



The Tribune

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Editorials

It's been a pleasure

At 4 p.m., Sunday, the Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville, will say a sad farewell to its guests of the past ten days, the players, parents and hockey associates, from Wallisellen, Switzerland.

The event has proved a marvellous experience for citizens here; an experience no one will ever forget.

What have we learned through this exchange?

Most important, we suggest, is the fact that people, the world over, are basically the same; that distances, even many thousands of miles, can no longer separate countries, provinces or towns; that language, despite

differences, is no longer a barrier to close communication and co-operation; that practiced customs are meant to be shared.

Who among us, a decade ago, would have thought so many world problems could be solved through the bounce of a ball or the carom of a puck?

Sport, in the true meaning of the word, has done more to bring men and nations together, than all the cross-table conferences ever held. Here in Whitchurch-Stouffville, the reasons for this are now clear.

So, on Sunday, it's "auf wiedersehen" to the friendly folk from Wallisellen. It's been our pleasure to be your host.

Two died-needlessly

On Friday night, a car-snowmobile collision in Uxbridge Township, snuffed out the lives of two people — needlessly. The operator and his 18 year old cousin had gone for ride down a rural road, a trip that, at the time, undoubtedly seemed safe enough. But roads are for cars, not snowmobiles. And any contact between the two is sure to result in death or serious injury to occupants of the latter. For this driver and his passenger, the result was death.

Every winter, the media tells of the mounting toll in snowmobile accidents. But no one listens. Why? Because "it can't happen to me".

But it can, and will, unless operators use common sense. To drive a snowmobile on a road — any road, makes no sense at all. Unfortunately for two — for too many, realization of this fact has come too late.

Let it serve as a lesson to others.

United through prayer

The 'Week of Prayer', organized by the Stouffville Ministerial Association, concluded a series of successful services on Sunday. Attendance at most churches, we understand, was very encouraging.

The eight ministers who authorized this kind of community worship program are to be commended. For they must now see, as we

have suggested, that where there's unity among the pastors, there's equal co-operation within the congregations.

And this was obvious, Jan. 6 through 13. Denomination barriers were broken as people came together to pray together. We sincerely hope this trend towards 'togetherness' will continue.

Editor's Mail

Dear Editor:

I was one of the thousand who attended the Stouffville-Wallisellen Midget hockey game in the Stouffville Arena, Friday night.

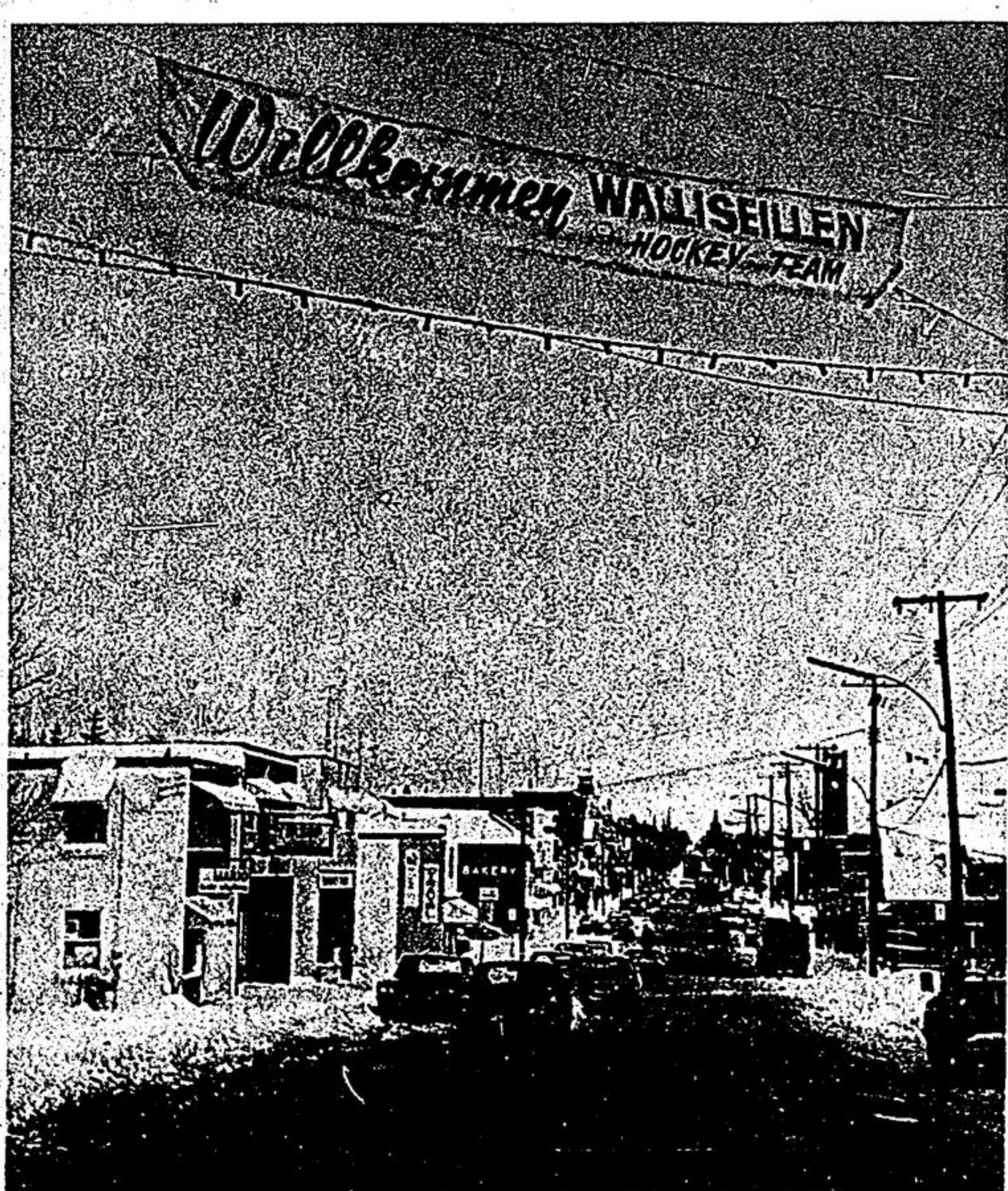
Naturally, I had anticipated a close contest, with not more than a three-goal spread between the teams. The runaway win by Stouffville (14-1) was as disappointing to me as undoubtedly it was for our guests.

