



The Tribune

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CHARLES H. NOLAN, Publisher



BARRÉ BEACOCK, Advertising Manager

DON BERNARD, Editor

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Editorials

Plan revisions needed now

An official plan is a rather high sounding document, but its function is relatively simple in theory. It is a general plan of development and states in a general way what goes where in a given municipality. It is broad look at what sorts of development council wants.

The lifetime of an official plan is generally five years. By the end of that time, so the theory goes, conditions and priorities have changed so as to make official plan revisions necessary.

The former Township of Whitchurch had such an official plan, which was approved in 1967, setting out certain areas of industrial and residential development. It is worth noting that the official plan designates certain things, but a zoning bylaw is needed to define the designations more fully. An official plan may also be amended, but the process is usually complicated.

Recently, Gormley, Whitchurch Realtors, brought forward a proposal to put an industrial subdivision at the corner of the Gormley Rd. and Don Mills.

The land is zoned rural, but with changing patterns of development, the area around that corner has become a good spot for light industrial development of some kind. But the present council is in a bind to do anything about that. It cannot create new industrial lots when there are quite a few already designated in other areas of the town. Many of those lots have been proven to be unsuitable for industrial development.

Lots in Cedar Valley have been rejected by the Ontario Municipal Board and certain land in Ballantrae, which has drawn opposition from local residents. Thus they appear on the official plan but will likely not be developed.

Meanwhile property on Don Mills remains vacant, growing only weeds.

But there are other problems with the official plan. For instance, private clubs are a permitted use in the agricultural designation, under the definitions set down in the plan. The definition of a private club is so general that it manages to permit such things as trailer parks and pay-for-membership clubs.

Two requests recently for private clubs show that council has no control over the development because most of these are zoned agricultural. As far as the zoning goes, these clubs are perfectly alright.

Well this is 1975 and still no sign of the revised and combined official plan. At present, parts of three official plans are being enforced. A consolidated plan for the town of Whitchurch-Stouffville appears to be as far off as ever. Why is that?

The reason lies with the York Region department which forms part of the Planning section. Called the Area Services Branch, it was created to provide planning services for those municipalities in York Region who could not afford their own planners.

Whitchurch-Stouffville uses the service. Unfortunately, the Area Services Branch has been swamped with work and is grossly understaffed. The new official plan for this area is moving very slowly.

The Tribune feels that a new official plan is essential if council is to be able to plan properly for the future. To that end, the town should hire its own planner or at least a planning consultant to carry out this work.

At least the town will have control over the work being done. The official plan will not have to take its turn amongst a number of equally important projects at the region. The council has the responsibility to get on with the official plan consolidation, and hiring their own planner would certainly speed things up.

Council split on salaries

Whitchurch-Stouffville Council has run into a split about salary raises for members of council. It seems to be the boys against the girls. At the moment nothing has been decided and salaries remain at \$4,200 per year.

The women are suggesting that the increase be \$900. That comes out to just over 21 per cent. The previous proposed raise of \$400 is just under 10 per cent.

The reason the women give for wanting the higher rate has to do with workload. They feel they work long hours and attend many meetings in a year and deserve more money for the work they do. They feel the workload has increased significantly in the last four

years, and that should be reflected in the salaries of councillors.

