



The Tribune

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Editorials

Every dollar helps

Whipper Billy Watson requires no introduction to residents of Whitchurch-Stouffville.

He appeared here on several occasions, always the hero—No. 1.

However, outside the wrestling ring, his accomplishments have been even more outstanding. He's a hero, No. 1 in the eyes of every crippled child across Ontario. His work, his achievements in this regard cannot be over-emphasized.

Through the years, 'Whipper' Watson has given much of himself for others. Now, he's asking others to do something for him. His goal is the installation of a Therapeutic Pool

at York County Hospital, in Newmarket. His target is \$250,000.

Here's how you can help.

Beginning 12 noon, Saturday, Feb. 16, a fund-raising Telethon will cover York Region via Channel 3, C.K.V.R. The campaign will last 30 hours, concluding, Sunday Feb. 17, at 6 p.m.

The phone-in quarters for Whitchurch-Stouffville, has been established at the office of Birkett and Hassard Insurance, 159 Main Street West. The number to call is 640-2000. Pledges, both personal and company, will be flashed on the screen, and tabulated as they come in.

Whipper Billy Watson cares. Let's show him we care too, and push the campaign total well over the top.

Salary spread too great

The Mayor of Pickering has been granted a 20 percent pay increase for 1974. He will receive \$12,000.

The Mayor of Uxbridge will be paid \$7,000; and the Mayor of Brock, \$6,500.

In Whitchurch-Stouffville, the Mayor currently receives \$7,000, but subject to change.

The Mayor of Markham will be paid \$11,000.

In our opinion, there's something very wrong here.

Is Pickering Council suggesting that George Ashe is worth \$5,000 a year more than Carl Puterbaugh of Uxbridge or \$5,500 more than Allan McPhail of Brock?

It would seem so. Is the work load in Markham so much greater than in Whitchurch-Stouffville, to warrant a \$4,000 spread between Tony Roman and Gordon Ratcliff.

One must assume so, but hardly to that extent.

In the new Region of Durham, the initial salary scale should have been set by the Province. The mistake that was made in York, has been repeated.

In the Region of York, all Council stipends should be established prior to nominations and remain at that level for the duration of the term.

Such a plan would reduce criticism on the outside, and halt bickering from within.

Editor's Mail

Dishonest and misleading

To the Editor:

