


The Tribune
Established 1885



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Editorial

High jumper's delight

Whitchurch-Stouffville was hit by the season's heaviest snowfall, Thursday.

By night-time, a considerable depth had accumulated, making driving difficult.

In Stouffville, snow-clearing operations were carried out quickly. But, unfortunately on Main Street, the project went no further. Up until Sunday, the snow was still piled two feet high at the curb. Apparently, no one felt it necessary to haul the stuff away.

In previous winters (1971 was one of the worst), the removal of snow was a top priority program. Employees, working in shifts, continued on the job throughout

the night. By the following morning, everything was back to normal.

Such was not the case last weekend. Shoppers, after slipping and sliding into a parking spot, had to jump over or wade through snow to their knees to reach the sidewalk. Traffic was slowed to a crawl and, on occasions, stopped entirely. Whether walking or riding, conditions were terrible.

If the round-the-clock snow removal service has been discontinued in Town, then we would recommend it be started again, when required. If the service has not been stopped, then we would recommend the Stouffville Main Street be moved up higher on the priority list.

Meet your Member

Over the years, residents within the Riding of York North (provincial) and York-Simcoe (federal), have sometimes expressed criticism over the impersonal type of representation received at both levels of government.

The Tribune has been critical too.

We know, and the electorate knows, that Members of Parliament are busy men. We know too, that both John Roberts and Bill Hodgson can be contacted quickly on most occasions by telephone and certainly always by mail. And no one will deny their willingness to assist whenever possible.

But, except on the eve of an election or on the occasion of some public ceremony,

how much time does either man spend in the Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville? How much personal contact do they have with the electorate they are endeavoring to serve, in Ottawa and Queen's Park?

The answer, of course, is very little. However, on Monday evening, Feb. 14, a new approach will be attempted - at least new to Stouffville.

M. P. John Roberts will attend a public gathering in the auditorium of Orchard Park School at 8 p.m.

Mr. Robert's presence here on this date, places the onus squarely on the shoulders of the electorate. How serious are you? How sincere? The numbers who attend will provide the answer.

Strikes — we've had enough

Few will argue with the fact that people in general are getting pretty fed up with strikes, particularly those in our country's essential services. The Prime Minister has declined to bring government pressure to bear and expresses reluctance to interfere with normal bargaining procedures.

However, there is an election coming and we would like to suggest that if Mr. Trudeau and his government are returned, there will be some action to curb the interference of essential services, before another election rolls around.

The Prime Minister is well aware that continual interference with public services by various unions will give the NDP a bad time and not the Liberals. There is

talk of another air strike, this time among engineers, and still another with the postal service.

Mr. Lewis and the NDP will be watching these possible events quite closely, knowing full well that should either arrive on the eve of the election, their party could be dealt a severe blow.

Strikes which affect only the production of some retail output are taken with a shrug but the number occurring in such services as transportation, postal and communication departments has been growing, and with growing public irritation. The vast majority of Canadians have no connection with any union and do not feel kindly towards any individual or group that agitates for such action.

Editor's Mail

Dear Sir: In a letter published recently from a Mr. H. J. Wilcox, he stated, among other things, that the federal government had once again increased Estate Taxes.

This shows, to me at least, the difficulty in getting across to the public what the government is doing.

The point is, the federal government has now completely abolished Estate Taxes. This should be of great benefit, particularly to farmers and small businessmen who wish to see the enterprise carried on in their family.

Unfortunately, the provincial governments, including Ontario, which urged us to abolish the Estate Taxes, are now rushing in to impose Succession Duties in this area.

Those who oppose such measures, however, should criticize Queen's Park and not Ottawa, who has abandoned this method of taxation.

John Roberts,
M.P., York-Simcoe.

Dear Sir: In reference to the recent news item concerning the V.L.A. Development at Ballantrae, (Tribune issue, Jan. 20), I would like to express an opinion shared, I'm sure, by the

majority of residents in the Subdivision.

As far as we are concerned, the Development has already proved itself. It has provided housing on property much superior to what we owned originally. The environment is better with more opportunities for outdoor activities, for children and adults alike. Most of us appreciate the philosophy of the local schools - it is refreshing.

