



The Tribune

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Editorials

New board unknown quantity

When the dust settled in the recent elections for school board, it was apparent that, with 10 new faces, York County Board of Education would see some dramatic changes in the next two years.

There weren't really that many upsets. Only four incumbent trustees were defeated. Six of the 10 new members were elected to fill spots left by retirement of six trustees.

Spot checks one way fatalities cut

Statistics dealing with traffic deaths in York Region have certainly been impressive so far this year. The accident death toll has been cut in half over the same period in 1973.

One reason for this dramatic decrease in deaths has been the vigilance of York Regional Police and their spot-check program. This is being stepped up again for the Christmas season.

But spot checks do not prevent deaths. It is drivers, who realize their cars are deadly weapons, driving more carefully, being a little less impatient in traffic.

This Christmas drive carefully. Watch that you don't get behind the wheel, and become a killer. Drinking and driving don't mix. These are all clichés, but nonetheless true.

Take it easy so that this Christmas can be a merry one.

Test results are misleading

A certain fuss has been made about test results of students in York County Schools. The matter was brought up at a board of education meeting about a month ago and some of the criticism levelled at the schools was defended by board chairman, Merna Colbourne, in a letter to The Tribune.

The situation regarding whether or not

Recycling depot off to a good start

There has been a heartening response to Stouffville's attempt to establish a recycling depot. In the first morning it opened over 40 people came to deliver various kinds of material to be recycled.

Enough volunteers have signed up so that the depot will be able to operate two days a week. Each volunteer will only have to serve once a month, so many have come forward.

This shows that people are willing to go to some trouble to recycle bottles, papers and metal. The problem may be that the small garage on Market St. will not be big enough.

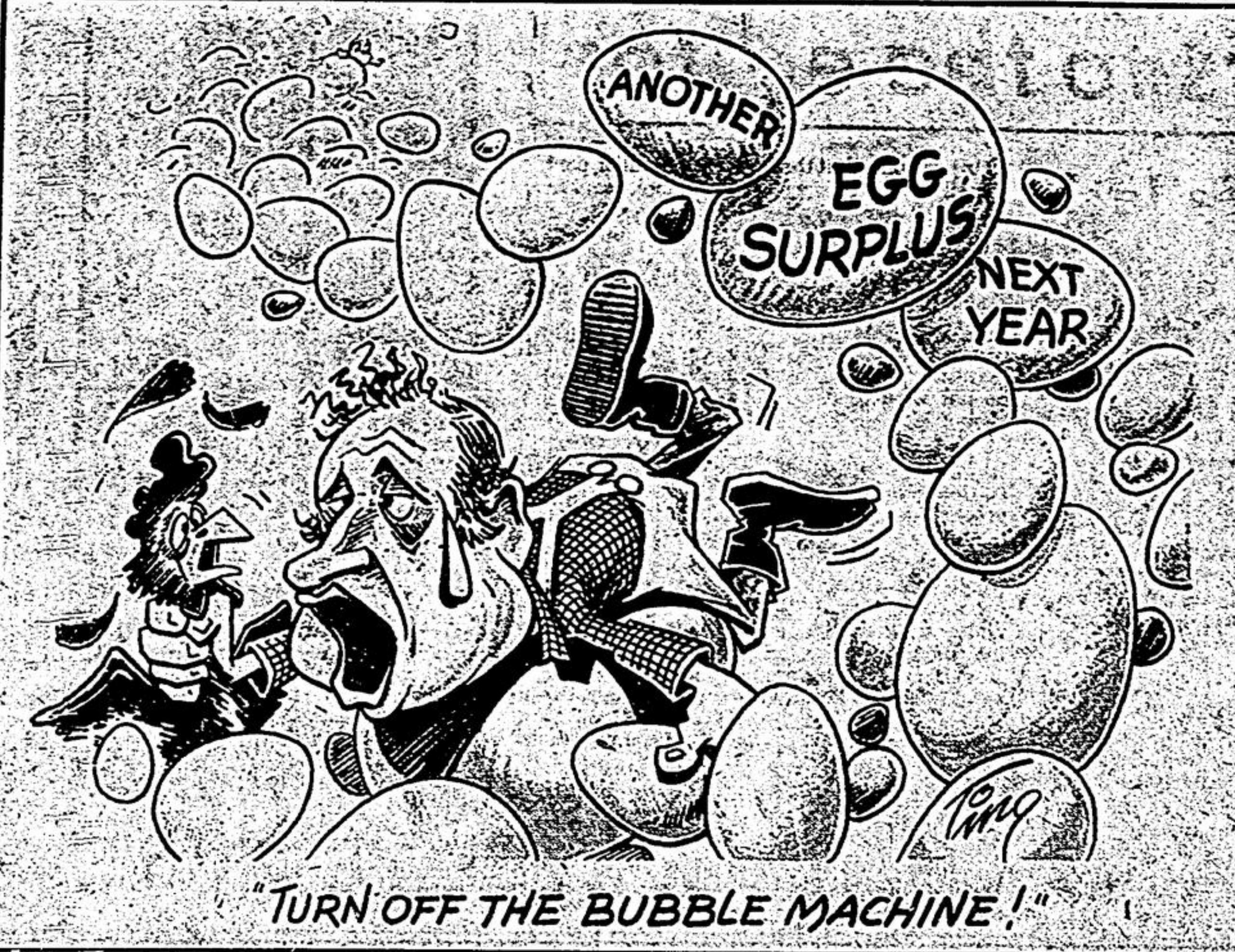
It appears that the depot is off to a good start. If it quickly outgrows the temporary quarters on Market St., a permanent home for the depot should be found.

