

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 \$6.00 per year in Canada, \$10.00 elsewhere. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation, Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association and Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Second class mail registration number 0896.

Editorial

Land 'freeze' necessary

The government-imposed land 'freeze' affecting more than 150,000 acres, surrounding the proposed airport site, was a heavy-handed, but necessary move by Queen's Park.

And while it hasn't halted entirely, a minor spree of speculative land purchases, one can only imagine what might have occurred, had the Province not acted as it did.

But, as usual, swift action arouses criticism, in this case, from the local level of government. However, these protests will arouse about as much

sympathy as the squeak from a mouse whose tail has been trod upon by a lion.

In Whitchurch-Stouffville, planning chairman, Tom Lonergan has been the most vociferous of all councillors. He feels that hours of work put into the preparation of the Town's new Zoning Bylaw, have been wasted. And, for the present at least, he's right.

But a \$2 billion airport project doesn't occur in our midst every day, so certainly the 'freeze' should supersede any Plan the municipality has prepared.

Pass and enforce it

Whitchurch-Stouffville Council has given first reading to a bylaw that will, if passed, place a 10 horsepower limit on motorboats, using Musselman's Lake.

The move, to establish safeguards of this kind, at the local resort centre, is by no means new.

Discussions on the same subject, date back to the old township regime.

So why then the delay in getting this legislation through? Surely, by now, members must be convinced that they are right. So opponents of the scheme are wrong. A public meeting will accomplish nothing.

At this point, Council's concern should not relate to the purpose of the bylaw or

its need. These conditions are obvious. The Town, rather, should know by what means it intends to enforce the power restriction, once approved.

Will Shalimar Beach, the main launching site, be closed off to all vehicular traffic, meaning cars, trucks and boats?

Is the Bylaw Enforcement Officer to be supplied with a boat of his own?

Will the policing of the Lake be done by the Region?

Will the cottage residents police themselves, and if so, who will watch over the boat operators who are non-residents?

These are the questions that require answers, not the need of the bylaw itself.

Calling the Department's bluff

In spite of pressure from officials of the Ontario Dept. of Lands and Forests, there will be no deer hunts this fall in either Uxbridge or Pickering Townships.

The Council, Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville, has taken a similar stand.

We're 100 percent on the side of the municipalities, in this regard, and we find the advice offered by the Department, very strange.

Regardless of figures produced by Lands and Forests' Officers, rural residents in all three areas report few, if any sightings of deer all winter. Why

then, we ask, should hunters be allowed to track down and destroy the few that are left?

With the rejection of the 'open season' in the Town and Townships, it will be interesting to see just how far the Department will go to assert its authority.

If its policy in this regard is similar to the trend in Planning, Queen's Park may order the 'hunt' to proceed, whether the local Councils like it or not.

Yes, we've become pretty small toads in a very big puddle.

Editor's Mail

Dear Jim:

It seems that the only side of the airport question that we have heard is the protestors. There is also a farmers' point of view to consider.

Farmers have a big investment and it is a recognized fact that farm income is steadily declining. Many farmers realize they can not carry on much longer.

Many of the protestors are people who work 5 days a week and have their weekends free. Farmers are not so fortunate, but would like to have more leisure time.

As far as the need for the airport, not many farmers have had the time nor the money to use the existing one, so are certainly not in a position to know the need for a new one. Someone has said that opportunity only knocks once. Perhaps this is the opportunity that many farmers have been waiting for to open a way of easier and less restrictive means of earning a living.

Providing the government pays a satisfactory price for our property we as farmers are willing to sell and relocate somewhere else, where we can enjoy a more relaxed way of life.

Walter G. Winn,
R.R.1, Stouffville.

future in farming here when the taxes are so high.

People remark about the Government taking all the good farm land in the north end of Pickering Township. A high percentage of this land has been purchased by speculators (not intending to farm it themselves). The few farmers that are left, work some of this land for the main purpose of trying to control the weeds.

As for our beautiful countryside (as some people call it). I have cleaned up my share of dead trees, weeds and garbage dumped on the side of the road which eventually ends up on my property.

So, if the price is right, I'll quit milking cows 7 days a week, 365 days a year, and move on to an easier way of living.

Allan Murray,
R.R.2, Claremont.

Dear Jim:

I, as a dairy farmer, own land on the airport site. My buildings may be torn down to make room for either a runway or a terminal building, according to maps I have seen.