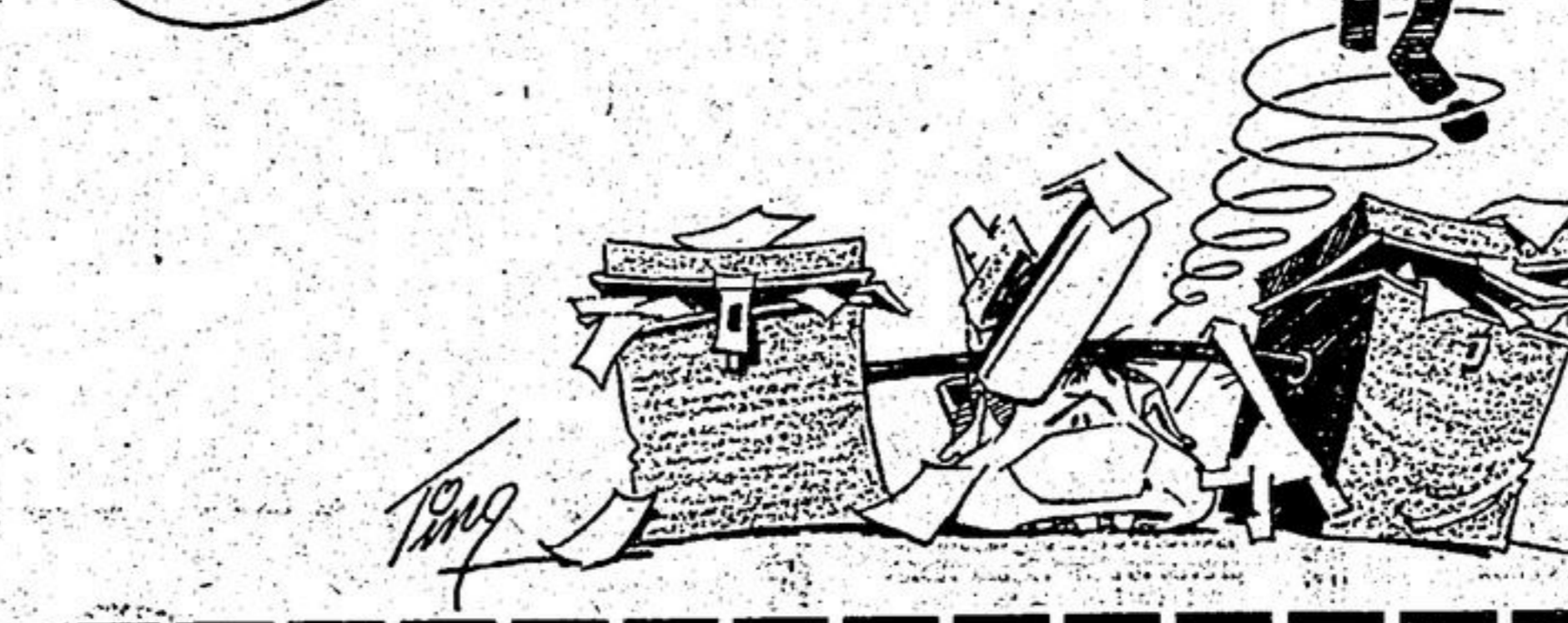
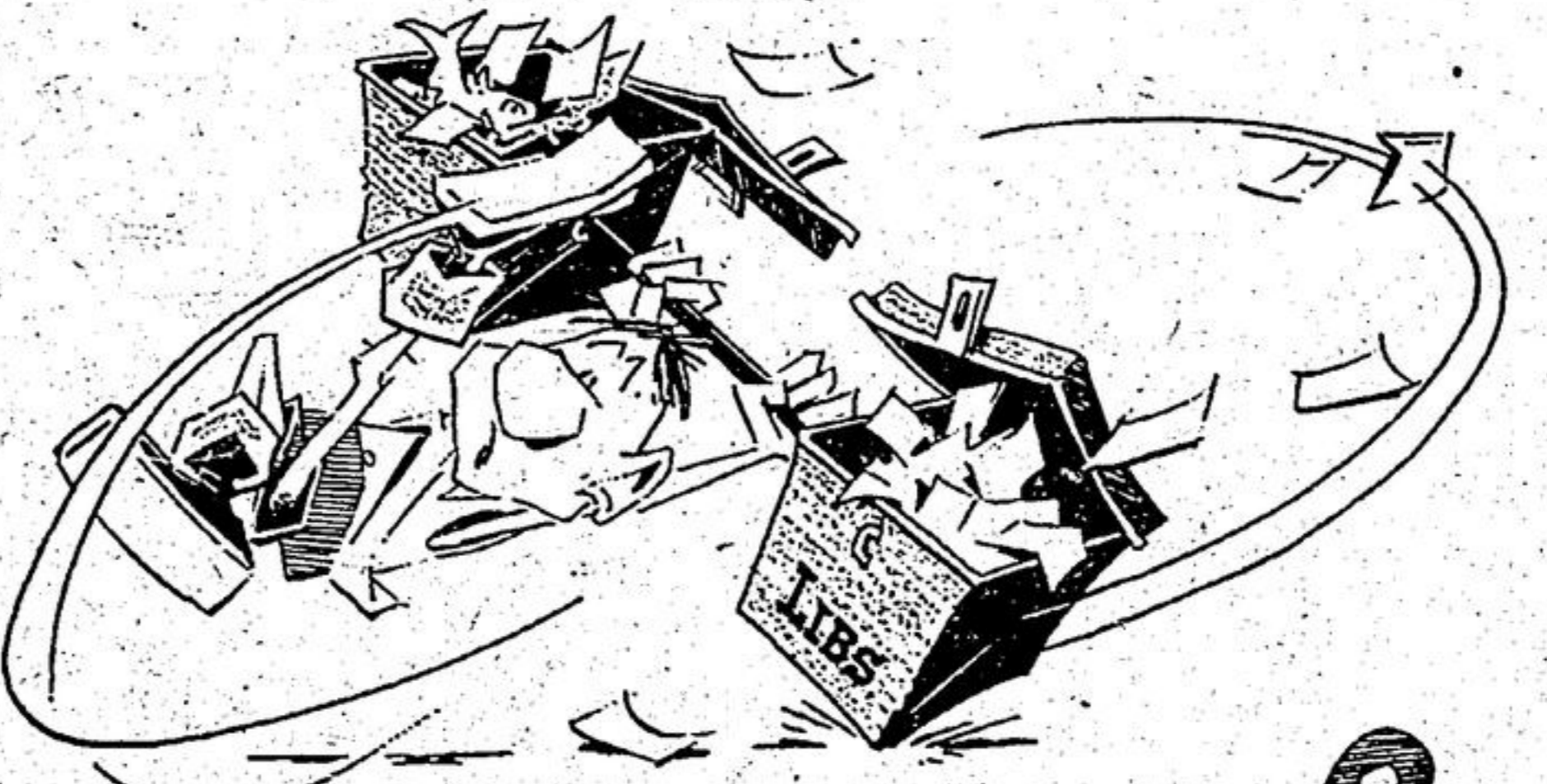
However, the question seems to be that the Development has not yet contributed enough to the area to warrant additional build-up of the same.

