

**The Tribune**  
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CHARLES H. NOLAN, Publisher  
JAMES THOMAS, Associate Publisher and Editor  
ROBERT McCAUSLAND, Advertising Manager

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## Editorial

### Appraisal prices too high

Thirty thousand dollars for the school site at Vandorf?

Over \$22,000 for a similar property at Hagerman's and \$21,500 for Bloomington?

Any individual who would invest this kind of money, would be bordering on lunacy.

And yet, these are the prices the York County Board of Education have received from a professional appraiser.

They are far too high. The Board members themselves cannot be blamed. They felt, that as laymen, they could not appraise such properties fairly. So they paid out good

money to have the job done properly. Now, with the exception of a couple of cases, they're right back where they started.

By now, it should be apparent to all trustee members, that there's a difference between being 'professional' and being 'practical'. An opinion, that the Vandorf school property is worth \$30,000, may indeed be professional, but from a practical sense, it's ridiculous.

So also, could be the appraisal price on the site at Lemonville.

We would suggest that in this regard, the community hold the line at \$15,000. In this layman's view, it's not worth a red cent more.

### Put people first

Somewhere within the realm of municipal jurisdiction, there are areas where practical judgments should take priority over legal requirements.

The application to operate an airport near Claremont was surely such an issue.

By law, the township was required to notify only those residing within 200 feet of the proposed site.

However, if for no other reason than good public relations, an extension to 2,000 feet would have seemed in order. For aeroplanes and airports affect other

than adjacent owners and regardless of what the law says, these people have a right to know what's going on.

Airport operations, wherever the site, stir up opposition - some legitimate, some not.

But to confine legal notification of the project to a mere 200 feet, arouses not only protest, but suspicion.

Problems of this kind need not occur. It's a matter of putting people first - where they belong.

### Councillor to be commended

About two months ago, Hon. Dalton Bales, Ontario's Minister of Municipal Affairs, requested all municipalities in Ontario County, to submit individual Briefs on their views with respect to regional government.

In the Twp. of Uxbridge, councillor Frank Hendy readily agreed to take on this chore, a rather mountainous task. Other members quickly accepted his offer.

Councillor Hendy's recommendations are now complete, and while badly torn

apart by his cohorts, many of the suggestions remain intact.

Regardless of what is acceptable and what is not, the Brief represents many hours of work, far in excess of what is expected from any one member. It should not go unrecognized.

It may also be, that some of the recommendations, already scrapped by Council, may some day prove more practical. One of these undoubtedly, will be the union of Uxbridge Town and Township. And perhaps not too many years away.

## Editor's Mail

Dear Sir:

The Great Pine Ridge Development Co., Limited has created an airport with two runways approximately two miles west of Claremont. At its October meeting, the Committee of Adjustment was requested to interpret the municipal agricultural zoning bylaw which permits the use of land for recreational purposes in such a way that the establishment of the airport and the uses to which it will be put are not in contravention of the municipal bylaw. A favourable interpretation is necessary before the owners, Frisk, Frisk & Weir, will be granted a federal airport licence.

The Township Planning Board notified, in the usual manner, only those property owners who were within 200 feet of the airport property. Since the majority are absentee landlords, only two people showed up to oppose a favourable interpretation. The Committee of Adjustment, as it often does, deferred a decision until an on-site inspection. Fortunately, a quorum was not present at the inspection and decision was deferred until the October 28th meeting. In the meantime, much to its credit, the Stouffville Tribune, by means of an article about the first hearing, informed the residents of Claremont Community about the request before the Committee of Adjustment, and irate residents wondered why they had not been informed of this by the Planning Board.

I submit to you, Sir, and to the residents of the Community that we were betrayed by the Pickering Township Planning Board. To have notified only the owners of property adjacent to the airport fulfilled the letter of the law but not its spirit or true intent. A more realistic approach would have been to notify all residents within a five-mile radius. Here

was not a simple request for an unusual use of the land such as the establishing of a slaughter-house or piggery. Because air planes fly outside the property of the owners and affect a whole community, all residents of that community have a right to hear any decision made regarding airports. Isn't the logic of this obvious? Pickering Township residents have now been brought to the position of suspecting the future intentions of their Planning Board. Residents are losing confidence in the public service whose salaries they pay and suspect that no one at the municipal office wants to hear about how they, the residents, feel about community concerns.

