

Editorials

Tribune

Call it a draw

Many attended to see a fight. Others were present to hear the facts. The predicted fight failed to develop and the facts as presented only compounded the confusion that has clouded the issue from the start.

Deputy-reeve Lawrence Hennessey, dismissed from the Whitchurch Industrial Commission for alleged conflict of interests, called his own public meeting to tell his own side of the story. From audience reaction, it was apparent that Mr. Hennessey had proved his point.

But if Mr. Hennessey's conduct was right, then council's action was wrong. Who is to say?

It hardly seems feasible that four members would vote in favor of Mr. Hennessey's dismissal without first giving the matter serious considera-

tion. By the same token it's hardly likely that the deputy-reeve would be willing to face his 'executioners' unless he felt his reputation had been unjustly maligned.

At the meeting Thursday, no other council representative was present.

Kim Rodgers, an industrial commissioner, was in attendance but chose not to be drawn into the controversy. Questions from the floor were fruitless because the deputy-reeve, in answering them, was only repeating what he had already said before.

Where should the matter go from here? Nowhere. Mr. Hennessey is not requesting re-instatement so the issue should now be declared dead. Let both sides call it a draw and concentrate on more important business.

Fast mail delivery

The change in first-class mail rate takes place next weekend and the opposition will be slight. It's another of those cases where the price goes up though the service remains the same. The new rate will be six cents, matching the U.S. rate. In Britain, the equivalent service costs four cents.

Chief among the reasons cited for the increase is the big deficit occurring in the department. Much greater deficits in the CBC department are never mentioned.

During our recent stay in Britain we watched the introduction of a new "faster than first-class service." It cost a penny more but was quite remarkable. The service is so good that an experiment by a London

businessman showed it required only three hours for a letter to pass from his office through the post office and be delivered back to his office.

Even at the new higher rates in Canada, our system will not be able to match such speed. On top of all this speed, our English friends can show that second- and third-class mail can pay.

The United States postal couriers can't even attempt to match their English counterparts. To make matters worse, the deficits in the department in both the United States and Canada are threatening Saturday delivery. We note, however, that the Postmaster General is hesitant to declare such curtailment in rural areas.

Right man for the job

Prime Minister Trudeau couldn't have done better than to appoint defeated Conservative candidate Michael Starr to the Toronto citizenship court. It shows that the Prime Minister is not against stepping over party lines to get the right man in the right post.

Michael Starr has been a member of the House of Commons for 16

years and a Cabinet Minister for six. He was defeated in a close race on June 25 but the new Prime Minister was quick to recognize a worthy political foe.

Regardless of politics this is a good appointment. Mr. Starr is the son of naturalized Canadians from the Ukraine and he has known from his boyhood, the problems of new Canadians.



DONATO FOR THE NEWS SERVICE

LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER



SUGAR AND SPICE

An apology from Smiley

By BILL SMILEY

Every so often I get myself into such a bind that a razor and a tub of hot water seem the only honorable way out. The sole reason I am still with you is that either my wife had just ruined my last blade shaving her legs, or everybody in the house has just had a bath and there's no hot water left.

I'm in one of these now. Bind, that is, not bath. First of all, the Slovaks are after me. In a recent column about the Czechs, I used, not inadvertently, the phrase "those lousy Slovaks."

Six of my 12 Slovakian readers took exception, reading it out of context, as people always do when they want to take exception.

No less a person than Louis Gorek, secretary of the Slovak Benefit Society, read my article "by chance." By chance my foot! It was obviously sent to him by some lousy Czech. He wrote a letter to the editor, which ends with the intriguing expression, "Whoever is going to seed a hate will find himself in a hatred."

Another letter, to the editor, signed by six Slovak veterans, suggested that I was not only IGNORANT, but a member of some Nazi (sic) organization. Well, I'd rather be lousy than both ignorant and a Nazi. (I am ignorant, was lousy when I was a POW and have not been, nor ever expect to be a Nazi.) Curiously, this letter, too, contains the expression, "If you are going to seed a HATE, you will find yourself in a hatred." Collusion, what?

