



# The Tribune

Established 1888



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## Editorial

### Will earn every penny

The salaries of the Mayor and Councillors, Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville have come under fire from several sources in recent weeks. The critics all seem to feel the established wage figures are too high - \$7,000 for the Mayor (including expenses) and \$3,600 for the five Councillors (expenses included).

While the writers are quick to suggest something less, none have stated how much less. Nor can they. For they do not know the amount of work involved. We do. And we re-state our earlier

claim that the Council members are earning and will earn every penny they're paid.

The enthusiasm in municipal politics, so suddenly generated by the salary issue, is an admirable trend that we sincerely hope will last through to the elections of 1972.

Maybe then, there will be more than 175 show up to hear the candidates on Nomination Night. Maybe then, more than 41 percent of the eligible voters will exercise their franchise. Maybe?

### Fairer garbage payment plan

The garbage collection and payment plan as introduced by the Spademan firm is indeed unique in this area and, in our opinion, fair.

In effect, it means that those residents who have more refuse, will pay more. And why not?

It doesn't make sense that one person with one container a week should pay a rate equal to a neighbor with five.

The basic figure established by Spademan's is .30 cents a bag. This could cost a couple with no children about \$1.20 a month. The larger the family unit, the greater the expense.

Of greater benefit than actual cost, is the final good riddance to the unsightly

metal garbage cans that, on a windy day, are blown from one end of a block to another. Nothing in our opinion looks worse in a subdivision than these outmoded containers lined up at every laneway entrance or tossed upside down on lawns or in ditches.

For long enough too, the home-owner has played the garbage collector for a fool. He will unload every unwanted article in the book, fully expecting the driver to cart it away without complaint or extra charge. That day is over - at least it is under the Spademan plan.

Perhaps something similar should be considered in Whitchurch-Stouffville too.

### Crippled kids need aid

The 1971 slogan of the Easter Seal campaign sponsored by the local Lions Club has a thought-provoking ring: "You Can Walk Away and They Can't". The annual campaign literature has now been received by everyone in Whitchurch-Stouffville.

This is a campaign that dates back to the thirties when the try-out campaign was launched in Oshawa. The Stouffville Club which was constituted in 1938 began the annual campaign shortly after, during the presidency of M.E. Watts.

The money collected is used for such diversified things as hospital and therapy treatment, braces, artificial limbs, wheel-chairs and crutches.

The prime objective of the campaign is to help put a crippled child back on his feet. While there are an unprecedented number of demands on the charity dollar, surely none is more worthy than this.

This year's province-wide objective is \$1,500,000 with some 280 service clubs participating.

## Editor's Mail

Dear Sir:

In the March 18 issue of The Tribune, under the heading - '\$15.4 million mailed to farmers', Hon. Charles McNaughton is reported as saying 'For the first time in history and perhaps for the first time in Canada, farmers are paying for local schools on the same basis as towns-people etc. etc.'

In my opinion, this statement is highly misleading. I have yet to hear of any urban property owner being saddled with any restrictions as to when or to whom he may sell his property because of any arrangement concerning his 1970 local school taxes.

When Mr. McNaughton's office sent the rebate cheque for 1970 local school taxes on this farm property, it contained the following statement - quote: 'If a property ceases to be assessed as a farm before or during 1980, re-payment of the assistance received in 1970 will be required with interest at a rate of 8 percent per annum.'

The 'assistance received', of course, would be the amount of the cheque enclosed.

Now I ask you - 'Is this on the same basis as towns-people?'

Mrs. Walter Beach,  
Stouffville, R.R.3.

mother, Mrs. John Dickson of Dickson's Hill?'

(2) Page 40. "The church at Dickson's Hill was built as a community church..."

(3) Page 50. "...Mr. Simeon Hoover of Dickson's Hill informs the writer that when the 8th Line was planked..."

(4) Page 59. "Dickson's Hill Mill was erected in 1842 and was originally a much higher building than it is today. It was erected by John Dickson, has changed ownership several times, and is now operated by Mr. Alex Jones".

