



The Tribune



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Editorials

Uxbridge gravel committee might have been good forum

It seems ironic that a council which was elected on the platform of "We will listen to the people" would almost to a man, refuse to give its citizens a forum to make recommendations on the most crucial problem in the township, but that is what happened last Thursday.

In a recorded vote at Uxbridge council, Gary Herrema, Sandy Ewen, Norm Lyons, and Mac Meyers all turned down the establishment of a committee to give feedback about the gravel question in the township.

This was, in our opinion, a serious mistake. Not only could such a committee have given the council valuable insight into the infinitely complex question of what to do about aggregate areas, but it is unlikely that a useful group would emerge on its own because of the divergent interests involved.

Gravel producers are not too likely to take the initiative to seek out residents living near gravel pits in order to advise council and vice versa.

However, if council were to invite people of divergent interests to serve on a committee many insights might be gained, not only by council, but by the various factions represented by the committee.

At the moment there is very little contact between pit operators, environmentalists and the long suffering public living near gravel extraction areas. Consequently, each group lobbies only for its own interests and is largely ignorant of the problems of the other fellow.

The establishment of a committee, such

as proposed by councillor Paxton, might have brought the various factions closer together and given the council balanced feedback.

New bank is an asset to village

The new Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, which opened its doors for business Monday, has made quite an improvement to the corner of Main and Market St.

This improvement is especially appreciated during the centennial year when many former residents will be coming back for visits.

The dusty, weed infested lot that sat there for the last few years since the former Ratcliff block burned out would not have made a particularly good impression.

The building has been very tastefully designed and it seems some care was taken to choose a red brick that is compatible with the brick on the older buildings around town.

A new building right downtown seems to give the Main Street a little more prosperous air and hopefully the old bank building next to the civic square will be quickly rented out.

With luck we might get a business in there that will provide a service not now available in Stouffville - such as a shoe store. The greater variety of services that are offered the more shoppers will be drawn into the village.

Pond stand changes slightly

Those favouring the retention of Lehman's pond in the new park should be heartened slightly by council's decision this week to seek an alternate engineering report on the park site.

The alternate report, which council is not bound to accept, would be based on inclusion of the pond.

We have some suspicion that this may be, in part, a stalling tactic. Council has stated it will seek expert opinions on the "viability" of the pond.

Council, we fear, may soon expert itself to death. In our opinion the viability question is a smokescreen. Either the pond will stay or it won't and viability is just so much bureaucratic mumbo-jumbo.

We are not opposed to consultation with the conservation authority, though, as we feel they may be able to give practical advice concerning the design of the park.

As a result of the editorial last week we owe Councillor Eldred King an apology. An attempt to string too many divergent thoughts together in one paragraph led us to misrepresent Mr. King's position on the issue.

30 years ago this week

Excerpts from The Tribune from Feb. 27, 1947.

Contract on flies
As a result of the public meeting held in Whitchurch on Monday afternoon, the farmers will be canvassed in the hope of obtaining enough signatures to carry on a campaign against the warble fly.