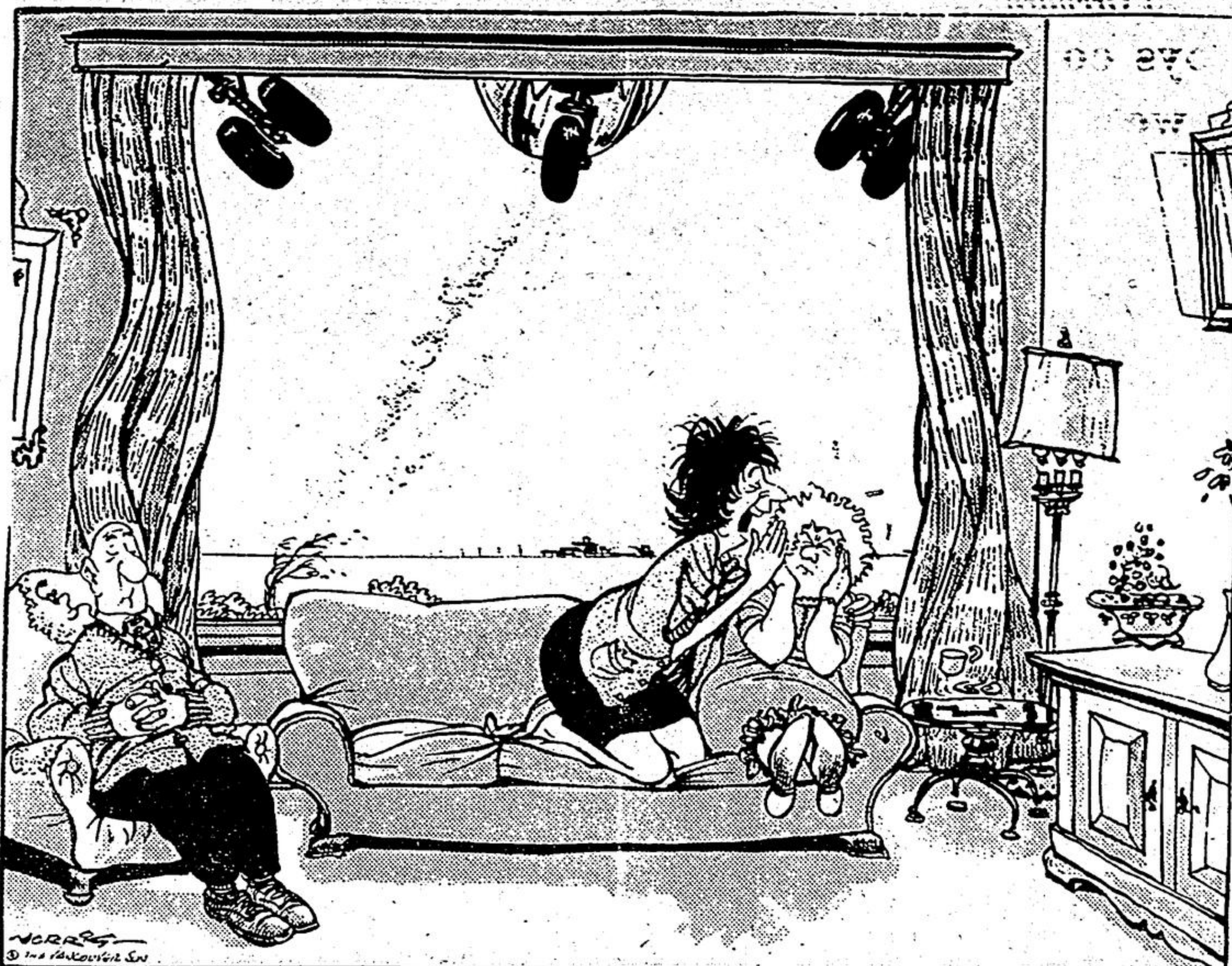
The announcement that work should start no later than July 1975 on the Pickering airport was made by Ministry of Transport planners. The release stated in part that only 4000 people will be bothered by noise in the immediate area. The planning team is being dishonest and misleading. This project will cover a much larger section and they know it.

For almost 2 years I have sought answers as to just how disruptive Airport 11 would be. The on-site information issued by Transport conveniently show noise cones that skirt every populated area and are only full size in the open country. Ministry officials would not tell me how they arrived at these contours. Since I am a Commercial Pilot and could get no data to back up these maps I was left with the opinion that they were drawn by a public relations agency to keep the truth from us. Just a few days ago my suspicions were confirmed when I discovered that there is a formula used by the Federal Aeronautics Administration in the U.S.A. for planning the flight pattern of new jet ports. These findings were substantiated by an air traffic

The outline is as follows: The noise cone is actually in reverse to the Transport maps and acts like a funnel directing planes to the end of the runway. The area covered by approaching aircraft is in the shape of a triangle, the point of which is placed at point of touchdown with each side extending out 10 miles and being 3 miles across the base. This triangle is then raised at the outer end to 1200 ft. and that is the floor of the approach funnel. Put this one a map and you can readily see the number of communities that will be affected along with Pickering. It is safe to say that most people in the south of the Region of Durham will find their lifestyle changed dramatically by noise and pollution. While there is a curfew at Malton we will not be afforded this luxury and the planes will fly 24 hours a day.

Unless the residents in surrounding municipalities become conscious of the very real threat, they to may be kept awake by jets tail dragging over them all night long.