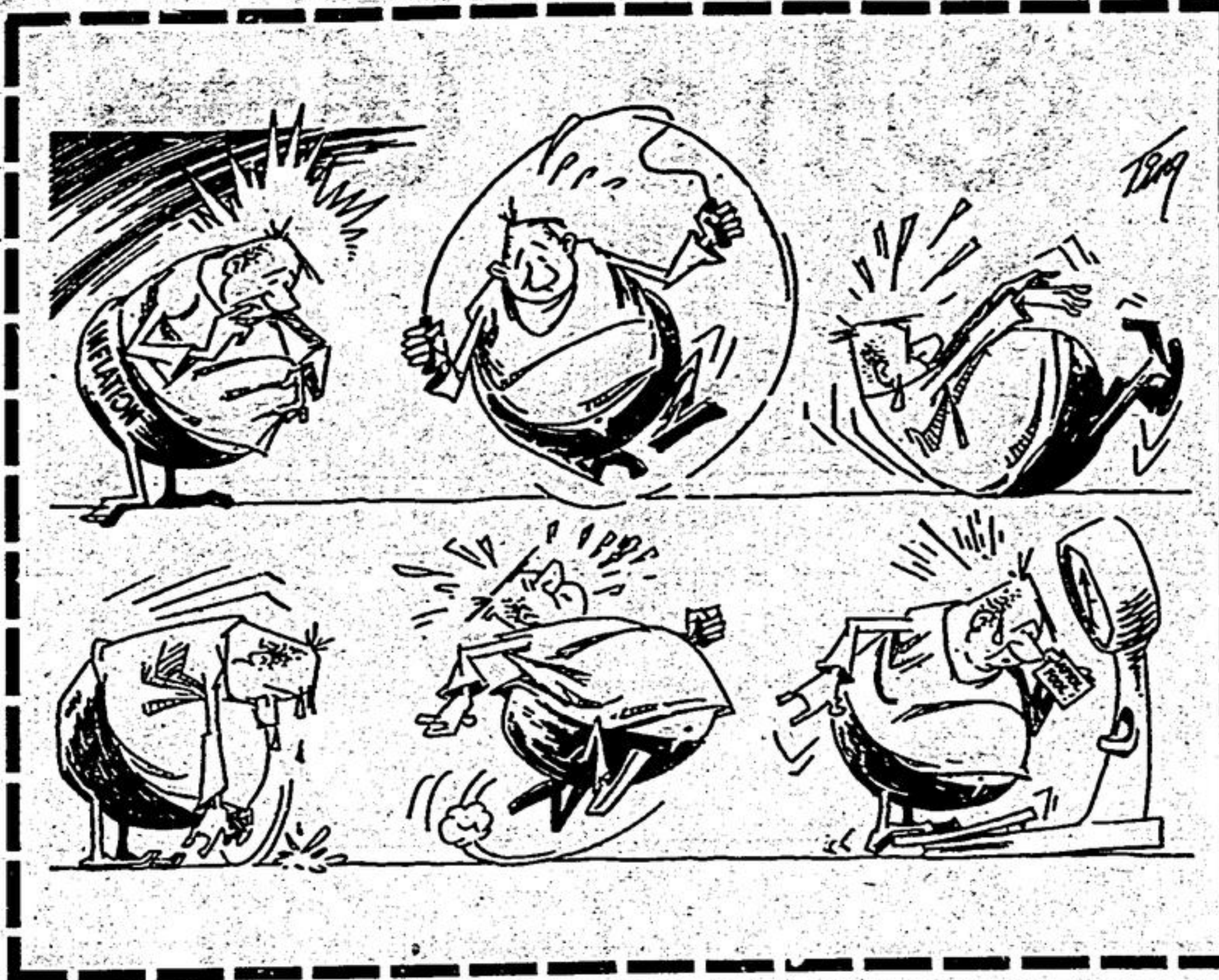
Being an old-timer myself, I might add I have never heard of any spelling for Dickson's Hill except the above, until the recent dispute.

Janet G. Brodie,  
Rupert Avenue,  
Stouffville.

Dear Editor:

I have watched with much interest, the various schemes that our local administration has proposed in the name of Regional Government. The most interesting however, I read in the March 18 issue of The Tribune.

It would appear that by establishing one head office for the York Regional Police and abolishing several of the smaller centres in the area - Stouffville included - we are to receive a more efficient and less expensive form of Police Protection. This I find hard to believe. If each small town has its own Police Force it tends to discourage most types of public nuisance and disorderliness. However, if the nearest official is ten miles away, it will only serve to encourage the committing of misdemeanors and petty crimes.



### SUGAR AND SPICE

Julius didn't enjoy

March Ides either

By BILL SMILEY

One last boot in the behind for March, and then let us leave it and the whole perishing winter that has embattled this land, this year, and move on to higher thoughts.

Therefore, it would seem that the concept of law enforcement is only being further defeated by our Regional Government instead of improved upon.

In addition to this, the most preposterous proposal that I have heard of, yet, pertains to the leasing of automobiles for our most elite officials.

While it is true that some persons who do a considerable amount of travelling in their line of work are reimbursed by their respective companies, most persons who commute daily are certainly not reimbursed for their travels by their employers.

Why then should the officials of the York Region who are already receiving a very generous salary, expect to be provided with an automobile at the expense of the taxpayer who is in effect the employer.

