problem for this summer. I just know that when the Queen and Phil hear we're going to be in the U.K. there'll be an invitation of some sort waiting for us at

the Dorchester or the Savoy or the Dirty Duck.

Trouble is, what sort of affair will she invite us to? If it's a lawn party, that means for my old lady a long summer dress, big hat, white gloves. And for me, a tough decision—whether to wear my white sport shirt or my blue one.

But what if it's for dinner at the Palace, as it probably will be? That's another kettle of fish and chips. It would mean a dinner dress and different shoes for the boss. I could manage a black tie over my white sport shirt and if it was extra formal, I'd pin my Canadian Spam medal to my shirt.

I can just hear the dinner conversation, a bit fluty and high-bred but sort of chummy. Rather like the Pope trying to draw out the parish priest.

The Queen: "How delightful of you and your charming wife to do us the honor of coming to dinner. Have you been to England before, Mr. uh Wiley?"

Me: "Yes, your Honour, uh, your Worship, uh Queen. I fought for your old man in the last war. Guess you were just a kid."

Queen: "A kid? Really? Ow, Ow, yes, I see. Your American slang is so refreshing. And you were one of those gallant lads from the dominions who fought for my father, King George the Sixth?"

Me: "Just a minute, Queen. That's no American accent. It's Canadian. And they told me his name was Mackenzie King, not what ever you said."

Queen: "How quaint. And you were decorated, I see. That must be a medal for outstanding valour pinned to your, uh—I say, that is a striking, uh—shirt?"

The Duke: "It's a ruddy sport shirt, Elizabeth. They all wear them."

Me: "Oh, no, Queen. They gave these out with the rations. All you had to do was be conned into joining up."

The Queen: "Conned? Rations? Yes, of course. Now, we'd like you to have a wonderful time while you're here. It's lovely this time of year in Scotland. Right up at the top. As far as you can go."

Me: "Matter of fact, Queen, we thought we'd stick around London a while and get better acquainted. Maybe me and Phil here could do a couple of pubcrawls, while you girls got together and talked about your rotten kids and stuff."

The Queen: "Ow, Now, I mean ow, yes. That would have been lovely. But actually, we must go to Canada this summer. Frightful bore, but there it is."

Me: "Yep, you must get sick of having to be polite to ordinary people. And it's a brute for heat over there in the summer. Especially on the prairies."

The Queen: "Quite. And now, if there's any little thing my husband and I could do, please don't hesitate."

Me: "Well, let's see. You're the Queen of Canada. Right? Right. Well, look. There's this school board, see? I'm a teacher, y'know. If you'd just write them a nasty letter. Why, I've got one Grade 9 class with 38 in it. Just tell them to lay off persecuting me. Oh, yeah. And would you call our neighbours, the Dalrymples, and make sure they're watering our lawn?"

My wife: (Silently and under the table. Kick. Kick. Kick.)

Anyway, Buckingham Palace won't be any problem. But what are we going to wear when we duck over to Northern Ireland to see Uncle Frank, who has asked us out in his fishing boat?

I think I'll have my wife dress in green, and I'll wear something in orange. At least one of us might survive.

ROAMING AROUND

Why not pay for the privilege of being employed?

By Jim Thomas

For most weekly newspapers, certainly this one, Saturday is picture-taking day.

It now seems that most events are planned this way—for weekends. If not, then I try to re-schedule them, as a convenience to myself.

From early morning til midnight, it's not uncommon for me to travel up to 200 miles, attending activities all over the place.

Sound like work? Sorry, if it does, because it's not. I enjoy it too much to look on it in that light. Work's not really work, in the true sense of the word, if you like what you're doing. At least that's the way I feel. In fact I'd even agree to a company refund on pay-day as a token of appreciation. I'd make a terrible Union man.

For example, I attended the crowning of the high school's May Prom 'queen', Friday night, a 'chore' that could hardly be categorized as labor.

On Saturday, I escorted a pretty nineteen year old to the Park for a Teen of the Week photo. Certainly no laborious task that, either.

A few hours previous, I attended a 4-H Achievement Day in Trinity United Church at Uxbridge—one male 'onion' among two hundred countryfield 'petunias', most in full bloom.

Work? Hardly. And the same story is repeated, week after week.

It's a great life, time consuming, mind you, but I love it.

So why shouldn't I pay for the privilege? Why shouldn't everyone? Everyone, that is, who really wants to work, and enjoys what he's working at?

It could be arranged something like this: On Friday, when the employee receives his cheque, he signs one back to his employer for say 2 per cent. The two cents on the dollar would cover the purchase of a gold watch at age 60, plus maybe a cake with candles. These would be fringe benefits. More important, it would indicate an employee's appreciation of the position he holds, and an honest desire to continue holding it until retirement—no layoffs, no strikes, a kind of mutual admiration society between management and labor.

But boy, can't you hear the holler. Stephen Lewis would lament the decree from the top of the Clock Tower.

Every (unionized) industry in Ontario would close; and Bill Davis would retreat into exile on Cape Croker.

So, another proposal goes up in smoke. In theory, it sounded great. In practice, to pay to work, won't work. My wife won't give me a cent.