

The Tribune
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Editorials

Unexpected backlash

Leaders of Ontario teachers who have moved to "gang-up" on Conservative candidates in the next provincial election by providing an election fund, may find they have stirred up a backlash from the general public they hadn't counted on.

While the citizenry may not be totally charmed by the present government, they nevertheless do not take kindly to pressure groups who make no bones about trying to manipulate an election in their own interests.

The public has already had it up to the ears with strikes and soaring wage demands,

and if this group believes that John Public is going to take kindly to pressure tactics to elect only candidates who will give in to their every whim, we think they're barking up the wrong tree.

The popularity of such groups, and the teachers are not alone, is not very high at the moment, and this latest blatant pressure tactic will not enhance their position.

The public in general, we believe, is looking much more kindly on government members who will display the fortitude to say, "enough."

Long struggle expected

It is clear that the struggle to close the York Sanitation dump will go on for some time. The protagonists will likely fight it out in court.

ment agency established to protect our environment would stand back and let the courts do the work that should be done by the ministry.

But it is curious to us that the Ministry of the Environment has stood back and washed its hands of the problem. After all, there is a local bylaw banning all dumping in Whitchurch-Stouffville.

This is, unfortunately, the problem which has plagued the ministry of Environment from the beginning. There seems to be a reluctance to take decisive action.

Well-deserved tribute given

Members of Whitchurch-Stouffville Council honored the town's millionaire philanthropist, Arthur Latham Monday with a dinner party.

The ministry feels that no action should be taken on the dump until the Environmental Hearing Board completes its investigation. Those hearings reconvene later this month and could easily drag on for months to come. Meanwhile the dump remains open in violation of the local bylaw.

It was Mr. Latham's 30th birthday Tuesday and The Tribune joins the many people in the area, who appreciate the work he has done in the community, in wishing him a very happy birthday.

We feel that the ministry should close the dump until the results of the hearings are known. That way, if there is a real serious threat to Stouffville's water supply, the problem will not be compounded by allowing the dumping to continue.

Compensation necessary

People who live in the noiseland area of the Pickering airport should receive compensation. There is no doubt about that. The form that compensation should take is another question.

The ministry in this regard has failed to protect the interests of the people of Whitchurch-Stouffville. It will take a costly legal battle, paid for by the residents of the town, to stop the dump, when the Ministry of Environment should be fighting the battle for us.

One solution would be to establish certain expropriation procedures, allowing people to sell their homes to the government or hold them until the airport is built and then sell if they wish. It appears to be the fair thing to do. Urban Affairs Minister Barney Danson said last week he will bring the proposal to the cabinet.

There is also the matter of a noise study to be conducted in Stouffville and surrounding territories. Andrew S. Harris, noise expert earlier employed by the town, will undertake to study the ambient noise levels in Stouffville.

But there are certain questions that remain unanswered. What happens to people who live in the noiseland of the second runway (which may or may not be built, depending on which federal civil servant one talks to)? If the other runway is not built, those people have no worry, but if it is built they remain in a very vulnerable position. What happens to them until a decision is made.