It is an encouraging beginning.



These two cows are playfully romping, hopefully the owner of this corn field realizes what is happening. The cows must be keeping active on these cold winter days, and just

want to see what is on the other side of the fence. As with people, the animals will probably find that faraway pastures aren't really greener.



Bible thought for the Week

from The Living Bible

As Paul gathered an armful of sticks to lay on the fire, a poisonous snake, driven out by the heat, fastened itself onto his hand! The people of the island saw it hanging there and said to each other, "A murderer, no doubt!" Though he escaped the sea, justice will not permit him to live! But Paul shook off the snake into the fire and was unharmed. The people waited for him to begin swelling or suddenly fall dead; but when they had waited a long time and no harm came to him, they changed their minds and decided he was a god. Acts 28:3-6

SUGAR AND SPICE

Carriers are disappearing breed

By BILL SMILEY

In THE so-called good old days, a great many who are now middle-aged men were in the newspaper business. That is, they had a paper route and made a bit of spending money, even in the depression years.

I was closely associated with a paper route myself, although I didn't exactly have one. My kid brother did. I was sort of his business manager or financial adviser.

Every Saturday night, after he'd made his weekly collections, I would inveigle him into the bathroom, lock the door so nobody could hear, and give him some sound business advice.

I'd remind him that he was too fond of candy and pop and other tooth-rotting confections, that he had no willpower, and that he'd only squander his hard-earned fifty cents if he didn't invest at least part of it every week.

He didn't know much about investments and wanted to put some of his money into a piggy bank. I'd tell him severely that that was no way to make his money grow. He should give it to me and watch the interest pile up.

He'd bawl a bit, but then he'd come around after a bit of arm-twisting, and see the point. The point was that I was stronger than he was.

I'd always let him keep part of it, maybe twenty cents. I'd take the other thirty cents and invest it. I invested it in the Saturday night movie, a bottle of pop and a chocolate bar. It was a wise investment and paid good dividends. The many movies I thus enjoyed enriched my experience of the human condition, enlarged my vocabulary, and added to my personal pleasure in life.

It took him about two years to catch on to two of the best years of my life. There was, of course, a confrontation. He swore I had conned him out of at least sixty dollars. I scoffed at this and told him it was only about fourteen. But the little devil had been keeping his books.

VIEWPOINT

Planning is the name of the game

By DON BERNARD

It seems that we have entered a period that might be called the "Age of Planning", in which local councils spend most of their time involved in planning procedures of one kind or another. In fact it is almost the only thing that local councils have much say in anymore.

Last week, I dropped in to a planning committee meeting, and out of that, there grew some inescapable conclusions concerning future growth in the Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville. Things have changed as to who decides what will be built, and where, in the town.

To look at things in a clear way involves some analysis of just how much things have changed in the last four years. The pivotal points have been the introduction of regional government and the gradual intrusion of Queen's Park into local planning.

There was a time when people could sever off lots almost at will, without having to be worried about planning controls of any kind. In those days, no one seemed aware of the problems created by so-called "strip" development, and random development in rural areas.

