

# Editorials

# Tribune

## Cannot pay its way

Weatherwise, Stouffville's community swimming pool has enjoyed one of its best seasons since its opening.

Except for a few cool weeks in June, attendance has been excellent. Instruction classes have been filled.

In spite of the public's response, it is unlikely that the pool will pay its way. Indebtedness for such a service should be no shocking disclosure. And we doubt that many people will complain.

For this reason, we feel the majority of taxpayers would bear no ill-will toward council if a few additional dollars were channeled in this direction.

At present, the town covers only the cost of maintenance. The rest of the tab is assumed by the Lions Club. Some years, it's a sizeable figure.

Where else in Stouffville do so many children enjoy so much summer fun at so reasonable a rate?

## What constitutes 'noise'?

The Township of Uxbridge has no anti-noise by-law on its books. Some residents within the municipality feel it should. Their concern, of course, is personal — they resent the night-time operation of gravel trucks and gravel pits in a narea where they themselves reside. Their problem is real but their solution is not.

The definition of 'noise' goes much deeper than the rattle of a crusher or the roar of a diesel. These are things that a council must consider before it embarks at random on rules and regulations that it can never enforce.

In most cases, the clerk can simply acquire a carbon copy of a similar by-law approved in an adjacent town or township and adopt it to suit the need for which it is intended. With the problem of 'noise,' such is not

the case. The ones we have read are ridiculous and would be tossed higher than a kite if aired in the courts. An officer, of course, can always 'bluff' his way by brandishing a worthless piece of paper but such solutions are usually short-lived.

We feel that any municipality, Uxbridge included, can control the after-hours operation of pits by simply passing a by-law setting out the times when they may open and close. This would also tend to control the night-time flow of trucks in and out of the gravel area. Pit operators are quite public relations conscious and we feel most would be willing to cooperate.

But to ban vehicles from the road on the basis of noise alone, would never work. Such a move would constitute a form of discrimination that could not and would not be tolerated.

## Good government for 25 years

Despite the fact that oppositions have been woefully weak on occasion, Ontario has prospered under the same Conservative Government for 25 years. In fact, the Conservatives have provided the government in Ontario, 50 out of the last 68 years.

George Drew took office just 25 years ago after nine years under the Liberals. He was succeeded by Thomas Kennedy as a caretaker leader until Leslie Frost was elected at a leadership convention. He successfully guided the party to three elec-

tion victories in 1951, 1955 and 1959. John Roberts, his successor has won elections in 1963 and 1967. The record is only matched by the Social Credit in Alberta.

The quarter-century has seen dynamic development in Ontario. The province is the most prosperous in the country, bulging with economic growth. While it is hard to assess what part a political party had to play in all this, without it, it is doubtful if the party could have maintained office so long.

## A once-a-week wash

If you've observed an unusual cleanness about Stouffville's Main Street within recent weeks, it's due to a once-a-week wash approved by council.