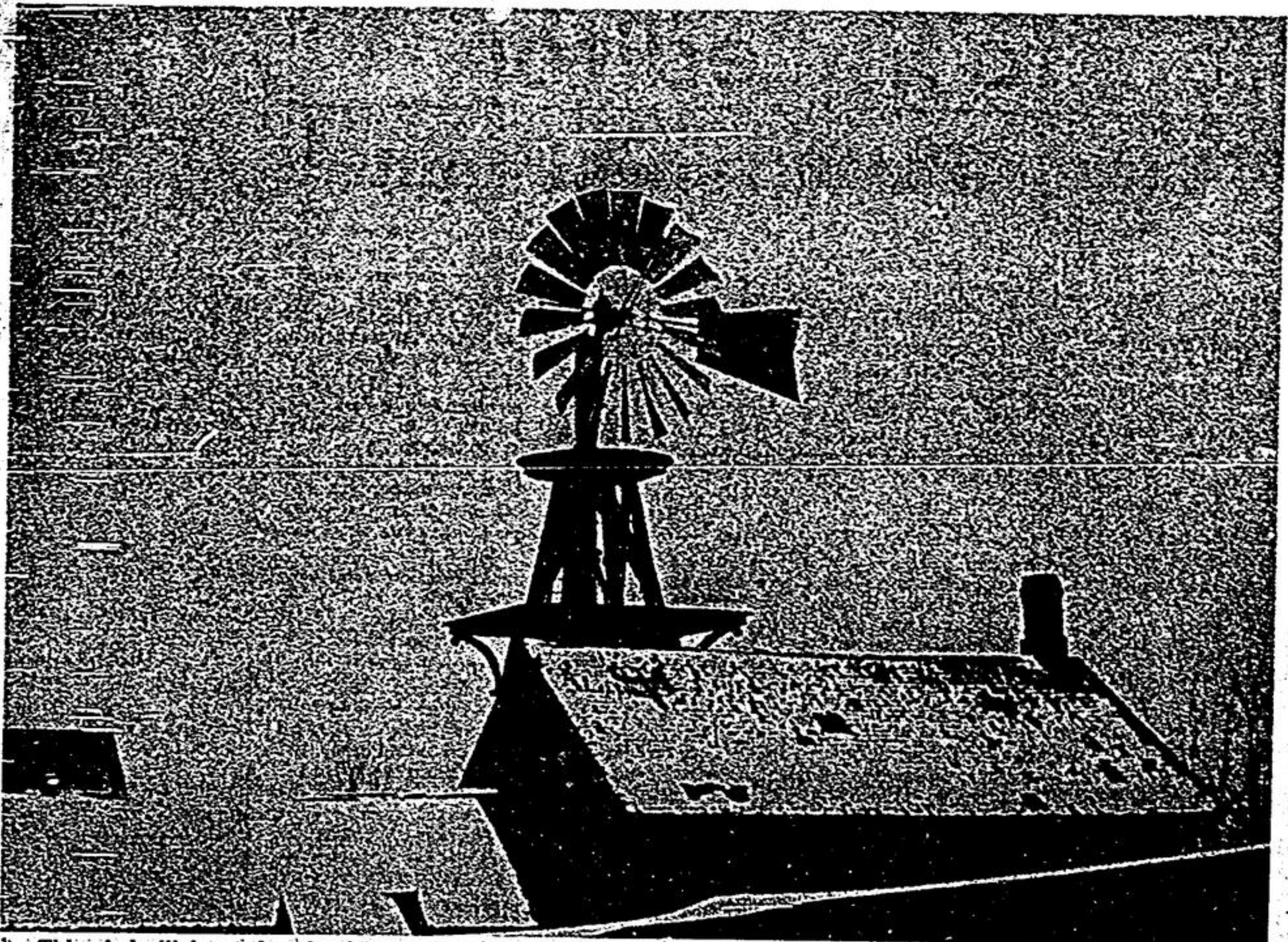
That means the background noise in the town. It will determine whether Stouffville is a quiet town or not. But the outcome of the study will have no effect on whether the airport is built.



Last week's storm seemed anything but a light spring blow and it seemed that winter roared back with a vengeance. Some beautiful aspects of winter are shown by the arrangement of icicles on the front of

Mr. Harris might say that Stouffville is a quiet town. However, that conclusion will have no bearing on the decision to build the airport. People who already live in town know how quiet it is. A study will only produce numbers, maps and charts to prove what everybody in town already knows.

Such a study may demonstrate the government's concern for the people of Stouffville in a superficial way, but will do nothing to change the fact that this area will be intruded upon. All the studies in the world won't change that.



This windmill, located on the site of the Malvern project in Scarborough, has been donated to the Pickering Museum in Brougham. The workshop it powers will also be given.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Winter's end brings jubilation

By BILL SMILEY

Around here, it's one of those grand end-of-March days, with sun pouring down, the air positively balmy (about 40 degrees), the defeated snow slinging grimly to the shadowed corners, and that lovely smell of rotten earth that precludes spring.