Ken Spratley,
Councillor
Ward 3,
Pickering



"I said... we were one of the lucky ones... not expropriated for airport expansion."



SUGAR AND SPICE

My grandchild's birth--a 3-ring circus

By BILL SMILEY

You'd think the Smileys could have one tiny grandchild with no more than the usual anxiety and expectancy.

Not a chance. They had to turn it into a three-ring circus.

Just about the time the wee lad was due to arrive, I provided the first ring. I racked up my car. Not seriously. Just enough so it couldn't be driven. It was during the holidays, and between these and relentless storms, day after day, the repairs took twice as long as they would have normally!

No transport. But we had to be there when his nibs arrived. It's a hundred miles away. Result was a nightmare of taxis and buses.

There's nothing more dismal than riding a bus in mid-winter. It's either a super-modern one, with the heat turned up so that you are gasping for breath and sweating like a wrestler, or it's an old-timer, with no heat and a draft that would freeze the brains of a brass monkey coming in around the window.

There's nothing more frustrating than waiting for a cab. It's no problem downtown in the city. You can flag one down on the street. But when you are in a remote suburb, you'd be better off with a dog team. We waited 55 minutes for a cab one night, after five phone calls, on each of which I was assured "He's on the way", a pure and downright lie.

My daughter, true to family form, provided ring two of the circus. I'm only glad I wasn't there, or you'd be reading my obituary instead of a column this week.

She began getting signs that the little stranger was developing claustrophobia and wanted to see the light of day. Nothing violent, but enough to send my wife into action, with all guns.

"Hang on. We'll be right up." Up meant up to the university apartment where she and

her husband are living. It's right out in the country and a brute to get at, unless you have a car.

My wife commandeered my brother-in-law, and he drove her there. Naturally, the young couple doesn't have a car.

Potential Granny dashed into the building, and was just starting up on the elevator, when she heard a disembodied voice asking, "Is there anyone there?"

She was more than a little startled. It was the voice of her son-in-law, and it seemed to be coming out of the walls.

It was. He and my daughter, the pregnant kid, were stuck in the adjoining elevator, between floors. They weren't stuck because she was pregnant, but because the elevator had ceased to descend. They'd been on their way down.

Well, how does that grab you, as melodrama? It's like something you'd see on one of those medical series on TV.

If I'd been there, I'd have fainted dead away and been carted off. My wife is made of sterner stuff. She can get hysterical about a cat crapping on a carpet. But when it comes down to real trouble, she's right on.

And my brother-in-law is a great man in a crisis. He posted my wife where she could talk to the two kids trapped in the elevator. Then he rounded up the troops: security guards, superintendents, and electrician.

They tried everything. A half hour passed. Nothing. An hour. Nothing worked. They called the elevator company. It was New Year's Day. A recorded message. Tension grew. It was like a wake. Pregnant woman trapped in stalled elevator.

After nearly an hour and a half, my son-in-law, one of the trappées, had an idea. There was a small space at the bottom of their

elevator car, but Kim couldn't get through it. There was a little more room at the top.

If they could get through, from one elevator car to the other, maybe...

The rescuers found a panel between the elevator cars. It was removed. The electrician was skinny. He was hoisted up and crawled through the hole. A ladder was hoisted and passed to him. Silence.

After a few minutes of this, the rescuers started pounding the wall and shouting. No answer. Panic. They were just about to call the fire department when the kids and the electrician walked down the stairs, into the lobby.

Using the ladder, they had climbed out of the elevator and crawled through that just-big-enough hole, onto the second floor.

Needless to say, joy reigned supreme. Laughing and hugging and kissing.

Nobody had gone haywire in a nasty situation. The kids had not panicked. In fact, Kim sat on the floor and almost went to sleep. My wife kept her head, through an hour and a half of mental anguish. My brother-in-law came out feeling like Horatius at the bridge.