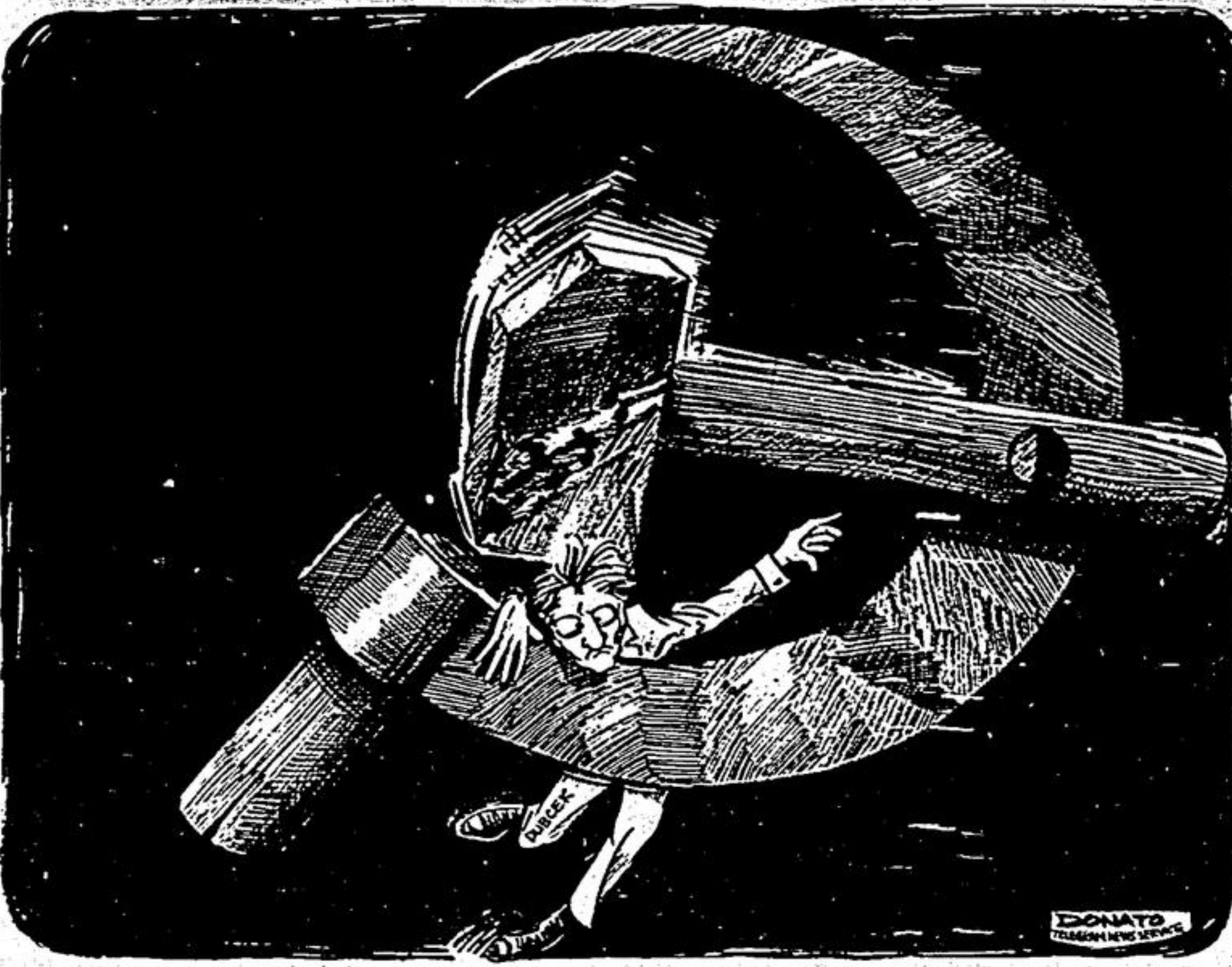
The cost of this program is \$19 and it's worth it.

The days of the old broom and wheelbarrow are gone. We hope they will be forgotten. What took one man many days to accomplish, can be done in a matter of minutes. It's another advantage of automation and another problem flushed down the drain.



Musselman's Lake in early autumn

Although the fall season is still officially two weeks away, mother nature does not always abide by calendar dates. There was a touch of autumn in the air at Musselman's Lake on the weekend as cottagers enjoyed the last long holiday of the summer. This picture was taken from the South Lake Road, looking to the north-west. —Staff Photo



# ROAMING AROUND

## Good for what ails you

By Jim Thomas

The men folk in Stouffville who are regular patrons of Steve the Barber in the west end shopping plaza can more fully appreciate the stimulating effect of a head, chest and shoulder massage. Except for the fear of looking like some refugee from Yorkville, Steve could very well leave his scissors on the shelf. I go for the vibrator, a harmless looking gadget that sends me into seventh heaven.

Last week, at the conclusion of one of these tooth-chattering episodes, I commented to a waiting customer on the benefits of such a machine. "If you want something even better," he advised, "visit a professional masseuse." "Male or female?" I enquired. "Take your pick," he replied. I decided then and there that I would do just that. On Saturday afternoon I did. The appointment was for 5 p.m.

Had I not clipped the advertisement out of the paper, I would never have found the place. The parlors were located in a small, second-storey apartment on Eglinton Avenue. There was no sign outside.