If it were fall, of course, and the temperature were the same, we'd be saying: "By George! Nippy enough, ain't it. Looks like winter's not far off."

But at this time of year, the weather is more a state of mind than a matter of temperature, and all across the land Canadians go slightly hysterical with the jubilant certainty that once more they have made it through that masochist's delight — a Canadian winter.

With the first relaxing of those icy tentacles, we go a bit haywire. Rubbers are kicked into a corner. Sweaters and scarves are hurled into closets. Babies are plunged into prams. And we all come down with a spring cold that is only slightly worse than the vicious one we nursed all winter.

Typical example: This morning was garbage day. Just because the sun was shining and it wasn't snowing, I nipped out in my pajamas and slippers to deposit the plastic bags.

It was a trifle nippy, but the sun was shining and there was that ineluctable essence in the air. I winked at a sexy squirrel in the cedar tree. I made a V-for-Victory sign at Old Sol. I hallooed at a beautiful crow. I stopped to stroke the cat, who was lying in the mud, basking. And I've been sneezing and blowing ever since.

No matter. Winter is over. Those long black nights and those short white days are gone for another six months, and, as far as I'm concerned, fill up the bowls and let joy resign unconfined.

Usually, we straggle into spring with nothing more hilarious than a slight lessening of despair, but this year the old lady and I ended winter with a gallant flip. Some would call it a flip.

As you know, if you are keeping up with the social news, we "took up" cross-country skiing this spring. Most people take up sports during the season, but we don't operate that way. As I recall, we took up golf in the fall, after the leaves had begun to tumble.

Anyway, we took to skiing like a cat takes to nip, and in no time we were arguing about

what kind of wax to use (we have two kinds, red and black) and clumping around in our real boots like real skiers.

Our timing was perfect. On what turned out to be the last day of skiing for the season, we took a shot at a hill. Or maybe it was the other way around.

It was a long, straight hill: no trees, no rocks, nothing that a capable six-year-old couldn't handle with both hands in his pockets. We were certainly polite enough. It was: "You go first, you're the man." And: "No, no, dear. Ladies first, you know."

As usual, I was outmanoeuvred. I steered myself with recollections of driving a bicycle head-on into a cow during an English blackout, of diving into a hell-fire of German anti-aircraft fire.

I took off. One thing I dislike about skiing is that there are no brakes. You can't even drag your feet.

Well, sir, the only way I can describe my descent of that slope is hell-bent. Squatting like a kangaroo in labor, eyes rolling, I went down there at what I reckon was about 140 mph.

And I made it. No ignominious tumble. No splits. Thirty feet from the end of the run, all danger behind, I straightened up, waved one ski-pole nonchalantly and turned my head to see if The Chicken was impressed.

Just then the snow, with unbelievable crust, rose up and smote me a mighty smite

on the head. My cap flew off. I knew I wasn't in hell, but I sure felt bent. I lay there, quietly uttering words I haven't heard since my Dad used to go down and beat the coal furnace with a shovel.

I heard a scream. "At least she knows I'm dying," I thought bitterly. "Boy, is she going to be sorry for some of the things she said to me, over the years."

Then I heard another scream. "Bill, get out of the way! I'm going to run over you!" Wrenching my broken neck around, I looked uphill. There was a dark figure flying toward me. It looked like a witch, but it was riding two broomsticks, instead of one. Then the broomsticks began to part, in what seemed slow motion, and I knew the witch was going to split right up the middle unless the nightmare ended.

It did. I woke up. The witch was dead. One broomstick pointed straight in the air. The other was pointed back up the hill. There was silence.

Then: "Are you all right?" And: "I don't know. Are you?" And: "I dunno. I think I'm gonna cry." (That was me).

Boy, am I glad it's spring, and there's no more skiing until December.

But skiing certainly tones you up. I can now touch my toes with no problem at all. I use a yardstick. And my wife can knit like a demon with one hand. She got good at it while her left arm was in a sling.