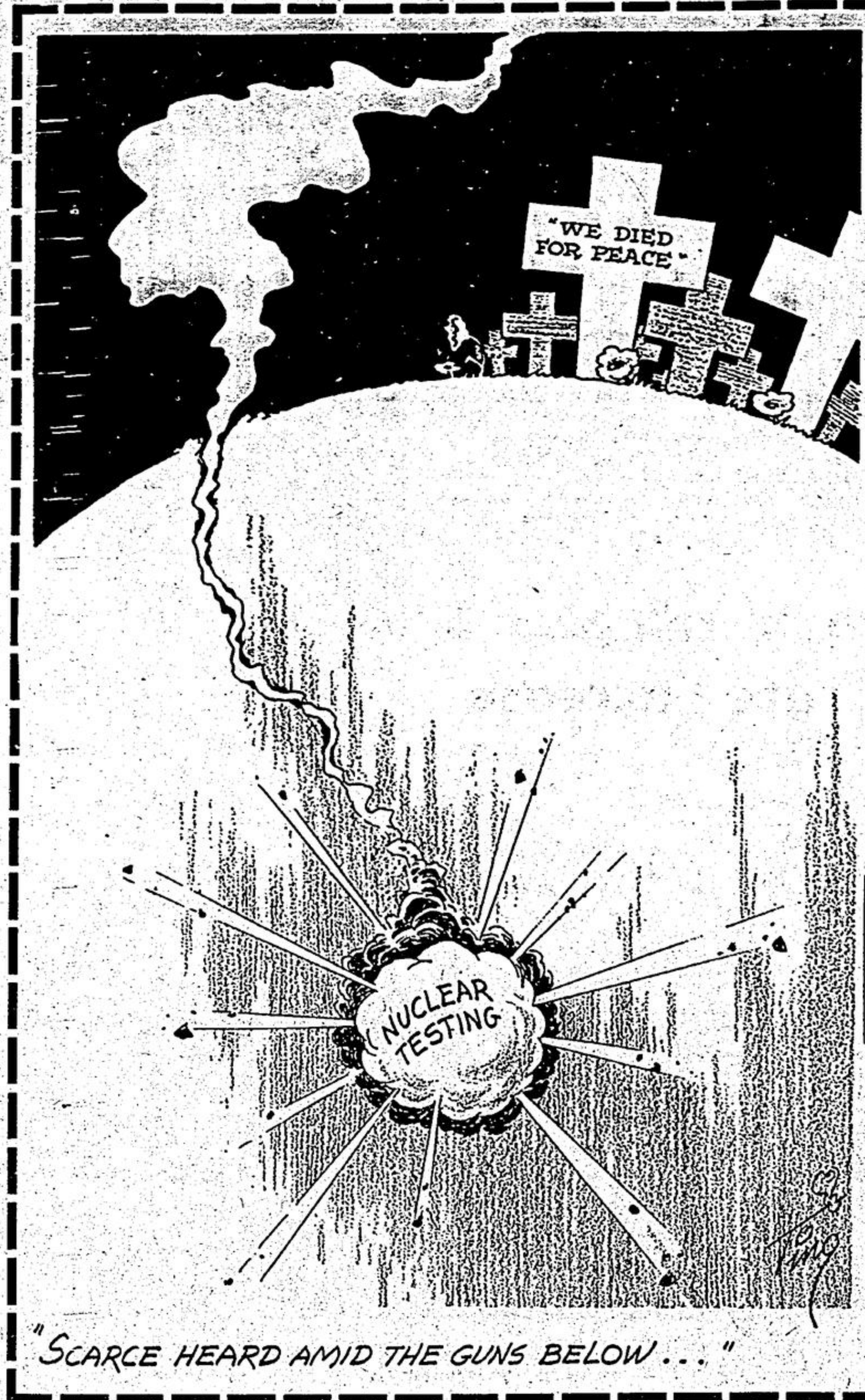
Mr. J. M. Davidchuk,  
R. R. 2; Claremont.

Dear Mr. Thomas:

We would like to take objection to the editorial titled "A Council's Responsibility" covering passing snowmobile bylaws where it was stated "they (meaning snow machine owners) feel no municipal controls are needed at all, but rather a set of rules and regulations established and enforced by the snowmobilers themselves".

This is in fact completely contrary to the submission made to Council by the concerned resident snowmobilers where the entire proposed bylaw with the exception of the curfew was enthusiastically endorsed and in fact additional tougher sections regarding excessive noise and private property trespassing were suggested.

Research now completed of other similar club activities both in the U.S. and Canada positively indicate that the



### SUGAR AND SPICE When men went to war willingly

By BILL SMILEY

As the two great wars of this century move gradually out of memory and into the pages of history books, our annual Remembrance Day recurs with alarming rapidity, for the veteran.

There was nothing "great" about either of those wars, except for their size. Yet, the old sweats call their war the Great War, and the middle-aged sweats have to settle for the title World War II.

The name of the day has been changed from Armistice Day to Remembrance Day. A good change. But I'm glad they haven't changed the date. November 11th is an ideal time to remember. It's usually cold, wet and gloomy. Even the skies seem to weep at the folly of man.

It's difficult to conceive of hearing those hallowed cliches: "fallen comrades"; "In Flanders fields, the poppies grow..."; at the going down of the sun, and in the morning, we shall remember them..."; "lest we forget..."; on a hot day in July.

But I'm not being sardonic when I refer to hallowed cliches. They are cliches, but they are also hallowed, and they mean a great deal to the men - and many women - who gather once a year to remember that the cream of Canadian young men, in two generations, was skimmed off by a brutal

fate on faraway fields.

It's hard to believe in these days of the burning of draft cards, of draft dodging, that in those two great wars, Canadians went not only willingly, but in most cases eagerly, to fight in a war 3,000 miles away, against an unknown enemy, for hazy reasons.

