

The Tribune
Established 1888
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Published every Thursday by Inland Publishing Co. Limited at 54 Main St., Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 640-2101. Single copies 15c, subscriptions \$5.00 per year in Canada, \$9.00 elsewhere. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation, Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association and Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Second class mail registration number 0896.

Editorial

A major shakeup required

Before another summer season rolls around, Town Council must do some fence-mending within an organization that calls itself the Stouffville-Whitchurch Recreation Committee.

It is 'alive' in name only; in fact, if it was not for the energetic enthusiasm generated by its Secretary, the Board would cease to exist entirely.

This newspaper, that had its knuckles rapped once before on this issue, has been trying desperately to learn when the Committee holds its meetings if, in reality, it ever does.

To our knowledge, and we stand to be corrected, a quorum of members has not met in public, since June 14. We are now half-way through the month of August.

In our opinion, the whole organization, and we use the term loosely, must be

completely re-organized, tossing aside the 'dead wood' and replacing it with a little 'life'.

The sorry part of this whole affair is that two or three persons included on this committee are capable of making decisions and seeing projects through. But decision-making isn't done properly over the telephone and projects aren't concluded in conversations across the back fence.

It was back on June 14, that one member suggested that alleged comments by the Mayor and questionable press coverage by this newspaper, had shaken the public's confidence in the Board and all should resign.

Unfortunately, no one put the recommendation in the form of a motion.

Putting people first

It appears that people and peoples' properties will, on this occasion anyway, take preference over cost and convenience.

The area in question is located within the hamlet of Gormley where a major traffic interchange will be required at the cross-over point of Hwy. 404.

To do this, utilizing the present east-west route would have an adverse effect of perhaps a dozen home-owners in the Gormley community. An alternate route is now under study at the Regional level. Regional Council is to be commended.

With the majority of members not closely concerned with the problems of one hamlet, part of which is in Stouffville-Whitchurch and part in Richmond Hill, they could have 'snubbed' the engineer's recommendation and proceeded straight ahead with the project.

But no, they've agreed to at least consider a bypass, perhaps to the north, maybe to the south.

We wouldn't be surprised that by skirting the hamlet, the cost and convenience, as well as the people problems will both be greatly reduced.

Buyer beware!

Buyer beware! As much as we detest such heartless terms, we feel it applies in certain instances to a problem placed recently before members of Uxbridge Twp. Council.

It concerns the operation of a Go-Kart track on concession 2, north of Highway 47—obviously a thorn in the side of some area residents.

But why, we ask, after ten years in business, is all the fuss made now?

Are the karts noisier than in previous seasons?

Is the firm operating at longer hours?

Is the track busier this summer than last?

According to the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Van Bell, the answer to each question is 'no'.

It is our suspicion that the anti-kart protest is the work of newcomers in the community, folks who have moved to the district in the last one, two and three years.

To such people we offer no sympathy. Surely, before purchasing a piece of property, be it a vacant lot or a finished home, the would-be buyer would have sufficient foresight to look the area over.

If he didn't, then too bad.

We don't feel it's fair for any recently established resident to attempt to restrict the business operation of another, no matter how irritating, if the latter has been located there longer.

Mr. and Mrs. Bell have indicated a willingness to co-operate. We hope Uxbridge Council is inclined to do the same.

Editor's Mail

Dear Sir: Your August 5 edition carried a letter from ex-Councillor George Harvie of Uxbridge Township which purports to show that the Reeve is not the only member of the present township council who has changed his stand on the Century City project.

By presenting half the facts, Mr. Harvie attempts to prove that both councillor Higgins and myself who were on the 1970 Council have since switched our stand.

He quotes resolution No. 242 of August 24, 1970, in which the Council of the time unanimously requested the Provincial government not to allow the Toronto-Centred Region Plan to act as a bar to processing the Century City proposal in the 'usual manner'. The resolution did not ask approval of the project, only that the Provincial government get on with processing the application, so that the Province's position would be made clear.

