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... WITH A MOO MOO HERE ... A MOO MOO THERE ...

**Bible thought for the Week**  
 From The Living Bible

Then God said, "Let the water beneath the sky be gathered into oceans so that the dry land will emerge." And so it was. Then God named the dry land "earth," and the water "seas." And God was pleased. And he said, "Let the earth burst forth with every sort of grass and seed-bearing plant, and fruit trees with seeds inside the fruit, so that these seeds will produce the kinds of plants and fruits they came from." And so it was, and God was pleased. This all occurred on the third day.

Genesis 1:9-13

# Editorials

## Courtesy is still necessary

As so often happens an interested group of people attended last week's Planning Board meeting to oppose a proposed development near their homes.

And, as so often happens, many of these people, but not all, astounded us with their obnoxious dispositions and ill manners.

During the course of the meeting, at which the board graciously allowed members of the public to speak although they were not on the agenda, snide remarks and rude comments were interjected by the audience.

These remarks were generally designed to cast some doubt on the competence or honesty of the board members. One gentleman went so far as to call Stouffville a "slum suburb of Toronto", a remark we feel most local residents would take issue with.

We believe that public participation in municipal government will ultimately benefit the entire municipality but the truculent,

negative attitudes of many ratepayers can do nothing but harm.

Municipal politicians have thankless, tedious and poor-paying work already without thoughtless constituents adding to the problem by insinuating they have their hands in the developer's pockets everytime they listen to a development proposal.

These people seem to forget that developers have the same right to appear before planning board or council as any other property owner and there is nothing sinister in the board's listening to these proposals as, in fact, this is an important part of the board's function.

Public participation in these meetings would be much more constructive if people would do some research into the matter and raise valid objections rather than resorting to innuendo.

We can only commend council for their forbearance in dealing with this unnecessary rudeness.



## SUGAR AND SPICE

### Pros and cons of court news

By BILL SMILEY

## Ban motorboats on lake

Council has started the ball rolling to limit boat speeds on Musselman's Lake. A motion will come up soon to limit motor boat speeds on the lake to 5 mph.

Councillor Becky Wedley is the moving force behind the motion. She feels that setting the speed limit will effectively end the problem on the lake.

Her rationale for setting the speed limit is that people with very small motor boats, should be allowed on the lake. They present no hazard.

The first problem with setting a speed limit is enforcement. It surely is difficult when so many boats operate. Police, who will have to enforce the town regulations, are likely to have a difficult time catching speeders from the shore. How speeds will be clocked is another difficult matter.

The council would be better off to ban motor boats completely from the lake. It is small enough to be able to paddle or row across in short order. Banning motor boats would be enforceable and would allow the lake to remain a quiet recreational area.

If council is truly interested in maintaining the lake as a peaceful, recreational area, a complete ban is the only way to do so. A limit on speed, which can only be enforced with difficulty, is only a half-measure.

Musselman's Lake has served well in the past as a summer playground, almost without equal in this way. It would be even better and serve more people if motorboats were eliminated completely.

We hope council takes this position when the matter is discussed and a motion presented.

Something came up on my Saskatchewan holiday this summer past that rather intrigued me, and I thought it might strike a chord, responsive or otherwise, in the breast, or breasts, of my best friends, the readers of this column.

I had thrown a small and unselect party on the last night of the convention. At least it began small. It grew steadily larger because it was unselect: everybody who passed the open door of my room was hollered at to common in.

Fortunately, most of the people who were passing were weekly newspaper people with their wives, girl friends, or grandmothers. With regard to the ladies, I must confess, said he gallantly, that you couldn't tell the girls from the grand-mothers.

Perhaps that is because it's Women's International Year, but I doubt it. I have noticed in the last few years that girls are becoming more like grandmothers: the glasses, the long skirts, the humped shoulders, and, for good or worse, grannies are becoming more like girls: smoking cigarettes, drinking rye whiskey, and elevating their bosoms, with the aid of goodness-only-knows-what miracles of elastic, to positively perilous positions.

