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## Editorials

### Future of Dickson's Hill

What will happen to Dickson's Hill? That is not a burning question for most people, but those people who live in that community have a right to know that. Many of the homes, are new ones, custom built by the

owners. They are "dream houses" for at least three families.

Yet this relatively quiet backwater community will be very much affected by jet noise when the runway for the Pickering airport is operational. In fact, according to Ministry of Transport officials, the aircraft will be at a height of 1,100 when landing and between 2 and 3,000 feet when taking off.

Noise in that area will be very high. There will not be a time when the area will not be noisy because the airport will have only one runway. Aircraft will be either taking off or landing over Dickson's Hill constantly.

One should not blame for moving there. Most moved there before the airport announced. Imagine buying a lot in a rural area and finding that an airport is to be built close by.

But what of the future. Residents there have sent a telegram to Minister of Transport Jean Marchand asking that they be given protection under the expropriation act. That might be a very good thing, but we feel that few people will wish to stay when the jets start landing at 1,100. You can insulate your house, but not your backyard.

If the airport means progress, then it would appear that it is at the expense of a few people. That is not a reason in itself for cancelling the airport, but it must leave people a little sad to see the relative quiet of a community intruded upon.

### New school is the real answer

The York County Board of Education has again failed to approve expenditures to renovate Summitview Public School. The total cost of the work would be \$400,000.

But it is feasible to renovate an old school, when in a few years a new school will be needed in Stouffville's east end?

We think not. Putting up with inadequacies at Summitview is not pleasant, but a far better and more practical solution would be to wait and build a new school.

With subdivisions going in south of Main St. and further development predicted for north of town, the logical thing would be to spend minimal amounts on Summitview and build a brand new school.

It may not be the best of all possible words, but it appears to be the only practical solution.

### Easter Wish

May God's blessing rest upon you  
 On this happy Easter Day,  
 May His loving arms protect you  
 As you go upon your way,  
 May His sunlight shine upon you,  
 May He fill your heart with song,  
 May you always lean upon Him  
 One whose heart and arms are strong

May you walk with surer footsteps  
 On the path that lies ahead,  
 May you see with clearer vision,  
 Journeying where you are led,  
 May you feel a little closer  
 To the Lord of love and peace,  
 May your heart sing out with gladness  
 And your glad song never cease.

Evelyn Milsted

### Non-returnables should be banned

With all the talk of recycling and protecting the environment we find it hard to understand the provincial government's reluctance to ban non-returnable bottles.

There is no doubt that if a person must pay a deposit on a bottle, he is more likely to keep it and return it. This can be assured by banning non-returnable bottles and raising the deposit on returnable ones.

The reluctance of the government to do this, raises some doubt about the determination to protect our environment. There is no real reason for putting it off.

It's up to Environment Minister Bill Newman to lead the way.

### Dump confrontation looms

The date is fast approaching when the Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville and York Sanitation will have the ultimate confrontation. The conflict, of course, is over the closing of the York Sanitation dump on Highway 48.

A town bylaw, passed last fall, calls for the dump to be closed by April 1, 1975. That's next Tuesday. The trouble will come after that date, we suppose.

From all indications, the company will continue to operate after the closing date, leaving the town to get a court injunction to close the operation. From that will grow a long involved court case surrounding the dump's legality.

The history of the conflict is worth repeating. Last year, it became apparent that the company was going to expand its dumping

at the site, known as the Bremner dump. This was set at a certain level by the Ministry of the Environment. The company wants to increase the dumping from a present allowable level of 300 tons per day to 800 tons.

To that end the Environmental Hearing Board has held hearings on the request for an increase. Unfortunately, the board's hearings will drag on past the April 1 deadline.

That means that a decision on the increase is being considered at the same time, the council bylaw orders the dump operation closed. The problem seems to get more and more complicated.

The bright spot is the determination on the part of council to have the dump closed. In that respect, the council has been uncharacteristically strong.

As for the court case, only time will tell.



