



The Tribune

Established 1888
CHARLES H. NOLAN, Publisher



DON BERNARD, Editor
Published every Thursday at 54 Main St., Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 446-2101; Toronto phone 361-1488. Single copies 25¢, subscriptions \$8.00 per year in Canada, \$14.00 elsewhere. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation, Canadian Community Newspapers Association and Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Second class mail registration number 0896.
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.

Offer made on library site

The town is now considering purchasing the Schell property, directly north of the newly acquired municipal parking lot on Main St., as a site for the new library.
The town must first check with the South Lake Simcoe Conservation Authority as the proposed site is on flood plain land and a purchase agreement has to be negotiated with the present owners.
The three acre site is an excellent choice. It is central; has ample parking space, which can be placed adjacent to the existing lot; and will eventually become a prestige location.
Rechannelization will enhance the area, making it into a parklike green belt, which could be connected by footpaths to the proposed Dulverton subdivision to the north.
There has been some talk the library will be designed to accommodate some social activities such as arts and crafts programs. The library building could, and should, draw people from all parts of the municipality, and

it is to be hoped, will help keep the downtown business section viable in spite of the increased competition from outlying plazas.
The old Brillinger home in the west end was the other site under serious consideration. The idea was to use the basic structure and remodel it for use as a library.
This scenario has two obvious flaws—the charm and integrity of the house would have been destroyed and the library would have to be designed to fit in with the existing structure rather than having a building planned to fulfill the specific requirements of the library.
If council seriously wishes to preserve this house they could take the same action as Metropolitan Toronto. There; buildings believed to be of significant worth have been declared historical sites, and their destruction is forbidden.
The library would appear to be well on schedule as Stouffville's 1977 centennial project.

Why was secrecy necessary?

Two important archaeological discoveries on Pickering airport property were announced recently. They are the "Draper site," headquartered at the Glasgow schoolhouse, and also, the "White site."
Both are the remains of sixteenth century Huron Indian villages.
At the Draper site, the up to 15 acres of land tell the story of Indians who lived, farmed and fought in this area 500 years ago. Among other things, their living accommodations, agricultural products and interpersonal relationships are illuminated through artifacts located there.
Another fascinating but gruesome detail concerns torture and cannibalism that was evidently practiced there.
However, besides its scientific value, the site has a certain political significance as well. Because it was located on land slated for use in the drainage system for the airport, artifacts were being dug up and salvaged at breakneck speed.
Project director Bill Finlayson says that a site that large "would traditionally take 10 summers to dig," but because it was due to be destroyed by April 30 of next year, "we had to work fast."
During the two summers that crews

worked there, bulldozers were used to clear off topsoil so that "artifacts close to the surface" were lost.
A Ministry of Transport spokesman told another newspaper that the artifacts were "on display" to the public at the Altona headquarters and their importance could have been assessed by anyone who wanted to know. Mr. Finlayson, however, denies this and told us the headquarters were "closed to the public all summer." The reason he gave, which may have some validity, is that having to handle a flow of spectators would have further complicated the precarious project to a dangerous extent.
Our own visits to the headquarters this past summer also left the unmistakable impression that "snooping around was not permitted." Other direct inquiries into what was being found also went unanswered.
In our opinion, they should have been. In fact, both the importance of the site and the methods being used there should have been part of the public discussion concerning the airport from the very beginning.
Hopefully, now that a halt in the airport has been called the full care and time necessary for this kind of project will be exercised.

