



# The Tribune

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 CHARLES H. NOLAN  
 Publisher

JAMES THOMAS  
 Editor-in-Chief

BARRE BEACOCK  
 Advertising Manager

EDITORIAL DEPT: Ed Schroeter, Jim Holt  
 DISPLAY ADVERTISING DEPT: Lois Wideman, Marie Emmerson  
 BUSINESS OFFICE: Joan Marshman, Doreen Deacon, Eileen Glover

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## Editorials

### Moving towards bankruptcy

How high is up?  
 Is Canada, in fact, bankrupt?  
 Answers to this will range from "yes" to "no" to "almost", depending on who you talk to.

The 'man-on-the-street' doesn't pretend to understand the seriousness of the situation, nor can he offer any solutions. He's bogged down just trying to fill out his own income tax return and hardly in a position to come up with a cure for this country's economic ills.

So just how serious is it? Canadians have a right to know.

Sinclair Stevens, Whitchurch-Stouffville's Member of Parliament and Conservative financial critic, makes the following points.

Canada's debt, he says, currently stands at almost \$75 billion and growing. He predicts that (if the government stays in power), it could reach \$100 billion.

But this is only half the story. There's interest to be paid on borrowed funds. During the year 1979-80, Ottawa will spend \$8.4 billion in this manner, representing 16.5 per cent of the federal budget.

This means, and get this, that the average worker is required to pay \$17 a week just to service this borrowed money.

But figures can be twisted, you say, to read what you want them to read. And you're right.

The fact remains, Canada's deeply in debt, a situation that can't go on forever.

Is there a Darcy McKeough at the federal level who has the intestinal fortitude to stand up and say STOP?

Not likely. For, unfortunately for this country (and this province), the Darcy McKeough type of politician meets an early demise.

### Supermarket is premature

Stouffville's not yet ready for a third supermarket.

This editorial stand may sound strange, coming from the local newspaper that could benefit financially from such a store.

However, putting principals ahead of financial gain, we say town growth has not yet reached a level whereby such a venture would prosper or, if it did, the two established supermarkets would suffer.

Stouffville's already had a taste of what

too many of any one thing can do. Someone starves to death.

With growth practically at a standstill, two major food stores can handle all the business that's available. And while some residents may go elsewhere to shop, this will always be the case, regardless of the service.

When the long-awaited Dulverton Development becomes a reality, town planners can take the requirements of 1,500 more people into consideration.

That won't happen tomorrow.

### New arena - we need facts

There's dissatisfaction within the ranks of some recreation associations here, with regard to ice time (or lack of it) at the Stouffville Arena.

Those closest to the problem claim prime time ice hours are booked solid with no chance to expand current programs let alone allow new leagues in.

### Black week

Two accidents, four dead, two injured, all within a period of 27 hours.

News of the tragedies, one so closely following the other, stunned this community. For five of the six persons involved were well-known here. Their deaths, their injuries, while touching immediate families hardest, are felt far beyond the circle of mothers, fathers, wives, sons, daughters, brothers, sisters and grandchildren. We all feel it.

And that's what 'community' is all about. No one bears their loss alone; nor should they. For their loss is ours too.

Predictions by the Board for 1979-80 would seem to bear this out.

Instead of continually beefing about it, let's gather together some facts and figures on the possibility of a second arena, and place them before a public meeting.

Who knows, the tax load may be lighter than most of us think.

Personally, we feel a project, if practical, is good for a community. It represents a challenge and provides promoters with a sense of responsibility and accomplishment.

Surely, if a rural hamlet the size of Woodville can do it, so can Whitchurch-Stouffville. Let's find out.

### Keep quiet

Abortion - it's a subject of much discussion in the United States and Canada; across Ontario; right here in Stouffville.

Recently, during a friendly street-corner discussion, we were questioned on the issue. "What stand do you take?" the chap asked directly.

We shocked him somewhat by replying just as directly that "the editor of this newspaper takes no stand at all because he happens to be a man and will never have to face such a traumatic experience".

And that's exactly where we stand. What man, we ask, can, in all sincerity, voice an opinion on something he knows nothing about? Men (editors included) who seem to feel they're an authority on everything, would be well advised to offer advice on issues they must face first-hand. Abortion isn't one.

#### Editor's Mail

### Change sites - change minds

Dear Editor:

I never cease to be amazed at the way some members of Town Council can change their minds on what would appear to be policy decisions on various issues.

The subject of a third supermarket is an example.

First they say "no" to one in the east end of Stouffville. Then some say "yes" or "maybe" to one in the west end.

How come? If a supermarket is needed anywhere (which it's not), it's in the east area of the village where there's really nothing of a commercial nature.

I thought this was the plan. When population warrants, a food store would be permitted in the Tenth and Main plaza. Now, I'm not so sure that the Town knows for sure.

Thank heaven local planners (?) don't have to deal with something REALLY big.

BRUCE DRURY,  
 Stuart Street,  
 Stouffville.



A breakfast treat

Gormley naturalist, Art Briggs-Jude, writes a bi-weekly column in The Tribune under the heading "Window on Wildlife".

He's also pretty handy with a camera, catching this hairy woodpecker preparing to eat breakfast.

#### NEWS ITEM:

Councillor Bill McNalley recommends  
 Town bylaw be changed to permit  
 livestock in rural-residential areas.



"Oh Bill! 'Alice' and 'Flo' are eating Mrs Flannigan's prize roses again!"

### Sugar and Spice

## A challenge series with Red China

By Bill Smiley



By the time this appears in print, the worst of the suffering in Canada will be over. And I don't mean that dreadful February cold snap which turned us into our annual winter condition, a nation of misanthropes.