While spring is officially here on the calendar, winter seems to be reluctant to loosen its grip as this partially frozen stream shows.



### SUGAR AND SPICE

## Breathless wonder takes to skiing

By BILL SMILEY

This may seem an odd time of year for it, but I'm being torn between two old adages. This is better than being torn between two old harridans, but not much.

At my age, of course, the chances of being torn between two young harridans is rather slight.

As a matter of fact, there hasn't even been much of a line-up of old harridans lately, so I guess I'll have to settle for those two old adages.

One of them goes thus: "There's no fool like an old fool." As adages go, it fills the bill. It is short, blunt, and, if you happen to be an old fool, brutal! I don't like that one much.

The other one says: "There's many a good tune played on an old fiddle." This is also short and to the point. It is usually delivered with a wink and leer by some old fool of either sex, speaking of which, that is what it usually refers to. I like that one better than the first, though I am not given to leering or winking. Not for years.

Anyway, to get to the heart of the matter, I've taken up cross-country skiing and those ancient adages ride with me, one on each ski. They are heavy, as well as old.

When I state that I have taken up cross-country skiing, I must confess that it is not a reciprocal deal. I have taken it up only once, and it has taken me down more times than I care to contemplate.

But that's beside the point. Cross-country skiing is not for everybody, though you'd never know it on a Sunday afternoon.

No, it's really a sport for us romantics, the few of us left who are loners, who have a fierce, overwhelming urge to put our muscles and will against a fierce and alien Nature.

Even before I strapped on the skis, I knew I would love it. Pictures rolled through my mind like a film, with me in the major role. Gliding, swift and silent, along a lonely winter trail. Slipping through the stilly woods like a wraith. Stopping on a peak for a belt of brandy and a munch of bread and cheese, before plunging, eager-eyed, into the terrible, hurtling danger below.

It's a tough world for us romantics. For some reason, the picture seldom lives up to the advance notices.

I didn't exactly glide, not at first. I sort of

shuffled, rather like an old man with a double case of gout. Nor was the trail really lonely. Not if you count dogs, little children, and old ladies who came up from behind, shouting, "Track!" and went by me as though I were standing still. Which I was, a good deal of the time.

Stopping on a peak for a bracing, solitary brandy is also a little difficult, when the only peak for miles around is about eight feet high, and is already populated by eleveny-seven of your friends, every last one of whom loves brandy, but doesn't have any with him.

Not to mention those woods. It's hard to keep them stilly, when every time you get anywhere near a tree, everyone in sight shouts, "Timber-r-r-r!"

I have taken up other sports, like golf and curling, and have learned that unless he is extremely vigilant, the beginner may develop some bad habits which are hard to shake.

I was determined that this would not happen with skiing. On my very first time out, I thought I was developing a bad habit. My left ski seemed to want to veer to the left, and my right ski to the right. This seems logical enough, but it was not conducive to skimming along the trail, especially when the skis took turns falling off the boots.

Quickly, I checked the harness. Sure enough, the chap from whom I'd bought the outfit had put it on cockeyed. My toes fitted into it, but my heels didn't even touch the skis. They were dragging in the snow. Right there, I decided to raise Cain with the installer.

Fortunately, a friend came along. When he noticed that my skis seemed to want to go in opposite directions, he suggested that I had them on the wrong feet. This was patently ridiculous. A ski is a ski and a foot is a foot. But he persevered. Sure enough, the ski I'd had on my right foot was marked with a large L, for Left, and vice versa.

### ALONG MAIN STREET

## Egg-economy and the layman

BY SHEILA MCLEOD

Now I can put an end to all the wild speculation over that bright yellow "what's it" in front of Stouffville's post office.

With Easter on the doorstep, it seems an appropriate time to disclose that it is, in fact, a giant surrealist egg-yoke erected to honor the achievements of the Egg Marketing Board.

Personally, I'm delighted the Board has gained monumental recognition at last. In my books, any outfit that can accumulate eggs by the million is sheer genius.

I once tried to coax an egg a day from half-a-dozen hens so I know the frustrations.

