

Editorials

Tribune

Where there's a will...

Stouffville's long endured industrial famine has ended. The first sizeable firm to establish a site here in many years, has already commenced construction of a factory building near the west-end entrance to town.

While much credit must go to the government's sponsored industrial equalization program, the pats on the backs should not begin and end with officials at Queen's Park. Stouffville's reeve, the clerk, members of council and planning board have spent many man-hours in search of a solution to the industrial drought. Since June, no less than twenty-five individual enquiries, have been thoroughly investigated. One of these has proved successful.

Some criticism has been voiced over

council's hush-hush handling of this matter. We would suggest that they acted as they were asked to act and we can see no wrong in honoring such a simple request, particularly when the end result pays handsome dividends. It is far better to announce the news after the spade is in the ground than to build castles in the air on high hopes alone.

It has been said that with the arrival of one industry, others will follow. With respect to Stouffville, this may or may not be true. Only time will tell. One thing now is sure. The application to qualify for government aid was a major move in the right direction and the hours of effort to further our own interests have not been in vain.

Police unification a certainty

Following the recommendations of the Ontario Police Commission before representative bodies of the Southern Six municipalities and County Council, it is obvious that unification of police departments is a certainty.

The Southern Six of which Stouffville is a part, appear fully in favor of the plan although Richmond Hill was not represented at the meeting. A similar system could easily be established in a central region, comprising Whitchurch, Aurora, Newmarket and King. The same goes for East Gwillimbury, North Gwillimbury,

Georgina and Sutton.

While a County force as such, may indeed come to pass, we believe the obstacles in its path are too great to overcome in one stride. We would suggest that a regional policing program be established first and then, when all communication kinks have been ironed out, the County-wide plan can follow.

While some municipalities still appear hesitant to accept the inevitable, the choice will soon not be theirs to make. For like in the area of education, the government will simply step in, establish and enforce its own set of rules.

Doomed to an early death

Why do so many ratepayers' associations die so young?

The majority are born just prior to an election and fade into oblivion once the ballots are counted.

The remainder are created in the midst of controversy and pass out of the picture once the problem is settled.

Few people take such organizations seriously any more and no wonder.

There are some exceptions. The Rural Ratepayers' Association in the Township of Pickering has proved itself a benefit to the residents there. The reason for its success rests in

the calibre of men who have comprised its executive — solid, dependable citizens who have earned the respect of the electorate.

It was less than one year ago that a similar association was formed in Uxbridge. It has been going nowhere. But there may yet be hope for its continued existence if the new executive acts on the advice of a director, Ronald Adkin. Mr. Adkin has advised that criticism, to be effective, must be constructive. We agree.

Those whose only goal is to grind their own axe, usually end up cutting off their own heads.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Good 'old Skinny Wyonch

By BILL SMILEY

It's deer hunting time again, and though I've never been known as The Deerslayer, I have been under attack.

The worst deer hunter in the whole, entire world, has come out in print charging that I am the worst deer hunter in the world. I'll go for second worst, but I'll not be slandered like that.

All I can say is that "Skinny Wyonch has the gout again." As I've pointed out before, this was the greatest one-line filler ever used in the newspaper business.

A filler is a little item used to plug a hole. They can run up to ten lines, but they can't be any shorter than one line. When we were desperate for a one-liner to fill a hole on the front page one time, we stuck it in. "Skinny Wyonch has the gout." And he did, he couldn't even sue us. Next time we were frantic for a one-liner, we inserted, "Skinny Wyonch has the gout again." And he did.

Now, probably suffering from gout, he has written a scurrilous article in which he beats around every conceivable bush, including the mulberry, (and I wouldn't be surprised if he'd been into the mulberry, which would give him the gout) trying to suggest that I am a worse deer hunter than he.

This is not only like the pot calling the kettle black. It is like one politician claiming that his opponent is a bigger liar than he is.

Skinny now sits in my old editorial chair, once occupied by the second worst deer hunter in the world, now by the worst. In a recent article, got inspired, obviously, he recalled the time when we'd gone hunting together.