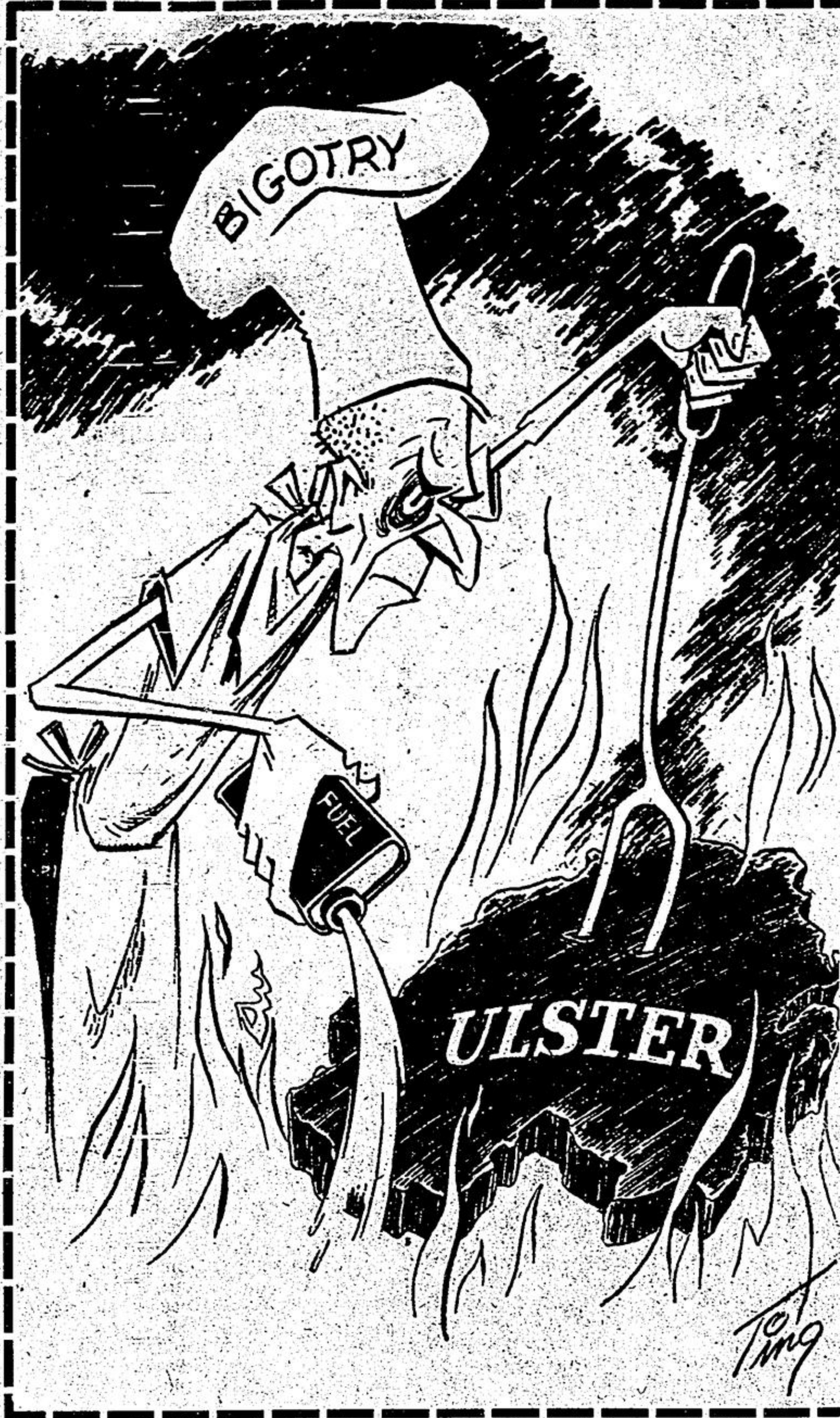
Immediately following that resolution was No. 242 of the same date, by which Council "hereby approves in principle the plans for development as presented by Century City Developments Ltd...." This resolution passed by a 3 to 2 recorded vote, with Messrs. Nesbitt, Dowswell and Harvie in the affirmative,

and Higgins and Muirhead against. Since Mr. Harvie was on the Council and was present at the meeting in question, his quoting only of the first resolution can only be taken as deliberately misleading.

Similarly with regard to the brief which Council asked the solicitors to prepare on Century City. This brief gave a balanced presentation of the history of the project, and some of its pros and cons. Mr. Harvie chose to refer to some of the favourable items only, which can only be considered another deliberately misleading tactic.

From its public inception in December, 1968, the Century City project has been accompanied by all manner of propaganda and misinformation, which must have made it most difficult for the public to reach its own conclusions based upon the facts. To make my own position absolutely clear, I have nothing to gain or lose personally should the project go or not go. As a Councillor acting upon my beliefs of what is in the best interests of Uxbridge Township, I opposed the Century City project in the beginning, and have seen no reason to change my stand since.

Clark Muirhead
Councillor, Twp. of Uxbridge



SUGAR AND SPICE

Tenting on the cold, damp ground

By BILL SMILEY

I don't know how you've fared, but so far it's been a rotten summer in these parts. Instead of the "sunny with scattered showers", it has been, day after day, "rainy with scattered sunshine".

Usually, by now, municipal councils are begging citizens to go easy with their lawn sprinklers, or flatly threatening householders with a fine if they use them at all.

Brown, burned-crisp lawns are common by mid-August. Not at our place this year. We haven't used the sprinkler since the first week in July and the lawn is alarmingly verdant and growing like weeds, which of course a good portion is ours.

Not much one can do about it. But my heart goes out to the poor devils who are tenting.

Tenting is great fun under ideal conditions. It's about as close as we can come to really getting back to nature. There's the pleasure of finding that choice campsite with a mere 30-degree list, the solid satisfaction of getting the

tent up on the fourth try, the adventure of exploring a new camp and its adjacent waters.