The inside door was locked tight but a typewritten note under the bell read: Ring once and wait for service. I followed instructions. In about half a minute my patience was rewarded. The door opened and there stood a girl with long blonde hair hanging down past her shoulders. She wore a pair of beige slacks and a bright orange sweater with the sleeves sliced off at the shoulders. She fitted snugly into both. "I've been expecting you," she said, "please follow me." The narrow trail led up a long flight of stairs into a small room that contained a kind of bed-table, an elevated bicycle, a steam chair, a hair dryer and one window.

"That will be seven dollars, payable in advance," she said. I handed her a ten and she returned immediately with the change. She then prepared the 'bed,' covering the top with clean white sheets. I stood there motionless, not knowing what to do next.

"Take off your clothes, please," she said. I yanked open a door thinking it was a change room but it was only a closet containing mops, brooms, lotions, oils and other odds and ends. I couldn't get in. "Hang them up on the outside, not the inside," she instructed, pointing to a protruding peg.

First came my shoes and then my socks. Then came my shirt and my undershirt. We stood facing each other chest to chest. My heart pounded like a sledge hammer.

"Lie down on the table," she ordered, a trifle impatient, but first remove your watch and your pants."

"My WHAT?" I answered, glowing as red as a proverbial beet. "Your pants, your trousers," she replied. With that her phone rang and she left the room.

I proceeded to unbuckle my belt and my pants plummeted to the floor. If she can stand it, I guess I can, I thought to myself. She returned, eyed me up and down from head to toe. I felt like a candidate's model for Playboy Magazine. "This is my first experience. I mean my first time — I mean I've never been in one of these places before," I admitted. "I can tell that," she replied, "lie down." She went to work. First she annointed my entire rear assembly with oil, my neck, my back, and last my legs. Following that, it was sunny side up for a repeat of the same application. The sensation surpassed all description.

She was the kind of a girl that put everything into her work, and I mean everything. My blood pressure exceeded all legal limits and, at times, I had to fight to breathe. And no wonder. Her long blonde locks brushed my bare chest with every push and pull and other unmentionable accessories weren't far distant.

The over-all 'operation' lasted a good half-hour and I enjoyed every minute of it. She thanked me for the opportunity to be of service. I assured her that the pleasure had been all mine.

Would I do it all over again? Certainly, if I ever have some extra dollars to spare. But with another expectant mouth soon to feed, the chance of a repeat appointment is quite unlikely. It's a case of you can't have your cake and eat it too.

## SUGAR AND SPICE

### September affair

By BILL SMILEY



Every year about this time, I have an affair, whether my wife likes it or not. I fall in love and let the chips fall where they may. I have my September Affair.

In movies and novels, that title means that a man, or woman, falls in love in the fall of his or her life. It has a sweet, nostalgic note, with a touch of sadness in it.

But I've had a September Affair since I was a sprout. Every year I fall in love with the month of September. And it is sweet and nostalgic and a little sad. And achingly beautiful.

As a tyke, it meant coming home from two months of wild, free running about at the cottage, one of a big family. We were sun-burned and bramble-scratched and just a couple of jumps ahead of the gopher or the ground-hog, socially.

What a thrill to be home! Flip a light switch, flush a toilet, in the big old house with the high ceilings and cool rooms, after eight weeks of grubbing it.

And then, the magic of modern living re-discovered, it was out into the streets to find the "kids" and race around in the glorious September evenings, playing Run, Sheep, Run, and Redlight and Hide and Seek. Mothers called, but nobody came. It was the first fascination with the September Affair. Our mothers seemed to sense it and let us have a last fling before life became serious and autumn dimmed the lamps.

As a teen-ager, working five hundred miles from home, in September, I had my Affair. There was a churning yearning to get back to school, friends, football and the interrupted romance with the brown-eyed girl. It almost hurt physically.

As a youth, there was the headiness and tension of going off to college, a big word, in September. A strange and frightening place. A small town boy in a big puddle. New people. New manners. New everything: A September Affair.

And at college, the first year, there was the wrenching affair with a South American wench, Sylvia. We met by chance and it was wrenching because she had to go back to Rio in four weeks, and I was really gone, and I knew I'd never see her again, and we wandered in the soft, September dusk, hands clasped, and my heart turned over in its grave.

