



The Tribune

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Editorials

Were the hearings fair?

Whatever happened to "public acceptability?" This is the question we asked after digesting the decision of the Environmental Hearing Board on the York Sanitation dump. During the long, tortuous course of the hearings, Chairman David Caverly many times reiterated that "public acceptability" as well as technical evidence would have a major impact on the board's eventual decision. There is little or no evidence of this intent in the final report. The decision states that "many persons did believe that the company had violated the operating terms of the control order — and they did not believe that the company could be

relied upon to operate according to the ministry regulations in the future." They further admit that opponents were very critical of the Ministry of the Environment for "not requiring the company to comply in the past with its regulations." "There was some feeling that the ministry had not provided citizens with the protection that they might have expected under the Environmental Protection Act," the decision also notes. It is fairly safe to say that the people of Whitchurch-Stouffville have shown their opposition to the dump. A public meeting at the high school before the hearings commenced attracted 500 people, 2271 concerned citizens signed a petition opposing the dump, 21 surrounding landowners hired a lawyer to fight the dump and 26 people not living near the dump spoke at the hearing. It is also significant to note that not one resident of the municipality had anything good to say about the York Sanitation operation.

Those who voiced their opposition do not constitute a majority of the residents of the community but to put this in perspective we point out that 427 more people signed the petition than voted in the recent school board election. The only recommendation in the report that deals with this even peripherally is the recommendation "it is now necessary that the site be operated in strict accordance with...the Environmental Protection Act, and any violations be dealt with immediately."

It is not surprising that those people who contributed their time to the hearings, in the belief that the board was interested in public opinion, now feel they were cheated into participating in a very expensive and time-consuming farce.

Takeout facility rightly refused

George Niarchos must have thought planning board was being a little harsh in rejecting his plan for a take-out establishment in Ringwood. As far as it went, Mr. Niarchos' proposal looked good enough. However, planning board decided that he should come back with something that would provide a more "high class" development for such an important intersection. It is our contention that if a take-out restaurant was established there would never be a sit-down type restaurant on the corner. A development approved for Ringwood should include at least a restaurant and hopefully a motel, a badly needed facility in the area. Mr. Niarchos' plan was not bad, it was merely incomplete, and the planning board acted accordingly.