Well, back to the party. Federal and provincial women's lib, starving editors, rotten kids, and overpaid workers, were dealt with fairly smartly and expeditiously. They were all bad, we agreed, except for the starving editors, the last bulwark in the fight for freedom law and order, the old virtues, and a return to the "good years" of the Depression.

This was standard for a party, and I was pleased that everything was so cool. But as every host or hostess of every party, everywhere, and every time, knows, most people sensibly go home to bed, and mine host is stuck with the Rag-Tag and Bob-Tail of the party, who still have a few bones stuck in their

craws and want to wash them away with some fairly strong solvent.

It happened. I won't mention names, because they are two fine western editors, good to their children, kind to their wives, pillars of their communities, and I don't want them run out of town on some torn-up rails of a defunct line of the C.P.R., not tarred and feathered, but smeared from head to foot with printers' ink and copies of their old editorials.

I'll just call them Rag-Tag and Bob-Tail. Rag-Tag finally ran out of arguments and steam about 4 a.m., but Bob-Tail kept me up until 6:47 a.m., the bus leaving at 8:30 for the fishing trip, me going, him not, and I hope, if he reads this, he is dying slowly and painfully from an incurable disease.

This is what they got hacking about, with me as the judge; should or should not a weekly editor run in his columns court news?

And that is why I thought your readers might have an opinion. Rag-Tag said: "Absolutely. It is our duty. No one can be spared. We owe it to our readers. If I myself were convicted of impaired driving, I would run it in the paper."

Bob-Tail spoke thus: "Blank-beep! Who do you think you are — God? The guy or the gal has already been judged and sentenced by the law. He or she has been punished. All you are doing by printing it in the paper is doubling the sentence, exposing him or her to the scorn and contempt of friends and neighbors and salivating sensation-seekers who swoop like vultures on the garbage that is other peoples' troubles."

As you can see, Bob-Tail was a little more poetic. But Rag-Tag was not to be downed so easily. He fought back.

"O.K., smart-ass. What would you do if there was a murder in your town?" You'll note that he had by now dropped the subjective.

Bob-Tail: "I'd ignore it. I'd say in the paper that So-and-So had passed away on Such-and-Such. If the Calgary papers wanted

to come in and make a big murder thing of it, let 'em. You know what I'd do? I'd go and see the widow (or widower) and talk to her (or him) as a friend."

I won't bore you with any more. The argument went on for two hours, with the judge (me), looking at a non-existent watch, brightly mentioning that the fishing trip was starting in two hours, and even calling room service to see what time it was.

So what would you do, gentle reader, if you were a weekly editor? Would you run the court news, and break some poor mother's heart? Or do you think that the public has a right to know that the mayor got drunk and beat up his wife?

When I was a weekly editor, I had to cope with this. I decided, with the full concurrence of my partner, that there was no particular point in running court news. Too many people were being doubly punished, and why? Merely for the delectation of the righteous.

Strangely enough, or not, the people who howl and plead the most, when it is their family about to be exposed in public print, are the most righteous. The less righteous are almost proud that nephew Elmer "got his name in the paper."

Three days later, on our fishing trip, I reintroduced the subject, and saw two weekly newspapermen, this time from Ontario, practically come to blows over the issue.

Daily papers treat the subject with the utmost cynicism. They have a court reporter: He or she reports only those cases before the judge which will make a "good story": the salacious, the sensational, the bizarre — only those that will make the reader chuckle or slaver.

What do you think? Perhaps your editor would be interested in your opinion. Does he or she run court news? Does it serve any purpose? You judge.

Write him, or her. Write me, care of him or her. I would really like to know how ordinary, decent human beings feel about this.

## Noise study is important

The cancellation of the Pickering airport has meant that all work connected with the project has been suspended. However, an ambient noise study in this area will be carried out as planned. And that is a good thing.

In the first place, no one has ever bothered to conduct such a study before an airport is built. This could provide revolutionary data on noise levels in towns such as Stouffville and whether aircraft noise intrudes on those levels.

The study takes on new importance now, now that the project has been shelved. The

results may add to the cry for complete abandonment of the project. On the other hand, the study could show that noise will not be a serious problem in Stouffville.

In either case, the study is important. It will provide data, facts and figures, that should be useful in determining whether the airport should be built, and if it does proceed what sorts of compensation must be offered to property owners in town.

