



The Tribune

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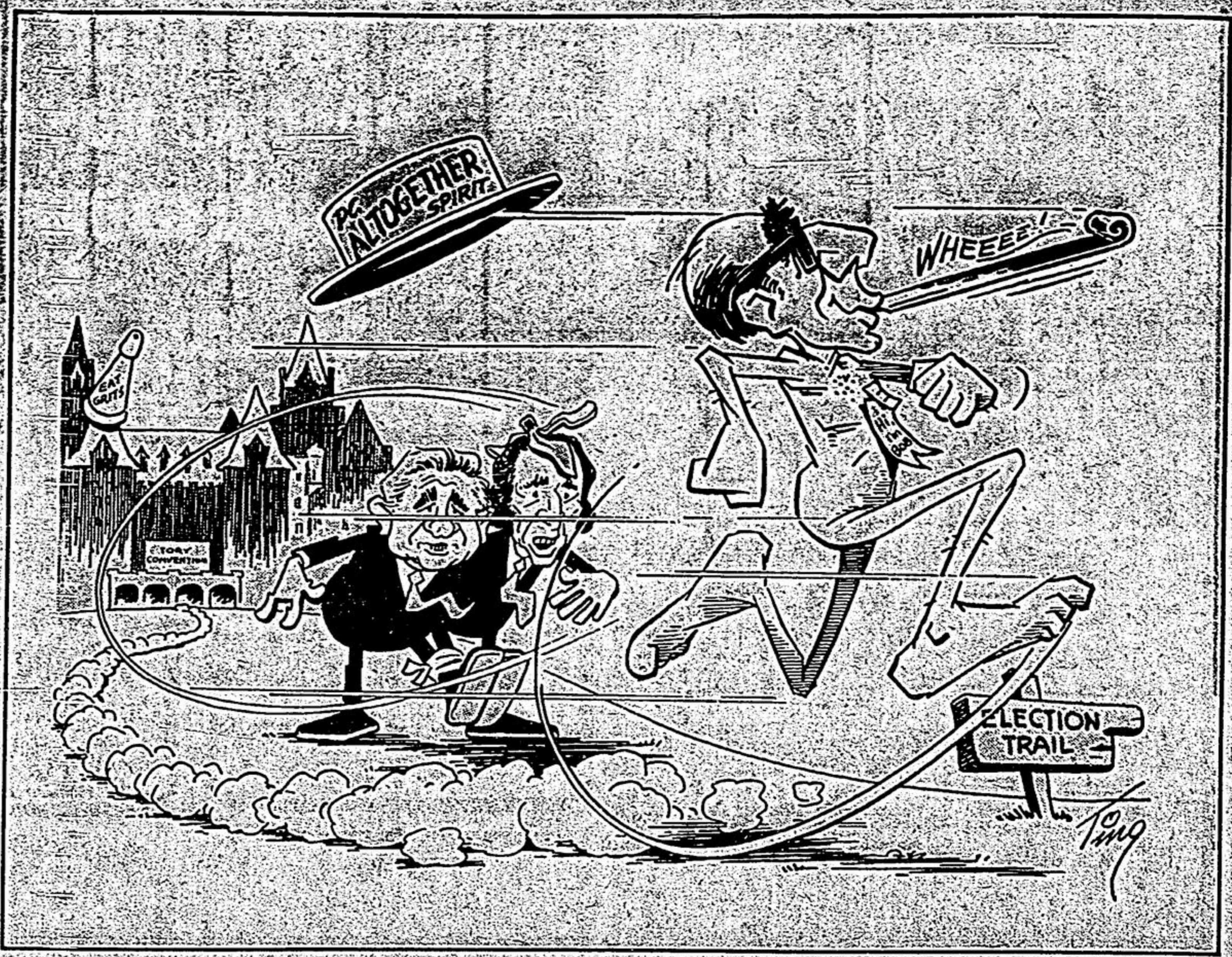