ALONG MAIN STREET

Flights of fancy

BY SHEILA MCLEOD

A report from one of our rural correspondents last month, confirming sightings of purple finches in Greenwood, red-breasted nuthatches in Coppin's Corners and a brown creeper feeding on someone's suet up in Simcoe, sent me scurrying off excitedly to see if any misguided species had inadvertently settled down in my backyard.

After two hours of scanning for the unusual as meticulously as Madame Curie, all I spotted was an orange-painted fence marker and, hanging from a tree, a green-striped toque my son lost last Christmas — a rare sight indeed; the first time, in fact, any of that lad's clothing has been seen actually hanging up in years.

It's non-experiences like this that tend to make me highly skeptical of reports from area bird-watchers.

After all, it hardly seems reasonable that blue-billed seersuckers and cream-crested waterwings keep dallying in their backyards while nothing but cast-off candy covers flutter into mine.

Oddly enough, despite the suspicion that enthusiastic watchers sometimes soar off in fanciful flight with the sparrows, I have never doubted for a moment, what must be the most spectacular sighting in local history since the demise of mini-skirts — these tear-shaped spaceships, "glowing red, orange and yellow", that were seen hovering near Goodwood not so long ago.

I've hovered around there myself, though not so dramatically, and I find extra-terrestrial interest in the area entirely plausible.

My first (and last) jaunt in a light plane was over the hamlet and the old Township of Uxbridge. (Confidently standing with both feet firmly on the ground, I had agreed to tag along with pilot and photographer for some aerial reconnaissance).

The flight originated from Goodwood Airport.

The port, as far as I could figure, was secreted somewhere in a quarry over on Con. 2; the runway unwittingly aligned by United Empire Loyalists trekking north in search of greener pastures.

We rattled off from this pioneer strip,

bullets of gravel spurting against the fuselage of the plane.

Up front with the pilot, the photographer was squinting heroically into the wide blue yonder, making like Errol Flynn in "Dawn Patrol."

Clamped in the back seat, I jiggled like a pot of pallid paint on the hardware-store mixer. My courage had already hit an air pocket.

The former Township of Uxbridge, an obstinate old bachelor still unaware of regional matrimony lurking around the corner, wobbled beneath our wings.

There below was Goodwood, the bustling centre of commerce and administration and, stretching to "Uxbridge, Town of", the municipality's epidemic of gravel pits.

"Errol" clicked off his aerial shots while the plane and my stomach banked to port and starboard. The slipstream, whooshing through the open window, parted my clenched teeth as I braced for a "pitstop" in the excavations below.

I've no doubt these astral beings (for such they be, I'm sure) who hovered near Goodwood in their tear-drop spacecraft, looked down on the local scene with much greater composure.

Unlike me, I expect they were entranced by the deep and devious gravelscape, so much like home.

Possibly, plagued by overcrowding in the recesses of their own planet, they were searching for a friendly, uninhabited crater to call their own.

Had the old Uxbridge council ever suspected during its years of hassle with errant quarry operators in the area that creatures like this might be willing to rehabilitate the township pits, it would have been out waving flags of welcome, eager to grant landed immigrant status.

My jaundiced peep from above, on the other hand, only helped distort reality as we shuddered in through the chasm of a quarry to touch down on the brink of Goodwood Airport.

Considerably "shook up", I backed slowly out of flying machine and cautiously touched a foot to the ground.

"That", I managed to announce to the waiting World, "is one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind."

Thirty years ago this week

Licences due
The time limit for securing 1945 motor car licences and markers expired on March 31, and motorists using the old markers now are liable to a fine. New licences are obtainable at both Unionville and Markham, where it is said the combined issue has exceeded over 2,000. Speaking of licences reminds us that radio licences are also due, but these are obtainable in town.

Suckers 40 cents dozen
A small lad passed along the street the other day offering firm fresh suckers for sale, at 40 cents a dozen. The fish were good size and hard, indicating they had been hauled from a cold stream, and they were so fresh that many of them still had a kick. Better still, those who tasted the fish declared the flavor was good, and despite the bones, were appreciated.

this car. It makes things a little more bearable to see the wonderful artistry of nature. According to the calendar, spring is just around the corner.

—Ted Wilcox