Six months ago nobody wanted the north end of Pickering Twp. Now everybody wants it.

I am willing to say that I am willing to sell my land to the Government if the price is satisfactory, because I see no

Mr. Editor:

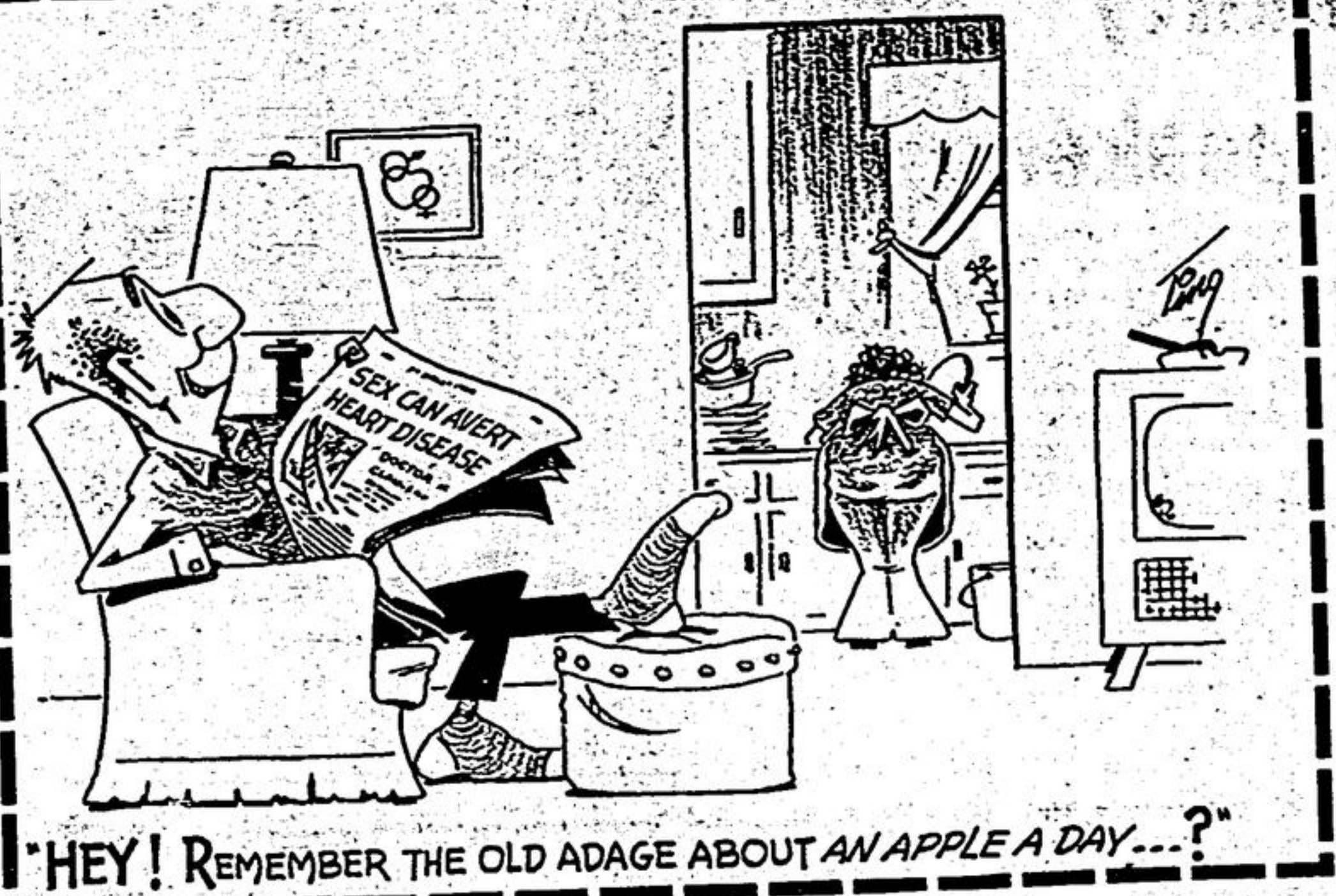
Your paper and others have been full of letters from people giving their ideas about the new airport. This I am sure is only the opinion of the minority. Many of my friends are just waiting to get a buyer.

I think the airport is the greatest thing that's happened here in a 100 years.