As far as it was in his nature, he told the truth about me. He said I had no sense of direction in the bush. Well, any damn fool can get lost in the bush, and thousands do, every year. That proves nothing.

He said I didn't know how to chop wood. So what? I didn't hire on as a wood chopper. He said I fell in the lake every time we climbed into the skiff to cross the bight to the island.

Some of those pansies along were afraid to get their feet wet, just because it was November.

And he suggested that I put 3.55 rifle shells in John Desjardins 32 rifle. That's a lie. It was Teemy Wright's 30.30.

But it's incredible how feeble his memory has become (possibly gout-induced) about the important things. He didn't mention that he never once fired his gun at a moving target. He shot at a tree once and very nearly hit it. But I actually fired twice at a deer, about 40 seconds after he had disappeared into the cedars. I think it was a deer.

It has not seeped back into his consciousness how I solved the food problem. We were storm bound for four extra days on a desert island. The others, eating like hogs, wanted to cook that last roast of beef. But I was in charge of food rationing. When I finally decided to unwrap it, it turned out to be five pounds of cheese rather than beef, but nobody starved.

Some of us have foresight; some hindsight.

And he's completely forgotten that trip home from the island, after ten days of 40-mile-an-hour wind and snow. "My wife'll kill me," was the plaintive whimper. I knew it was too late for that. I knew mine would boil me in oil.

But at their urging, these many hunters, we took off into the pitch-dark, in a snowstorm, 12-foot waves, a leaking boat, five deer on the top deck, and the electric pump on the bumper.

They lay in their bunks, green and groaning, while the old fighter pilot, the well-driller and the middle-aged guide saved their skins.

You should have seen me steering through that black snowstorm, while John got up on the pee deck (no poop deck on this boat) to take a look into the nothing, and Teemy manned the pumps.

I don't mind him, gout oppressed, trying to bolster his ego. But I resent it when he shows no gratitude for the people who saved his life.



THIS WEEK & NEXT

Nixon, an 'iffy president

By RAY ARGYLE

Richard Nixon fell far short of winning a majority of the popular vote and he will have to work with a Democratic Congress. But this does not mean he cannot be an effective president.

However, he could be an unpopular one, by U.S. standards.

Because there are normally only two serious candidates for the White House, it is unusual when a president is elected with less than 50 percent of the popular vote.

John F. Kennedy barely made this mark in 1960 and Mr. Nixon has fallen considerably short.

By Canadian standards, however, Mr. Nixon has enough support to govern the country because he captured the popular vote by almost precisely the margin with which Prime Minister Trudeau's Liberals won last June's Canadian general election.

As Canadians are used to three parties vying for their votes, any party which is able to pick up 45 percent of the vote is considered as having a pretty good mandate in this country.

It is now evident, a week after the U.S. voting, that Richard Nixon won not because of any strong Republican following, but because Gov. Wallace split the Democratic Party vote.

Although Wallace deprived Nixon of some southern states which the Republican might have otherwise won, the former Alabama governor hurt Humphrey decisively in many northern states. The Wallace vote appears to have come mostly at the expense of Humphrey.

The outstanding feature of American life during the past year or so has been the terrible divisions which have split the country. If it wasn't Vietnam it was civil rights, and if it wasn't civil rights, it was the generation gap.

The election has made one thing

voters obviously didn't believe very strongly in their party's stand on civil rights and integration. Or else so many millions would not so easily clear. Many nominally Democratic have defected to Wallace.

For the time being, therefore, the great wave of social change which swept America in the past decade has become a spent force.

It is highly unlikely that President Nixon will follow the kind of repressive policies which would result in violence and riot. At the same time, dissidents in the U.S., such as the Yippies and the New Left and Black Power advocates, will be under no illusions as to the toughness of the new government in the enforcement of law and order. And if it is enforced with justice, there could be a period of relative tranquility in American life.