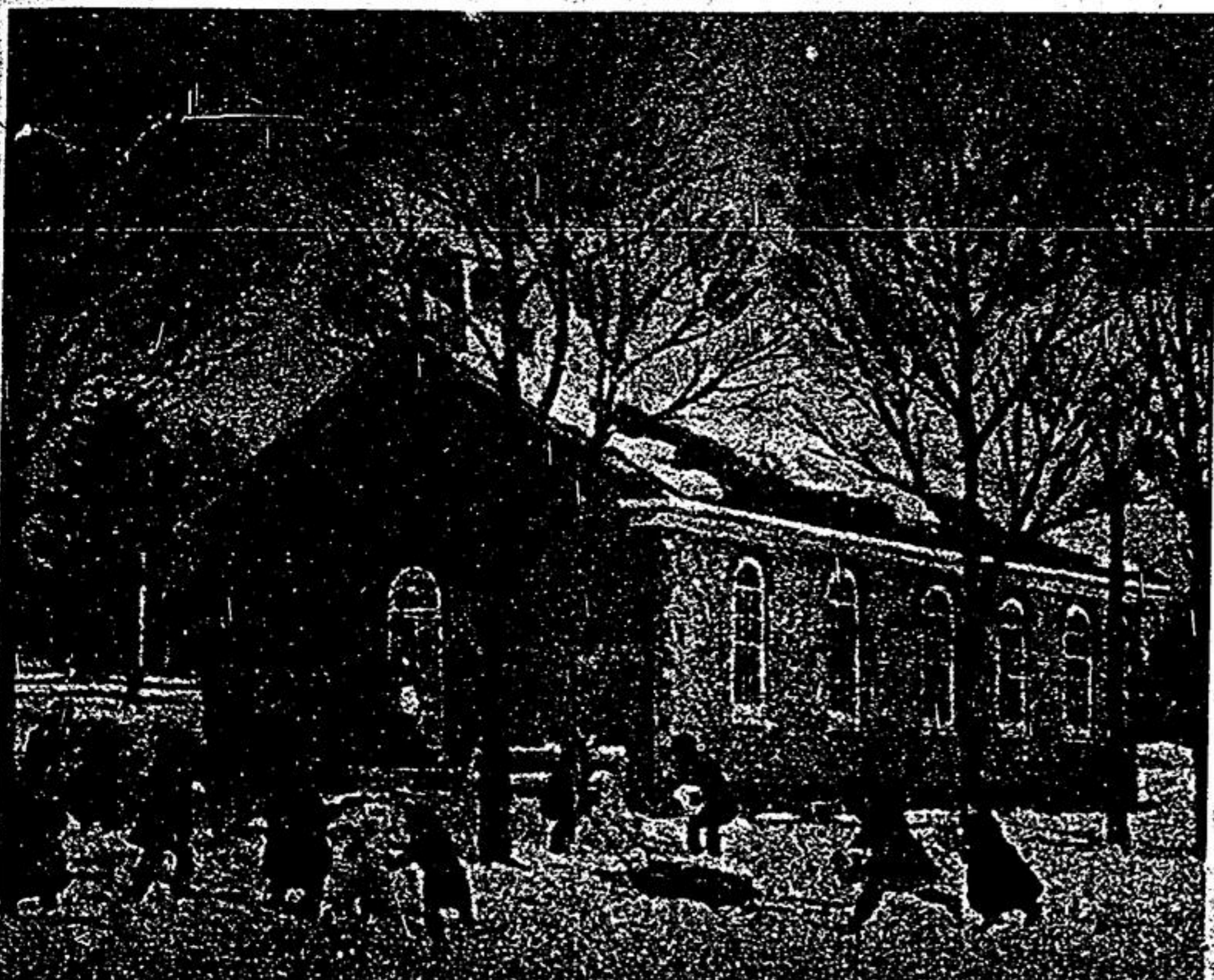
The Tribune realizes that political office requires some sacrifice, but feels that there should be adequate remuneration to attract good people. The fair thing would be to find out what councillors in municipalities with a population comparable to Whitchurch-Stouffville are paid.

That way, it would be easier to decide if Whitchurch-Stouffville is out of line. Population, not workload is the usual means of judging council salaries. A study of other areas would then provide a basis for granting an increase. It seems to us a fair and equitable way of doing it.

