

Editorials

Tribune

International plowmen's week

With much of the fall work now finished, every farmer owes himself a holiday. What better time and place to take it than a visit to the site of the International Plowing Match near Paris. Competition started Oct. 15 and concludes on Saturday.

While plowmen from this area have always been prominent in the winners circle, the match this year holds special significance for Stouffville residents for two reasons.

Number one is that the 1969 president of the Ontario Plowman's Association is Bob Timbers, now living near Sandford and no stranger here.

Number two is the entry of Floyd

Forsyth in the Canadian championship class after placing second in all-Ontario at Guelph last year. The community wishes Floyd well in his bid to represent Canada at the World Match in Denmark in 1970.

If suitable weather prevails, this year's International could be the biggest and best in the history of the event. The tented city, the largest on record, covers an area of one-half mile in length.

Farmers from this community should need no urging to attend. It's the place to meet old friends and make new ones too.

Need 5-member commission

Since its inception, the elected members of the Stouffville Public Utilities Commission have been plagued with problems.

This has been due in part to the number of representatives that comprise the board. Three are too few. It should be increased to five.

Oddly enough, the way the Stouffville Commission is set up, the present membership cannot be altered without approval from the electorate. Even then, another entire year must pass before

this approval can become effective. In spite of the delay and with regional government pending, we would strongly suggest that the question be placed on the forthcoming ballot, Dec. 1.

For too long, the P.U.C. has been operated by an elected skeleton staff of three — and sometimes less. Approval of the change is needed now. The village hydro and water system are projects that require continued attention as the town continues to grow. Let the people decide.

People just can't keep up

So you think that citizens are a bit confused about the new assessment notices just received? Try asking them what hospital and medical coverage they now have and listen to the answers you get about that one. Regular citizens just can't keep up to the fast changing order of life with its new systems and regulations.

Even before the assessment blockbuster hit the home owners, individuals were all at sea about their medical insurance. And it is not only the citizens who are confused but officials as well. The matter has been badly handled from the beginning. For months the Premier told us in no uncertain terms that there was no justification for such a plan in Ontario, while all the time he knew that such a scheme was to be instituted. He undoubtedly realized as well that there would be plenty of controversy on the plan when it was introduced. A further confession was forthcoming in the House last week when

the Premier admitted he didn't know that individuals were prohibited from insuring themselves against doctors' bills which exceeded the authorized fee structure.

Now this aspect is to be gone into further and consideration is being given to allowing such insurance.

Mr. Wells, the new Health Minister, has also been confused. He believed at first that the portion of the plan paid for employers was taxable, and now he finds that this is not so.

All this fumbling and the great increase in rates has done little for the image of the Robarts government. It may be all very well to have these confessions of error but better procedures and consultation before hand would make such confessions unnecessary.

With the government so confused it is little wonder that the public has little idea how the plan works or what is being paid for.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Smileys go visiting

By BILL SMILEY



This column is not going to have one theme, but several. Fair enough? I've just returned from an exhausting weekend, taught eight 40-minute periods of English and attended a department heads' meeting which ended by six p.m. with everybody snarling.

We went to visit our daughter at university. A mistake, but you love them. First few weeks are bad enough, but when you add a tooth extraction, with complications, it's 'orrible.

Complicate that with loneliness and you have a pretty sad kid on your hands. (Funny, isn't it? Kids spend years telling you how glad they'll be to get away from their rotten parents and be FREE. And a week later they're desperately homesick.

But it wasn't all bad. We had a good dinner; out; and Kim ruined her new leather skirt by dropping a fried shrimp on it. This is the only skill she has really mastered, after 13 years of education. Dropping things.

And then there was Dennis the cab driver. Rotund and jolly, he talked steadily as he drove us in circles and squares, looking for an address. When we finally found it, we realized we could have walked in half the time.

And Dennis, striking his forehead violently, remarked: "Geez, I shoulda known dis place. I work right across de street dere at de garage two nights a week."

But he gave us a refund, which you would never get in most cities.

Perhaps the highlight of the week was The Newlyweds. We were coming down in the elevator on Sunday. A very large man, in his late fifties, and stoned to the eyeballs, joined us at the fifth floor. He was accompanied by a statuesque blonde, in her early fifties. Also stoned, but a lady. Couldn't say a word. "Wancha to meet the wife," he burred deliriously. Just got married yesterday.

We were delighted at this manifestation that love knows no race, creed or age, and congratulated them heartily.

"We got 12 kids," he announced proudly. Seems she had four sons and two daughters and he had four daughters and two sons, by previous marriages. Lots of grandchildren.

They were just off to Boston on their honeymoon. Now, don't ask me why anyone would go to Boston on a honeymoon. There isn't that much time to talk while you're going down five floors on an elevator.

But they seemed extremely happy, and God bless them, and I hope they make it out of the city without being thrown in the impaired driving tank. He almost wiped out a bellboy as he backed away from the hotel entrance. But love and peace to both of them. How would you like to start on a honeymoon with 12 kids?

Personally, I love and admire anybody who believes in love and admiration after the age of 50. But 12 kids! And all those grandchildren. Wow! It's like going over the trenches at dawn with a cap pistol and a string of firecrackers.

Theme two. Does anybody in his right mind understand Medicare? I take it from the silence that the answer is a resounding "NO!"

This will replace that, and that will replace this, and I can get a hearing aid,

which I don't need. How about a smelling aid for those who can't smell? My wife, after carefully reading the utterly confusing directions, has the idea that we belong to four different medical plans, none of which will pay all of our medical bills. The only thing that comes through to me, loud and clear, is that it's going to cost more money.