On Vietnam, President Nixon can be expected to cautiously proceed with the Paris peace talks. The question now is whether there will be a complete hold-up in the talks until January, or whether some progress may continue to be made in the last few months of President Johnson's administration.

Finally, the return of a Republican president to the White House is the signal for a general reorganization of the Democratic party.

Four years ago, the Republicans were soundly beaten and it looked as if the U.S. was in for a long era of one-party government. But President Johnson was so misdirected by his military advisors that he engaged the country in a foreign adventure which resulted in his own downfall. It is to be hoped that Mr. Nixon, having seen the military give rotten advice to both John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson, will be wise enough to resist their overly-simple solutions to foreign problems.

ROAMING AROUND

Model memories

By Jim Thomas

How do you date particular incidents in your life? With my wife, it's the kids. Oh, yes, she'll say, in reply to almost any question — that was the day before Paul was born — or don't you remember, Cathy was just getting over the chicken pox. With me, it's difficult enough to keep track of the children's ages, let alone connect their arrival with individual events that may have followed.

I date particular occurrences with cars. I have owned the sum total of 14 in the past 17 years. My very first was a 1942 Chevrolet, a mid-war, vacuum-shift job, purchased from Cec Hendricks and the late Charlie Ward of Maple Leaf Auto Sales. The price was \$800. Since then, the list has included four Pontiacs, three Chevs, three Meteors, two Fords and one Volkswagen. The cash outlay has amounted to a somewhat staggering \$10,850.

As a young lad, minus matrimonial ties, the delivery of a brand, spanking new automobile was a heart-pounding experience. I was the envy of every boy in the country block and utilized each mile of fleeting fame to good advantage. Mind you, the car was no Mustang, Camero or Firebird like many of the chaps propel up and down the main Street here but I treasured it with comparable pride.

But as so often happens during one's teen and twenty years, new soon became old and beauty changes to boredom. Trade-ins occurred at a rapid rate, every twelve months, to be exact. And why not? With a little money in the bank and few financial responsibilities, the cost factor was of no concern. How different today. For a father of five, there are many important points to consider. Price ranks high on the list. Such is not the case with my wife. At least, if it is, she won't admit it. Her values when it comes to cars are strictly sentimental. For this reason, I postponed the pick-up of our new '69 until Saturday. It had been parked out at Patrick's for over a week.

In addition to a heavy downpour of rain, it was a "blue" afternoon when I backed our faithful '66 from the driveway for the last time. The whole family stood at the front door, their eyes red-rimmed. It was like attending the funeral of a best friend.

With all respect to its rivals, this Pontiac was one of the best, if not THE best I had ever owned. It ran just as well at trade-in time as it did the day I drove it off the lot three years ago. For this reason, I hated to see it go.

