



The Tribune

Established 1888

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Publisher

DON BERNARD

Editor

Toronto phone 341-1680. Single copies 25¢, subscriptions \$8.00 per year in Canada, \$16.00 elsewhere. Member of Audit Bureau of circulation, Canadian Community Newspapers' Association and Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Second class mail registration number 089.

The Tribune is one of the Inland Publishing Co. Limited group of suburban newspapers, which includes the Ajax/Whitby/Pickering News, Advertiser, Brampton Guardian, Burlington Post, Etobicoke Gazette, Markham Economist and Sun, Newmarket/Aurora Era, Oakville Beaver, Oshawa This Week, and Mississauga News.

Editorials

Public input blocks dump

It is our prediction, that Whitchurch-Stouffville will never have a municipal dump. You don't have to have a crystal ball to figure that out.

The one and only sight to be considered, which has been made public, has drawn such strong opposition, that the town is lying low before trying to find another site.

It will be increasingly more difficult to establish garbage dumps as people become more and more aware of their ability to stall development. Public participation has reached a new high.

Cancer campaign in full swing

April is Cancer month and The Tribune joins the local branch of the Cancer Society in urging people to donate to the cause. There is hardly a family that is not touched by the disease.

But research continues and remarkable progress is being made in the fight against Cancer. Your contributions will help that fight continue.

Name change causes uproar

It seems that plans are afoot to change the name of Cemetery Lane to Davis Ave. Unfortunately, the people who live on the street don't want the name changed. In fact they like the present name well enough.

The logical question to ask is — why change the name? Originally, Carriage Park Investments asked for the change. The company had just built five new houses on the street and felt the name would create problems in selling them.

That was last summer. All the houses were subsequently sold. Early this year, the

Council urged to hold fast

A campaign is currently underway to have a development approved for the Gino Testa Farm on Bethesda Rd. The plan has been turned down by council, however, the proponents are trying hard to have that decision reversed.

The Tribune urges council to stick by its guns in this and refuse to approve the development. The plan, despite its promise of lowcost housing, is poor planning, plain and simple.

If it was approved, a new hamlet would be created just a short distance from the existing hamlet of Bloomington. It would take up good agricultural land, which is currently in production.

Resident turn-out poor

Public meetings are called to gauge public reaction to certain proposals. Last Thursday Whitchurch-Stouffville Council called such a meeting in Vandorf to discuss the future development of the hamlet.

The meeting was well-attended by one group — developers. In fact not one person living right within the hamlet boundaries expressed an opinion on just how large the hamlet should grow.

The developers were there in force stating that there should not be growth restrictions on the hamlet. They of course are trying to establish residential development and most of

that means development of controversial things, such as dumps, will be more and more difficult.

To our way of thinking this kind of public involvement is going one step too far.

But a look at the situation surrounding the decision to drop the Vivian Rd. site is useful to see where council made its mistakes.

When a site was chosen, councillors should have immediately had a series of meetings with the people near the proposed site. Once it was public, then people would be able to have their say. No one could say the thing was being foisted on them.

Instead, the people learned of the site because it was leaked to the press. The residents demanded a meeting and uniformly opposed Vivian Rd. and Highway 48.

The opposition was predictable, but the council might have had better luck by talking to the residents first. The people may still have opposed it, but council would be on firmer ground and could possibly have eventually proceeded.

Instead of confrontation and secrecy, people are demanding consultation. It is an art to be able to deal with this new form of public participation. Old ways of doing things are not adequate. It's a whole new ball game.

This seems to be a good week to clean up some loose ends, so if you happen to have a loose end, join me.

Me and the Old Battleaxe spent a couple of days in the city during our winter break holiday. And "spent" is the word. It would have been cheaper to fly to Mexico and pick up Montezuma's curse, as they call it there, or the dire rear, as we call it here. This remark has no connection with the opening sentence of this column.

We went out shopping to buy a "little something" for Poco, the grandson. Just a little shirt, or a toy, or some other trifle. Fifty dollars later, I staggered out of the department store, totting two large toys, six little shirts, four pairs of overalls, a full-dress suit for the kid, and a plastic shell windbreaker with a lining and a hood to "keep him warm when he comes out from swimming." At 15 months, he's going to be doing a lot of swimming, you see!

Then, of course, we had to deliver the stuff. So we invited ourselves to dinner with daughter and told her not to fuss, that we'd bring along an old chunk of meat or something. Never one to look a gift horse in the mouth, she agreed with alacrity.

My wife's idea of a couple of items to help put dinner turned out to be five dollars worth of steak, the equivalent in pies and stuff, and assorted groceries running to another 10, my daughter supplying the potatoes and water for the coffee.