Well, good Slovaks, and your ladies I apologize. If our educational system was any good, you'd have known what I meant. The original said, "Here you are, a good, honest Bohemian (Czech). After World War I you are thrown in with those lousy Slovaks and told you are now a Czecho-Slovakian."

Let's change that. Make it read, "Here you are, a good, honest Slovak. After World War I you are thrown in with those lousy Bohemians and told you are now a Czecho-Slovakian."

And that's about what they think of each other. Divide and conquer, I always say. But now I'll have the Czechs after me. The next Balkan war may be fought right here in Canada, with yours truly slap in the middle. The only way out that I can see is to buy two tickets to the next ball sponsored by the Slovak Benefit Society.

But even the vision of slaving Slovaks and choking Czechs seeking my blood doesn't bother me nearly as much as the next ordeal in my current bind. I'd rather face 100 of them, bare-handed, than go through with it.

I have to make a speech to the Women's Institute. I would rather walk barefoot over a glowing bed of red hot go-go girls than make the speech. However, it's my own fault.

Their secretary wrote me last June asking me to speak. I ignored the letter, hoping it would go away, or that I'd die. Then came the mail strike. Thought I was safe. Not so. Early September she wrote again, sharply reminding me.

Still I stalled, but no use. It wasn't my sense of honor that made me accept. It was the fact that the secretary's daughter was in my home form. Every day she sat and looked

at me with huge, reproachful eyes. Finally, I broke, and blurted, "All right, Marsha, all right! Tell your Mom I'll do it." She beamed. Her teach hadn't let her down.

What in the holy old red-eyed world does one say to a group of first-class women who have already heard a speaker on every possible topic?

Well, I have my opening paragraph ready. It goes like this:

"The Women's Institute should be wiped out, with fire and sword, if

necessary. Speaking as a man, I would like to see every branch smashed. All records put to the flames, and any executive members who might be caught sent to Canada's tundra to spend the rest of their lives making motions and resolutions and phony Eskimo carvings and not asking people to speak to them."

On second thought, maybe I'd better take on the entire Czecho-Slovak population of Canada, and get it over with quickly.



THIS WEEK & NEXT

Levesque gets the power

By RAY ARGYLE

There is a new political party in Quebec. It is made up of one part separatism, one part socialism and one part optimism.

The new Parti Quebecois (Quebecer's Party) was launched last week and may get its first test at the polls in by-elections later this year.

For all that most Quebecers appear still to believe in Confederation, the party is going to appeal to a lot of French Canadian voters. And much of the appeal is going to have very little to do with separatism.

The leader of the party, Rene Levesque, is well known all across Canada. His lean, good looks, high forehead and thinning hair make him look something like a monk or a matinee idol, a professor or a revolutionary.

Levesque comes from the same background and is about the same age (46) as Pierre Trudeau. Before entering Quebec politics under Jean Lesage and the Liberals, Levesque was a popular TV commentator and a leader in the assault on the establishment of the old Duplessis dictatorship.

Levesque became Minister of Resources in the Quebec government and was largely responsible for the nationalization of Quebec Hydro. But he was unable to force his own particular brand of left-wing separatism on the Liberals, and quit the party in 1967.

The Parti Quebecois came into being last week as a merger of Levesque's own Sovereignty movement and the splinter Social Credit group, Railliment Nationale. This is a peculiar marriage. The RN was a right-wing group which gathered around former Social Credit MP Gilles Grogore. It broke away from Roul Caouette because of his anti-separatist stand. And it is mainly a rural or small town group, while Levesque's main support is found among the French Canadian intellectuals of the cities and universities. However, the

RN did get seven percent of the vote in the last Quebec provincial election.

It is Rene Levesque's hope that the new Quebec premier, Jean Bertrand, is not anxious to call an election. The Parti Quebecois needs time to organize — much of its effort will be spent on TV where Levesque is an expert — and it would prefer to wait until 1970 when the next election is scheduled.

