

The Tribune
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Editorial

Proved a point

The Pickering 'Spring Festival' proved its point - country living can be beautiful. The weekend activities, exceptionally well organized - and publicized, must be considered a success, although crowds, anticipated at 200,000, according to one announcement, fell far short of this figure.

And this, in our opinion, was the unfortunate thing about the whole affair. The P.O.P. motives were suspect; considered 'just another gimmick' to further their cause; more grease for a squeaking wheel.

Because of this, many residents, refusing support for the P.O.P. cause, refused to participate in the program. So, in effect, both sides lost.

We attended the event on both days, and we were impressed - impressed by what we saw and what we heard.

The anti-airport campaign was low key; no soap-box oratory; no high pressure; no hard-sell; just a weekend of down-to-earth fun and fellowship. The organizers are to be commended. Too bad it took the threat of an airport to get it going.

New business sites

Contrary to prophecies of doom and a stagnation of growth due to the coming new airport, plans for new business locations in Stouffville have zoomed to the greatest number at any one time in history. No less than ten new business outlets are planned with an additional three being prepared.

Prices continue to edge upwards. House lots in Markham are reported past the \$15,000 mark. While it has been plainly evident that the "city tide" would continue to roll in this direction regardless of the airport, it would seem that

the announcement of its coming has speeded transactions in many instances.

While "build-up" is now much more rigidly controlled than previously, it has not in any way deterred the expansion of those concerned with business.

Queen's Park has for some time predicted, no change in Stouffville growth with the effect of the airport only bringing about a speed-up in this process. The rash of new business buildings now pending would certainly tend to substantiate this prediction.

Other times - other customs

There's a famous French phrase that neatly covers an issue before Whitchurch-Stouffville Council: "Other times - other customs."

Mayor Ken Laushway and supporting members are to be commended for taking the initial step towards legalizing Sunday sports in this municipality. As the Mayor correctly pointed out, certain activities have been going on for a long time now, (quite illegally), and Council should make a decision one way or another.

The law in this case - the Lord's Day Act, is an example of legislation that has outlived its time. People cannot be forced to attend church, and any law that attempts to accomplish this, is self-defeating.

The Mayor has said, and we agree, it's up to Council to make the decision - in fact, that decision is long overdue. The situation as it now stands requires clarification.

However, councillors Merlyn Baker and Gordon Ratcliff do not hold to this kind of "dictatorial" attitude. They feel the question should be solved through a referendum - a vote of the people.

We oppose this stand for two reasons. First, it would tend to divide the Town into two segments, those "for" and those "against". Secondly, there's an underlying fear that those "for" could lose. Then, we ask, who among us would be man enough to turn the key in the lock at the swimming pool this summer or at the Arena next winter? Something to think about.

Editor's Mail

Individuals are entitled to own opinions

Dear Sir:

While we sit back smugly and shake our heads over man's inhumanity to man in Belfast, and Vietnam; and the southern United States, perhaps we should take a closer look at ourselves. Sad to say, the same blind streak of discrimination seems to lie dormant within many of us also, only awaiting the appropriate spark to ignite it. The one over-ruling factor that seems to be developing over the airport situation appears to be the attitudes exhibited toward one another.

To quote the Toronto Star, Friday May 5th, "The POP people have clustered together as never before and neighbours who've never been in other neighbours' homes are suddenly buddies if they share the same views on the airport. If not, they're not on speaking terms anymore."

Of course, many people do not want the airport for a great many good and sufficient reasons, and many people are in favour of it for the same number of opposing good and sufficient reasons, but can this possibly be an acceptable basis for friends of long-standing (or even friendly acquaintances) to dissolve that association because of differences of opinion? What is wrong with us as individuals that we find it intolerable to accept the fact that a person could support an opinion that differs from ours, and still be right, according to his own particular situation?

Do we spend years trying to teach our children to love one another, and then, blow it all, the first time some major development goes against our grain? One

thing that I always have found unhypercritical, and commendable in this current generation has been its ability to try and view the other persons situation through that persons own eyes, and even if they call it "doing his own thing", it still boils down to realizing that each of us has different needs and goals, but the gift of brotherly love should encompass the individual, without infringing on rights and opinions.