The completion of the study is an important matter. We are pleased that testing will continue.



## VIEWPOINT

### Niagara jaunt proves enjoyable

By DON BERNARD

Niagara Falls on an October weekend may not sound like a dream vacation, but we decided to take a chance on the weather and spend some time "away from it all." I had a few days coming to me so Thanksgiving weekend looked like the best time to go away.

Prior to that my wife had arranged to billet some Dutch people, who were with a choir making a North American Tour. She was quite excited at the prospect, especially as the choir was from Katwijk, a village not far from where her mother lives.

With the time off, I was able to give part of one day to my garden (and managed to do about half the work I had hoped to do). Thursday evening we picked up the people. We had a member of the choir and his wife and a journalist travelling with the group.

After an interesting talk, we all went to bed, Johanna and I gave our bed to the visitors and so we slept on the couch. Perhaps because of the situation, neither of us got much sleep that night.

Friday we had a leisurely breakfast of homemade pancakes and then headed for a shopping mall. The visitors enjoyed the mall, which was unusual for them. I suppose we would have liked to show them more of Toronto but time was very short.

After a quick supper, the choir member (whose first name was Bernard) had to be at the Queen Elizabeth Building at the CNE by 6:30 p.m. We arrived in time, then waited until the show started at 8 p.m.

The choir had over 100 members and a folk-dance group was along to provide a break in the music. Piano and oboe soloists also formed part of the program. It was thoroughly enjoyable, and the choir provided a varied program: from hymns and spirituals to secular folk songs from different countries.

After the concert, home again and to bed. Saturday morning, we had to be up at 6 a.m. to have them at the bus by 8:30, when they were to leave for Muskegan, Ohio, the next stop on the tour. From there we decided to go on to Niagara Falls.

Thus we had two nights without sufficient sleep. We were looking forward to a peaceful night in a hotel room, although we were fearful of spending a night in the same room with Bekah.

Niagara Falls was crowded despite overcast and cool weather. Busloads of tourists, mostly from parts of the United States, could be seen everywhere. We walked along the falls, enjoying the natural beauty.

But a walk through some of the streets running from the falls proved disappointing. There were about six kinds of wax museums, none very appealing. The rest of the street consisted of gift shops (all with the same souvenirs), restaurants and motels. After a walk through that area, we were totally turned off.

It seems to be man's nature to see the exploitation of a natural attraction as perfectly legitimate.

We went to our hotel room early and set up the crib provided by the hotel. We managed to use a bedspread to create a separate enclosure for Bekah. Letting her play until she couldn't play anymore, assured she would fall asleep quickly. After two feeble cries, she was gone.

Being tired out ourselves, we went to sleep early expecting to catch up on our sleep. It didn't work out that way however. It seems that just after we put out the light, everybody was returning to their rooms. Doors started banging and toilets started flushing all around us.

We woke up Sunday morning after a third relatively sleepless night. Sunday proved to be the nicest day of all. We drove along the Niagara River, north from the falls.

Queenston Heights proved to be a delightful spot and we walked around the park near the Brock Monument. The view out over the Niagara River was quite spectacular. Fortunately, while the leaves had passed their prime in the Stouffville area, the colors were bright on the Niagara peninsula.

The drive along the river provided to be the highlight of our trip. After visiting some people in Niagara-on-the-Lake in the afternoon, we headed back to Stouffville, contented with our trip.

We are gradually catching up on our sleep and felt good after a weekend that proved to be both full and unusual for us.