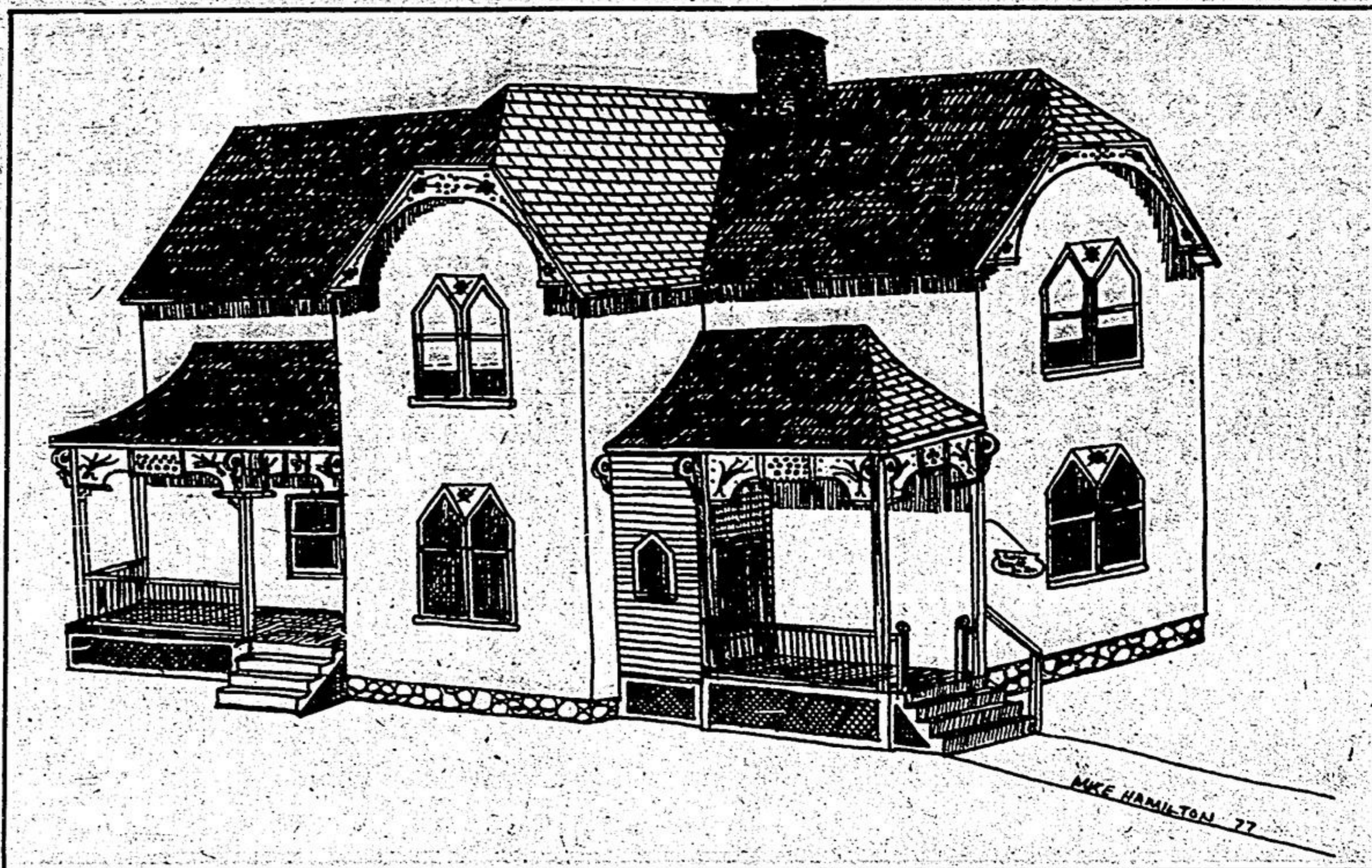
Canvassers will be appointed to each school section, and if sufficient encouragement is given, the company interested in applying the treatment will be brought in and the cattle treated with three sprays.

Curiosity paid
She rummaged through baskets of junk at the public auction sale—the last held in Claremont, and then the auctioneer's eye caught her. She nodded to his appealing wink, at least the auctioneer (Farmer) thought she did, for in a loud voice he cried triumphantly, "sold to Mrs. Blank." Reaching home with curiosity steadily mounting the basket was quickly examined and was found to contain among other things a cork screw, rolling pin, flour sifter, pic rack, etc., etc. Then there nestled right on the bottom an old purse, which to the lady's consternation contained two dimes and a cent, leaving a net of only 9 cents as the cost of her curiosity.

Flapless increase
The three beauty parlors serving in town placed an advertisement in this paper last week, announcing new increased prices, which will have a special interest for the women. However, it could affect the pocket books of men also, since wives will be coming back for more weekly allowance as first one expense and another add to the weekly budget. In any event, this increase didn't cause the slightest flurry and we haven't heard a single woman threatening to "do her own." It could happen, of course.



Breathtaking winter sunset was captured on film by 'Tribune' staffer Annegret Lamure. Multi-hued sunlight, broken by fleecy clouds reflects in textured ice on a field near Gormley.



SUGAR AND SPICE

The true north, strong and freezing

By BILL SMILEY

We have such a crazy climate in this country that by the time this appears in print some dingbat will have spotted the first crocus peeping its dainty head through the snow.

But right at the moment, any such crocus would have to come from the garden of King Kong.

This winter has been not a little unlike a sort of arctic King Kong—a vast, uncontrollable monster laughing with fiendish glee at the prospect of puny man trying to cope with his whistling, frigid breath, his frosty and fickle fingers, and his extremely bad case of dandruff.

Around these parts we've had 13 to 15 feet of snow, depending on whom you are conversing with. If you are talking to me, you'll learn that we've had 18 feet. My wife would say "About twelve and a half feet," in that sickening, righteous tone of hers that has made me hurl the hatchet and the butcher knife deep in the 16 feet of snow right behind the kitchen door, to avoid temptation.

Though we have a pretty good running parry-and-thrust on everything from pea soup to politics, from golf to garbage, we just don't fight about the weather. Until this winter. Now it's hammer and tongs almost every day. And I seem to have wound up with the tongs.

I stagger out through the blizzard every morning, brush the snow off the car, scrape the ice off the windshield with my fingernails because she has lost the scraper, and sit there freezing—my poorly padded bum for 10 minutes, warming the beast up.

Then I bomb the vehicle out of the driveway, risking my life every morning,

because I can't see anything coming, from any direction. I park it on the street.

On the odd occasion when she decides to shop, she minces out to the car, heavily garbed, climbs into a warm wagon, parks behind the supermarket and walks 40 feet to the door. Every time she goes out, it has stopped snowing for one hour, the wind has dropped for one hour, and the sun gleams palely for one hour.