Editorials

Let common sense prevail

'Mobile' means moveable. The display homes, set up last week in Stouffville's west end Plaza, are. The whims of Town Council, are not. The result: dozens of visitors to the site had to be content with peeping through windows to catch a glimpse of the layout inside. This childish tantrum, that reduces members' respectability to a comic strip role, all came about, because the promoter of this project, neglected to request and receive approval from the municipality, to place the structures there. So what did the Town do in the face of this 'discourtesy'? The locked the doors and replied "get out!!" In all fairness to individuals, the decision, boorish to say the least, was not unanimous. Councillor June Butten had the good sense to oppose it. Councillor Jim Wong was absent (again), and Mayor Gordon Ratcliff was not required to vote. The remainder played 'follow the leader'. If the 'expulsion' order by Council had been for wrong-doing of major consequence, there would be no criticism; rather, quite the

opposite. But two mobile homes, established on private property, with the consent of the owner, for thirteen days, is hardly the type of problem that should arouse the 'wrath' of the municipality. There's more here than meets the eye. It's a recognized fact that Bill Corcoran, the would-be developer of a mobile home subdivision near Gormley, has been 'pressuring' the Town to recognize the need and approve his Plan. On at least two occasions, this application, even in a modified form, has been rejected. But Mr. Corcoran is not easily discouraged. He keeps coming back to try again. If this was the motive behind his 'models', Council wasn't buying. So they used the 'courtesy' excuse to slap his wrists. That, in the main, is our concern, these so-called 'courtesy' requests. Most do it, and their projects are approved. However, some don't, but nothing is said. It would appear to be 'who it is' rather than 'what it is' that counts most. Regardless, 'mobile' is a dirty word in Whitchurch-Stouffville, an issue where emotions have replaced all common sense.