Growth rate is steady

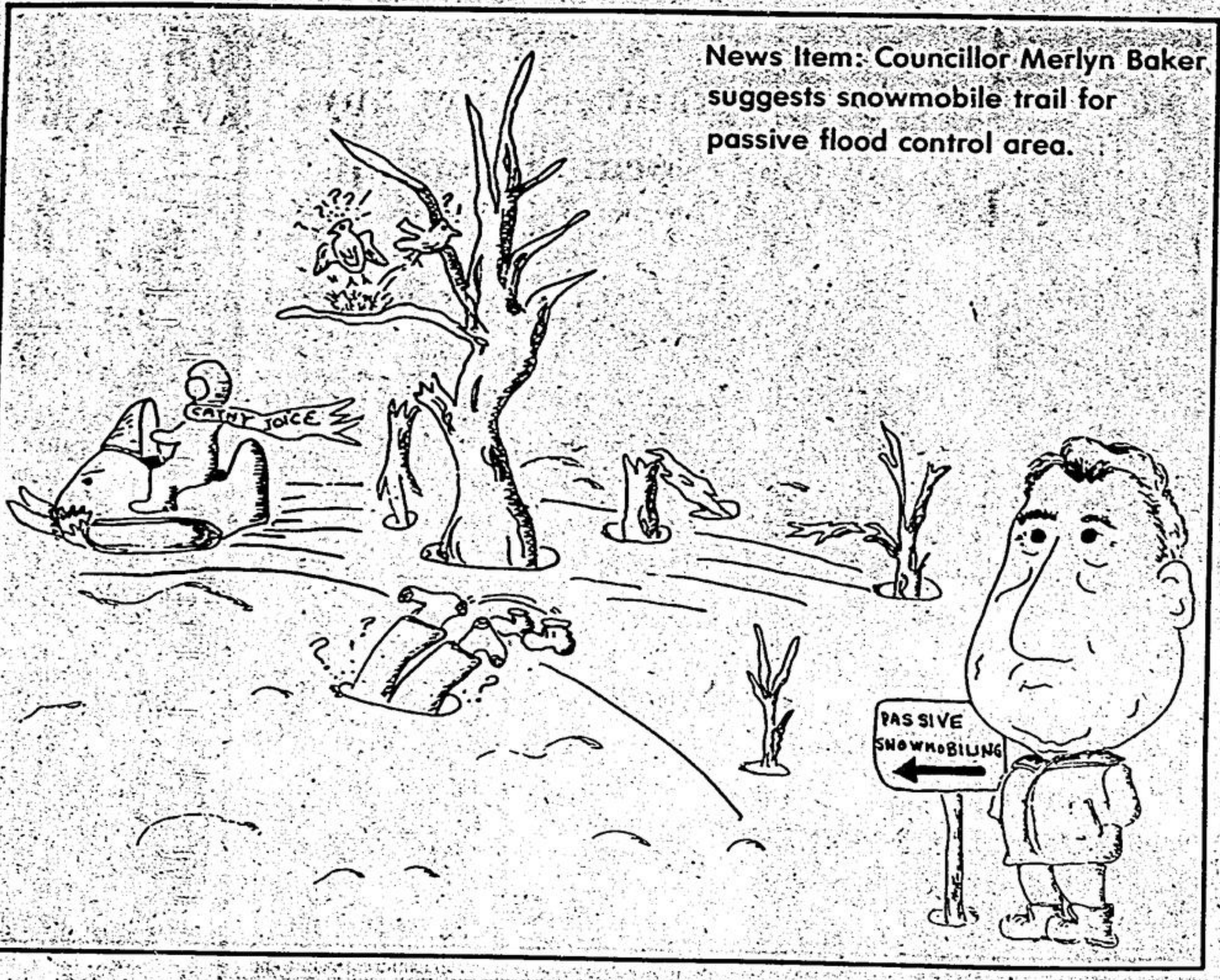
Cancellation of the Pickering airport has not slowed industrial growth in Durham Region, according to development director Bob Nicol. Certainly his comments must make one wonder whether the prophets of doom and gloom are correct in saying that the airport cancellation would slow growth in the area. York region's planners fear that growth will be slower. But let us look at growth itself. Increased development is certainly a desirable thing. Some growth is good, obviously. But explosive growth (the kind brought by a major

development such as an airport) is not usually good. By all indications both Durham and York regions will experience reasonable rates of growth in the next 10 years. The airport would have accelerated that. Cancellation of the project only means that the growth will be slower than with the airport. To us that is a good thing. Industry is already fleeing Toronto because of high costs for serviced industrial land. This should insure that industrial development in areas outside Toronto will proceed steadily in the years to come, with or without the airport.

Public will applaud

Ottawa has given its first major decision in the new anti-inflation program by turning back the Toronto high school teachers and the Board as well, in asking far too much money, and the general public will undoubtedly applaud. While the federal government has reiterated time and again that this was a "no nonsense" program, the public has still been skeptical. Now they see the quick and decisive approach they had been hoping for. Not only will other school boards take special note, but other unions as well. This decision shows definitely that the government

is willing to put action into this fight against high costs. The program is fair, no one is being asked to give up his or her job, merely to accept a reasonable ten or twelve percent increase rather than the astronomical wage boosts the unions have been putting forward. We can all win together or we can all lose together. The government has shown it is trying to help us win if we abide by the rules and even put a little austerity into our living if necessary.



News Item: Councillor Merlyn Baker suggests snowmobile trail for passive flood control area.