However, after thinking things over, I convinced myself that the score, 14 to 1 or 41 to

1, was really secondary in importance. Of primary interest was the fact that Whitchurch-Stouffville, Ontario, Canada was hosting a group of teenage boys and their parents from Wallisellen, Switzerland — a country, thousands of miles across the sea.

Such a thing may never occur again in this community, at least not in my lifetime. That's why I'll be back for game 2, on Sunday. I wouldn't miss it for the world.

Wilbur Leach, Stouffville, R.R. 3.



"Willkommen" means "welcome"

"Willkommen", or "Welcome", the meaning's the same. The banner across Main Street, completed by Jim Brazier, Hawthorne Avenue, is Whitchurch-

Stouffville's way of receiving the Midget hockey team from Wallisellen, Switzerland. The concluding game in the series is Sunday, at 1 p.m. — Jim Thomas.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Our danged cats are driving me wacky

By BILL SMILEY



This week I've been batching it, and I must say that I miss my wife. It's not that I can't cook and wash dishes and make the bed and do all those other silly things that our poor wives have to do day after day, year after year.

No, there's no problem there. It's the danged cats. They're driving me out of the remnants of what was once a fine mind.

I'd rather live with a herd of goats than with two cats, I've concluded.

Take one elderly she-cat who has been spayed. She was quite content with life. She is beautiful and very, very distant, except when she's hungry.

There isn't a bone in her body that is friendly. She just wants you to keep your distance, feed her well, and let her bask on a sunny stair-tread. In return, she will guarantee not to make a mess in the house. I had just begun to tolerate her, if not like her, after about six years.

Now, add a boisterous young tom cat. He's as agile as an orangoutan, has an appetite like a polar bear, has the manners of a pig, and is sickeningly friendly.

He has completely disrupted what was a fairly quiet, peaceful household.

He is driving the old cat out of her nut. He follows her around, licking and kissing her, until she spits, takes a swipe at him and makes him back off long enough for her to skedaddle to one of her hideouts. He looks hurt.

All you have to do is settle down with a newspaper and a cup of tea, and he's quite likely to come flying through the air, sending the paper one way and the tea the other, as he seeks solace for his yearning heart.

Given any encouragement whatever, he'll climb all over you, digging his claws into your shoulders because he doesn't know any better, smooching your face and neck in a wet, disgusting fashion, before thumping himself down for a rest on your stomach or chest or any other part of you that suits his convenience.

Two minutes later, he hears the old cat sneaking around, digs his claws into your knee and takes a flying leap, off to court her some more.

There's absolutely no sex involved. He just wants to be loved by a second mother, but she is a happy, childless widow, and wants to stay that way.

You can't even feed them together. She is a dainty eater. He eats like a wolf who has just broken a long fast. Put down two bowls. He gulps his while she is sniffing hers, then shoulders her aside and gets into her grub, while she bats him ineffectually, then retreats in disgust to sulk under a bed.