It must be quite obvious that the type of housing provided is of superior quality. Ballantrae has not been, what you could call a prosperous looking community. But the V. L. A. houses are a credit to the area, particularly from an appearance point of view. Every one of the owners is gainfully employed, so he or she has money to spend locally.

If another group of houses is added, we'll obtain a type of shopping plaza that will stimulate revenue in the district. Already, local businesses have profited.

The majority of children are of average or above average academically, so there is no added strain on the one vocational type school in the Region. In fact, the truth is, this type of housing has attracted a most desirable type of resident.

HEARD THE ONE ABOUT THE NEWFIE WHO EXERCISED HIS FRANCHISE?



SUGAR AND SPICE

-I'm no snowmobile bug

By BILL SMILEY

All winter I've been laughing. Not wildly or out loud, so that some people could do what they've wanted to for years - have me quietly put away.

No, it's just been a steady stream of assorted chuckles, snickers and titters, with an occasional giggle erupting when it poured rain around here in January.

I was laughing, for the first time in about four winters, at the snowmobilers and skiers.

Winter after winter I have sat, glowering inwardly, as the snowmobilers tried to shout each other in their boisterous, boyish manner, each trying to tell a taller tale than the other about how he jumped the creek or went up a 90-degree slope with no hands, or some such rot.

Winter after winter, I've tried to keep the sour look off my face as the ski hounds burble their "in" talk about how many runs they made, chortle with glee every time there was a fresh fall of snow, and brag about their brand new Scheiss-maken eighty dollar ski boots.

For about two months, the winter of 1971-72 was known as "Smiley's Revenge". There was a little snow in December, but it was almost a green Christmas. There wasn't a snowbank worthy of skidding into on New Year's Eve. And the fine weather continued for weeks: lots of rain, high temperatures and virtually no snow.

"Let their snowmobiles sit there and rust", I whispered, barely able to restrain a guffaw. "Let their skis warp and their fancy boots remain unscuffed", I muttered, scarce able to hold back a peal of laughter.

What better proof of its value do the local politicians need?

To indicate that other developers are interested in building at Ballantrae does, I'm sure, not guarantee the calibre of resident we now have in the Canadian veteran. If more of Canada's Servicemen wish to locate in this community, why not let them.

Satisfied resident.

It's not that I have anything personal against these mid-winter bores. Some of my best friends are snowmobilers, though I wouldn't want my daughter to marry one.

And I know some perfectly sensible people who think there is something ineffably enjoyable in sliding down a hill on a couple of inflated barrel staves. The genuine skier thinks nothing of spending ten or fifteen dollars on a Sunday's skiing, even if he has to cut his church givings to the bone.