The government knows some people will be upset and have to move when they'd rather not, but really the airport is for people, millions of them. They have weighed this against the handful inconvenienced.

Emotion is one thing but it's not the stuff on which progress is built.

Catharine Larrimore,
Markham R.R.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Old friends purest gold

By BILL SMILEY

Like most people who have one foot in the grave and the other foot butting out the cigarette that's putting them there, I become increasingly averse to change.

Why can't my wife be the way she was when I married her: sweet, dumb, innocent and believing that my opinion was more important than hers? Why can't my daughter say "Yes, dad", instead of, "Look, Dad"? Why can't my son do something besides shake his head

in agony when I expound on the virtues of hard work, meeting your payments, and all that crud?

It seems that the only people with whom I am still on the same wave-length are old friends.

Now, I'm not going to give you an analogy comparing old friends to old wine. Although I do think they should be kept in the same place: a cool, dry spot, to be brought out at the exact moment.

I have brought out some of my old friends at the wrong moment. One in particular, can wreak havoc with my domestic relations. We're having a lovely barbecue, for example: His kids are drifting in and out. And then he says something like, "Smiler, remember the night we picked up those two..." And I leap smartly into the breach and holler, "Oh, yeah, those two unusual clam-shells at the beach", while his and my wife exchange looks and make mental notes and prepare future third-degrees.

However, as they say when they don't know any other way of getting back on the track, some old friends preserve not only their sanity, but their sense of humour.

Recently had a letter from such. Dave McIntosh, a toiler in the bleached vineyards of journalism. He says he has been writing politics in Ottawa for the Canadian Press for two centuries. This is known as understatement, or litotes, if you are taking English from me, and aren't you glad you aren't?

We went to University together, "fought" (mostly our way into the Regent Palace in London) together, and he set me up with the coldest woman I have ever met, when he couldn't keep a date and had me fill in.

Dave was the only non-freak in North House, which sounds like something out of Dickens, and was a "residence". It sounds like a modern euphemism meaning someplace you are put away.

The "jocks" didn't like him, because he laughed at them. If you are not up on the latest slang, jocks were the, in those days, crew-cut boys who knew that the way to get ahead was to be on the team, marry the right girl, and kick the right people in the face as you climbed the ladder. They, unfortunately, are still with us. The only difference is the ferocity of their sideburns, as compared with the shortness of their crew-cut.

The aesthetes didn't like him, because he laughed at them. If you are not up on aesthetes, they are the people who chuckle over the latest vicious review of a play, who parrot anyone who has ever uttered a bon mot, who are seen at all the right places, but couldn't write a paragraph or a scene, or a poem. They are the flies who buzz around a carcass. It must be dead. If it shows signs of life, they shriek with alarm and retreat into generalities like, "Well, after all, he's only doing his own thing." If his "thing" is vomiting on the carpet, that's fine.

Sorry, chaps. Didn't mean to get mean. I have a toothache. Mac and I became friendly because I was the only non-freak in Middle House.

We were talking about old friends. And in his letter, Dave said something that struck me. He said, "Weeklies are a gold mine." He's right.

And that brings me to another old friend - my favourite weekly. Naturally, it's the weekly of which I used to be editor. It was with great delight that I read recently a letter to the editor in said weekly. It stated, "The former editors (that's me) were gentlemen." I agree.

Latest issue states that Bill Smiley is "a fine man and a great writer." I think the writer of the letter thus proclaiming has either a drinking or a mental problem, but I don't even care. Although I

Dear Jim:

Yes, we farmers are for the airport. Obviously a better and more level tract of land was not to be found, when this site was the one selected out of 54.

Yes, this would be a good farming area if all the farms were worked as they should be worked. But speculators buy up farms, then leave them to grow up in weeds. Take a drive around the site in the summer and see for yourself. Most of the good land has gone to pot.

Why wouldn't farmers be for the airport, when they're forced through taxes to pay for sewers, community centres and arenas which are of no benefit to them?

Saturday's big crush at Malton Airport was a sure indication that present facilities are not large enough to accommodate today's travellers.

The airport site is immediately west of Claremont with its northern boundary, the Uxbridge-Pickering townline and its southern boundary north of Hwy. 7.

We're sure the federal Transport Minister and Ontario's Treasurer do not need any help from Dr. Godfrey and Clark Muirhead, both of Uxbridge township, to run Pickering Township's proposed airport project.