Lower limits not enough

There used to be a slogan used by highway safety promotions that "Speed kills," and while this is true to some extent, the lowering of speed limits on arterial roads, just as Woodbine Ave. seems to us to be the wrong approach.
Certainly, that stretch of road (north of the Gormley Rd. to just south of Vandorf) has had its share of accidents. But to us the problem is not one of excessive speed. Only five of 58 accidents along that road could be credited to speeding.
The problem, which is peculiar to two-lane arterial roads such as Woodbine Ave. and Highway 48, involves people who are im-

patient when following a long line of traffic. Most of these people travel 70 mph anyway.
The constant passing of one car after another, tends to create very bad situations. Often, a person becomes impatient and will pass in a situation that turns out to be fatal. To us this is wrong.
Perhaps, stricter enforcement of such speed limits provide the key. If the traffic is moving along briskly at 60 mph, then it is safe enough. The impatient driver, wanting to travel 70 to 80 mph is the real menace.
To our way of thinking, lowering of the speed limit on such arterial roads, increases frustration for commuters, who are already hard-pressed.

Letters to the Editor

Cancellation after column dropped

Dear Sir:
Will you please discontinue sending The Tribune to us as of now.
We subscribed in the first place because of the article entitled "Fragments" by Mrs. Powell. It was a great disappointment to us when it was discontinued.
Furthermore, The Tribune is now a member of a chain of weekly publications. This seems to me to be a step toward a monopoly. The local touch could wane.
LORNE M. WIDEMAN
Scarboro