Well, all turned out fine. But the third ring of the circus was supplied to my wife. First day the baby was home, she was going up to see him, and her own child.

A young woman had thrown herself in front of a subway train, and it took her three hours to get there.

Why can't we have a grandchild without all this foofaraw? Oh, well. At least, the first time he crosses the border into the States, when he's about sixteen, and one of those snarly U.S. immigration officers says, "Where were you born?", he won't have to answer, "Duh, in an elevator."



ROAMING AROUND

We'll re-live 'the good old days', Feb. 9

By JIM THOMAS

Everyone's on a nostalgic note these days. We're looking back—twenty, thirty, forty years—even beyond.

It's great.

I've re-tuned the car radio back on C.H.U.M., and added a few 'new' records to the kids' collection.

Over-night, I've become a pop-music hero around our house.

"Mind turning it up a little louder, Dad?" they'll call out in unison from the back seat, "that song's by 'The Fossils', and it's No. 1.

I oblige, for the same tune was also No. 1 back in the 50's.

And how about the Sonny and Cher Show, a week ago Sunday? A real rouser. Had everyone bouncing around like rubber balls, yet all the songs were re-runs of yesteryears.

It's hard to convince kids to-day, that things 'so long ago', could be so good.

Only by being immersed in it (like music), do they acknowledge it and appreciate it.

The same goes for recreation.

I wonder how many Stouffville boys and girls have ever enjoyed the thrill of a real honest-to-goodness cutter ride?

Sure, a sleigh-ride, maybe; but I'm talking about a one-horse sleigh-a cutter.

Cutters are rare; most restricted to roles of lawn ornaments or, worse still, deteriorated beyond repair.

When I was a lad, the horse and cutter surpassed all else in winter transportation. Regardless of how high the drifts, we'd get through, even though, on occasions, it meant a side-trip through the fields.

A cutter was fun—like driving a Volkswagen. With positive steering, you could turn on a dime, around in circles if necessary. The only acknowledge hazard was the 'upset'. They'd flip over at the slightest provocation, spilling all and sundry into the snow. However, it wasn't far to fall and the landing was soft.

No single harness was complete without bells—like a car without a horn. And while the sound was sometimes silenced by the jethrobs of the horse, the need was considered comparable to the bridle, the traces and the crooper.

Ah yes, those were the days.

And they'll be re-lived, right here in Stouffville, on Saturday, Feb. 9.

That's the date of the Lions' 1st annual Mardi-Gras, all afternoon in the town park, and in Latcham Hall (teen dance), and the Arena (skating), at night.

If all's well with the weatherman, I predict the event will host the largest crowd ever seen in Stouffville.

There will be sleigh-rides for all the children; snowmobile rides for senior citizens and, yes, cutter rides too.

Bob Parish, that congenial man about Clarke Street, has kindly consented to donate his cutter for the occasion, and 'Lady', his prancing Welsh pony.

And just to prove the fun that lies in store, he took our youngest, for a trial run, on the weekend. Neil's been talking about it ever since.

However, at the end of the ride, he cried—a little-boy-kind-of-cry, that stops somewhere between large sobs and small tears.

Quite naturally, like any doting father, I was concerned, so patiently pressed for some kind of explanation.

At last, after much waiting, it all came out.

"Why," he asked, "would that nice man want to hurt his pony?"