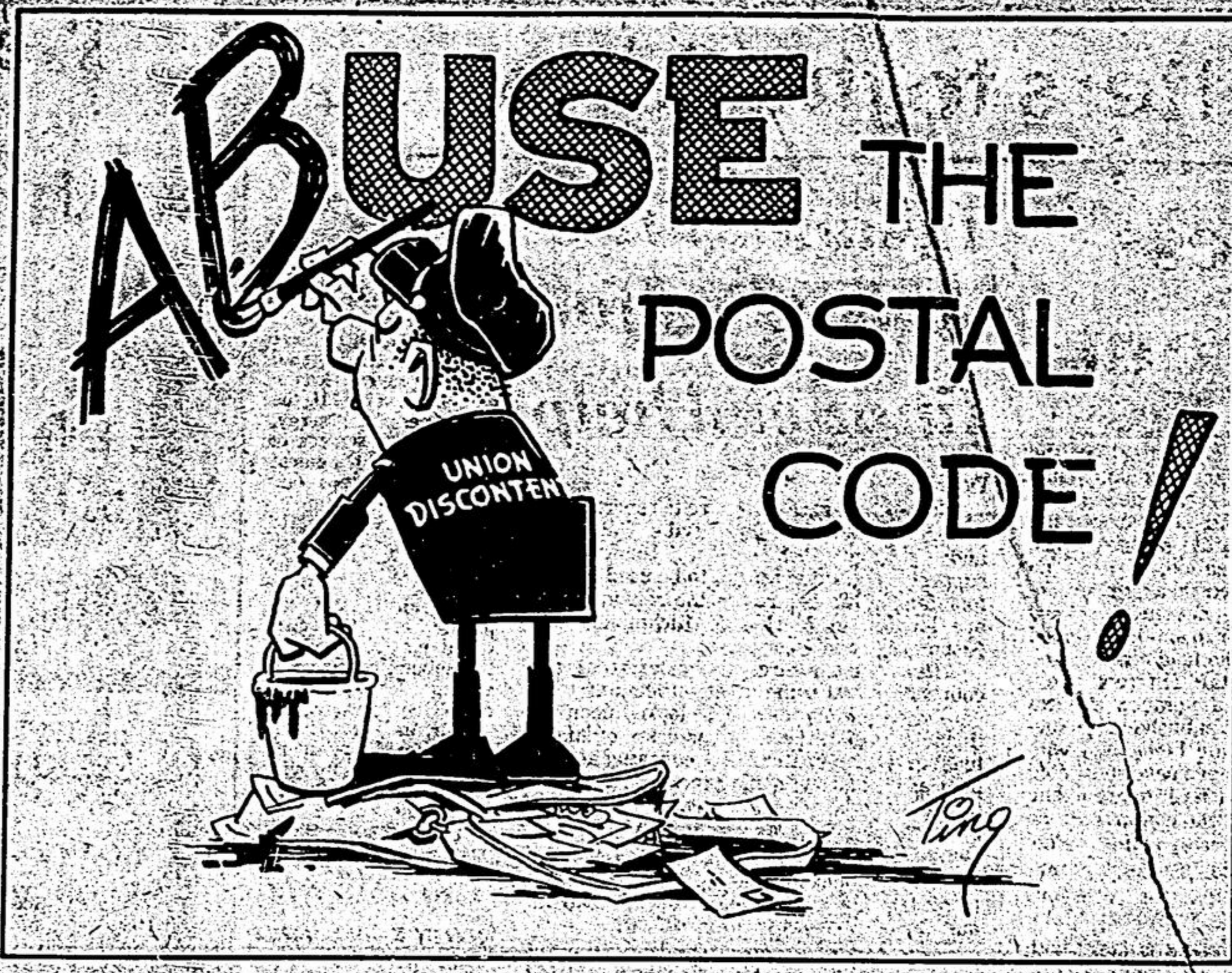
accept the findings, and will pay for the cost of the study.

This is at least a step in the right direction. While it may not be desirable having an airport on one's doorstep, steps should be taken to insure that its adverse affects are minimized.

This also means that the MOT is willing to consider the notion that Stouffville is a "quiet" town and that aircraft noise would be a greater intrusion here than in some other areas. At any rate, the discussion process has started and that is encouraging.