Bible thought for the Week

From The Living Bible
Then Job replied to God: "I know that you can do anything and that no one can stop you. You ask who it is who has so foolishly denied your providence. It is I. I was talking about things I knew nothing about and did not understand, things far too wonderful for me. (You said, 'Listen and I will speak! Let me put the questions to you! See if you can answer them!') (But now I say, 'I had heard about you before, but now I have seen you, and I loathe myself and repent in dust and ashes.'" Job 42:1-5



Grand finale for cycling season

By JOHN MONTGOMERY

I finished up my bicycling a couple of weeks ago — in grand style. As I wrote in an earlier column, I took up bicycling as a hobby this past summer and as winter approached I was quite pleased because I came through the season unscathed. Early in the year my wife had gone tearing around the corner into our parking lot, lost control of the bike, and slid under a car. She wrecked her knee and bent the handlebars on the bike but was relatively unharmed. My brother-in-law who we bicycled with quite often had an even more exciting summer. First he hit some street car tracks doing about 40 mph, putting a tremendous ding in his wheel. He was relieved of the expense of fixing this because a few days later his bike was stolen from an underground parking lot. He bought another one, even more expensive, and after he had it for a short while a car cut him off while he was riding down the street. He hit the curb, went flying over the handlebars, and landed on his head on the pavement. Luckily for him this is not a critical portion of his anatomy and other than being dizzy, or dizzier, for a few days, he was alright.

Oh yes he also bent the wheel of his bike and knocked out a few spokes. Both him and my wife had innumerable flats and Tom had to replace his tires.

With winter coming fast I was feeling rather contented that I had not only never fallen but I hadn't had even one flat tire.

I was feeling quite good about it, not to mention a little quiet gloating on the side. I have to keep my gloating quiet because if I don't my wife gets a little ugly with me.

That all changed a few weeks ago when a friend came down for the weekend. It was Grey Cup Sunday and although slightly chilly out it was a fine clear day.

My friend had on several occasions expressed an interest in bicycling as he had not done so for years so we decided to dress warmly and "go for a spin".

As it turned out this was an apt description of the ride.

We were riding down a side street heading toward a bicycle path when we passed by a dog. He was a big black brute, obviously part Labrador, with that mindlessly friendly look some dogs have.

He fell in beside us and I noticed he had a long strand of mucus draped rather rakishly across his snout. I should have taken that as an omen.

We tooled along the pathway for a while without incident but the dog was beginning to bother me. He stayed right beside me but unfortunately too far away for me to kick him across the side of the head.

He was beginning to make me nervous because he seemed awfully skittish. I decided to ditch him and I began pedalling furiously along the gravel drive, but the faster I went the faster the idiot dog went.

He was running full out but keeping up when it happened. The cretin canine saw

another dog up ahead and he veered suddenly toward me. In honor of Grey Cup Sunday, I suspect, he came in low and administered a flying tackle to the front wheel of my bicycle.

Somehow I found myself travelling at a great rate, sans bicycle, and I came down with terrific force, with one graceful movement removing the knee from my best jeans, not to mention several square inches of skin and two or three chunks of sub-cutaneous material.

Fortunately I was wearing a leather jacket and gloves because I also landed on my hand and shoulder. From the gouges in the leather I feel safe in assuming I would have done myself grievous damage without the protective clothing.

It took my friend and I about 10 minutes to straighten all the bent parts of my bicycle and I was about to proceed when we saw a strange sight indeed.

Coming toward us was a jogger, which isn't really all that unusual a sight, but this particular jogger had a great bleeding wound in his cheek. He carried a blood-soaked handkerchief in his hand but at this time he was ignoring the wound which was leaking blood down his neck and along the front of his sweatshirt.

And right beside him was the damn fool dog, keeping right up, wagging his idiot head back and forth and with a great huge stick in his mouth.

I leave it to the reader to come to his own conclusion as to what happened.

I can only say that having mastered bicyclists and joggers, I hope that refuge for vermin moves on to bigger and better things. Say, for instance, a gravel truck or, maybe a bus, preferably one with standing room only.