She leaves the car out on the street when she comes home. I clean it off again, buck it through a drift into the driveway, climb through more snow that goes in over my boots, and totter, breathless and forlorn, into the house.

"Why do you make such a fuss?" she queries. "It's been a beautiful winter day." She won't be so dam' smart when she wakes up on the first day of the March break and finds a note pinned to her pillow: "Off to the Canary Isles for 10 days. Hear they're loaded with Scandinavian girls in bikinis or (gasp!) topless. Why don't you go and visit Granddad for a week or so. Love, Fahrenheit Bill." She's a Celsius and it drives me nuts.

But it's not only my wife who has helped, with the aid of this atrocious winter, to depress me. It's the cost.

This is rough reckoning, but close enough. From last November the first, it has cost me, approximately: \$420 for fuel oil; \$120 for

driveway plowing; \$50 for the kid next door, snow-shovelling; \$60 for battery boosts, tow trucks and other winter items for cars. That, my friends, is \$650 bucks for the privilege of spending the winter in the true north, strong and freezing. Oh, Canada!

Tell me, some of my friends who go south every winter. Does it cost more to eat down there? Less, you say. Does it cost more to drive a car down there? Less, you say. Does it cost more for accommodation? Less, you say, and you add that it can cost \$52 for an ordinary double room in Toronto, Montreal, Vancouver.

But don't you get sick of all that fresh orange juice, and those crispy salads twice a day? No, you say.

Don't you feel you are deserting the ship, somewhat, when your country needs you, when it is the duty of every man and woman to put his and/or his shoulder to the car that's stuck in the drift? No, you say.

O.K. O. I haven't figured it out yet, but I'll devise some way of some day getting even with all you rotten rich who are loafing around in the sun while I battle with the Old Battleaxe about the windchill factor.

In the meantime, it's the least you could do, somebody, anybody, to ask me down for a long weekend. From about the fifteenth of February to the Ides of March would be just right.

Editor's mail

MPP slams housing near airport

Dear Sir:
A recent decision by the Ontario Municipal Board has given permission to

build 450 new houses at the southern end of the north-south runway at Malton Airport.

Reader from Oregon wants pond retained

Dear Sir:
I would like to say how much we enjoy getting our Tribune when we are so far from home. At this time, I would like to commend and support your editorial of January 27 concerning Lehman's pond.

Over the past sixteen years, we have raised three active boys near that pond. They knew the family rules concerning it, and there were no mishaps. We have all delighted in the wild-life—furred, feathered, and flowered. Surely new people moving in, especially from the city, should be allowed that privilege, too. Modify the dangerous part of the shoreline, if necessary, but don't take it away. Let us leave the area as natural as possible; there is entirely too much damage done to our world in the name of progress already. The idea of a ball diamond there is absurd; the new school grounds will provide that for the people whose only concept of recreation is baseball.

Yours in the name of conservation and education.

Shirley A. Rehill
Eugene, Oregon

Land, which had been zoned as industrial, and which has sat vacant awaiting industry since 1971, was re-zoned to residential on application of the owners. The Municipality refused application for the re-zoning, however the matter was appealed to the Ontario Municipal Board, who gave permission to build the houses.

In the decision the Ontario Municipal Board pointed out that noise was not an important factor as long as the purchaser was aware of the fact that he was living near an airport. This decision was made in spite of all the complaints about noise around the Malton Airport we have heard for the last six years!

Noise pollution was the main reason to restrict Malton's growth, and to build Pickering.

It seems strange in passing, that after all the shouting that was made with regard to the "impossibility" of living near a Malton runway, that the senior Review Board of Ontario, responsible only to Cabinet, has given permission to proceed with houses!

Yours sincerely,
CHARLES GODFREY
MPP for Durham West

Contributed by kids for kids

It sure looked like we'd lose again

The score was 0-9 for them,
It sure looked like we'd lose again.
And with Big Blizzard in the net
(He's never made a save as yet)
And Boom Boom Crunch and Elbow Bain
Both out with penalties again
We were in trouble, sure enough
And knew'd was time for Bill McTuff
To get in there and do his stuff.

It sure looked like we'd lose again.
Jason Lamure
Age 13

F.E.B.R.U.A.R.Y

F is for FREEZING cold in Stouffville
E is for EXTRA mitts I wear
B is for BLOWING wind to chill us
R is for RUM my father sips
U is for UNDERSHIRT so snugly warm
A is for my ANGELS in the snow
R is for the RASCAL who wrecked my snowfort
Y is for YESTERDAY when the schoolbus didn't show

The crowd cheered as he passed the stand
And passed his stick from hand to hand.
They roared when he with strength and luck
Charged down the ice, bearing the puck.
He faked a pass and let it go—
It almost hit Big Blizzard's toe,
But it went in—

But this most of all means how much we miss
SUMMER.
JEFF SHERRER,
Age 13

The score was 0-10 for them