Burst water pipes, cars so cold you can't even put them into reverse to back out in the morning, and temperatures that would freeze the brains of a brass monkey are bad enough. But we're used to them. We know that, in another four months, we'll be gasping in a heat wave and beating off mosquitoes.

No, that's not the suffering we did this February. It was being smugly satisfied on a Thursday night, mildly dismayed on a Saturday afternoon, and utterly humiliated on a Sunday night that caused the suffering.

Talk about blue Monday. That Monday in Feb., after them Rooshians had kicked the living stuffing out of Canada's finest, was so blue it was almost purple.

I'm not saying that I, personally, suffer when Canada's primary export, hockey

players, is no longer marketable. I'm not saying that. I'm just saying that I bleed a little, internally, when a bunch of rotten red, pinko communists make a group of fine, young, liberal, capitalists look like a bunch of old-age pensioners whose Geritol has been cut off. Right after the second game, I went to the clinic and had a cardiogram, just in case.

I must say we took it well, as a nation. For once, there were no aibis. How could there be, when hundreds of millions of people saw our collective Canadian noses being rubbed in it?

Sports writers, their guts churning, praised the play of the Russians and intimated that they knew all along what would happen. As they always do, after the event.

The Canadian players showed more grace. The best of them simply admitted they were beaten soundly by a superior team. But they knew in their hearts that they, and all their highly paid buddies, were facing not a physical Siberia, but a Siberia of the soul.

They were the Best in the West, and they had not been just beaten but thoroughly trounced, by the Best in the East, where hockey is a relatively new sport.

Not for me to ask, "How did it happen?" All the experts have agreed that the Russians skate better, pass better, and are infinitely superior in physical condition to the pampered Canadian pros, who weighed an average of nine pounds more than their opponents.

It is only for me to ask, "Why do we suffer so much when we're licked in hockey?" And I think I know the answer to that.

For a century or so, Canadians have been hewers of wood and drawers of water. Fair enough. We had lots of wood and water, and still have and other people need them.

But we also had three superior finished products, manufactured at home, that nobody else in the world could touch, when it came to quality: maple syrup, rye whiskey, and hockey players.

Our supremacy in these departments is virtually ended. Our whiskey has been watered more and more, our maple syrup has been thinned to the consistency of greasy-spoon gravy, and a few stalwart exceptions,

are more impressed with their hair-dos, their press clippings, and their financial statements than they are with beating their opponents.

There is a sadness here. Rye whiskey is bad for the liver, maple syrup bad for the teeth, so perhaps their denigration is not a national disaster. But to have a hockey team that is the second or third or fourth best in the world? That is unthinkable.

Every red-blooded, middle-aged male in Canada has hockey in his veins. He personally knows, or his best friend does, or he lives in, or lives in the next town to, or is sixth cousin of, or grew up with, or was preceded by only 10 years by, in school, a genuine hockey player, who made it to Junior A, or Senior A, or even the NHL, or one of its farm teams.

Two of the quarterbacks on my high school football team, Les Douglas and Tony Licari, made it to the Detroit Red Wings organization. My brother-in-law, Jack Buell, played Junior A and Senior A and became a referee. My grandson, at the age of two, was given a hockey stick and demolished his grandmother's hardwood floors in the living room, smashing a puck around the floor with great vigor and a certain lack of control. (She finally put her foot down when he insisted on scrimmaging around the piano while she was giving lessons.)

To add insult to injury, this idiotic idea of Iona Campagnola, Minister of Jocks, has popped up. She wants to give \$18.5 million of my money and yours to four Canadian cities, so that they can build big arenas to accommodate four more losers in an NHL that is already so watered-down with mediocre talent that 60 per cent of them couldn't have made a Senior A team 30 years ago.

What she should do is support an Order-in-council which proclaims that, with the emergence of Red China, Russia is now a second-rate power, not worthy to be faced-off against.

Then Allan Eagleson can organize another Series of the Century with China, where they learned to skate about eight years ago. We'd probably win it by one goal in 1980. And lose it by 10 in '81.

## We Canadians are wasteful

By Bruce Armstrong

People on my street and those where I work are typical, I suppose, for they say the whole energy scare is a lot of hooey.

Why should they insulate their homes when the gas and oil companies have no current shortages and, indeed, still advertise?

Why should they save gasoline by buying compact or sub-compact cars when the oil companies permit price wars?

And yet these same people accept the "rule of 72" for compounding interest. Ontario Hydro is advertising conservation because, at the traditional 6.8 per cent per year growth to 1975, their immense generating capacity would have to be doubled in nine or ten years and again in another decade. Similarly, the increased demand for gas and oil, even through normal growth, will require increased reserves in proportion to consumption.

There just has to be a limit and predictions of 1990 shortages can only be proven wrong by conservation or dramatic oil and gas discoveries in accessible locations.

On a per capita basis, Canada reportedly uses up to 15 per cent more energy than the United States and 50 per cent more than some European countries. This worried Dr. Arthur

Porter in his recent interim Royal Commission report on nuclear power planning.

And to many observers, it is morally wrong.

#### Editor's Mail

### Peace in family

Dear Editor:

I for one am glad to see councillor Becky Wedley "bury the hatchet" as far as her debate with Mayor King is concerned re the condition of water at the sanitary landfill site.

Such in-fighting accomplishes nothing.

Personally and with all respect to both parties, I'm a bit fed up with hearing and reading about this landfill location, particularly when the Town is obviously unable to do anything about it.

Appearance wise, it's certainly a big improvement over the unsightly mess that was there before. However, maybe it's what we can't see, that we should be concerned about.

Anyway, I'm glad there's "peace in the family" once again, a credit to both parties.

CECIL ORMSTON,  
 R.R. 3,  
 Stouffville.