There's the long day of puttering about in the sun, fishing, swimming, gathering firewood, relaxing. For the men and children, that is. There's the long day of puttering about with dishes, cooking meals, fooling with balky gas stoves, and administering first aid to sundry scrapes, cuts and bites, for the lady. Few women like tenting.

But even for them there are joyful aspects. When the last pot has had its black bottom cleaned with sand when the last child has been tucked away, milady can perch her weary tailbone on a stump or a stone by the campfire, look into the blue-red-orange flames, and dream of the glorious day when this ghastly trip is over and she'll be back in her castle, with a proper stove, refrigerator and automatic washer. She sits there, counting on her fingers, with a dazed smile.

When the campfire is dying, Mom has her supreme moment of the day. She can crawl into her dampish flannellette pyjamas, crawl into the huddle of blankets on the camp cot which is tilted toward her head, and shudder for hours with a combination of cold and fear of the things that go bump in the night. What tops it all is that about 3 a.m. she discovers that she has to go to the bathroom. It's purely psychological, of course.

But it's quite an ordeal. The flashlight doesn't work, and the little house with the facilities is 80 yards away, across ground that is crawling with snakes and spiders with a bear behind every tree. This is where she gets her revenge. Whining and whimpering, she rouses her spouse from a deep, sweet slumber and issues an ultimatum: either he gets up and goes with her, holding her hand all the way, or she starts packing and they head for home right now. This is known in some circles as wedded bliss. But nothing could be better calculated to put another nail in the coffin of their marriage.

I've portrayed so far only the good side of tenting, when the weather is fine. But put yourself in the boots of the miserable male who has rented a tent for his two-weeks-with, takes the wife and three kids, and gets one half-sunny day; the rest cold or raining.

On the third day the guaranteed water-

ROAMING AROUND

A simple service — country style

By Jim Thomas

Arriving at church on time is no simple chore at our house.

In fact, the preparation takes a good three hours - from the time the first of the family opens his eyes, to the last - an emergency trip to the bathroom as we're about to back out of the yard.

Believe me, if anyone has a logical excuse for skipping services once in awhile, I have.

But yet, without bragging, my record so far this year has been good - perfect, in fact, if one overlooks the weekend of absence while on vacation.

Last Sunday, however, I established an all-new mark: I attended not one morning service, but two - or to be specific, in case Rev. Jim Carder was watching, it was one and a half.

During the offertory prayer, I slipped out of the back pew - not to miss the offering mind you, but to attend a second church of my choice.

The location was at Bethesda - a converted schoolhouse, where the community's best friend, the late Isaac Pike, conducted classes for so many years.

Why Emmanuel Church, Bethesda?

Because I had often been told that their's was a belief in 'old time religion', the kind I once knew in the little Baptist Church where I attended as a boy, and something I feel we all need once in awhile. I wished only to see for myself.

I took son Barry along for moral support.

The form of worship I can only describe as wonderful - simple, but wonderful.

Mind you, there was no 3-manual pipe organ to accompany the congregation, only a piano, but they sang - oh how they did sing, repeating some of the verses in each hymn.

There was no plush carpet on the floor, but it didn't prevent the members from praying on bended knee.

The service was no fashion parade, quite the opposite. The ladies' plain print dresses hung down to their ankles and the girls wore much the same. Their hair was in braids and pigtails.

The lay pastor was not magnificent in long flowing robes. He wore only a simple blue suit, white shirt and black tie. He had no reverend in front of his name and no long list of degrees at the end. But what he had to say was at least sincere.

"I'm glad I didn't come out of a cultivated kind of goodness, I don't have much polish. I'm pretty rough and raw", he admitted.

He was honest.

"There's more to getting through to heaven than shaking a preacher's hand and signing a communion card", he continued.

He was eloquent.

"Our only hope is mercy in God's grace or grace in God's mercy".

He was critical.

"There's not much you can call virtuous today. Look up and down the streets of your town and how much virtue do you see? The devil is making inroads into our church. Spiritually, we are at a pretty low ebb. We can live in this world, but we don't have to be a part of it".

He was comical.

"If that old cow hadn't kicked the milk pail clear across the ditch, I'd have been alright, but she kicked, and then I kicked back - in fact, I clobbered that old cow and my tongue got out of line. I knew then and there, I needed something more".

Don't we all?

Give me that old time religion.

proof tent begins to leak. The firewood doesn't even smoulder. The kids are going hairy with boredom. There isn't a piece of dry clothing to be had. The wife has stopped speaking entirely. The tent is full of ants who are smart enough to get in out of the rain.

What to do? If he packs and goes home, it's obvious that the sky will clear and there'll be a heat wave. If he insists they stick it out, he will earn the undying hatred of his wife and the sullen contempt of his kids.

Give me the tenting life any day: the sizzle of frying bacon, the scent of wood smoke, the clean, cool air for sleeping, the murmuring talk by the campfire.

But don't give me tenting on the cold, damp ground; as Stephen Foster didn't put it. I'd rather spend my holidays in jail.