That was back when I was still a raw ruralite newly settled in Stouffville territory. This move to the country eclipsed city years when eggs came sensibly ready-laid in cartons and the only Rhode Island Reds around were political activists from the States who lived on the next block. The move precipitated my husband's vision of a family living-off-the-land; busy little hens scratching at the good earth and new-laid eggs for the home table. Somewhere in the vision, it seems, was a wife serenely tending the flock.

Anyway, 14 pullets were deftly deposited under my novice wing. With them came a Ministry of Agriculture instruction book (now entitled, I believe, "All you wanted to know about eggs but never dared ask Eugene Whalen"). Primed on this, I clucked over my flock like Francis of Assisi, scattering blizzards of grain with stern injunctions to lay.

Four birds, through misinterpretation perhaps, lay dead within a month.

One by one, another four, soon declared themselves unfit for active egg work. (Odd how the loud cock-a-doodles of young roosters, their crops crammed with four-dollar-a-bag laying-mash, can sound like laughter in the still morning air.) Of these, only Barbara (named before the sex revelation) was retained. He was expected to promote hap-

piness and harmony in the hen-house. Instead he became the scourge of the coop, harrassing hens and hen-keeper alike.

We detested each other. I rarely appeared on the scene unless armed with a handy hockey stick for Barbara could screech to the attack like Dave Schultz newly released from a ten minute major. Under these conditions, I became a rugged performer, tenaciously high-sticking, spearing, slashing with my stick-hand while delicately groping for eggs with the other.

Barbara kept his harem of six in a continual flutter of fear and, for their serenity as well as my own, I eventually arranged to have the tyrant "done in". I'm not vindictive, but I smacked my lips unashamedly over the ensuing chicken dinner and savoured the true succulence of liberation.

But not even Barbara could spoil the joy of discovering that first new-laid egg snuggled in straw, small, warm and brown, it was more wondrous than the golden egg of myth.

Relatively speaking, the golden egg might have been cheaper to produce. My frail prototype cost about forty dollars, what with expenditures for facilities, flock and feed along the way.

Somehow, throughout our long association in the hen-house, my flock and I never did grasp the basics of "egg-economy" set out by the Ministry. The birds functioned on a quantity, intake-limited, output, rota; that seldom tabled their scant yield at less than a dollar-a-dozen.

The eggs, however, were memorable: the big, brown beautiful kind that surreptitiously slipped from our supermarkets with fifty-cent butter. In gratitude, I fed my "layers" well into their unproductive and voracious old age.

Decrepit and grossly over-stuffed, they were eventually dispatched to that final "roosting place" in the great coop out yonder.

No doubt the keeper had to give them a leg up.

### Thirty years ago this week

Excerpts from The Tribune from March 29, 1945

#### Airport Predicted

One advantage of air travel, we imagine, is that one will not continually be embarrassed by hitch-hickers. While we are on the subject, we may report that we heard a prominent resident of the town declare that the day is not far away when Stouffville will have to have a landing field, as every live town will have. Right now that would be easier to provide than houses for the many people who week to week seek to locate in Stouffville.