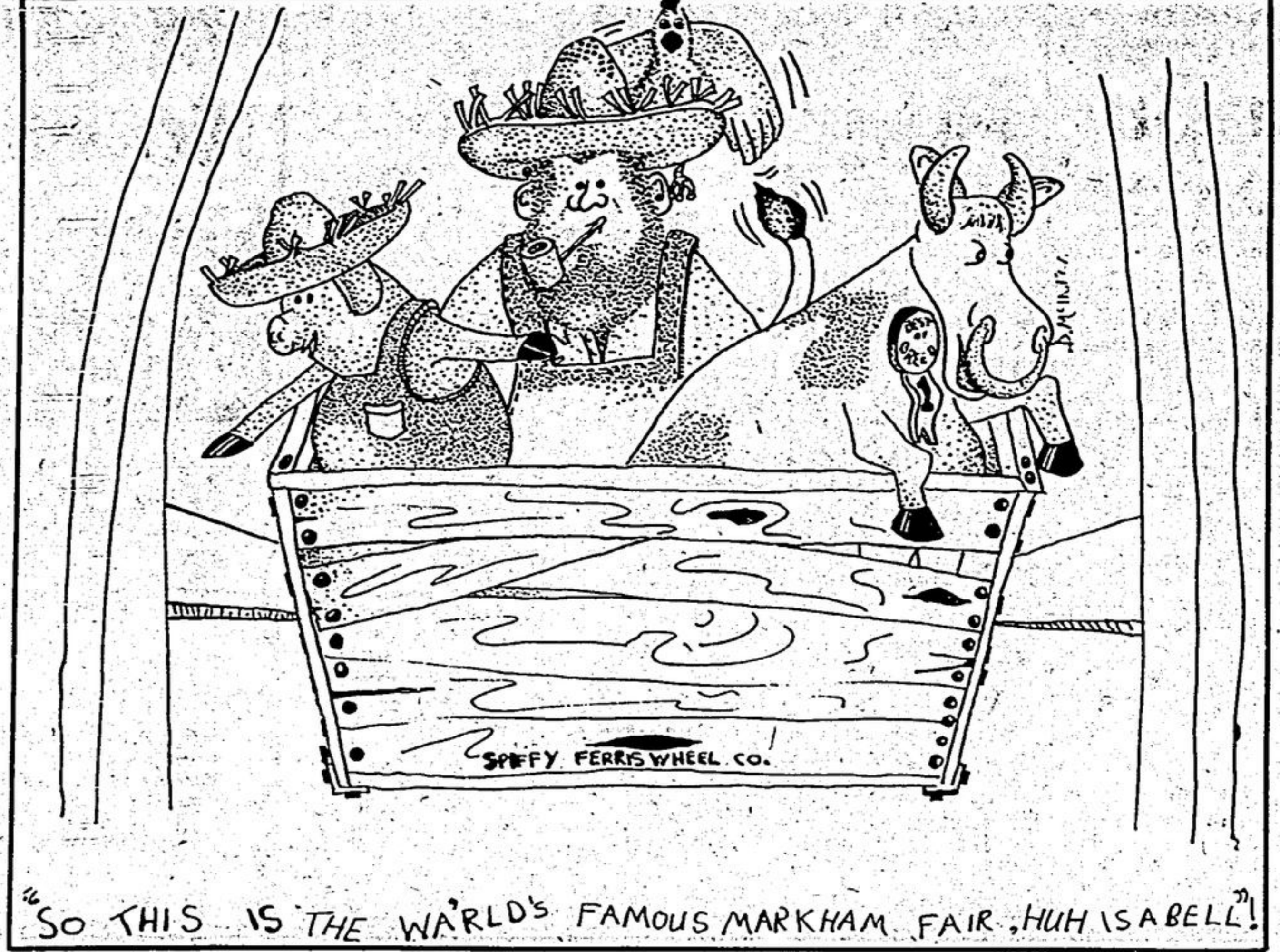
Local 'gossip' is 'good' news

Dear Sir:
During a recent visit to the home of my daughter who lives in your community, I had the pleasure of reading several issues of The Tribune. I would just like to tell you and your readers how much I admired your attractive newspaper which is, indeed, a credit to your lovely and friendly town.
However, I could not help but notice letters to the editor which complained about the publication of "local gossip". I suspect that the writers of these letters cannot comprehend the true value of The Tribune in this age of large and sophisticated daily newspapers.
I grew up on a farm near Simcoe, Ontario, and I can still remember how much everyone in my family enjoyed our weekly newspaper.

Every Friday night we would gather around the table in the kitchen, which was heated by a wood stove in those days, and listen to my father read from the newspaper while he sat in the yellow light of a coal-oil lamp. Both young and old were able to learn about all of the local affairs, and we would laugh with delight when we heard my father read out the names of our friends and relatives.
Now I am a senior citizen (seventy-six years young!) and not as able to get around as I once was, but I still subscribe to the Simcoe newspaper. When my copy arrives in the mail I am always reminded of the words from the Book of Proverbs: "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country" (Prov. 25:25).
I am sure that most of your readers appreciate your newspaper, which is a very excellent one in my opinion. I thought that you would enjoy a letter from a visitor to your community who found so much "good news" in The Tribune.
JOYCE JAMIESON
Hamilton, Ont.

Don't take dogs to parks: reader

Dear Sir:
Re. your article on the problem of loose dogs and cats in our town (Sept. 25, 1975). I agree with your suggestions - with one exception. Please, please don't send people to our parks with these animals! That swere our older children go to play - and your daughter soon will, too. Our parks should not be polluted, either.
I would suggest that anyone walking a dog on property other than his own, should pick up after his pet and dispose of it on his own property. Cats should not be allowed to run loose to scratch and foul up neighbors' gardens either.
MRS. E. JONES
Loretta Cresc. N.



Bible thought for the Week

From the Living Bible
"Teacher," these spies said, "We know you tell the truth no matter what! You aren't influenced by the opinions and desires of men, but sincerely teach the ways of God. Now tell us, is it right to pay taxes to Rome, or not?" Jesus saw their trick and said, "Show me a coin and I'll tell you." When they handed it to him he asked, "Whose picture and title is this on the coin?" They replied, "The emperor's." "All right," he said, "if it is his, give it to him. But everything that belongs to God must be given to God!"
Mark 12:14-17.