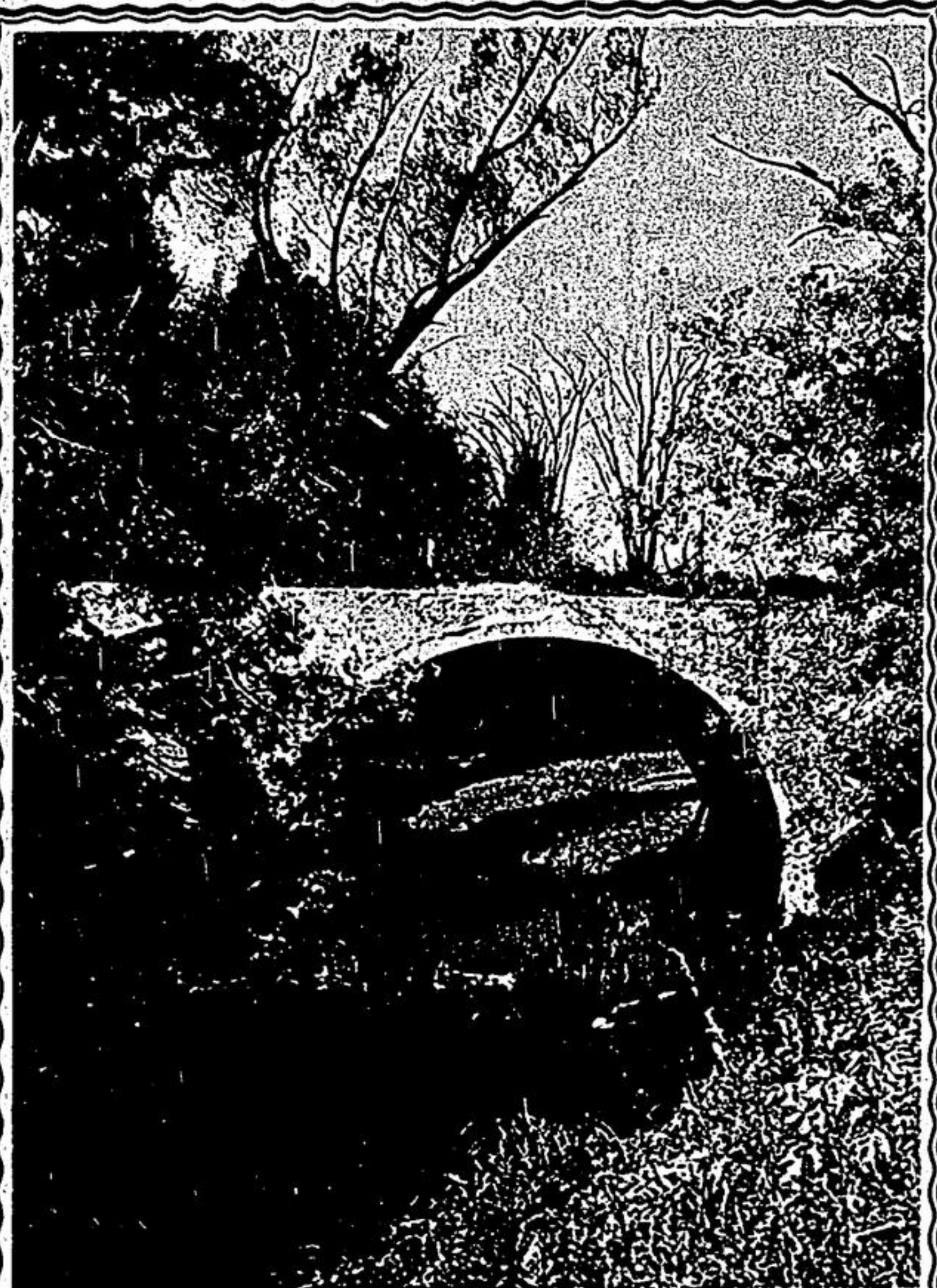
For my wife and kids, however, the car was more than just four wheels and a board, as the saying goes — much more. It had taken us on some of the most enjoyable holiday trips we had ever known. It had brought home our most recent 'bundle of joy' from the hospital. It had served as both an uncomplaining run-around and long-distance traveller. And for all that, we sometimes failed to treat it with the respect it so richly deserved. Its exterior was nicked by flying stones and the upholstery was goosed up with bubble gum but it never once let us down. But I have let it down. For it sits forlorn and forsaken to be picked to pieces by would-be buyers looking for bargains. It truly deserves a better fate.

But one last appeal to the ultimate owner. Treat it with respect. Because if you don't, for the sake of memories alone, I'll be forced to unleash one well-aimed boot square on your rumble seat.

Editor's mail

Dear Editor: From the remarks in your column last week, I take it that you won't be too terribly hurt if I strike your name from my Christmas card list this year. You may rest assured that yours won't be the only one. While this silly custom will never end, I feel it should be curtailed. A personal Christmas greeting to everyone you meet would make an excellent start. It would be a lot less expensive and a good deal more meaningful. Don't you agree?

(Mrs.) Irene McLean, Ed's Note: I do.



A link with Markham's past

This once famous landmark on the 5th concession, Markham Twp. at 17th Avenue is now obsolete. With the removal of the bend in the 'devil's elbow', this bridge became a thing of the past. — Staff Photo

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