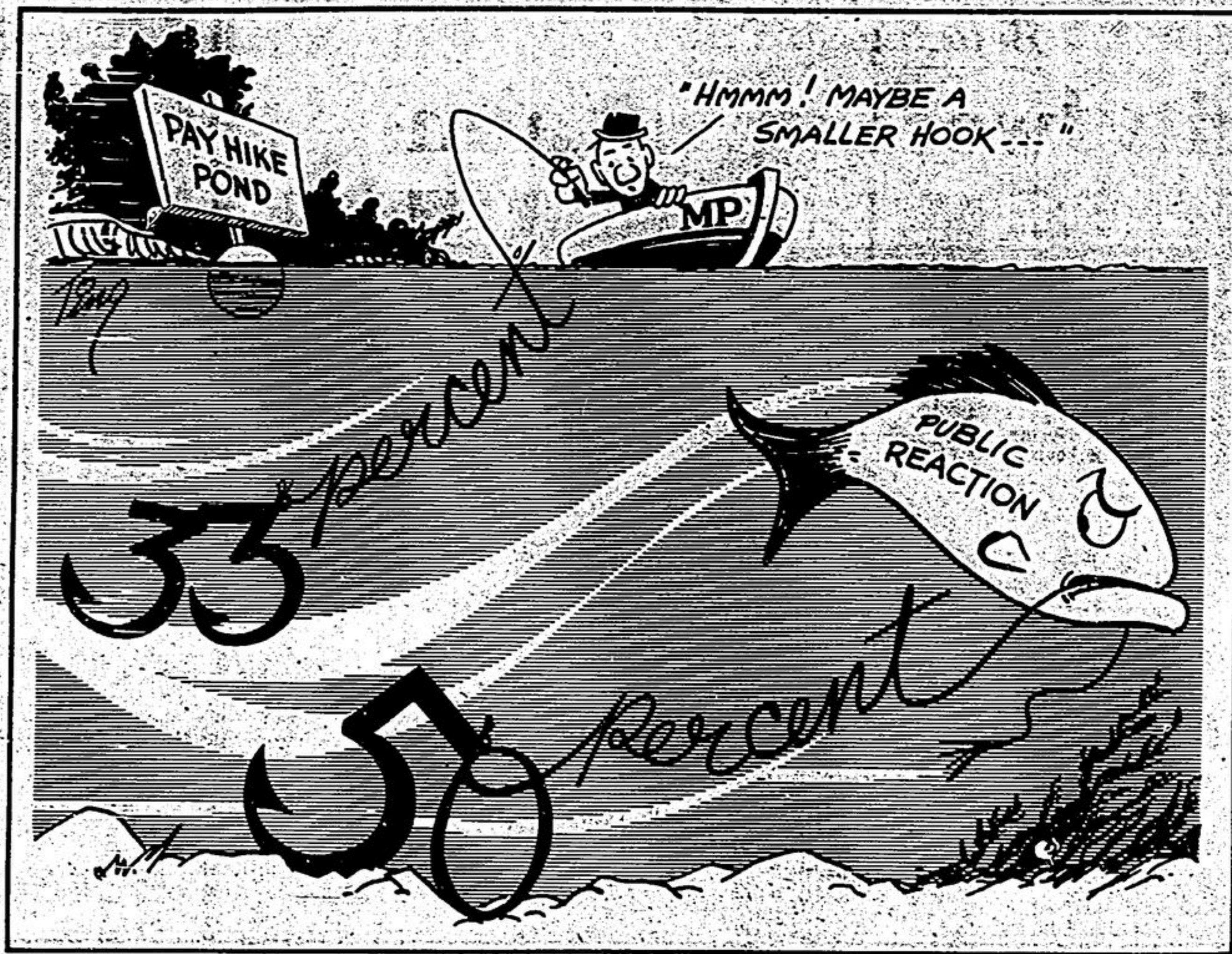


The Tribune Established 1888 CHARLES H. NOLAN, Publisher DON BERNARD, Editor BARRE BEACOCK, Advertising Manager



Thirty years ago this week

Excerpts from The Tribune from April 26, 1945. Home-town weekly. I read the daily papers — read the home and foreign news, of all things here and yonder, and of leading statesmen's views...