At least, with hindsight, the reasons were hazy. But at the time, they were crystal clear. The Kaiser was out to destroy the British Empire. Good enough. Hitler was out to stomp across the civilized world in jackboots. Clear. Let's stop the sods.

We didn't fight to subdue anyone, as the Russians, Germans, Japs, Italians have done. We weren't out to conquer new territories. We were out to prevent someone from subduing us; or conquering our territory.

In both wars, there was a minority who "joined up" for less than heroic reasons: to get away from a nagging wife; to avoid the law; to escape a boring job. But in the first great war, Canadians literally flocked to the colours, swamping recruiting offices.

In that war, they showed a dash and elan and fortitude, once in action, that made them respected throughout

only successful means of controlling snowmobilers effect on the community is by self imposed standards and regulations. Bylaws to be enforced by local police do not work, as enforcement is impossible. A snowmobile club on the other hand can appeal to every snowmobiler's conscience to save his sport by co-operating with the community and eliminating complaints.

The plain facts are that the biggest problems are caused by snowmobile noise and trespass on private property. A self imposed code by snowmobilers themselves can control use close to residential areas and direct traffic to private property whose owners grant permission for use. In addition a responsible snowmobile club would also engage itself in promoting safety instruction to juniors and providing emergency service to the community in case of winter storms that prevent normal vehicular traffic.

A new and important concern to environmentalists is the snowmobiles effect on ecology. Several research projects are

now underway by both Universities and the snowmobile manufacturers and we can be certain that an active snowmobile club will be the first to encourage proper use of snowmobiling in accordance with the results of these studies to prevent damage to the ecology and thereby preserve the snowmobiling sport.

In summary then, we respectively submit that Whitchurch-Stouffville snowmobilers enthusiastically endorse sensible snowmobile legislation and will conscientiously work toward promoting their sport with a minimum inconvenience to non-participants.

Committee for Sensible  
Snowmobile Legislation.

### R.S.V.P. immediately

Mickey Hunt, Stouffville's genial Sunoco dealer, received a post card from Nigeria, recently. The brief message read: "How do you say 'bathroom' in Swahili? - And I need your answer in a hurry!"

## ROAMING AROUND

### (Best) we forget

By Jim Thomas

I attended a Remembrance Day service in the old Town of Markham, Saturday.

Like myself, twenty-seven others (I counted them), exclusive of veterans, shivered and shuddered through a 'ritual' that lasted about forty minutes.

It was impressive - if you are impressed by the sound of a bugle, the skirl of the pipes and the beat of a drum.

It was colorful - if you see color in unfurled flags, polished medals and matching blue berets.

Many don't.

In years past, I have been prone to criticize this attitude. But not any more. Instead, I now understand it.

It's been fifty-three years since the end of World War I.

It's been twenty-six years since the last shot was fired in World War II.

Over half our population have no personal recollection of either event - and the majority wouldn't want to remember it even if they could.

Our whole attitude towards war has changed.

Rather than 'Lest We Forget, it's now 'Best We Forget. And although this trend in thinking may go against the grain of the seasoned ex-serviceman, I offer no argument against it.

Take, for example, the ceremony, Saturday.

The cenotaph - once thought of as the customary cross, but now, the modelled replica of a father, mother and child - the family circle. No symbol of war there.

The parade ranks - once 100 percent veterans, but now 'infiltrated' by new 'recruits', the majority of whom, I suspect, never shouldered a gun or fired a shot. No symbol of war there.

And the legitimate veterans too, joshing and talking over old times. No symbol of war there.

So why a Service of Remembrance when so few can remember or want to remember?

Much better, a Service of Peace, something that involves us all - today.

'Time like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly, forgotten as a dream  
Dies at the opening day!

This hymn was written in 1700.

Its meaning is evident in 1971.

Still, we expect people 'to remember'. On Saturday, twenty-seven did. Nine thousand forgot. We're only human.

Europe, and especially among the enemy.

And in the second, despite the disillusion of the depression, despite the cynicism of the Thirties - perhaps the most anti-war generation of this century - they did it again. And once again they proved themselves, beyond a doubt, as doughty warriors on land, sea and in the air.

Personally, I didn't exactly flock to the colours. Both my brothers had jumped in early. That didn't bother me. I was a product of the cynical Thirties, a university student, and I laughed at them, as they went through endless months of dull training, while the war in Europe was a complete stalemate.

But a time came. The Germans broke through. Civilization, as we knew it, was in danger of being tramped into the mud by the jackboots.

That was when thousands of us stopped sneering at the "phoney" war and took the oath.

Looking back, I shake my head wryly as I remember how desperate we were to get killed. It was a traumatic experience to be washed out of air-crew, where your chances of being killed were fairly good, and wind up washing dishes at Manning Pool, safe as a sausage.

We knew what we were doing, in some instinctual way. We wanted to come to grips. That's why I feel a certain pity for the conscripts of the so-called free world, in these days. They are forced to go to war against an unknown enemy, for something they don't believe in, amidst an atmosphere of corruption and downright lies.

To all veterans: don't remember the blood and mud and sweat and brutality and fear. Just remember all the good times and the good friends. You'll never have them again.