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Editorial

Ratepayers must share responsibility

Many people have expressed surprise and concern in the very small turnout of voters to the polls in the recent municipal election. It was not only true of our local municipalities of Whitchurch - Stouffville and Markham, but in the City of Toronto as well. It seems odd that the government that is closest to the people draws the smallest interest at the polls, Federal elections draw the largest interest at the polls. Federal elections draw around the 70 percent mark with local votes pulling out less than 35 percent.

One might put forward the excuse that the fact there was no run for Mayor kept the vote down, nor was there any over-all biting controversy which should draw people out. However, these are thin reasons for such a dismal turnout.

There has been much comment that

councils and school boards should move about the municipalities more to give the residents a better chance to see them in action. The idea has some merit since the municipalities are so much larger in area with the new regional setup that residents cannot be expected to travel so far to meetings.

On the other hand it would not appear that the disenchantment with local government and the widespread lack of interest can be excused as merely a matter of distance or inconvenience.

What this disinterest has allowed is an abundance of opportunity for the more vocal groups and those with a rabid interest in certain projects to clamor before council. The ensuing results are not always in the best interests of the municipality as a whole.

Days numbered for local option

The days of the local option system as regards to liquor, we believe are numbered. Residents of Ontario will be watching with interest for the next round of amendments to the Liquor Control Act which are due to be announced in the next few months.

While the system might have had some slight merit in the days when the next town was a half day's drive away in a horse and buggy, it has no relevance today. Any law which forces people to drive 20 or 30 miles to be able to enjoy an

honest drink with their meals cannot last in this day and age.

Despite the fears of prohibitionists, beer parlors are becoming a thing of the past with few licences now being issued for this type of operation which was becoming more and more frowned on by wets and dries alike.

Many changes have taken place in our liquor laws in the past decade, but there are a few changes still needed and it is expected that Mr. Clement, new Liquor Board Chairman will be taking note of them.

Editor's Mail

Dear Mr. Thomas:
 "Bye low baby bunting ... Daddy's gone a - hunting to find a little rabbit skin to wrap his baby bunting in???"
 NOT LIKELY! Those days are gone. Even native hunting rights should be obsolete. The hunter - hunted balance no longer exists and can never be again. Your anonymous poet says that hunting is not for the kill itself? My, my, the PRICE of meat! Now, when wood lots have numbered days, when bulldozers, dredgers, derricks and slashers saws, push back the forests and corner the surviving animals into ever - shrinking yards, the would - be hunter pays dearly for his meat in transportation, boats, motor toboggans, airplanes, cars, land rovers ... Ah, the price goes up! So how dare those beastly beasts persist in following the natural pattern set by time and remain carnivores? Everyone knows only man has predator rights.

My apologies to the concerned, considerate hunter. I know you're out there, but it's too hard to spot you among those thousands who stand shoulder to shoulder (the firing squadron of open season), maiming anything that falls within their sites, usually with impaired vision ... leaving behind a volley of ammunition which is destroying fowl with lead poisoning that far surpasses the marksman ... leaving behind bottles and tins so that there is no place where man's monument to himself is not evident - GARBAGE!

When man bequeathed land, (never his to give) to his new God, technology, he forfeited his right to find himself in a way of life he consciously destroyed.

fast was held in late October and raised \$448.10 for OXFAM's Projects.

The money raised by the students will fund a project in Rwanda, a tiny country in Central Africa. It will be used there by students at Rwanda's Butare University for raising rabbits. These rabbits will be distributed to farmers, both for home consumption and for sale. The farmers' diet is sadly lacking in protein, so the project will give them the much - needed boost to their diet, and help their finances along as well.

I would like to express my gratitude to Heather Connelly, Mrs. Pickford, and the students who supported this imaginative event for all their efforts. I hope their concern for others throughout the world will grow and continue to find challenging ways of expressing itself.