Editorials

Dump closing ongoing saga

Closing the York Sanitation dump has proven to be one of those things that's, "easier said than done." Nearly a month has passed since the deadline for the dump's closure...

The Ministry of the Environment has decided to stay out of the conflict until the Environmental Hearing Board finishes its hearings. (Those hearings are scheduled to resume next week.)

It appears to us that it will require either a strong stand on the part of the ministry, which seems unlikely at this time, or council action to take York Sanitation to court to stop the dumping. At this point it appears that an injunction is the only realistic way to close the dump.

Even if the town does take the company to court, that could prove to be a costly and drawn out fight, which might still not have the desired result to close the dump.

Lake truck ban welcomed move

Trucks in the Musselman's Lake area have been a problem for a number of years. Last week York Regional Council banned truck traffic on the 9th Conc. from Hillsdale Rd. to the Aurora Sideroad.

The ban follows complaints from area residents of both the nuisance created by large trucks, and the safety factor. The road is narrow and winding, especially where it curves around the lake.

A truck ban was the obvious answer to the problem. We hope the police will enforce the ban. It's on the books now and if enforced, which appears to be a big 'if', could go a long way in eliminating the problem of heavy trucks on the 9th.

With the warmer weather upon us, it would be a welcomed relief.

It is a complicated plot, one full of little twists and turns. Each week seems to bring some new and unpredictable turn to the plot. Tune in next week and perhaps find out answers to the following questions — Can Merlyn Baker and Mayor Gordon Ratcliff single handedly stop trucks going in and out of the dump? Will Murray Chusid pull off his masquerade and reveal himself to be Environment Minister William Newman? Will the owners of York Sanitation break down and cry and admit they were wrong and close the dump?

The answers to these and other complicated questions will likely be answered in the next few weeks. Stay tuned.

No speed limit change

At the risk of arousing a large outcry from Gormley area residents, York Regional Council decided recently not to lower the speed limit on Don Mills Rd., nor to change the limit on the Stouffville Rd.

The reasons given were based on the fact that Don Mills Rd. (to be renamed Woodbine Ave.) is an arterial road. That means it is designed to be a through road used for people commuting to Toronto.

An arterial road is supposed to move traffic quickly. Don Mills Rd. funnels traffic from York Region into Toronto daily. Most of the people using the road are commuters of one form or another.

It seems to us foolish to reduce the speed limit further on this road. It is a well-known

fact that speed is not the only factor in causing accidents. Oftentimes, slow traffic or tie-ups can be a real cause.

Unimpeded traffic usually moves along smoothly. It is our contention that lowering the speed limit on Don Mills Rd. would not mean fewer accidents, but could actually have the opposite affect. Impatient drivers might be prone to take more chances in slower traffic than if everybody is moving along at a faster speed.

Lower speed limits can save lives, there's no doubt about that, but it has not been proven that lower limits on arterial roads, actually would cut down the number of accidents.

There are enough tie-ups on Don Mills already without adding more.

Province sweetens the pot

The high poobahs at York Region are breathing easier these days thanks to the pre-election generosity of the provincial government. Without higher provincial grants the regional levy would soar 47 per cent.

That was based on a budget that was painfully worked out over the past weeks. One 14-hour budget session managed to trim nearly \$1 million from the original estimates. But that did not appear to be enough.

The increase was still to be 47 per cent. Enter Darcy McKeough on his white charger, with an election budget if there ever was one. Originally the region was told there would be no significant increase in unconditional grants from the province, but the budget managed to include some extra goodies.

The regional increase will still be considerable, probably around 30 per cent, but that is easier to live with.

This again shows the fragile nature of regional government, as set up in Ontario. As a creation of the provincial government, depends on the province for its economic survival.