Then came the war years and there were a few memorable Septembers. One on the Niagara Peninsula, with the grapes and peaches lush, and the thrill of knowing I had passed my elementary flying school and could put the white "flash" of a pilot in my cap.

One in England, hot and hazy and languorous after a cold, wet summer. And the week-end leave in London, twenty years old and a pretty girl on your arm and death lurking in the wings, and caring not. Too fast it went.

One in Normandy and jump to Lille, and jump to Antwerp and life every day on a tenuous, white-hot wire, and the beautiful weather and the terrible daily disappearance of Paddy and Mac and Taffy and Dingle Bell and Nick and Freddy.

And that long, hot September of 1945. Home. Alive. Unreal; the family, the places, the peace, the boredom and then the silly young people back at the university. But the September Affair with the trees and the cool blue sky and the long, dark hair and yet another pair of brown eyes, browner than ever.

And the next September. Marriage to the brown-eyes and a wonderful week at the old cottage in Quebec, with this strange woman. Canoeing and swimming and me teaching her

how to cook. And she's just as strange today, twenty-two years later. And just as brown-eyed.

And a lot of Septembers since, golden and blue, with the last breath of summer in the green trees and the first kiss of fall in the cool nights, and the magic that makes me fall for the ripe charms of that ripe lady of the year, September, oozing with plentitude, gorged with the fruits of summer, yet wakening with a sigh to the brisk business ahead.

I have a bad crush on the lady.

## THIS WEEK & NEXT

### Summer of sadness

By RAY ARGYLE



For all that the outcome of Czechoslovakia's "summer of sadness" has been tragically obvious, some small signs of hope emerged from events there the past two months.

If anything, the obstinate and virtually unanimous defiance of the Czech people against their Russian masters proved that it is becoming increasingly difficult for the big powers to impose their will on their smaller neighbors.

The Czech crisis of 1968 and the Hungarian tragedy of 1956, springing out of nearly identical backgrounds, have developed in quite different directions.

The Hungarian revolution was set off when groups within that satellite state attempted to overthrow their Communist regime and set up a new, pro-Western government. Violent in origin, it ended violently. Russian tanks put down the revolution.

Czechoslovakia came by its political upheaval through evolution, not revolution. The duly constituted Communist government was reorganized by its own executive under new leadership which then set out to moderate and liberalize the regime and its control of the people's lives.

In Western eagerness to embrace with open arms, almost anyone who defies Moscow (short of the Chinese Reds), many people in this country have forgotten that Czech leader Alexander Dubcek was and presumably remains a loyal Communist.

The so-called liberal regime in Prague, aside from permitting greater freedom of comment in the party press and seeking trade contracts with the West, did not fundamentally change the party-state structure.

It is possible that had the Czech experiment been allowed to proceed, it would have reached the point feared by Moscow. That point would be

to allow opposition political parties on the ballot. It is this crucial difference between democratic and non-democratic states (not necessarily Communist — witness Spain and Formosa) that should be kept in mind.

The Czechs, at any rate, were not to be allowed to go that far down the road to decadent capitalism. The storm signals went up when the Dubcek regime let it be known that it would turn to Western Europe and perhaps even that citadel of hated capitalism, the World Bank in Washington, for credits and loans to lubricate its squeaky economy.

The prospect of a satellite state becoming an economic outpost for the capitalists was more than Moscow could stomach. The order went out for the tanks to roll across the Czech frontier — where they remain to this day.

It was naive for any of us to expect that the Czechs would be allowed the freedom which their evolutionary form of Communism appeared to be bringing. But while Moscow could quickly and efficiently put down a Hungarian revolution in the 1950s, it faces a much more complex task in dealing with the Czech evolution of the 1960s, to say nothing of the other satellite states.

The Great Powers have traditionally operated with a free hand in their respective spheres of influence. They still have a free hand as far as outside intervention is concerned — Russia pulled back from the Cuban confrontation and has stayed out of Vietnam just as the Americans looked the other way when the Communists built the Berlin Wall and have now marched into Czechoslovakia. Resistance from the little nations has proven more effective in moderating the policies of the big powers. Czechoslovakia has proven this.

## The Tribune

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