This painting of the old schoolhouse in Brougham done in 1890 is one of the many historical artifacts on display at the Pickering Museum in Brougham. It opens to the public in May. This year new developments will include committees to organize different areas of interest, such as arts and crafts, outdoor theatre, machinery, publicity, square dancing, horticulture, a History in Action Day, old books and records.



Thirty years ago this week

Excerpts from The Tribune from March 15, 1945.

Berlin better. Butter in Berlin is \$50 a pound but we bet no such fancy price will be paid for it by the Russians when they reach the Capital.

Drunken girl. We witnessed a girl not a day over 20 years but as drunk as an old buzzard on the street in Toronto last week. She was being helped along by a youthful sailor and another young man. Something we often read about, but it is more impressive to see such an exhibition really enacted.

Absent friends. Send the Tribune to absent friends. Extra copy mailed 5 cents.

Township borrowing. Interest rate for township borrowing has been reduced to four per cent from 4 1/2 per cent.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Bill turquoise with envy

By BILL SMILEY

Every year about this time, I turn a deep green, almost a turquoise shade, with pure, unadulterated envy.

This is brought about by that fairly new occasion in school life known as "Winter Break." It is a week's holiday during March, in which the poor, grounddown students, near a state of total exhaustion from not doing their homework, skipping school, and sleeping at their desks, have a chance to recharge their batteries for the terrible, gruelling term ahead, during which they will be worn to a frazzle from not doing their homework, skipping even more school because the weather is better, and falling in love because it's spring.

It's not that I have anything against winter break as such, or holidays in general. Far from it. If I had my way, we'd also have a fall break and a spring break and school four days a week the rest of the time.

My envy is churned up by the seemingly limitless opportunities the rotten kids have these days to see the world, something I have desired fiercely since I was about four, and have never been able to fulfill.

You should hear the young blighters in the classrooms and the corridors.

"Hi, Liz. Where y' going, winnerbrake? We're go'na Greece."

"Hey, great. We're there lasyear. Snot bad. Lotta statuesstuff. We got inna the wine. Terry puked all overtha teach."

"Hey, great. But wearya goin' this year. Yer nawgunna jis' stay homen get mouldy, arya?"



Salesman stalks his victim

By JOHN MONTGOMERY

For the past three weeks I have been stalked by a cold, calculating life insurance salesman.

It all began when I received a phone call which completely shattered the calm and quiet of my life.

The call was from my young brother-in-law. He sounded worried and upset.

"You sound worried and upset," I commented and I inquired as to what the problem was. He hemmed and hawed for a while but eventually he came out with it. He had given my phone number to an insurance salesman.

"You what?" I shrieked. I could feel the hair on the nape of my neck beginning to rise and the blood draining out of my face.

"I couldn't help it," he moaned. "I didn't want to tell him but I just couldn't take it anymore. It was horrible," he sobbed.

"Oh that's alright. I don't mind, you yellow, spineless little sniveller," I screamed into the phone and slammed the receiver down, effectively reducing the hearing in my brother-in-law's right ear by about 40 per cent.

For about a week nothing happened. I just went along as usual except I no longer answered to knocks on my door and when answering the telephone I adopted a thick foreign accent and if I didn't recognize the voice of the caller I said "Sorry no spicka da English" and hung up.

Unfortunately after about a week I was lulled into a false sense of security and I unsuspectingly answered the phone one night without disguising my voice.

I informed him I already have a group policy through work and consequently I was not interested but he said he enjoyed counselling young couples on financial planning and I was certainly under no obligation to buy anything.

Somehow he manoeuvred me into a position where I couldn't refuse without being downright rude. I should have been rude.

"Hello. I'm gonna Spain. Sounds great. Bullfighters and flamencos. Hey, whatsa flamenco? Trouble is, we got ole Droopy Drawers and wife for chaperones and he allus wants goda museums an all that."

"Yeah, tough. Oh well, he'll be dead by ten o'clock anya can sneak outa the hotel and hit the vino joints ana bullfighters anal."

