



The Tribune

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Editorials

Lease system works

Agriculture is very definitely returning to the expropriated land of the now defunct Pickering airport. Much of it is once more producing crops, though many of the operators are non-residents. Corn is being grown in considerable acreage.

Though some people claim there is no incentive to care for rented property and the land is being mismanaged, we believe the land in large part has been leased by good farmers. While remaining buildings have deteriorated, the lease arrangement appears to be working well, and year by year the practical farm use of the area is increasing.

To make the land produce, is after all, the object of the exercise, now that increased airport facilities appear so remote.

With matters progressing as they are, there would not seem to be any practical advantage to re-selling the land. We don't believe that those who advocate such a policy have examined or taken proper note of the steady return of agriculture to the area.

A fact that is possibly long forgotten by the political advocates of this policy is that prior to the airport announcement, a large percentage of this land was being held by speculators and producing nothing but weeds. There are even those who would state that the land is more productive now than before.

Good crops are being produced, which is most important. The ownership of the land is secondary.



"I guess Ottawa hasn't heard my plan to save the farmland yet!"

Made right decision

The remnants of an old cement factory on the ninth line, long considered a threat to the safety of inquisitive neighborhood children, will be torn down at last.

We are pleased that this potential deathtrap is being eliminated. It is time the structure was demolished.

However, when town planners agreed to allow a builder to construct three homes along the ninth line in exchange for the destruction of this building, they abandoned a strict planning policy.

Critics may say in the past serious planning errors were committed through this type of "spot rezoning". It is of course a dangerous practice to abandon planning policies. In resolving one problem, another could be created.

For example, in allowing three homes along the ninth line, Planning Board is permitting strip development. It has always been their practice to oppose this, because when many driveways open onto a road, serious traffic congestion results. In a plan of subdivision, however, there is only one access onto the street.

But we feel in this case permitting a small amount of strip development is the lesser of

two evils. Planning Board has to bend the rules sometimes, in order to correct past planners' mistakes.

All other attempts to have the building removed have proved fruitless. The land in question is zoned to permit some commercial operations, much less appropriate for the area than housing.

The residents are also concerned about the danger the structure poses. Finally, it seems three additional homes won't have a significant impact on the traffic pattern.

Though we approve of the planners' action in this instance, we do see a danger in the reasoning of planning board members.

Certainly they must take advantage of an opportunity to rectify past blunders, but they must not be so eager to lose that chance that in the process of correcting one mistake, they create further difficulties. Three additional homes may not create a traffic problem, but three more, and three more, and three more just might.

"Bending" the rules at any time is a serious matter. It is a compromise, and an invitation for an onslaught of crafty developers who will tempt planners to ignore planning policies and approve their projects.



Roaming Around

Teens create own jobs

By Jim Thomas

For the past several summers, job-seeking students have had it tough. They tell of tramping the street's; inquiring at stores and offices; even inserting Work Wanted ads in local newspapers without success.

The lament, somewhat overplayed by the media, prompted both the federal and provincial governments to re-establish dozens of subsidized employment programs. Through these seasonal measures, the politicians were made to look good (or bad), depending on who you talk to.

In spite of these efforts, some kids are still looking, while others are so busy, they can't keep up.

Is it that young people, like many adults, are too particular on what they'll take? In some instances, it would seem so.

Not falling into this category are two fifteen-year-old Stouffville boys. John Carrick, Church Street and Kevin Bartley, Harding Gate are the kind of ambitious lads that tend to restore one's faith in teenagers as a whole. I hope you'll read their story and give them the support they deserve.

With the end of the June term approaching, neither had a line on anything

permanent for the holiday period ahead. So John's father suggested they try their hand at blacktopping driveways. His company, McAsphalt Industries Ltd., of West Hill, manufactures a coal tar emulsion called Macseal. With that kind of approval and a "break" in the price, they felt sure they couldn't go wrong.

And they haven't. Up to Saturday, they'd received fifteen "contracts"; all of them completed with still two to go.

For John and Kevin, it's "business" all the way.

First, they had a few dozen ad sheets printed for delivery door-to-door. They were brief and to the point, reading: DRIVEWAY SEALING by STOUFFVILLE STUDENTS. Prevents premature ageing; makes asphalt pavement resistant to petroleum spills (gasoline, oil, etc.); complete satisfaction with both product and application or money cheerfully refunded; free estimates.

They also inserted an advertisement in The Tribune.

The hardest part of the work is making the driveway ready for the sealer. The surface must be washed down before the top coat is applied. Then they brush on the emulsion

while the asphalt's still wet. On the average, it takes about one hour plus two hours to dry if the weather's right (sunny and warm). Prices range from \$25 to \$30.

The right time for such work is all of July and the early weeks of August, they say.

With other jobs waiting, John and Kevin don't pay any attention to time. Often, they cut their lunch hour short and continue on into the evening to get a particular driveway done. If conditions warrant, they'll paint the surface twice, but this isn't needed too often, they say.

In addition to filling in the cracks, the sealer adds a distinctive appearance to a property, that "I care" look that most people feel is important.

Persons wishing to see a sample of John and Kevin's work, can view the blacktop application at the Stouffville and District Credit Union Office, 96 Main Street West. If satisfied, they can be reached at either 640-4853 or 640-2963.

