



The Tribune

Established 1888



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Editorial

A guaranteed increase - forget it!

Unless budget estimates are drastically cut at the regional level and maintained close to 1970 figures locally, Whitchurch-Stouffville taxpayers are in for a whopping big increase in 1971.

Mayor Ken Laushway, in making the prediction, chooses the word 'considerable' rather than 'whopping', but in gentler terms, it means the same thing.

He has promised to fight these increases all the way down the line. We wish him luck.

There are two areas where estimates should be reduced. One is with services. The other is with salaries. The taxpayer - the guy who's paying the shot, is becoming overburdened with both. Somewhere along the line, these things must level off. The year 1971 is as good a time as any to start.

It is our opinion that many services, while perhaps beneficial to a few, are services that we just can't afford.

It is our opinion that many salaries,

established at both the regional and local levels, are away out of line. While some, in their own opinions at least, may well be worth it, we cannot help but wonder how many employees in private enterprise in Stouffville are making ten, fifteen, twenty or thirty thousand dollars a year. In government circles however, the sky's the limit.

But what irritates us even more, none are ever satisfied. They have come to believe that annual increases should be automatic and woe betide the scoundrel that dares to object.

Well let it be known that we object. And should the tax hike be 'considerable' as Mayor Laushway predicts, 'we' will mean the people - John Q. Public.

So we say to regional and municipal employees - tighten your belts. And we repeat to council representatives - sharpen your pencils. The time has come to hold the line. And our patience is wearing thin.

Need cost figures first

The recent decision to place the Gormley area exchange in a free-call zone to Toronto, has prompted many Stouffville residents to demand similar service here.

Bell officials feel the move, at the present time, is premature. Who is right?

Before we could lend our support to any petition, one fact should be made clear. How much extra will it cost?

The term 'free-call' is deceiving. There's nothing 'free' about it. Rates

would be increased for both party and business phones, as much as \$2 to \$5 a month. Maybe more.

Is it worth it?

We feel Town Council should arrange another meeting with Bell, to get the facts and figures straight. When this information is available, a petition could then be circulated.

In this way, residents would know what they are signing and for how much.

Editor's Mail

Dear Mr. Thomas:

I imagine that by this date you are beginning to notice a steady stream of letters presented for your publication on the topic of 'Bell Telephone free call service' for the Stouffville area.

I feel very strongly that we in the 640 exchange are being discriminated against in this regard, as do Mr. Reed and Mr. Jeffrey, along with many others I am sure.

I would like to take some definite action such as that outlined in the last paragraph of Mr. Jeffrey's letter to you which was printed in last week's Tribune.

I would be perfectly willing to collect letters requesting that a 'free call service' be provided for our exchange and present them personally to officials of the telephone company. Letters should be addressed to Bell Canada, legibly signed and carry the full address and telephone number of the telephone subscriber.

According to a Bell Canada public relations employee, there are 3,357 residential services and 668 business services presently provided in the 640 exchange. A manager of one Bell area told me that the decision to provide a new area with the 'free call service' is based on the number of subscribers who demonstrate an interest in calling the 'Toronto core' and that the "Bell would probably take action in this regard long before the number of subscribers demanding such service reached 90-95 percent of the total subscribers in the area." On this basis, I feel that a minimum of 3,000 signed letters would warrant immediate action from the company.

It should be noted that if such a service is provided in the future there would be a substantial increase in the flat rate charge for regular telephone service and those not in favor of this rate increase should not request the additional calling area service.

A few items which might interest your readers: Dial the Business Office number (294-3100) printed on your monthly bill and ask the operator where she is located. I called the following numbers today from the 640 exchange without any long distance charge by calling the

Business Office and asking to have my call transferred: 294-3100, 929-2459, 929-6014 and 929-7173. Bell Canada seemingly have the facility available but prefer to apply the extra toll charge for it.

Stephen J. Kettle
425 Loretta Cresc., South,
Stouffville.

Dear Sir:

On behalf of the Claremont Winter Carnival Committee, I wish to express sincere appreciation for publicity provided our event. While the weather forced us to cancel outside activities, Saturday, the Trappers' Ball in the evening was a huge success.

The Recreation Association would like to thank everyone who gave so generously of their time.

The enthusiasm generated by the Carnival in the community was so high, we are determined to organize another next year.

Al Ward, Principal

Dear Sir:

Your recent editorial (Feb. 4) and a Page 1 story under the heading 'Mortgagees press for action against Century City firm', covers an issue that should have been resolved long ago.

The ninety mortgage-holders, invited to a meeting, Feb. 10, to consider action against the developers, are putting the cart before the horse. They are the ones who should be bringing pressure to bear on the Township and Queen's Park to give Century City the green light to proceed with their plans.

The land owners who sold to Century City were fortunate indeed to get an average price of \$1,500 per acre for land which possibly originally cost them \$50-\$100 per acre and out of which for many years they have made their livelihood. Right today they would be lucky to get



ROAMING AROUND

Judge for a night

By Jim Thomas

Everyone sees themselves as a qualified judge.