#### Pool hall charges

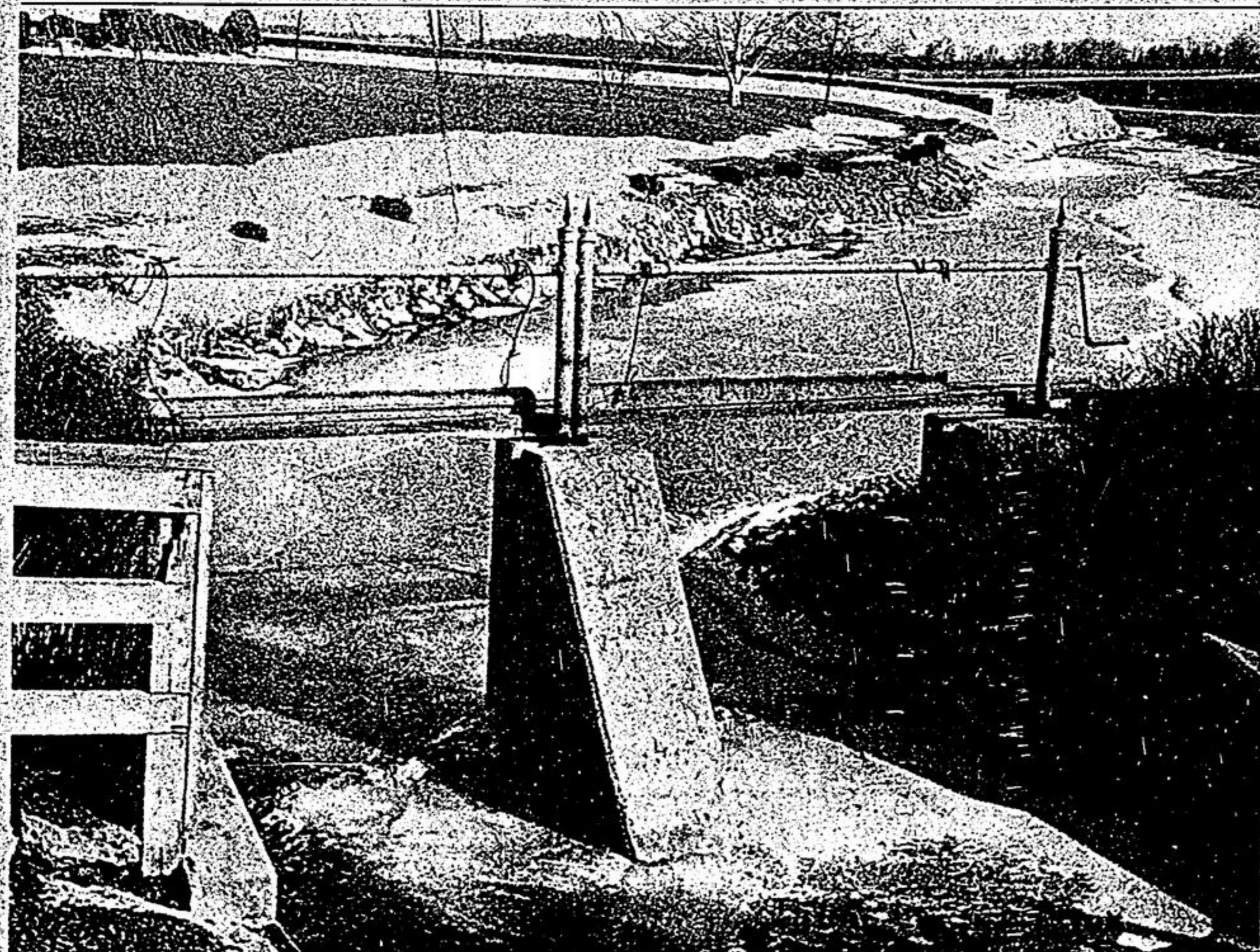
Pleading guilty to allowing boys in the pool room at Stouffville under 18 years, the proprietor was assessed \$2 and costs in police court on Monday. The charge was laid by Constable Rusnell, who had letters from parents protesting their boys being in the pool room.

### Bible thought for the week

FROM THE LIVING BIBLE

If you believe that Jesus is the Christ — that he is God's Son and your Saviour — then you are a child of God. And all who love the Father love his children too. So you can find out how much you love God's children — your brothers and sisters in the Lord — by how much you love and obey God. Loving God means doing what he tells us to do, and really, that isn't hard at all; for every child of God can obey him, defeating sin by trusting Christ to help him. But who could say fight and win this battle except by believing that Jesus is truly the Son of God?

John 5:1-5



This small dam at the Rodanz property on Stouffville Rd. west of Ringwood allows the large pond to be drained each year during the winter months. In the summer the dam contains the water providing a large pond, that complements the house which sits behind it on the property. The house, pond and 100 acres have been sold. The land will form part of the golf course being constructed on Dadson Farms.