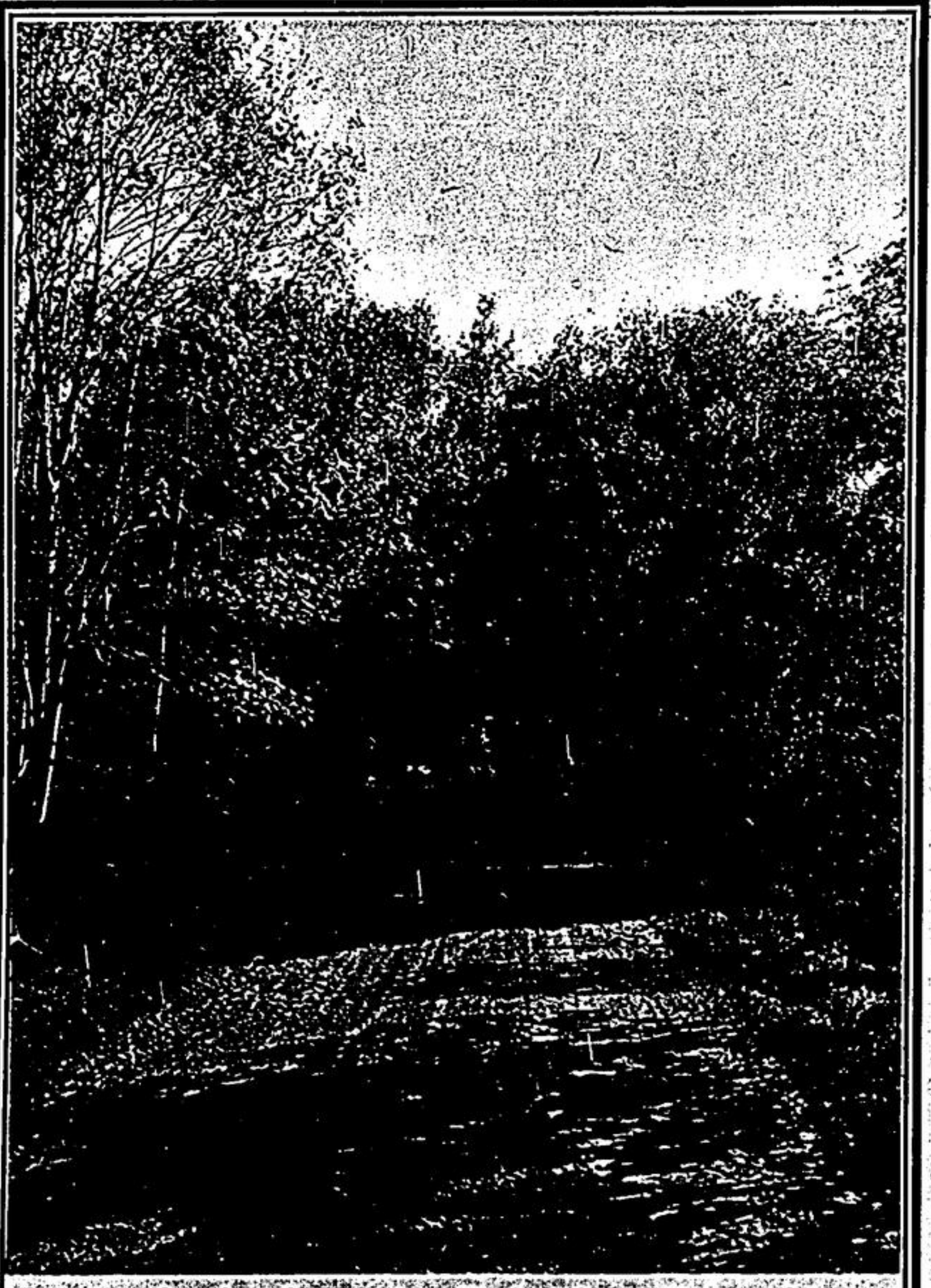
On the other hand, if there are signs that the Parti Quebecois is suddenly catching fire, it is likely Bertrand will throw caution to the winds and hurry into a vote, hoping to catch Levesque off base before he is fully organized. If Bertrand does this, however, he may be playing into the hands of the Quebec Liberals who think their chances are greatly improved by the death of the Union Nationale's Daniel Johnson.

It is Levesque's idea that Quebec should come right out and declare its independence. Then it would negotiate with Ottawa.