We have certainly heard of all the supposed advantages of Regional Government, but when, if ever, will we see any positive results?

Arlene Yakeley,  
Stouffville.

Dear Sir:

The Tribune issue of March 25 reported that Uxbridge Twp. Council had approved a 3-day deer hunt in that municipality, Nov. 1 to 3 - for residents only.

That's perfectly alright with me, except I see where 'residents only' also include residents of Uxbridge Town.

Why are Uxbridge Town hunters so privileged any more than say folks in Claremont, Stouffville or Lincolnville?

Are they not separated municipalities or has there been a sudden amalgamation of the two that I haven't heard about?

All I can say is that if they aren't any better shots with guns than they used to be in hockey, they couldn't hit the side of a barn door anyway.

Jos. Stanton,  
Mount Albert, R.R.3.

Dear Editor:

On April 15, so I read in The Tribune, the Stouffville Police Office will close - just like that.

And not a single word of opposition from members of Council? I can't believe it.

Here we are, the main urban centre in an Area that extends to the west past Don Mills Road. So where do they put the police - at Vandorf, fifteen miles away! It's just one of many steps in the wrong direction under the impersonal regional scheme of things. I can't help wondering where it all will end.

And God help Stouffville should a motorcycle gang or some other group 'invade' this place this summer. They'd tear the town apart before a cruiser could reach Ringwood.

Paul Cummings,  
Stouffville.

## ROAMING AROUND

### I'm an addict

By Jim Thomas

I sympathize with the chain-smoker who, apparently of necessity, puffs through two or three packs a day.

I also feel sorry for the father of six who, by force of habit, must replenish his weekend stock at the beer store every Friday. And the same goes for the guy or the girl on drugs or the 200 pounder with the appetite of a pig.

These are the folks with a fight on their hands - a fight for survival.

They're addicts - caught in the grip of a practice that's hard to shake. Believe me, I know.

For I'm an addict too. My problem is 'drink', but not the intoxicating kind. I'm a coffee bug, morning, noon and night. I just can't leave it alone.

The irritating thing about it (as far as my wife is concerned) is that I never touch the stuff at home. In fact, I detest it. But the mixture as brewed up by Bing - well that's different.

Bing (he's the local restaurant proprietor a few steps down the street) knows my weakness. He also recognizes me as a better-than-average customer. Hence, a reduced rate - ten cents a cup.

Transient patrons pay fifteen.

The first round is served up sharp at ten. By that time, the 'bar stools' are usually occupied by the regulars. There's Jack the Postmaster, his mind completely 'wrapped up' in the front page of the morning Globe. Next to him is Big Ed, an authority on the Toronto Maple Leafs and big league hockey in general. Three seats down is Gentleman Jim (not me), a first-hand informant on little league action, the Peewee team in particular.

The setting however is not complete until in strolls Cec, a Markham native-come Stouffville, whose mania for tall tales extends from motorcyclists to trains.

What was doing over the weekend, he'll say with recorded regularity. What, you mean you didn't hear about the train wreck at Box Grove - ten people killed. It was on the radio and everything. Didn't hear about it eh?

Five minutes later, with only small beads of perspiration left in the bottom of my cup, he gleefully admits it's all a joke.

Round two is much like round one. The time has changed from morning to afternoon but the participants are the same - with one exception. The coffee clan are joined by Carl, fresh with all the news, views and road reports from the rural mail route.

Round three is the loneliest time in the week. It's evening and I drink alone.

If my state of depression is such that I require a 'booster' to get me through the night, I sometimes make it a double - one at the 'bar' and one for the road.

With four regulars plus one at noon and another at midnight, my coffee consumption has reached six - often more.

It's not that I hold such an uncontrollable craving for the brew. At least not to the extent of six trips a day. But I like the company it attracts. The 'bar stool boys' are the greatest news-gathering force I know. They could also write some pretty fair straight-forward editorials. Well, maybe not pretty or fair, but certainly straight-forward.

But all good things must eventually come to an end.

My sojourns to Bing's coffee bar must cease. It's costing me too much time and too much money.

Besides, I've found a sure-fire way to break the habit. I'm making my own.

And it tastes awful!

swoon. July with fly - to Europe or somewhere. September with remember. But March goes with such delightful connotations as starch and arch (as in fallen).

The only other thing for which March is noted is the vernal equinox, the 21st, the first day of spring ha ha. Vernal suggests green. Take a look out. Snow white or mud brown. Equinox is from the Latin: equus - horse; nox - night. Spells nightmare. March, right?

Adieux; farewell, auf wiedersehn and aux revoir, March. May you rot in July.