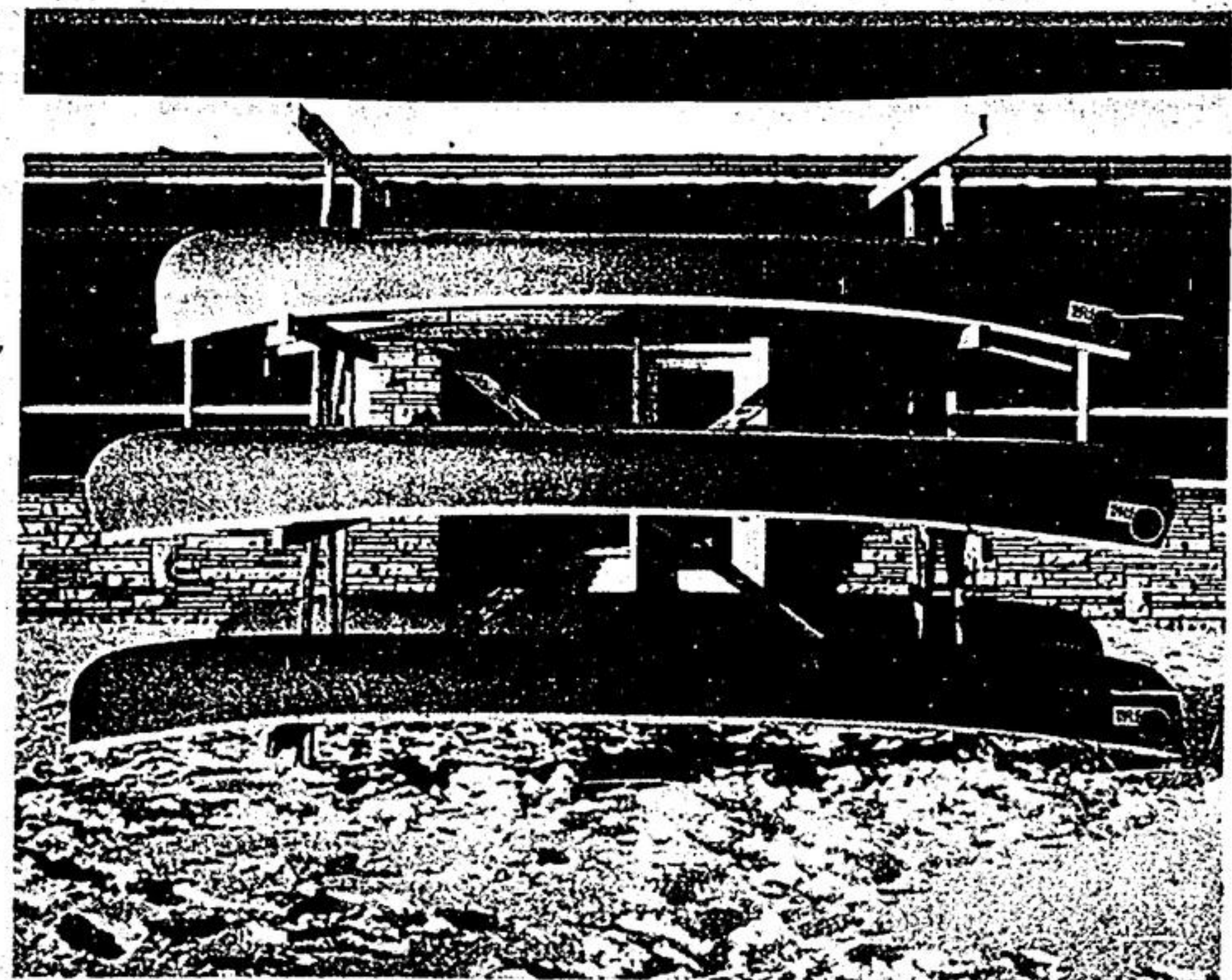
He's not going to hurt it, I explained, he likes it too much.

"But you said, (gulp) (gulp), he was going to get his horse and 'cut'er'. Why would he do that?"

"Cutter", I said, is what you rode in, and what dozens of others will ride in, a week next Saturday.

The sobs subsided. The tears disappeared. A smile broke through.

"That's different," he said, "can I go again?"



Can spring be far behind?

Can spring be far behind? Newly constructed canoes outside the plant of California Glass Marine, near Ringwood,

would indicate a change in seasons is soon at hand. As a matter of fact, March 21 is only seven weeks away. —Jim Thomas.