Michael E. Ryan,
 Ontario OXFAM Director.

To the Editor:
 I was interested to learn of the comments on the dubious value of an airport in attracting industry and providing jobs. Statements have been made by Ontario Industrial commissioners whose knowledge would make them well aware of factors which would carry much more influence.

Premier Davis, however, insists that another airport is the perfect answer to the question of how to encourage development east of Toronto.

What a tragedy if the industrial expert is right and the politicians are wrong. Many homes could be expropriated for nothing.

Leda Lewis,
 R. R. 2,
 Stouffville.

Dear Sir:
 When the girls in Mrs. Marilyn Pickford's Home Ec Class at Stouffville Secondary School studied world nutrition they really started something. One of the students, Heather Connelly, wrote to OXFAM requesting information on its programmes of self - help through development. From there, the girls adopted the idea of a 24 - hour hunger strike to raise money for OXFAM. The

Brenda Davis,
 Cherrywood.

Dear Sir:
 Enclosed please find a money order covering another year's subscription to The Tribune. I look forward to receiving my copy each week.

Alex Livingstone,
 Kingswell Court,
 Scarboro.



SUGAR AND SPICE Squirrels, Rats and Cats - humbug

By BILL SMILEY

Squirrels in the attic and a cat at the door. Winter is on its way.

Yep, the squirrels, after about five years of exile have managed to chew their way back into the attic, and are happily holding their regular family quarrels, wakes, weddings, bowling games and foot - races right overhead.

There probably aren't more than three or four hundred of them, to judge from the commotion.

And I'm helpless. Once they get in, you might as well wait until spring, when they emerge and you can whack up some tin patches over their entries.

I like to have black squirrels around the place, but not in the place. They're cute and picturesque hopping about on the lawn, picking up acorns in their dainty mitts and swivelling their little bright, beady eyes about as they chew.

But when you can't see them, and all you can do is hear, they're not so cute. The only picture of them I have in winter is of a couple of young buck squirrels gnawing away on the insulation covering my wiring, and chatting.

"Hey, Jack, this is better than that hole in the oak we lived in last winter. Right?"

"Right, George. It was kinda crowded with the eighty-four of us. And no central heating except our own. And down to an acorn a day by February. This is great. Lots of room for jogging to keep in shape. Lots of heat. And - mmmmm - I love that electrician's tape."

They remind me of a rat who took over nocturnally in our room in prison camp barracks in the winter of '44 - 45.

One single, lousy rat had eighteen grown men in a state of nightly alarms and excursions.

At first, he'd wake somebody up with his gnawing. It was a cross between the sound of a chain saw and that of a snowmobile.

It was a welcome diversion, in the beginning. Sort of company, as though somebody cared. We named him Packy and talked about him rather fondly. For a while.

But then the nerves started to wear thin. There's something nerve - wracking about a huge rat chomping away right in

your ear, as it seemed.

It got to the point where nobody could go to sleep. We'd lie there, nerves strumming, waiting for Packy's evening performance to begin, each of us clutching a weapon, a boot or a bed - board.

The little devil seemed to know that he had us right where he wanted us. One night he'd start right after lights - out, and suddenly stop, just when we thought we'd located him.

Next night, he'd lie there chuckling, and we'd have sworn we could hear the chuckle - keeping us in suspense until it was almost unbearable. Then he'd give a couple of zrooms. And stop.

In a few minutes he'd start again, gnawing steadily and contemptuously. At last, somebody's nerves would break, there'd be the flare of a match and eighteen of us would leap out of our bunks, flailing at the spot we were sure he was in.

He never was, and it's a wonder somebody wasn't killed in the confusion. Because we all had a different spot.

Well, that's enough about squirrels and rats. But I know exactly why people use the term "squirrelly" as a synonym for being a bit mental.

The other manifestation of winter horrors I mentioned was our cat. In summer, she's lean and tawny, a tigress prowling her domain, stalking bumblebees and butterflies and birds. And she's outside, day and night. A lovely cat.