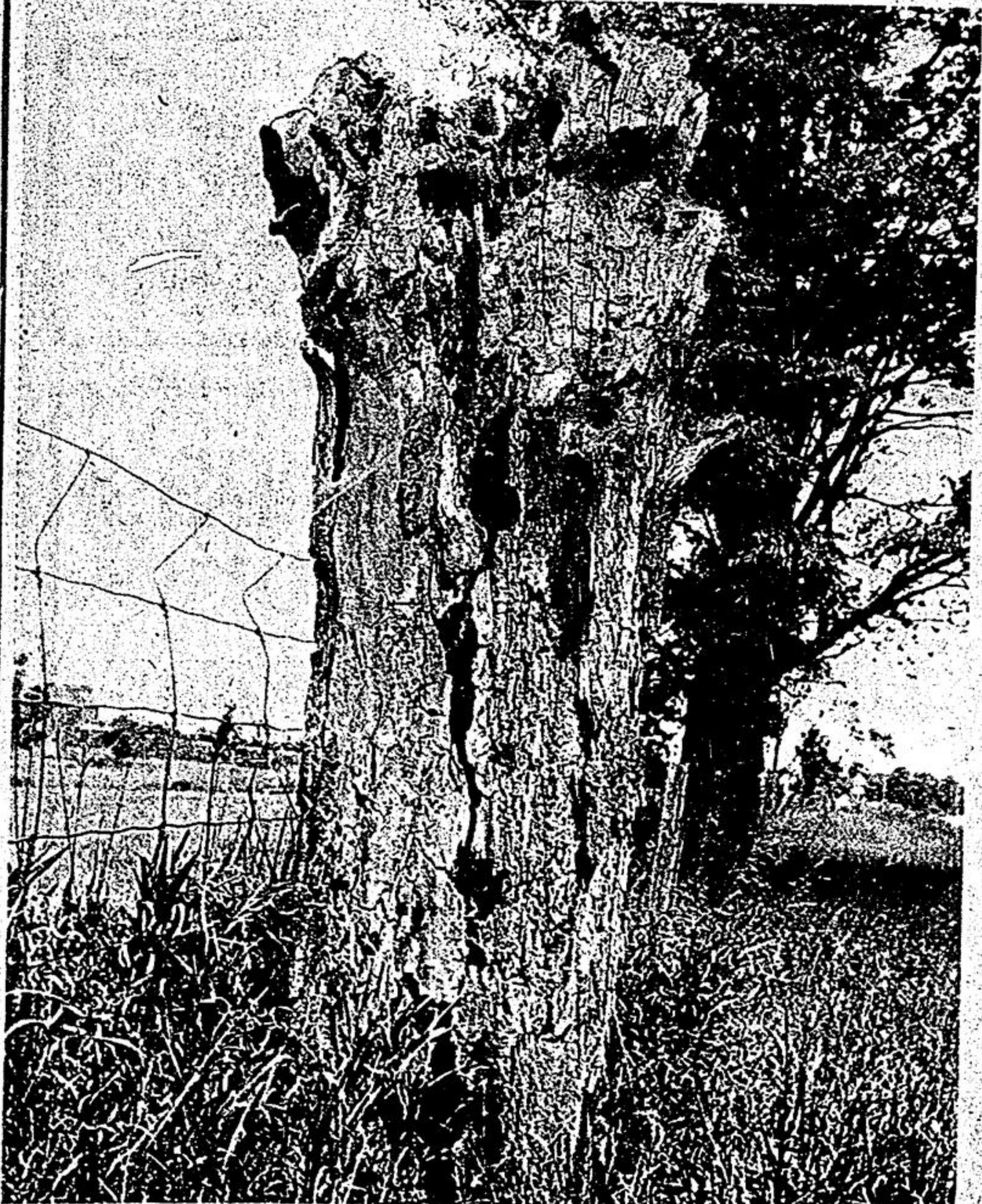
## 30 years ago this week

Excerpts from The Tribune from October 18, 1945.

You can't keep a good man down.

So goes the old saying, and it is particularly applicable to Mr. Willis Monkhouse who has just enjoyed his first aeroplane ride. Mr. Monkhouse is shortly to join our town octogenarians, but nothing daunted, he was up for a flight the other day with Ernie Stouffer, a Stouffville boy, now operating a garage in Toronto, and who makes frequent flights over his native village.

Mr. Monkhouse was taken for a spin over the city of Toronto and was greatly thrilled with the sight. He says he is quite ready to go up again, and would like nothing better than to have a birdseye view of Stouffville.



The gnarled stump stands firm, despite the attacks of the weather that wear it down from without; and the worms which eat away from within. Once it anchored a stately tree, but no more. Only a shell remains of its former strength, reminding us of the impermanence of life.