It turns out that 1975 is likely to be an election year. That means increased grants. But what happens next year. Without an election, the province may pull the rug out completely as its deficit soars.

It would be better to provide the region with some independent source of income such as a fraction of the sales tax or a percentage of the provincial income tax. That would mean some financial independence for the region and some certainly in financial planning.

SUGAR AND SPICE



Canadians are the lucky ones

By BILL SMILEY

Every so often I'm reminded of how very lucky Canadians are. We are not smarter than other people. Goodness knows, we are no more industrious. We are just luckier, because we happen to be living in this country at this time.

When you consider that we are just a drop in the bucket of the world's population, you can see just how blind lucky we are.

Millions of people on earth today are literally starving to death. They will be dead, stone dead, in days, months, a year.

Millions more are just above the starving line. They eke out a barren, blunted, hopeless existence, just one step away from the animal.

These hordes are subject to all the other things that go with a minimal existence, besides, hunger: cold, disease, ignorance, fear, and perhaps worst of all helplessness.

And we complain endlessly, we Canadians, about such horrors as inflation, postal strikes, taxes, and all the other relatively piddling burdens we bear.

We howl with outrage when butter jumps 15 cents a pound. Some of us nearly have a stroke when the price of beer and liquor is raised. The very wealthy feel a deep, inner pain because they can retain only 55 per cent of their income.

But what does it all amount to? The con-

sumption of butter will go down for a few weeks, then rise to new highs. The consumption of alcoholic beverages will not even tremor, but go steadily upward. And the rich will become richer.

Talk about fat cats, or buxom beavers, and we're it. The Lucky Canadians. The envy of the world.

Oh, yes, we have poor people, quite a few of them. But you would be hard put to it to find anyone in Canada literally starving to death. Or freezing to death. Or dying because there is no medicine for disease.

Truth, is, the vast majority of Canadians eat too much, suffer from over-heating rather than cold and are much more likely to die from too much medicine than they are from disease.

And even the poorest of our poor, with all the buffers that welfare provides, are materially millionaires compared with the poor of many other countries.

You, Mister, wheeling your Buick down the highway and beefing about the cost of gas, might just as easily be pulling a ricksha in Calcutta, wondering whether you could last until you were 30, so you could see your first grandson.

You, Young Fella, who made \$10,000 in six months with a lot of overtime, and quit working so you could draw unemployment

insurance, could be sweating it out in a South African gold mine, or a Bolivian tin mine, for enough bucks a week to barely feed your family.

And you, Ms., whining about the mess the hairdresser made, or complaining about the cost of cleaning women, could be selling yourself in the back streets of Nairobi to keep body and soul together, if you'll pardon the expression.

But you aren't, and I'm not, and we shouldn't forget it, mates. We were lucky. We live in Canada.

But it was watching television that blew up the puffed-up dream that life was, after all, good and gracious, cosy and comfortable, warm and wonderful.

There on the "news", with nothing to hide it, was the non-Canadian world. Children with bloated bellies and stick-thin limbs of the starving. Other children torn and bleeding, and screaming with pain.

Mothers howling their anguish because they had lost their children and couldn't find them.

And everywhere, on that naked screen, people, suffering, terrified, running like rats, from nowhere to nowhere.

But at least we can stop bitching in our backyard, and face the facts that we're not smarter, or harder working or better looking. Just lucky.

ALONG MAIN STREET

It's spring again, pass the earplugs

BY SHEILA McLEOD

While Stouffvillites, quietly corralled over in the Ponderosa or shored up in balmy Baycrest, are joyously opening their homes to the sounds of spring, along here on Main, we are battoning down front doors and checking the double glazing on street-side windows.

Once more, in the migratory cycle, it's time for the great grey gravel trucks to pass this way on their trek to and from their favorite feeding grounds in north-east quarries.

They come around five, on the first

morning warm weather or imminent suffocation forces open our bedroom windows.