By all means, support the airport, if you feel an airport is needed, and by all means, fight the airport, if you feel that your way of life is threatened, but let's not fight one another. Let us all be adult enough to realize that a friendship is a valuable gift, not to be cast aside lightly. Let's be big enough to allow the other fellow a difference of opinion, and still love him. Let's not teach our youth that hating one another is ever any solution to a disagreement. It didn't work in Nazi Germany, it's not working in Ireland, and it won't work here, because hate is not the answer.

Just attend one of these airport meetings, pro or con, and you'll see the same glassy-eyed radicals, waving their arms, and screaming that "they" (which always means the opposing factor) had better not be there, or be heard, or be anything. Thankfully, this type is not in the majority, but a few always show up. Even they need our love and understanding, perhaps more so than the more docile majority. One gets the feeling that love and understanding are what they have lacked all their lives, and so at least they'll make a bid for a little

attention.

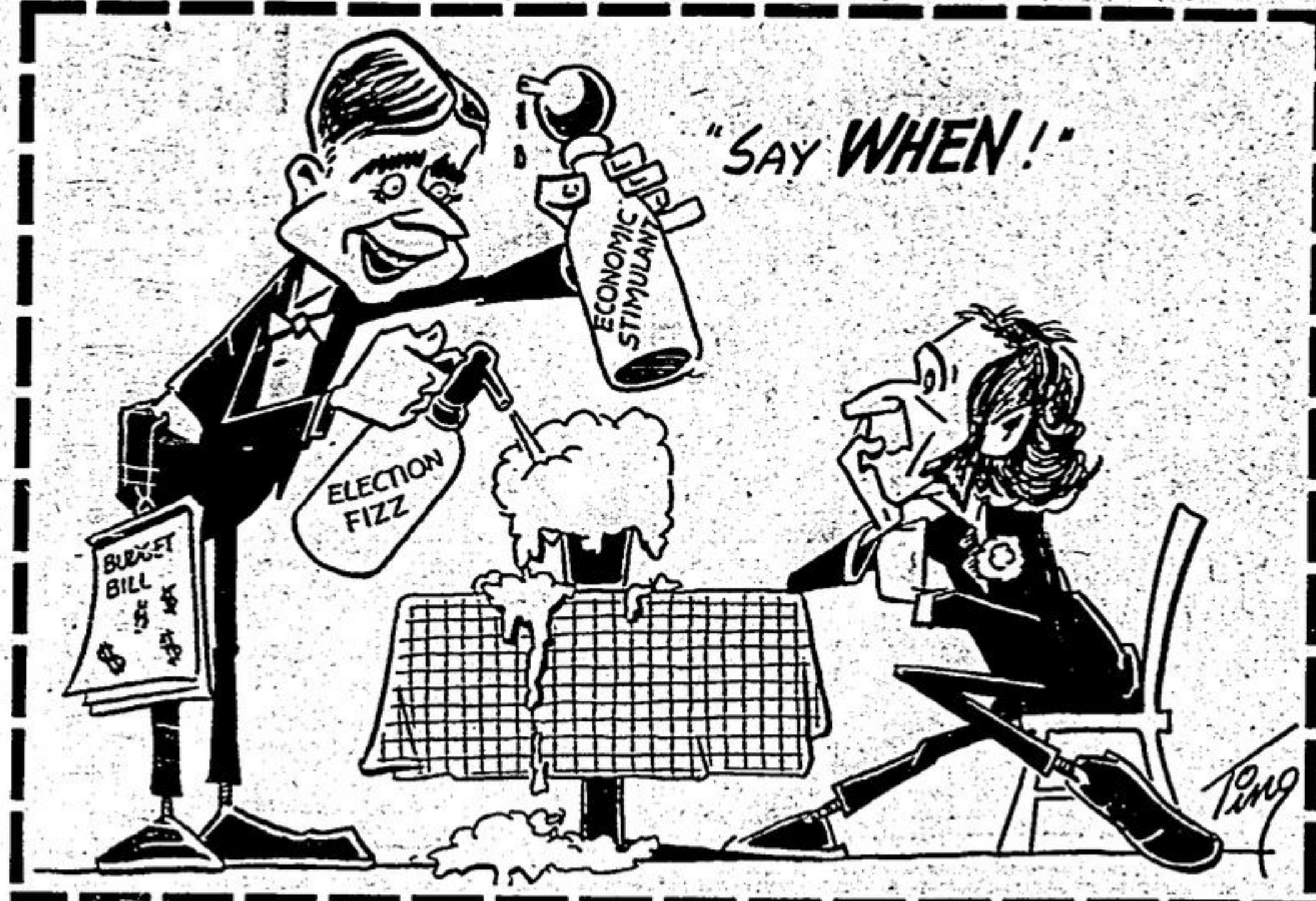
Can you imagine how the lives and feelings of hundreds of people are going to be affected, long after this airport has either been stopped, or is an actuality? Relationships that have been part of our lives and our neighbours lives will be severed or soured, for years to come. A humble Carpenter had the answer when He told a certain man to "Love thy neighbour as thyself". The same maxim applies today, and it works today.