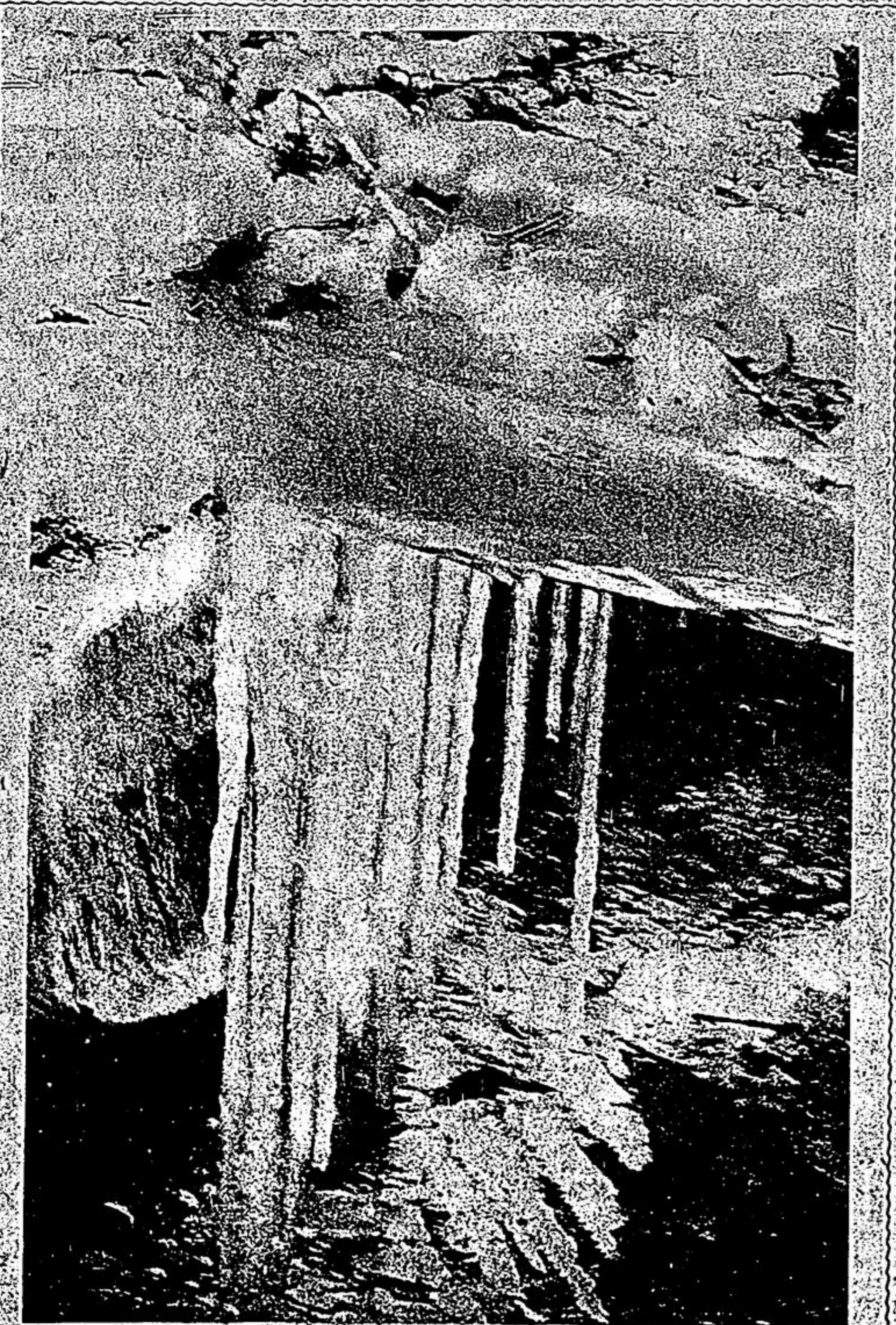
Editor's Mail

Canvassers required

Dear Editor: April is Cancer Campaign Month across Canada. In north Pickering, I am endeavoring to obtain canvassers, particularly in the areas of Brougham, Green River, Altona, Atha and Whitevale. This has presented problems. To overcome this, plastic daffodil pins are being placed in stores. Residents are asked to take them and leave a donation. Anyone willing to assist in the canvass is asked to contact Mrs. Mary Bailey (294-2868).

Rosemary Timms (649-2431), or Mrs. Barjak (942-1680). Mrs. Bailey is in charge of the Whitevale, Green River districts, Mrs. Timms, the Claremont area, and Mrs. Barjak, the Brougham community. Anyone missed, may send his donation directly to the Canadian Cancer Society in Oshawa.

Rosemary Timms, Campaign Chairman, North Pickering



Mother Nature's work of art

When it comes to sculpture, nothing can surpass the creations of Mother Nature. This simple, but eye-catching picture was taken by free-lance photographer, Keith Neely, Sherwood Forest Drive, Markham. The location is at Milne's Dam, west of Hwy. 48.

SUGAR AND SPICE

To Germany-my second trip in 30 years

By BILL SMILEY

Canadians, weary of winter, took advantage of the school winter break in ever-increasing numbers to get away from the true north, strong and freezing. Colleagues casually mentioned the Caribbean or Mexico or the Canary Islands or some such exotica. It's considered passe these days to go merely to Florida. Students descended in throngs on places like Athens, Rome, Paris, London. Chief reason is that air travel is no longer for the rich only. Package deals and charter flights put a mid-winter break within reach of us ordinary Joes. A friend of mine, for example, is going with his wife for a week in the Channel Islands, those tiny bits between England and France. Air fare is only \$209 each, return. And do you know what they're paying for a hotel room with bath, and three meals a day? Twenty-eight lousy pounds a week, because it's the off season. That is about 60 bucks. They couldn't stay home for much less. Well, I'm not one for skulking off to the south and leaving other Canadians to suffer. I had a choice. I could go over to see Granddaddy, or fly to Germany for a few days. Free. It's not that I don't respect and admire my father-in-law, but for some reason I chose Germany. I hope I get a better reception than I did last time I visited that country.

Last time I ventured into Germany was almost thirty years ago. There was a fairly large and assorted company in the group I travelled with: privates, corporals, sergeants and one Flying Officer — me. We had no trouble getting into Germany, even though we had no passports. Perhaps it was because of the efficiency of our tour guides. There were eight of them, and they were extremely attentive. They would even accompany one when one had to relieve oneself. The guides were tastefully arrayed in field gray, and had similar accessories. I can't kick, however. I'll bet I was the only P.O.W. who rode across the German border on a bicycle. I couldn't walk because of a well-aimed kick on the kneecap, and they were sure as hell not going to let me ride one of their bikes. I'll never forget the first place we stayed at in Germany. It was my first taste of that old-world charm. It lacked a few of the amenities we spoiled. North Americans are accustomed to, but it had a quaintness all its own. It was a barn. There was nobody there but us chickens, the cattle, and the tour guides. At that, it was practically cosy after a couple of weeks living in a box-car, in Holland.