"Ya. Rideon. Hay, javnee trouble geddin bread for your trip?"

"Na. Worked three weeks last summer an saved twenny bucks, before they fired me. Tole the oleman iddis discrimination caws Ise bedder lookin than the head waitress. He bleeved me. Then I tole im Ise gonna goda Manpower an geddanother job. He bleeved me. Tole Manpower I wannad a job as a go-girl. They didden havnee. So he put up the other four humert. He allus wannada travel himself, poor ole slob. He never even godda cross the border."

"Ya. Minesa same. He's allus tokkin bout South Sea Islands anthat. Antha Depression. Antha war. Drag. Putt him on a south sea island with a coconut in one hand, a broad in the other, ana lagoon in front ofim, an he wooden know what to take a bite outa. Kinda sad. Hey, where's Timmythem goin."

"Oh, they're gonna Russia. Good deal. They goddan extra week offa school. Swurth the extra hundred bucks."

Now, gentle reader, it's not as though our students actually talk like that. It's just that they sound as though they talk like that.

And I guess you can see that the foregoing conversation reflects quite vividly my bitter envy of these young punks who take off for Moscow and London and Rome, with about as

much awe as we used to have if we were going to spend a Saturday night in the nearest big town.

Aside from those who are flying to faraway, exotic places that you and I have only dreamed of, there are the others. Ask them what they're doing during winter break.

Jim: "Oh, I'm jis gonna smash aroun in the snowmobile a liddel an maybe hit the pubs a few nights." The snowmobile cost more than his father had saved in eight years for the first mortgage on his house.

Jeff: "Well, a few of us are gonna Colorado to ski. Snot bad. Jist three humertanady bucks for a week." This is just twice what his father earned a month when Jeff was born.

So, mixed with my envy is a good solid streak of rage. Rage that I was born at the wrong time, in the wrong place, in the wrong economic climate.

It took me 21 years, and a lot of hard, cheap labor, and the risking of my life many times, to get out of this country and see some of the great cities of the world, only to find them bleak and blacked out.

I've been busting my butt ever since, raising a family and paying off mortgages, too busy and too broke to travel.

And yet... and yet... I feel almost sorry for these kids. It's all too easy. None of them can ever have the heart-thudding thrill I had when I first rolled into one of the great stations of London, England.

And none of them can ever have the heart-thudding thrill I had as I rolled out of one of the great Berlin stations, the bombs falling happily behind me.

Well, he kept talking, and within a few minutes he had snuck his book open again and was furiously trying to fill out an application. I told him no.

He chose to interpret this as an insinuation I was calling him a crook and he launched into a spiel about what a reputable company he worked for. I said I had no doubt about that but I didn't intend on committing myself for 40 years without thinking about it for a while.

He eyed my hand speculatively as if he was considering grabbing it, thrusting a pen in it and dragging it along that dotted line. I put my hands in my pocket and he closed the book again.

He gave it one last try: "You sign now," he said, "and you've got five weeks to change your mind, and he added in an undertone "and I'll write up any other kind of policy you want."

One reason I was adverse to buying was because, with the number of people around who aren't too fond of me, I don't feel very safe being worth more dead than alive.

Finally he left and said he would phone in a few days. He seemed totally depressed and I was afraid I might have driven him to the brink of suicide. Surprisingly enough he never phoned back. It could be because I forgot to inform him of my new unlisted number. I've also been very slow about answering the door lately.

I keep having these recurring nightmares lately though. In one I wake up in my bed in the middle of the night and the lock of my front door has been slipped. I turn on the light and there, sitting in a chair beside my bed, he sits, perched like a buzzard with that horrible application book open. He holds it up triumphantly and I see my name is already on it. He begins to laugh demoniacally and I wake up screaming.

In the other I get into my car and start driving when suddenly he rises up off the floor in back where he has been lying in wait and says, "Well I can see you're not interested in that other policy but I've got one here, that's just perfect for you."