His main goal, after setting up a French-speaking Republic of Quebec, would be to gain an economic and customs union with Canada. This would, supposedly, shelter Quebec from the economic reverses which would otherwise follow.

The Parti Quebecois platform avoids the extremism of French Canadian nationalist movements of the past. English language schools would be tolerated but immigrants would have to send their children to French schools. French would be the language of business, the courts and political bodies. Foreign firms would have to hire a majority of their executives from Quebec. There'd be universal medicare and unions would be guaranteed the closed shop.

Rene Levesque once said that Canadians would be "too civilized" to resist Quebec independence. He will now try to convince his fellow Quebecers that they can enjoy independence without paying the price of an economic freeze-out by Canada.



A shady lane in Uxbridge Township

There is no more scenic drive in the fall season of the year than on the rural roads leading to Chalk Lake in Uxbridge Township. Such a 'shady lane' immediately west of the resort centre is pictured here. —Staff Photo.

ROADMING AROUND

Bosum capital or bust

By Jim Thomas

The Village of Stouffville, sad to say, is not really noted for anything. Oh I know, we have some fine homes, schools and churches, an excellent park, the Civic Square and dozens of other different features, but nothing really outstanding to set us apart from countless communities of similar size across Canada. And it bothers me.

I'd like Stouffville to have some distinguishing characteristic that would actually put us on the map.

Personally, I'm becoming a wee bit weary of introductory replies that go something like this:

Oh yes, Stouffville or is it Stouffville — that's out there somewhere north-east of Toronto, isn't it? or — Sure, I know the place. We pass through it every Friday all summer on the way to the cottage: or Stouffville, you say? Tell me, what ever happened to all those goldfish you used to hatch out there?

How I'd love to have some quick comeback on the tip of my tongue like — we've got the biggest this or the tallest — something else — By George, what was that that just bounced by? Was it really real? And more of the same? It's our answer to Wall Street.

With the approval of council, two illuminated bill-boards could be erected at either end of town. The appropriate inscription could read: "Welcome to Stouffville — The Bosum Capital of Canada" or "Stouffville — Where Things are Bustin' Out All Over."

ONE FOR THE ROAD

While my mechanical knowledge of trucks and what makes them tick is next to nil, I still possess a keen interest in the trucking industry and the drivers that manipulate the big rigs across Canada and the United States. The mania has also rubbed off on my two boys. They can spot a Ford or a Mack a mile away and the sight of a smoke belching diesel sends them into near-hysterics. On holiday trips on Hwy 401 or the Queen Elizabeth, they never have time to grow road-weary. There are just too many trucks to keep track of and the identification game never ends.

It was late Friday night and I had just left the City of Guelph after attending the International Plowmen's Banquet. Driving conditions were not good. It was wet and foggy. Heading south on Hwy No. 6, I spotted a small restaurant with a half-dozen large truck and trailer units parked alongside. I decided to go in for a coffee in hopes that the rain might let up a little. The place was crowded but one customer, seated alone, motioned for me to share the booth with him. I accepted.

He must have weighed close to 300 pounds, a mountain of a man. He had in his hands a small newspaper and was so engrossed in his reading that it didn't appear appropriate to enter into any kind of conversation. I was curious concerning the content of the pamphlet but didn't dare to ask. After about five minutes of complete silence, he looked up. "Best little newspaper going," he said. "I never miss a copy." I fully expected it to be some pornographic periodical that are a dime a dozen on news stands today. It was quite the opposite. It was called Highway Evangelist, an 8-page religious document with pictures and stories about trucks and truck drivers.

This one item caught my eye, entitled "Ten Commandments."

1. Thou shalt hold nothing but thy steering wheel.
2. Thou shalt not make unto thee a god of thy horsepower.
3. Thou shalt not take the centre lane in vain.
4. Remember the driver behind, to let him pass thee.
5. Honor thy father and mother, and thine other passengers.
6. Thou shalt not kill any pedestrian.
7. Thou shalt not commit drunken driving.
8. Thou shalt not steal thy neighbor's eyes with thy headlights, nor his ear with thy horn, nor his enjoyment with thy litter.
9. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's right-of-way.
10. Thou shalt not bear false witness with thy signals.

It's sound advice for car drivers, too.

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