And it's not jealousy or spite. Just because I have a rosy knee that would put me on crutches for two months if I had a fall is no reason to envy those who swoop down the hill like a bird.

Same with snowmobiling. I have a slight handicap there, too. I can fly a plane and drive a car, if there are good mechanics around. But when it comes to small motors which stop running, all I can do is stand there and stare, shifting from one foot to the other.

It's embarrassing, but I'm being frank. It's all very well to talk about carburetors and pistons and fuel lines if you know what they are, where they are, and what to do if they aren't working.

I figure I'm lucky if I get the lawnmower started once out of three times, without summoning help. Thus, the only picture I can conjure with me and a snowmobile in it is a nightmare: the pair of us out in the woods, ten miles from nowhere, with the carburetors seized up or burned out or whatever it is they do.

No, I don't hate the people or the sports. I just hate snow with a deep and bitter loathing which must have some psychological explanation.

Did I wet my pants, as a small child, while playing in the snow? Did my parents, sick of my eternal wailing, throw me into a snowbank and hastily retrieve me?

I don't know the answer. But I do know that Smiley's Revenge has turned into Smiley's Folly.

As I write, I can't see the house across the street. It's snowing sea-gulls, horizontally, with a forty-mile wind

ROAMING AROUND

It's a dog's life

By Jim Thomas

We don't own a dog. My wife detests cats. And the lone survivor of two goldfish suddenly up and died.

Now, all we have left are a pair of turtles and two rabbits. And that's enough.

I'm not really opposed to having pets; in fact, I think they're fine - in their place. But scratching great gouges out of the bathroom door; spreading loose hair all over the chesterfield or seeking instant 'relief' in the centre of the living room rug, are not occurrences that can be tolerated - at least not at our house.

Five children can cause commotion enough.

But all folks don't feel this way. They treat their pets like they were human. You've seen the kind. They talk to them; fondle them, even clothe them. Not me. I look on a dog as just that - a dog. The same for a cat - just a cat. Nothing more, nothing less.

Many people will differ. They'll rise to the defense of their poor little pooch and criticize anyone who dares to castigate the 'intelligence' of their puss.

I watched them on parade, Thursday, attending a government-sponsored anti-rabies clinic in the committee room of the Stouffville fire station.

They came by the hundreds, in all shapes and sizes, both the animals and their owners. The cats were in many kinds of containers - bran sacks, cardboard boxes, crates, suitcases, trunks and cages. The majority of dogs were restrained on a leash, but it was difficult at times to tell just who was leading who.

One boy, about ten, came in alone with a rambunctious collie. The dog was obviously the 'master', hauling the lad all around the room.

Then, there was the 300 pound farmery looking chap. He carried his pet, about twice the size of a peanut, in his pocket. One woman had her cat tucked inside the front of her slacks. The vets appeared slightly stunned for the moment, as she went through the ritual of releasing it.

One puss took a quick look and ran. It was later caught at the rear of the Presbyterian Church.

The injections were quick and supposedly painless, although the animals' side of the story will never be told. I would assume, however, that a dog's yelp and a cat's meow, must stand for something more than ouch! For one lady it did.

"I can't stand to look", she said, covering her eyes with both hands, "tell me when it's over".

"It's a cruel, cruel thing", protested another, "I would rather it be me". The vet appeared more than willing to oblige, but reconsidered.

"My poor little 'Poopsy'", comforted another, "did that mean old doctor hurt you?" She kissed it affectionately on top of the head.

For clinical purposes, I learned that only the dogs need names. Some are dandies, like - Simon Pure, Henrietta, Daisy, Georgia, Sam, Rastus, Lulabelle, Freda, Violet, Jock and Josh.

As for sex, the question on two or three occasions proved a bit embarrassing.

"Just a second while I check", said one.

"I'll have to go home and ask my dad", said another.

Search me, replied still another, "maybe the vet will know".

One dog called Lassie, was listed as male.

Another named 'Pete', had just given birth to six pups.

Within a period of 5½ hours, more than 800 animals received vaccinations. Most owners seemed pleased with the swiftness of the service, very little waiting; just in and out.

Commented one gentleman: "How about my wife, will you give her a 'shot'? She was frothing at the mouth when I left".

"If she's reached that stage, I'm afraid it's too late", replied the vet.

"I'm afraid it is", the chap answered, heading out into the storm.

It's a dog's life.

gusting to sixty or seventy.

The skiers are smirking; the snowmobilers are laughing out loud. And I'm crying, deep inside. I knew it was a dream. But dream we must, or we are nothing. Some winter... Well, never mind.

Hand me that shovel, woman, and stand back, out of earshot.