Adelaide Kerr
R.R.3, Claremont.

Dear Sir:

Your editorial (April 27) describing the inequities that Claremont area residents have had to face over the years is all too true - but now, once again, we have been told to take the short end of the stick; we are about to be the benefactors of a new airport - which 90 percent of us will never use. The passive acceptance that most of us have taken toward this encroachment is bewildering. Claremont has everything to lose and nothing to gain. Below is part of a table obtained from a study of noise pollution prepared by Pollution Probe, February 1972:

Typical Noise Levels in decibels -
Jet plane (runway) - 150; Snowmobile (seated on machine) - 100-115; Heavy truck (at 15 ft.) - 85 - 105; Beginning of permanent ear damage - 85 - 90; Lawn mower (at 50 ft.) - 65 - 80; Normal con-



SUGAR AND SPICE

Bill's turn as 'Father of Bride'

By BILL SMILEY

I'm sure you are sick of reading about my daughter's wedding, but hang on. She's the only one I have, and it will be all over this Saturday. (The last typewritten with crossed fingers.)

If she ever does want to get married again, she'll get exactly three words from her old man, "Beat it, kid."

However, there's something to be learned by every experience, and both the kid and I are learning. Fast.

For several weeks, she has been floating around aimlessly, telling her mother, who is a fussy-budget of the first water, "Stop worrying, Mom. There's not that much to do. It's a simple wedding, and I'll be here to help you get ready." Typical of-to-day's youth.

Naturally, she wasn't here most of the time, and she didn't help at all, though her intentions were impeccable. Then fate stepped in. A week before the wedding, just when the throttle was going to be opened wide for the final drive, her mother went into hospital.

For the kid, it was like having a malicious goose snatch from under you the magic carpet on which you are flying.

For me, it was like picking a bouquet of wild flowers for the wedding, and discovering that what I had picked was poison ivy.

This is Tuesday, and the bride still hasn't got her wedding dress. This is Tuesday, and the estate looks much as the world must have when old Noah finally found some dry land.

The house was to be spiced and spanned. The house is a shambles. The yard was to have been immaculate. The yard is a melee of last fall's leaves, broken picnic table and lawn chairs;

fallen limbs and cat dirt.

Don't worry. We'll cope. We'd better, or Kim and I will be taken away, about 3 p.m. on Saturday, by the chaps in the white coats.

Today I came home and found my baby wringing her hands and head and feet. She'd been going like a whirlwind, doing all those "little things" she kept insisting her mum not worry about.

Like clean shirts and socks for dad, shopping, cooking, washing dishes. Ordering flowers. Trying to get shoes to match the non-existent wedding dress. Feeding and throwing out two cats, one of them pregnant; visiting her mum.

Same for me. Trying to get a gang of boys to rake the yard, and it rains all day. Trying to cope with people who want to know whether the wedding is on or off. It's on. I think.

But there are going to be some short-cuts, in which I am a firm believer, and of which I have tried to convince my wife for years.

The windows will not be washed. Who looks out the windows during a wedding ceremony, anyway? Anyone who does, should be ejected.

The furniture will be dusted. But only in the livingroom, where the event will take place. I don't intend to have a lot of people running around our bedrooms and wiping their fingers across the ledges.