SUGAR AND SPICE



Thankfulness at Thanksgiving

By BILL SMILEY

Perhaps, with Thanksgiving in the air, it's as good a time as any to make a personal inventory of what we have to be thankful for, if anything. Maybe you'd like to join me, substituting your minuses for mine, your pluses for mine.
On second thought, I haven't really a single minus. Oh, there are a lot of little nuisances: arthritis in my foot; rambling bursitis in shoulders, knees and neck; dewiaps; a few less teeth than I'd like.
But everybody has these things. If we didn't, we wouldn't appreciate how great it is when the pains clear up for a few days, or the fact that there's always plenty of good grub to mumble with those ancient molars.
I do have some negative thankfuls. I'm glad I am, by choice, not living in a city, with everything that entails in the line of human harassment: dirt, traffic, crowds, coldness. Especially when I can, as right now, look out my window, and see the yellow October sun blazing into the gaudy flamboyance of the maples, and a little further off, the blue of clean, unpolluted water, and know that if I stepped outside, the air would be champagne, not cheap, scented wine.
I'm glad I don't have six children. Two of them almost brought the Old Lady and me to our knees, economically and emotionally.
I'm grateful that I haven't got stuck into some job that I loathe, as so many men have. What could be more soul-destroying than hating to go to work every morning?
I'm glad I'm not sick, or feeble, or pot-bellied, or harn-handed, or tight-fisted, even though I am bow-legged, forgetful and sometimes, after a sharp ex-change with my wife, have a ringing in my ears.
Those are just a few of the negative

thankfuls. They are vastly outweighed, to the point where it is no contest, by the positive thankfuls.
I couldn't begin to list them in this space, but will touch on a few of the highlights.
I'm extremely grateful, even though it should last only a few more years, that, despite the machinations of the oil companies and the stupidity and shortsightedness of our "leaders," I can still turn up the thermostat on a cold morning and know that I and mine will not shiver through the day.
I am extremely thankful that I am not a young man, recently married, mortgaged to the ears for life, in an effort to provide a roof and food for a family.
It's taken 30 years of slaving on the old plantation, toting many a barge and lifting many a bale, but I own my own house and don't owe anybody a nickel, and I'm grateful.
Another thing to be thankful for is the fatherly benevolence of Pierre Trudeau and his gang. (I use the word gang advisedly). They and their provincial and municipal henchmen are content with separating me from only about half of every dollar I make, and there is no indication yet that they will shortly want an arm and a leg each year as additional tribute. Only a few toes and fingers.
I'm very thankful that I live in Canada. It's a magnificent country; a people who could be magnificent; but refuse; and they don't throw you in jail for speaking disparagingly of the gang in power. (They haven't got enough jails, and who would pay the rent?)
I'm happy with my immediate family, though thousands wouldn't be. My son is a failure, in the ordinary middle-class sense. He has never made more than \$2,000 a year, has no home, except ours, and couldn't produce

the proverbial pot. But he is working with ultra-poor peasants in a South American country, trying to make a better life for them, eating their food, catching their diseases, and I'm proud of him.
My daughter, after adventures in the sub-culture that make me shudder still, knocked them dead with her writing in a university course, got her degree, is in fourth year of a second degree in music, has had a baby, and is about to produce a sister for Pokey, my grandbaby, who is a whipper-dipper, like all grandbabies. Not bad for a rotten kid.
My wife (careful now, Buster, watch it) is still a smashing looking woman, though a granny, an excellent cook, great company, and is becoming virtually serene. She hasn't thrown anything at me for nearly two years, except a wet dishcloth or something like that. It used to be plates of food, telephones, Eaton's catalogue, you name it. She did, actually, throw my typewriter downstairs last year, when I made some mild remark about the bad temper she used to have, but she didn't throw it at me. That's progress.
I like my job, working with kids, who are at least alive, not just going through the motions, like so many of their elders.
I have a few friends, whom I cherish, a few enemies, chiefly the town engineer, who does not cherish me, and a host of likeable contemporaries and acquaintances.
My blood pressure is great, I don't wear glasses, my heart hasn't given me a bad knock, I'm chipper as the average eighty-year-old woman and I'm already at work on the book I didn't get around to writing last summer, or the one before, or...
It's just great to be alive, and I offer my sincere thanks to God or Whoever is responsible for it. How about you?