They come, stampeding past without respite, angrily blowing their stacks and swishing their tailgates over the bump each Main Streeter claims as outside his door.

They growl through in tandem, like live monoliths bound for the Ark.

Mind you, I'm not squawking. I can't very well. Anyone who knowingly makes his home next to a busy provincial highway can, like I told the folks out in the Malton zone, take his NEF "lumps" or leave it.

For 10 years now I've taken my "lumps" with the bumps and grinds of Main Street traffic.

Each year, I'll admit, the passing parade seems less awesome.

Maybe the Bloomington bypass has syphoned off the noisiest monsters. Maybe I've just become more resilient.

There's no doubt prolonged exposure to Stouffville's Main core requires just as much stamina and endurance as prolonged isolation up in Pine Orchard.

Perhaps it's this tenacity that sets the long-time Main Streeter apart from the normal run of residents and makes him easily distinguishable.

On the other hand, it could be the ear muffs he wears in mid-July; or the way his eyes constantly click left-right-left with a look of resignation (the legacy of hours spent waiting to jockey his car out of his driveway).

Perhaps it's that distracted air of expectancy which comes from having too many important curbside conversations scrambled by heavy horsepower; from being left to speculate on items like "luscius blond brtrum-mm-brmm house on brm-brumm-m stacked brmm-24-burrum call 640-brmm-brm-m."

Our house, at the east end of Stouffville, is grafted to Main by a wisp of a lawn and the sidewalk. That's about as close to the action as you can get without being demolished by a diesel.

The pioneers who built the original clapboard dwelling obviously didn't anticipate that the dirt track outside the front door would ever become a full-fledged highway even though activity along this section was at its boisterous peak.

Considering our solitary "East End Grocery" nowadays, it's hard to believe the

hub of village commerce was out this way in the early 1800's.

According to the Tweedsmuir History (a fascinating collection of newspaper clippings, photographs and personal observations compiled by the Women's Institute and kept for reference at our local library), there were three taverns on or about the corners of 10th Line South. The red brick building still standing on the west side was Yake's hostelry; almost opposite was the Globe Hotel.

In these convivial watering holes, farmers travelling to and from northern townships stopped, along with the local lads, for refreshment. There the sporting fraternity haggled over wagers lost and won on the cock fights and horse races.

The area earned the name "Brimstone Point" and, the History points out with fine understatement, "it was not noted for its orderliness."

When the Nipissing Narrow Gauge Railway trundled its first train into town in 1871, east-end trade brazenly sashayed west towards the tracks.

Ultimately, of course, rail traffic slumped with the increasing clatter of cars, buses and trucks along the main road. Suddenly, Stouffville Station was not "where it's at" any more.

Well, out here in the far east, we've been waiting — waiting for the pendulum to swing this way again; for the resurgence of commerce (a Mac's Milk maybe?) and the return of that former pioneer sparkle to this section of town.

There's no doubt the transition is on its way.

Already, it's been hinted that Cemetery Lane, our most notable dead-end road, will be renamed "Davis Avenue" (after Philip Davis, a pioneer east-end who operated his furniture and undertaking business on the west corner) and that twin theatres could very well arrive on our 10th Line crossroads.

Rebirth of the east is imminent!

But listen, don't look for any expectant Main Streeters to be out anxiously pacing the sidewalks.

We're too busy sealing ourselves off from the sounds of spring.

Bible thought for the Week

From The Living Bible

So, warmly welcome each other into the church, just as Christ has warmly welcomed you, then God will be glorified. Remember that Jesus Christ came to show that God is true to his promises and to help the Jews. And remember he also came that the Gentiles might be saved and give glory to God for his mercies to them. That is what the Psalmist meant when he wrote: "I will praise you among the Gentiles, and sing to your name." And in another place, "Be Glad, O you Gentiles, along with his people the Jews."



This faded sign, marking the entrance to Altona Community, however, were coming long before the airport was announced.

Ted Wilcox.

Romans 15:7-10.