Donald Dunkeld,
R.R.2, Claremont.

Dear Sir:

I cannot help but question The Tribune's editorial policy, after reading the issue of March 9.

In one instance, you criticise the C.B.C. technicians for blacking out the National Hockey League broadcast and then suggest, with reference to the proposed airport, that Pickering's got it and will have to make the best of it.

In my opinion, the losing of one's home presents more of a problem than missing a hockey game.

Far better "to gnash our teeth" over noise pollution and environmental damage, than over interruption on the 'boob-tube'.

K. Robinson,
R.R.2, Claremont.

Dear Editor:

As the mother of two pre-school children, I was sorely disappointed to read in last week's Tribune that Mr. Harry Hunt would not be continuing on as the principal at Ballantrae School, after the June term.

It would have been a privilege to have had my son and daughter attend classes under Mr. Hunt's capable supervision, and I know I speak for many parents who already have children enrolled there.

It is a certainty that whatever endeavor Mr. Hunt assumes in the future, he will be with the same success he has enjoyed in the past.

Our community's loss will indeed be another's gain.

Mrs. June Carter,
Stouffville, R.R.3.

ROAMING AROUND

Downside-up party

By Jim Thomas

We're heading into a federal election. I can feel it. The signs are everywhere. And while some folk shrug their shoulders in disgust, claiming all politicians to be "nothin' but a buncha crooks", I disagree.

To me, the pre-election period spells 'Excitement' with a capital 'E'. It's also a time when 'the little people' - the voters, suddenly grow ten feet tall and the candidates, particularly those wishing to retain their posts, are whittled down to size.

Just call it 'the great leveler'. But there's a bothersome side. People are all the time trying to pin a political tag on me.

"A-ha", the Liberals say, "he's a Davis man".

"Trudeau through and through", accuse the Conservatives.

And the N.D.P.? Their comments send little columns of blue smoke curling up from the keyboard.

So you see, wherever I travel, between now and that ultimate trek to the polls, I'm an outcast; a misfit, a turncoat, an enemy spy.

So it was Thursday.

I attended a Conservative nomination meeting in Uxbridge.

Now, you may not believe this, but in my 21 years of patrolling the district newsbeat, it was my very first insight into a gathering of this kind. And I committed two grievous errors.

First, I arrived late, having to babysit for an hour while my wife attended choir practice. And second, I pinned a George Ashe badge on my lapel, not knowing Frank McGee and his deputies had already taken over the auditorium by storm.

The place was packed. In fact, if I hadn't been carrying a camera, I might have been forced to view the proceedings from a recess in the rafters.

The long aisle, leading from the rear of the hall to an empty chair up front, was littered with obstacles.

To start things off, Clark Muirhead, a true-blue Conservative councillor from Uxbridge, 'pulverized' my voting hand with a 'shake' that curled my toes. Next some Sandford potato-picker called me "a dirty old Grit" and I staggered to a seat, reserved for some gal who, for personal reasons unbeknownst to me, had suddenly made a quick trip to the toilet.

I left immediately on her return, not wishing to incite a riot. Besides, she must have weighed close to 200.

I found an empty chair close by, but out of range, and settled down to enjoy the show.

But all the while I waited for the platform promenade to begin, I couldn't put the name of the Party completely out of mind.

Think of it - Progressive Conservative. The originator must have been some kind of freak who buttoned his pants up the back; wore his underwear flap at the front and had trouble distinguishing his right foot from his left.

Somewhere, sometime, somebody's got to take a stand and choose one or the other - either Progressive or Conservative, but not both.

But then again, this could split the Party.

For I honestly find it hard to think of Bob Stanfield as a 'progressive'. And a gentleman like George Hees can hardly be considered 'conservative'. So, I suppose, to keep peace in the family, they've linked the two together, hoping for the best of two worlds.

Ridiculous.

And ridiculous it was.

For, if the steady stream of leggy, braless gals that paraded around the Uxbridge auditorium last Thursday was meant to promote the Stanfield incarnation of conservatism, then Norm Cafik's nomination must have been a Pickering nudist colony.

think it might have been a great man.

Another gem, same ad: "Notice: Would my gloves from my evening and left me to please phone..."

A local correspondent dears, let's see what's stick this week..." A local even licked a swizzl gold, all right.