During that time many lots were created, that have become burdens to those that own them. These include 10-acre lots that are so long and narrow, that the back half of the properties are virtually useless, and become a headache to maintain. The tax-load increases because they are taxed for the full 10 acres.

The institution of regional government has had two basic results. The first was to establish a level of government above the local level and provide more objective criteria for judging new development. The other affect

Last time I saw him, in Germany last spring, he informed me that was compound interest. I how owed him \$44,000 and if I didn't come up with it, he'd be interested in taking it out of my hide. I am still an inch taller than he, but he out-weights me by forty pounds.

So we compromised. I told him that if he paid all my expenses on my trip, I'd dig up the money somehow. He did. And thank goodness I haven't seen him since.

All this has been brought to mind by a recent development in the delivery of daily newspapers. It is just another sign of our affluent age, when even the kids have so much money they don't have to work.

For years, I've taken two daily newspapers, morning and evening. They take opposite political stands, and both are so warped that if I take a stand in the middle of their polarized point of view, I am right in the temperate zone, which I prefer.

At any rate, it seems that these titans of the press cannot, simply, can not secure young carrier girls or boys to peddle their papers.

The morning paper has simply given up. No delivery. The evening paper has hired independent agents "operating their own vehicles." This means guys who drive around in their own cars and hurl the paper out the car window in the general direction of your house.

In the good old days of about six weeks ago, I felt a little tingle of warmth when the door bell rang. "Ah, the paper boy," I would remark wittily. And it was. The boy, or sometimes a girl, was faithful and loyal, even in the roughest weather. I knew the country was going to hell in a hearse, but I felt that this was one hummock of decency and virtue in a morass of miseries.

Now I feel a very strong tingle, not of warmth, but of rage, at paper-delivery time. It is my custom when I arrive home after a

hard day on the assembly line at the pupin factory, to take off my jacket and my shoes, and take on a cold beer before proceeding to persue my paper.

This entire routine has been spoiled, not to say desecrated, by the new delivery method. I still go through the first parts of the procedure, but the beer tastes flat as I stew around, waiting for the paper. It arrives any time between four and seven. That means I have put back on my shoes and gone out in my shirt-sleeves in the winter wind to search around in the snow for my paper as many as four times.

This is not conducive to lowering a man's blood pressure. At least they put the thing in a plastic bag. But this is covered in three minutes when it's snowing, which it always seems to be when I go out to look for my paper.

To add insult to injury, I receive a letter from the circulation department of the big, fat, rich, lousy newspaper telling me that the price is going up and that "We feel this is a reasonable price to pay for dependable delivery to your driveway six days a week."

"Well, let me just say to the circulation manager that I don't want the paper delivered to my driveway, but to my house. My car can't read.

And let me add that the service is not dependable, in its present condition. And let me further add that if you can't do better than that, I will shortly tell you what you can do with your newspaper. Sideways.

This is a direct appeal to all parents. Please cut off your children's allowances so that at least some of them will be available to peddle papers in the old way. This is a cry from the heart. Civilization is sinking. Must this last vestige of normalcy go down with it?

they are long and narrow and could only be divided in the length.

Well the problem has arisen only recently. First of all, ratepayer awareness of the situation has increased and the number of estate residential proposals had escalated.

So what should be done? I feel that we will see a greater division between urban and rural in Whitchurch-Stouffville in the next 10 years. The hamlets will grow substantially and the former village of Stouffville will perhaps double its population in that time.

But very few houses on small acreages will be built in rural areas. The ratepayer opposition has been too persistent and seems to pop-up wherever a new development is proposed. Council has made it clear that the wishes of neighboring ratepayers will be a major factor in whether estate residential proposals are given the go-ahead.

This to me spells the end for someone wanting a piece of land in the country. New 10 acre lots will soon be impossible to obtain, and will turn out to be costly to own as market-value assessment raises the valuation of the land and subsequently taxes to be paid.

Things look grim for the people on these lots. New development will be in such places as Ballantrae, Vandorf, etc., where two or three acre lots are acceptable. Large development will be restricted to Stouffville, which has the services available for them.

Yes planning is the key now. But with public input, the face of Whitchurch-Stouffville will change in the next five or 10 years, but in the process stretches of rural landscape will remain unchanged, and farms will not so quickly be taken up with housing.

To our way of thinking this is sensible, and in the long run, could be beneficial to all.