In fact, I don't intend to have a lot of people running around our bedrooms at all. If they want to look at something, they can go outside and look at my two dead elms.

The cups and saucers will not all be washed. They will be dusted. The silver will not be polished. It too, will be wiped with a dry cloth, and if there's an egg-stain on a spoon, tough toe-nails.

I've found that Kim and I, without her mother around to heckle us, have similar basic philosophy: "What's it all going to matter ten years from now?"

Oh, we're not complete nudniks. I will shine my shoes and she has promised me she won't get married in a T-shirt, even though she has to wear her brand-new peach-coloured nightie over jeans.

There'll be solemn vows, and candles and food and drink and children of all ages. What more could you want for a happy wedding?

There's only one thing that upsets me. If her mother is out of hospital in time, she'll give us hell for practically everything. And if she isn't, we'll all regret it all our lives.

But don't worry. It won't be Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. But my daughter will be a beautiful bride if I have to dress her myself.

I'll let you know.

ROAMING AROUND

Pet mortality rate keeps on climbing

By Jim Thomas

I don't care if we ever keep another pet. For their life span, at our house, seems tragically short. It would appear that everything that swims, walks or flies, comes to an untimely end.

This year, however, the mortality rate has established the worst record yet.

First, it was a Praying Mantis, a kind of ugly, yet intriguing sort of insect. It belonged to Paul - at least he caught it, and naturally pleaded with Mom and Dad for permission to keep it. Its temporary 'home' was a cardboard box. Paul fed it well, perhaps too well - grass, bits of lettuce and occasionally a dead fly for dessert.

Then suddenly, without warning, it did a complete flip, landed on its back and never moved a muscle.

The burial rites were simple; in fact there was no burial. By the next day, when interment was anticipated, the Mantis was no more - just kind of disintegrated into thin air.

Next, was our dog - well, not really our dog, but Barry's dog, and not really Barry's dog either. He struck up a friendly acquaintance with the pooch in the Plaza parking lot and insisted 'Rover' had followed him home. We foolishly agreed to let it stay overnight. By morning, only the collar and leash were left. 'Rover' was gone.

The goldfish belonged to Cathy. They're both dead.

The turtles were Susan's. One died last month and the other hasn't budged an inch since. Lonely, I guess.

The worst calamity of all, occurred May 3. The kids lost their rabbits. 'Brownie' and 'Powder Puff' were reported missing at 11.15 a.m. And the search was on.

During noon-hours, after school, and on into the evenings, we looked, tramping through areas of Stouffville we never knew existed.

So hopeful were we all of finding at least one, that every small creature that moved had to be 'it'.

On one occasion, I galloped 300 yards across a vacant lot east of Edward Street, only to find myself chasing Percy Schell's cat. Barry's hot pursuit of 'something brown' was equally frustrating when it disappeared down a groundhog hole.

We erected signs - everywhere; in the A.& P., the Coin Laundry, at Orchard Park School.

Every reported sighting was followed up, without success.

And every night the kids included a special request in their prayers - then cried themselves to sleep.

But where there's life (we hoped), there's hope (we hoped).

I inserted an ad in the May 11 issue of The Tribune.

And would you believe it? Our rabbit had been located - 'Powder Puff' was safe, although not exactly sound. Her right front paw had been injured.

It was Mrs. Walter Beach on the second concession of Ulxbridge who called in with the good news. "I think I may have your pet here", she said. "Right now, it's locked up in my garage."

She was right - it was 'Powder Puff', a little worse for wear, mind you, but nothing so serious a qualified veterinarian can't repair. Unless - just unless she's----!

It's spring you know.

Love Thy Neighbor

Dear Editor:

I lived in the gorgeous village of Brougham. What a dump. I have friends there now and they are thrilled at the chance to sell out at a fair price. Most want to get out. Before they had to give away their property - and for a low payment; the government will pay cash.

As for the farmers; how happy they are with the chance of a cash buyer at a fair price. Those who rent and pay about \$8 an acre can get land anywhere for that money; to own land worth about \$1500 an acre and earn only \$8 an acre rent is a poor investment today. How can they say people are so much against the airport there?

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Bob Almack (student)
Claremont, Ont.

George Dragoumis,
Toronto.