She is a bed sneaker-under, since he arrived. And if there's anything more difficult than getting a determined old cat out from under a bed, I'd like to see it.

The only way to do it is go under the bed after her, with a broom or mop. You wind up, puffing, stuck under the bed, while she has darted off and is under one of the beds in one of the other rooms. She's as slippery as an eel and a heck of a lot more cunning.

Meanwhile, during the half hour you chase the old cat, trying to grab any of her extremities so that you can throw her out, where she should have been long ago, his arrogant young nibs is having the run of the kitchen.

He's not a bed sneaker-under. He's a counter-walker. And a cupboard-door-opener. One leap and he's up on the kitchen counters, strolling, sniffing, licking. Don't leave the butter out. He'll down a quarter-pound, straight.

Give him three minutes alone and he's somehow opened the cupboard door below the sink and is gaily into the garbage.

He'll eat anything; baked potato skins, left-over soup, stale lettuce, fried eggs.

The only time I have seen him a bit nonplused was on New Year's Day. Maybe he had a hangover: I was half-drowsing in a chair, and watching him out of a corner of my eye, in case he took a flying leap and threw his arms around my neck to kiss me, which I abhor.

He'd caught a mouse, it seemed, though we've never had mice in this house. He would slam his paw on it, pick it up in his teeth, chew it and swallow it. A tiny mouse.

Thank goodness he's good for something. Then he'd throw up the mouse, and go through the whole business again. I got a bit alarmed that he'd throw up more than the mouse one of these times, onto the rug. I investigated. The rug. I investigated.

He was trying to digest one of those wide elastic bands. Every time he hit it, it would jump, so he thought it was alive and chewed it and swallowed it, but couldn't keep it down.

That's the kind of stupid cat he is. But he's getting smart very quickly. When I try to grab him and throw him out in the snow after a feeding, he goes by me like a cheetah going by a rhinoceros.

Sure wish my wife would get home. It takes two of us to handle the two of them.

Editor's Mail

Self-serve gas bars come 'under fire'

Dear Sir: I wish to question the intelligence of all levels of government, including the Dept. of Transport, for permitting any firm to operate self-serve gas bars.

Recently, I read about a crater in the ground on the site of what once was a service station in St. John New Brunswick, and also about the fuelling barge that exploded, killing three men, and caused by a lighted cigarette.

One need only imagine what might occur if a spark from some man's cigar or a woman's cigarette came in contact with such volatile fuel.

I say this self-serve gas practice should be stopped. What has happened elsewhere could happen in Stouffville. Or must the catastrophe occur first before something is done?

G.E. Knapp, Claremont.

Dear Mr. Thomas:

A number of days ago a member of your staff telephoned me regarding the teachers' side of the dispute that exists in York County. I would like to thank you and your staff for the resulting article that appeared in The Tribune.

One of the points of contention we discussed was about salary. To illustrate our problem I would like to cite the case of category 4 teachers in York County.

Depending on the number of years teachers have been in the profession (it takes

14 years to reach the maximum salary in this category) people in this salary group have suffered a loss of buying power, under our present salary grid, ranging from \$1.50 to \$600.00.

It is grossly unfair to ask people to accept a cut in purchasing ability while wages in other areas of the economy are not only keeping pace with the cost of living, but in many instances are rising above it.

Teachers have never been, and never will be rich people. However, they are entitled to a fair shake, and I am afraid that we feel that at the present time we are not being offered anything resembling fairness.

John H. Lindop, Warriner St., Stouffville

Dear Jim,

Your editorial of Jan. 10 1974, is very true: the site for the new library is very important and it must be carefully chosen.

On July 10, 1973, the Library Development Committee and the Library Board made a presentation to Council. The presentation recommended a site which had been carefully selected by the Site Committee of the LDC. The following procedure was used to select the site:

Twelve possible sites were determined.

The twelve sites were visited by the Site Committee. All sites were evaluated and three were selected for further study. The sites were considered on the following points and with due consideration to the recommendations contained in the Bowron Report: (1). Prominent location in the town. (2). Ease of accessibility for pedestrians and motorists. (3). Proximity to community activities such as Post Office, shops, hairdressers, Town Hall and banks. (4). Availability of parking. (5). Possibility of inclusion with a future recreational complex. (6). Assessment of construction problems.

Site 3 was recommended to Council in July.

Site 3 would be especially advantageous because it is adjacent to land which could be developed as very interesting parkland. The Council appears to be reluctant to take the initiative and purchase the recommended property since not all of the property would be used for the Library.

The Library Board has frequently urged Council to accept the recommended site and let the building begin. In the meantime, costs are rising.

Jim Sanders, Chairman, Whitchurch-Stouffville Public Library Board