OTTAWA REPORT

New Montreal airport unjustified

BY SINCLAIR STEVENS

For a generation federal authorities will attempt to justify the opening of the new \$500 million Montreal International Airport at Mirabel this month. This airport — the largest in the world — is a mistake. Governments rarely admit their mistakes. Instead, air travellers in the Montreal area and throughout the country will be asked to warp their travel plans to justify this colossus.
Certainly, I believe Prime Minister Trudeau will be disappointed in his prediction that "Torontonians will be down here on their knees," when they see Mirabel. In fact Montrealers don't seem to be down on their knees either. There were only 20,000 out to see the airport at its public opening rather than the anticipated 100,000.
I was in Montreal last weekend when the new facility was officially opened. It was surprising how little enthusiasm there was among Montrealers for this project. In a city which still dumps its raw sewage into the St. Lawrence River, it is difficult to understand why top priority had to be given to the construction of this superport.
It is particularly difficult to rationalize the development when the increase in air travel has begun to level off, due partly to rising costs and partly to changing travel habits.
The Mirabel literature points out that in 1974, more than 35 million travellers passed through Canadian airports and Montreal handled 20 per cent of this traffic. The brochure does not mention, however, that Chicago's O'Hare Airport alone handled well over 35 million passengers last year on a land area one-tenth the size of Mirabel.
A Montreal Air Canada official quipped, "Toronto will be the great winner out of Mirabel. International travellers will go through Toronto rather than put up with the frustration at Montreal."
While it is intended Mirabel will be the international airport, existing facilities at

Dorval (nearer to Montreal) will be used exclusively for domestic and North American flights. Most passengers arriving at Mirabel from Europe will have to take a bus 35 miles to Dorval to catch a connecting flight to such points as Winnipeg, Vancouver and Quebec City. The reverse also is true for passengers from such points who wish to use Montreal as their point of departure for Europe.
Airlines have stated that they will not book connecting flights, if a change is required between Dorval and Mirabel, with a time difference of less than two and one half hours.
If this time delay is not lessened, it may be in future that a traveller from Europe will cross the Atlantic in approximately two and one half hours aboard the Concorde, but will then have to spend another two and one half hours working his way from Mirabel to his connecting flight at Dorval.
This inconvenience is why industry spokesmen believe passengers given a choice between Toronto and Montreal for beginning

or ending at European flight will choose Toronto.
Montrealers who wish to drive to Mirabel have a 35 mile trip that takes up to one hour on existing roads.
Bus service from Montreal to Mirabel is expected to cost \$5.00 one way compared to \$2.75 — the present fair between downtown Montreal and Dorval. Cab fares are expected to handle about 3.7 million passengers — about one third the number that will likely pass through Malton. In all likelihood, federal authorities, having so much committed in Mirabel, will eventually close down Dorval in order to give the new Airport extra business.
In the meantime, Mirabel will be known as the smallest International Airport in the world in terms of passenger volume, while having the largest land area. No American city is currently daring to build such a facility.
The most unfortunate aspect at the gala opening was when police chose to lob a tear gas canister into a group of about 300 demonstrators who — rightly or wrongly — were on hand to protest the opening.

30 years ago this week

Excerpts from The Tribune from October 11, 1945.
Chas. R. Pycoc who left town Wednesday last armed with a passport, tickets, and loaded with his luggage bound for his native British soil, decided at the last moment that Canada was good enough for home, making up his mind enroute from Toronto to Montreal. Reaching the Royal City he forthwith purchased a ticket for Stouffville and returned next day and is now back on the farm on the 10th of Whitchurch with his former employer, Sylvester Pollard.

While the train rolled onward Charlie sat in tears, Thinking of the happiness Of but a few short years.
Now bound for Bristol, England Read the ticket on his hat, But once he reached old Montreal Charlie changed all that.
He got another cardboard That brought him back next day, To work again for Ves Pollard In the corn fields and the hay.