I do and so do you.

And why not?

Anyone with an eye that can see, a tongue that can taste or an ear that can hear, is justified in thinking that he or she can make the proper pick, be the entry, bathing beauty, a pumpkin pie or an Angus bull.

But few of us ever get the chance.

Show organizers invariably go looking for some blue-blooded professional to take on this enjoyable chore. It's not fair.

So it was, when Kent Milroy of Claremont called me and requested my assistance in selecting a 'Snow Princess', Friday at the community's Winter Carnival, I agreed. In fact, so quickly did I agree, it left him momentarily speechless. He even called back twice in the interval to verify the agreement, leading one to believe that men aren't all that anxious to get involved in such affairs.

Before starting out, a tape measure in one pocket and a notepad in the other, I received a few words of encouragement (and instruction) from the home front.

"Whatever you do, don't just pick the one with the prettiest face, the broadest smile or the biggest you-know-whats," my wife warned. (You-know-whats, by any other name are a humanistic terminology still treated in the strictest confidence around our place).

"Remember," she continued, "your selection will mean a lot to the winner - and also her parents. Do a good job".

In order to obtain a full report on my performance, she suggested I take daughter Susan along - a kind of sideline informer. "I didn't complain. I didn't dare."

Much of Claremont's teen and sub-teen activities take place in the Community Hall. It was there I was introduced to the committee chairman, a chap with the likely name of John Smith and judges (Rev.) Eldon Linstead and Joe McCullough. With a pastor present and the starting age at nine, I poked the tape measure deeper into my pocket.

There were five finalists, each with five mothers, all certain, I'm sure, that their daughter should win. But only one could. Four could not. Would they accept our decision as final - as fair or would it mean four less patrons for Joe; four empty pews for the pastor and four cancelled subscriptions for me? Brother, were we on the spot.

Introductions were made individually, each contestant passing rather shyly through a gauntlet of prying eyes. The younger ones, I classed as cute, but the oldest, a vibrant thirteen, was well advanced into the attractive stage. Now don't get carried away with 'you know whats', a little voice kept saying, a subtle reminder of the words of wisdom from back at home. Easier said than done, came a sub-conscious reply.

First, was Lynda. She was more mature than the rest and would fill the 'princess' roll well. One point for Lynda.

Second, was Gale. She enjoyed all kinds of outdoor sports. One point for Gale.

Third was Shelley. She thanked the community for organizing the Carnival and the committee for arranging the competition. One point for Shelley.

Fourth was Nancy. She mentioned her parents, her brother, her sister and her cat named 'Blackie'. One point for Nancy.

Fifth was Lennie. She too mentioned her family, her Sunday School and her hobby of raising rabbits. One point for Lennie.

There I was - five girls - five points - a stalemate. What a fix.

But I wasn't alone. Deeply furrowed brows indicated my two 'compatriots' were in about the same boat.

Finally, after giving the matter due thought and consideration, I made my choice, awaited the official pronouncement, then left, fully anticipating an ambush outside.

But it never came, not even a single phone call of complaint.

So now I'm a success. A full-fledged judge. My services will undoubtedly be in demand whenever 'queens' are crowned.

Who knows - with a little luck, I'll get to use that tape-line yet!



SUGAR AND SPICE

Here's how fat cats get that way

By BILL SMILEY

Well, I've got the snowmobilers of Canada on my back, almost unanimously, after a recent column which suggested mildly that the machines are instruments of Satan at best, the finest tool for noise-stink pollution since the automobile took to the roads.

That makes up about one-quarter of my readers. This week I shall alienate another two-quarters of them by giving my unvarnished opinion of cats.

Cats, like snowmobiles, have their uses. They're handy to have around a farm, where they help keep the vermin under control. They have, in the past, been just the thing for the proprietors of some chicken palaces, when the price of chicken was high.

There were some in prison camp, presumably to keep down the rats. Their numbers were diminishing with increasing speed, until the German camp commandant issued the dictum: "Prisoners will cease and desist killing and eating of long-tailed rabbits." He had a sense of humour. Which is more than you can say for a cat.

Then, they are useful, when kittens, for putting on calendars. And finally, I'll admit they provide company of sorts for lonely people, who pamper them, stuff them with tidbits, and turn them from sleek felines into bloated, contemptuous parasites who take over the best chair in the house, shed hair over everything, claw the rug and upholstery at will, and want out at five in the morning.

If I should grow old and lonely, I would prefer a snake as a pet. Like cats, they just sleep and eat. They also eat mice. But they don't come fawning and whining and rubbing fiercely against your legs when you're getting their food out. They don't want out in the middle of the night. And they don't get pregnant every six weeks.

It's a well-known fact that cats have no

\$500 per acre so they would be well advised to stop crying on each other's shoulder and take strong action against those responsible for holding up a scheme which would bring prosperity to Uxbridge Township.

I would add that I am in no way connected with Century City or with Uxbridge Township.

An Outsider