However, it was worth it. We each got to hold the baby for about 10 minutes, in one-minute snatches, between bouts of trying out his toys and having clothes tried on him by the women.

After many years, I finally realize why I hate trying on new clothes for my wife's surveillance. That baby despised every minute of the clothes-modelling session, and bellowed lusty protests as his mother and gran pulled his limbs into all sorts of gymnastics trying to stuff him into his new pants and shirts.

It probably happens to all males in childhood, and they resent it ever after.

Next day was even worse, financially. My wife was determined to buy a rug, bedspread and drapes to match some new wallpaper in a room she'd decorated. As any woman knows — and most husbands, too — this is a three-month, not a three-hour quest. It's usually about as easy as looking for the Lost Chord.

As Altona's Fred Lewis says, the community wasn't all that unique. "It had a swimming hole to swim in, a school yard to play ball in, and a general store to buy a chocolate bar in."

They were virtually unaware of any desperate need for mouthwashes, snowmobiles, and K-tel record selectors (terms of our TV advertising), were happy.

From reading the history of the hamlet, it's also clear that the community contained many enterprising members. But altogether, the emphasis was on the quality, rather than the quantity of life.

In quilting bees and church picnics, the people enjoyed each other, and at funerals and barn raisings they supported each other.

John Montgomery



An eerie never-never land was left in the wake of the recent storm. Although the sun shone brightly and managed to melt much of the snow,

many of the huge drifts remained long afterwards. This house in Ringwood took some digging out before the garage was useable.

John Montgomery



SUGAR AND SPICE

Bill laments 'spent' holiday

By BILL SMILEY

went to the ladies shop to meet my wife. Yes, she had picked up a new spring blouse. And a new spring suit. And another suit. And a casual outfit. And some more blouses. She was snatching things off the racks like a two-year-old opening Christmas presents.

An, well, what the hell. You can't take it with you. Especially if there's nothing to take.

Next day, back home she modelled all her array for me. It was then that I learned none of her shoes or purses "went with" the new clothes. The rest is history.

Two good things did come out of that holiday, however. My wife told me she wanted to see me in one of my turtle-neck sweaters. I fought it, but finally gave in with bad grace.

"Where are they? They're in a red plastic bag. Where did you put it?"

"It's with the rest of the stuff," she retorted. It wasn't. It wasn't anywhere.

After going back over the day before, we agreed that I'd taken it into the dining-room, put it beside my chair, and had walked out without it. Of all the stupid.

Phoned the hotel, long-distance. No. Lost-and-Found had no trace of it., but, learning my name, the lady there said she read my column in the Blenheim paper and we had a nice chat.

Well, there goes fifty bucks, plus a L.D. call. Went morosely to put some empties in the car trunk. There was the little old red devil plastic bag. With sweaters and tie.

The other good thing was gyping the hotel on breakfast. We ordered breakfast for one. I drank the orange juice, she ate the buckwheat cakes. I ate the toast and jam, and we shared the coffee. Two breakfasts for the price of one. I'll bet they haven't caught on yet. I saved \$1.80 on breakfast two days in a row.

A profitable trip, taken all round.



Demise will be complete

By TED WILCOX

To put it another way, people generally treated their neighbors as they would want to be treated, themselves.

But ... it's another day, isn't it? It's a "dog-eat-dog" world, and "neighborliness" takes a back seat now to accumulating things.

There's not much we wouldn't do to "get ahead".

If it means changing residences every two years, hardly knowing your neighbors, demolishing 100 year old buildings or going into debt for a summer cottage — so be it.

For the "good life", nothing is too precious.

Naturally, most of us would like to have our cake and eat it too: to enjoy a sumptuous lifestyle without going into debt, without losing touch with other people and without losing the "atmosphere" of small-town life.

It's a fond hope, but not likely. Usually you have to choose.

And we tend to choose things over people, using our motor boat over stopping to see our neighbor, and watching the tube over just about everything.

So, places like Altona and Stouffville change. The oldtimers know something's gone. They can see that people have more concern with jobs, cars, salaries and especially themselves now than they do with other people. It's a new day.

Problem is, that's also what kills communities.

Thirty years ago this week

Excerpts from The Tribune from April 19, 1945.

Weed prizes

When the problem of labor for weed cutting was broached at Whitchurch Township Council meeting on Saturday, Deputy-Reeve L. P. Evans, suggested that the farmers be encouraged to cut roadside weeds opposite their respective properties by offering prizes for the best kept fronts in the municipality during the year 1945. "I am willing to spend at least \$100 in prizes, believing the municipality would reap many times its benefit," he said, "for weeds have not been cut for three years because men could not be engaged to do the work."

Half mast

The municipal Union Jack atop the clock tower and the government flag over the post office flew at half mast during the weekend in observance of the passing of President Roosevelt.