It was a mite chilly, being November, but we paired off and curled up in the hay-like so many sets of spoons. I drew a big, ugly Canadian private from St. Catharines with a bullet wound in his neck which stank a bit. But he was warm. One of our next stops was the delightful old city of Brunswick, where we spent an enchanting three hours in the air raid shelter during a raid. It was worth it. The German equivalent of Red Cross ladies gave us coffee, ersatz but hot, the first hot drink we'd had for days. Some other highlights of my visit were: the interrogation centre and solitary near Frankfurt, rolling on a train through a night attack on Leipzig, windows shattering, flares and bombs falling, a look from a train at the appalling rubble of Hamburg, hitch-hiking back from deep inside the Russian lines to Rostock, a visit to the concentration camp at Celle. This visit couldn't be more interesting, but it should be more comfortable. I'm not going by bicycle, but by jet. And my kid brother, the Colonel, is over there. He didn't know enough to get out of the air force, and has nothing to look forward to, but a big, fat pension any day now. But he'd better have the band out, the red carpet down, and the liebfraulich laid on, or he's in deep trouble.

ROAMING AROUND

Liquor ads and the terrible 'price' we pay

By JIM THOMAS

I've often criticized the conduct of our courts. And for good reason. For cases move so slowly, too slowly. Particularly for the complainant and worse still, the witness. Sometime even the accused. Hours extend into days and days into weeks. On occasions, excuses offered for requested adjournments are trivial. Favorites are: My lawyer's out of town, I'll need legal aid, I'd like more time, My solicitor said he'd be here, and so on. The courts, while also irritated by this snail's pace procedure, will usually bend over backwards to assist the defendant. And this, I suppose, is the way it should be. Far better to be a little lenient than too tough, particularly when dealing with peoples' lives. However, court conduct can have another meaning. And it's this, other meaning, that wins my whole-hearted approval and support. I'll call it, 'respect' — respect for a system that's second to none. I've watched it in action for 23 years. It is said, and correctly in some instances, that a husband (or father) should leave his work at the office. I don't. As a matter of fact, I spend maybe ten minutes every evening unloading my problems on the entire household. And whether they like it or not, they listen. But nothing, I've noticed, intrigues our family more than accounts of cases in court. Even apple pie and ice cream takes second place. Words like handcuffs, jail, robbery, assault, impaired and probation leaves them silent and staring, so much so, I'm left wonder-

ing if they're a wee bit skeptical about it all. So, seeing is believing. I promised to take them to court in Richmond Hill, Friday. It was like I had suddenly announced a week in Acapulco. They entered into a chorus of cheers and danced around the room. I restricted the trip to the three oldest, and laid down strict rules on how to act. Everything was set. We arrived early, allowing sufficient time for me to explain what procedures the court would follow and the singular functions of each official. The Judge on this day was Russell G. Pearce, a gentleman I've known through most of my newspaper years — and respect. He entered, and everyone stood. There was no whispering, no smoking, no shuffling in and out. The kids were impressed. Later, during the recess period, he invited the four of us into his private office, shook

their hands individually and spoke to them personally. The morning had developed into something far beyond all expectations. While quiet then, a flood of questions followed during the trip home. Like: How come the lady (court reporter), kept blowing on the 'big horn' but no sound came out? Why did the one prisoner have chains around his ankles? What's it like in jail? What do they sleep on? What do they eat? How come the man (court clerk), kept calling out names three times over the telephone, and then hung up before anyone could answer? Why did we have to put on our school clothes, but some of the rest weren't dressed up? Does long hair make a difference? What would have happened if we had talked? And so on. All questions my first-timer might ask. I did my best to answer each in a way they'd understand. However, it was Barry, age 11, who posed the real puzzler. He observed, in scanning the court docket at least a dozen times, that ten of the offenses involved alcohol or drinking beer, as he described it. My replies obviously didn't satisfy him, for he raised the subject again and again. Including the clincher: If drinking beer is all that bad, why do they advertise it? I asked: Yes, why do they? Maybe Dr. Spock may know. I don't, at least not an answer that makes any sense.

Recipe for tragedy

Take one reckless inconsiderate fool
A bottle of booze, any brand
A high powered car
Soak the fool in liquor
Place him in the car and let him drive.

After you hear the crash,
Remove him from the wreckage
Place him in a Satin lined box
And garnish with flowers.