Thirty years ago this week

Excerpts from The Tribune from December 6, 1945. Postal rate cuts hoped for. Postmaster General Ernest Bertrand has sig-

nalized his first presentation of departmental estimates of Parliament by announcing that he hopes to reduce the postal rates on first-class mail letters to three cents and to two cents on drop letters. Later, he hopes to transport all first-class mail by plane from one end of Canada to the other and reduce the present air rate. The time at which the reduced postal rates will become effective has not been announced. It is expected that the department will resume twice-daily deliveries in urban centres next spring.

Run on orchards

Cars extending nearly two miles were lined up along Yonge Street early Monday morning with the head of the procession pointing into the lane of Aurora orchards, owned by the Fleuries. One of the few Ontario orchards with any apples at all, and then not of first quality, would-be buyers from Toronto and farmers from over the countryside arrived early in the morning, the day set for disposition of the limited supplies. Many were turned away, and cars had to be shut out from entering the place when the jam became unmanageable.

Life and lobster

BY ANNEGRET LAMURE

There is much concern these days about the rising violence in our society, but I never thought that I would be confronted with it in our own household.

It started innocently enough when our son wanted a lobster for his twelfth birthday. He came with me to pick it out.

In the market there were rows of pretty red lobsters, all clutching dainty sprigs of parsley. "How about that one?" I indicated a brightly scarlet individual, all nicely bedded down on ice.

"Oh Mother, they're no good. They're cooked already." He pointed to a tank containing a grotesque assortment of olive green creatures. "I want a live one."

"Whatever for?" I looked at the writhing mass in horror. "We have enough pets already."

"I want to boil it myself," he said adventurously, "and hear it scream." I must have looked as sick as I felt, for he hastened to reassure me. "It's really only steam escaping, lobsters are mute."

"I don't care," I said firmly, "I'm not having any lobsters screaming in my kitchen."

At this point the counterman intervened in Jay's behalf.

"You don't have to boil it alive, you know. Just stick a sharp knife behind his head before you throw him in the pot."

"But that's cold-blooded murder!"

"Oh come now lady, you eat chicken, don't you?"

"Only if its cut in pieces already." The two men looked at me with scorn. Then they strode purposefully to the tank.

All the way home the beast made little scurrying noises inside its box. "Maybe he's

fighting for air. You'd better poke some holes," I suggested once we got home.

"Oh, Mom, he's O.K. Anyway he's going to be boiled in a few minutes." He headed for the door. "I'm just going to get Mike."

Fifteen minutes later, six of his friends clustered expectantly around the box containing the lobster, and waited for the boiling to begin. "They came to hear him scream," explained my son.

"Maybe he's dead already," I said hopefully, "I haven't heard him scurrying in a long time." The boys cautiously lifted the lid and peered into the box, trying to detect some signs of life. Suddenly a big claw shot out, narrowly missing several noses.

"Boy, he's really fierce."

"Look at those enormous pinchers."

"Am I ever glad I don't have to pick him up." The boys looked at the feisty crustacean with new respect. "How're you going to get him in the pot, Jay?"

"Easy, the guy at the fish market showed me how." Deftly he grasped the beast behind the head and held him aloft. The lobster struggled in silent desperation as he was borne to the bubbling cauldron. All eight limbs tried to scuttle in different directions. As he was poised over the steaming water, his eyes seemed about to pop off their stalks in terror, and his antennae fluttered in mute appeal. My son looked at the writhing bundle of misery, then made a half-hearted pass over the pot. "Hey Mike, you want to do it?" "How about you, Harold?" "Rick?" "Brad?"

It turned out nobody wanted to do it. "Aw, what the heck," he said finally, and dropped the wretched animal back in the box, "let's have steak."

And that's just what we did. Right after installing Old Crusty in the aquarium that once housed our pet clams.



This rusted van tells a story of neglect and decay, somewhat symbolic of the deserted gravel pit where it has been laid to rest in Coppins Corners. The pit itself could well be resurrected if a plan to build a subdivision there is approved. The van however is a lost cause. — Ted Wilcox