I talked to John and Kevin for only fifteen minutes, Saturday. That's all the time they could spare.

I was impressed as I'm sure you will be. But don't talk "hard times" to these lads. They're as busy as beavers because they want to be.



Orphaned crow adopts new family

This young crow fell from its nest in the Milne Conservation Area in Markham. On the ground it would certainly have met with the same fate as a nestling, falling prey to roaming cats. The little fellow tried to adopt

Tribune reporter Ed Schroeter, but found a much more caring parent in the person of wildlife artist Linda Shaw. Joseph Street, Markham. Linda is training the bird to fly and to feed itself. Ed Schroeter.



Sugar and Spice

Just one of those days

By Bill Smiley

Right from the first, I knew it was a day, "I shooda stood in bed," as a third-rate pugilist, Kingfish Levinsky, once said after being flattened by the great heavyweight Joe Louis, in round one.

Got up, took a tug at the strap of my wristwatch to take it off and wash; broke the strap. Nothing serious. Cheap plastic junk. But it turned out to be applied to the watch by one of those unseen geniuses who lose one of your socks in the wash, and produce four extra beer bottles when every case of empties is full.

I'll probably never be able to wear the watch again, unless I glue it to my wrist. Serves me right. I hadn't a watch for 30 years, and never felt the need for one. But my wife bought me this one last summer, in the duty-free shop at London airport. And now I find myself neurotically flipping up my cuff and glancing at the hair on my left wrist, like all the other anxiety hounds in the country who are not going anywhere, don't need to know the time, but are constantly flipping up their arms like trained seals and looking at their watches.

Who needs a watch? Life is going quickly enough, without the evidence on a little dial. The very word has nothing but unpleasant connotations. "Watch what you're doing there. Watch out. Watch your step. Watch the late movie. Watch your wife. Watch that guy hanging around your daughter. Watch what you say in mixed company."

O.K. I shrugged off the watch. Went down and got my breakfast. Usually, it's toast and tea. This particular morning, I had more time, so I fixed the works: real coffee, bacon, fried bread and a nice sloppy fried egg on top of the bread. A drooly great breakfast.

Thought I'd eat in my favorite chair in the living room, and read my morning paper in the sunshine pouring in the window. So I put

my grub on the kitchen counter and started cutting the fried bread and egg into bite-sized pieces, so that I'd need only one hand to eat.

Something skidded. The plate slipped off the counter, sprayed grease all over the front of my pants, and smashed to smithereens on the floor. I emitted a most unlady-like few words, salvaged the bacon from under the sink and started cleaning up.

Have you ever tried to wipe up just one lousy semi-fried egg from a kitchen floor? It reminded me of the old days, when I'd drop a quart milk bottle and sponge up what seemed like a gallon of milk. And it was the first time I'd had to change my pants since I was about two.

Well, I should have stopped right there, stripped to the skin, and gone back to bed for the day. But, as faithful readers know, I believe that bad things come in threes, and then you have a good streak.

As it happened, I was going to buy a car from a chap that day. With impeccable logic, I reckoned one more minor disaster would occur, and I'd be home free for a while. If it didn't, the car would be a lemon, to complete the trio, and I wouldn't buy it.

It did. The minor disaster. I sailed out of the house, figuring I'd slip and break an elbow, or the car wouldn't start. Nothing of the sort. Stuck my hand in my coat pocket. No keys. No car keys. No house keys. And I'd left the latch on. Stood at the back door, dinging like crazy for five minutes. Blasted if I was going to climb in the cellar window and wreck my second pair of pants. Finally, the Old Lady appeared. She'd been in the bath tub. She was not ecstatic with our marital state. Grease all over the kitchen, my watch busted, and the second last set of plates also busted. She felt like busting me.

Anyway, I finally set off with a light heart. The three baddies had happened, and the rest

of the day would be glorious, the car a winner, everything golden.

Well, you probably know the rest. Late for work. Thirteen decisions to make at same. A hair in my grilled cheese at lunch. Lukewarm coffee. Banker who had promised me the loan out to lunch for two hours. Tried to sneak in a quick visit to doctor for allergy shots; and he forgot I was there for an hour.

Late for my appointment to meet car seller. We'd both forgotten to pick up the safety check certificate. Rushed off to the garage, telling car seller and wife to wait for me at licensing bureau.

Arrived at garage breathless, but still time. Nobody home but gas pump jockey. Mechanics out jogging. Jogging! Phoned license bureau to tell short, ill-tempered seller with beard to hang on. They hadn't seen him since I left. Wait 25 minutes. Sweaty, gasping mechanics arrive, sign certificate.

Rushed back to license bureau. No sign of car seller, inside or out. Got all papers ready. Waiting, fuming, inside, them outside. "Turkey's probably gone to the bank or something."

At five to five, phoned his apartment. He was there. He and his wife had waited OUTSIDE the license bureau, had decided I'd changed my mind and wouldn't be back, and were at the moment packing to go to the city for a week. With my car. And the license bureau closed at five.

Tottered home in a daze, expecting the house to be burned down and my wife pregnant. Or vice versa, the way things were going. And then I started to laugh. And laugh. I had to be administered a strong dose of cough medicine to cool me out.

Somebody once said that the Lord works in mysterious ways. He sure does. Maybe it was a lousy car, and He was trying to warn me.