As soon as the first wind comes out of the north, she turns into Mr. Hyde. She hangs on the screen door, howling pitifully. She has ruined three screen doors.

Does she want love, affection, admiration? No. She wants in. And once in, she wants grub. I have never kicked an animal, but when that pig of a cat lurches in like a hyena scenting a fresh kill and starts rubbing against my legs when I'm trying to rattle up some breakfast for myself, there's a grave temptation to turf her right into the kitchen sink. She's an unlovely cat. Fat and demanding, like some wives. And she thinks I'm her husband.

Apparently my un - love affair with

ROAMING AROUND

The 'Little Theatre' meets at Claremont

By Jim Thomas

The date was Thursday, Dec. 7, 1972. The place, a 250 - seat auditorium in the Claremont Public School.

The event, a one - scene, two act performance by the Pickering Township 'Little Theatre'.

The play, entitled simply 'Airport'.

The atmosphere was informal, yet tense, as the curtain rose, the lights dimmed, and a lone official, more senior in years than had been anticipated, strode briskly to centre - stage, nodded, smiled and took a seat. He was accompanied by two aides, both of which were observed taking notes on lines that had not been repeated a half - dozen times before.

Proceedings were held up momentarily, as the adjudicator scanned the two - page list of participants. This afforded T. V. crews an opportunity to establish suitable viewing stations, which they did, with utmost efficiency.

Press critics, however, were less tastefully treated. While two were fortunate to find chairs, two others were forced to sit on the floor.

There were other problems too. On occasions, and without warning, the sound system insisted on blowing up a storm of squeals, wails and howls, breaking any monotony that might have lulled a few listeners to sleep.

These faults, however, were all mechanical, costing the actors and actresses no points.

From the very start, it was obvious the script writers, the makeup men and the color crews had done their work well.

Who but a modern - day William Shakespeare would liken runways to 'ribbons of cement' or 'fields of pavement'?

Who but a twentieth century Alfred Lord Tennyson would dare to match such words as plane and insane, joys and noise, solution and pollution?

The talent, some of it imported from such unassociated airport areas as Brooklin, Ashburn and Scarboro, inserted varying degrees of emotion into their lines. There was anger, fear, sorrow, bitterness and mistrust.

At the conclusion, earned or not, each was accorded polite applause.

However, at the matinee performance, the arranger committed an unforgivable error.

He led off with a legitimate complaint, thus wasting this impact at too early an hour. Hugh Miller's presentation was 'killed', if the Officer allowed it to be included with some of the phony performances that were to follow.

Hugh Miller, R. R. 2, Claremont, told how the expropriation line, if approved, would cut his farm in half, leaving one portion sterile. It could not be rented or sold. He told of the property's historical significance, dating back into the 19th century. The house was built in 1855.

"It all adds up to a very interesting place," he said modestly, "a place that should never be destroyed." "For," he concluded, "if this Airport project goes ahead as planned, a little bit of Canada's history will be buried in the nearest gully."

Hugh Miller left the 'theatrics' early to care for his herd of beef cattle and do up the evening chores.

Many others followed - to see themselves in person, on Channel 9 at six o'clock.

Yes, all the world's a stage - almost all.

cats has been mentioned before, because I have here a letter to the Listowel Banner from Rita Dodkin, 11. I'll quote parts.

"Cats are very useful in many different ways than 'putting them on a calendar'. They provide lots of company for old and lonely people who cannot have dogs because they can't give them the right exercise. They pamper and pet their cats, because they enjoy it."

"I think this is far from turning them into 'bloated, contemptuous parasites' as Mr. Smiley said. They look so sweet when they sleep on your best chair. When they rub your legs I think they are trying to show love. Our cats always tried to show love. I used to have one but now I'm getting one next spring."

Rita, you might get one long before next spring.