Theme three. Do you realize that a

high school with about 1400 students in it is a snake pit? Confine about 1600 people (counting staff and janitors) into a shoe factory about a city block in size, and what do you get?

A learning situation? No, a burning situation and a gaggle of paranoids. More about this later, when I'm feeling better. And I feel better already, just having said it.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir: This morning as I drove from my home in the Ponderosa subdivision to work in Scarborough, I glanced to the north and saw a huge mound of dirt between the small park and Parkview Home.

It intrigued me so, I took an extra minute and circled the block to inspect the 'hill' from all sides.

Does the village council realize what they've done?

They've created a winter playground for dozens of children in the area, including my own. Believe you me, it's appreciated. It's nice to know that there are still a few folks around with a little imagination.

Jps. Henning, Winlane Drive.

ducts. They will also be available to be driven crazy with fear or anxiety in psychological tests. There is no limit to the type of experiments; no check on the necessity for such experiments; no control over the perpetrators of these experiments.

However, Bill 194 clearly sets out the penalties on a pound operator who refuses to give up his animals to such a fate.

All humanitarians should use every means they can to prevent Bill 194 from being passed into law in its present form and to eliminate Section 14(8) of Bill 196. The matter is urgent.

M. E. Wilkie.

Dear Editor: Bills 73 and 74 which aroused such opposition from the people of Ontario were withdrawn, but the government introduced two substitutes, Bills 194 and 196.

May I use your columns to inform readers that Bill 194 has the same objectionable feature as Bill 74 in that it legalizes Pound Seizure. It proposes to force certain people to give up their private property against their will, namely pound operators, to yield animals for uses that will involve suffering. Pound Seizer is a breach of civil rights.

If Bill 194 becomes law, unclaimed, impounded animals must be given up on demand for research and teaching "in any field of knowledge." This makes thousands of cats and dogs available every year to experimenters of all types for many purposes other than medical research.

They will be available for poisoning, burning, battering, etc., in the interest of chemical and germ warfare, as well as for testing various commercial pro-

Dear Sir: Having just returned to Canada after four months in Britain, I picked up a Tribune and read the editorial 'How Lucky We Are In Canada.'

What rot! You speak of people as being new. This country is new, of course, to immigrants, but the European people here are the same as those in Europe — with one exception. Over there, they are happier and get much more out of life. I spoke to no one who wished to live in Canada. They read a great deal over there you know.

Considering all the recent happenings here, do you still say we are lucky to be in Canada?

Thousands of up-to-date homes have been and are still being built. London is more swinging than ever. And there's the marvel of both the old and new worlds.

Despite all the grousing, Britain's on the way up.

I could go on, but enough for now. Frank Rowe, Main Street, Stouffville.

ROADING AROUND

The color is yellow but drivers see red

By Jim Thomas

The 'green line' and the 'blue line' are familiar slogans in the farm tractor industry.

Most people, particularly students, know, or should know, the historical significance of the 'thin red line.'

What, then, is the 'long yellow line?'

Ask any motorist who travels Hwy. 48 from Ringwood to Markham between the hours of 8 and 9 a.m., five days a week. It's a school bus route with pickups at every other laneway, both coming and going. I suppose it's much the same on every main road across the province. The stopping and starting ordeal is enough to try the patience of a modern-day Job.

Why am I so concerned? you ask.

For a first time, I got caught in the 'trap' last Thursday morning. I wasn't alone. Dozens of other drivers found themselves in a similar predicament. I was able to see first-hand what can occur under such trying circumstances. Men are transformed into monsters — from Dr. Jekylls to Mr. Hydes. It's terrible the chances they'll take.

Within a period of 15 minutes and over a stretch of six miles, I counted six buses, three southbound and three headed north. For most folks, seeing so many of the same vehicles by-passing each other in the same area is aggravation enough. Shoe leather is cheaper, they argue. To all this, add a giant traffic snarl and you have two dozen drivers strangling their steering wheels.

While the school bus is obviously 'king of the road' are there no exceptions to the rule? Must everyone, regardless of his mission, obey the flashing red lights to the letter of the law?

What about say, an ambulance operator in a life and death race to a Metro hospital? What about the expectant father with the proverbial stork on the roof? A fire truck, does it have the right-of-way?

While the question is subject to debate, even among police officers, the Highway Traffic Act is clear, using the words 'SHALL STOP' and 'SHALL NOT PROCEED' under section 94-2B.

Now don't get me wrong. I'm all on the side of student safety, but I also like laws that are practical enough to be enforced.

What I observed on Hwy. 48 last Thursday made me wonder.

For the first time in a long time, on that particular morning, I was ahead of schedule and therefore in no real hurry. I pulled up behind the first bus just north of Dickson's Hill. Since the distance between pickup points was so short and the traffic from the other direction so heavy, it was impossible to pass. By the time I reached 18th Ave. cars and gravel trucks were lined up as far back as my inside mirror could see. Some refused to wait. Only split-seconds separated the close calls from tragedies.

This is what happened.

Three drivers passed both me and the bus on a double-line curve. Another went by on the right, scattering stones and throwing up great clouds of dust. Still others, a little less heroic, were content to honk horns at every stop. What a nightmare.

How can the problem be corrected?

I believe that a 60 m.p.h. highway route is no place for a stop and go bus that plods along at 30.

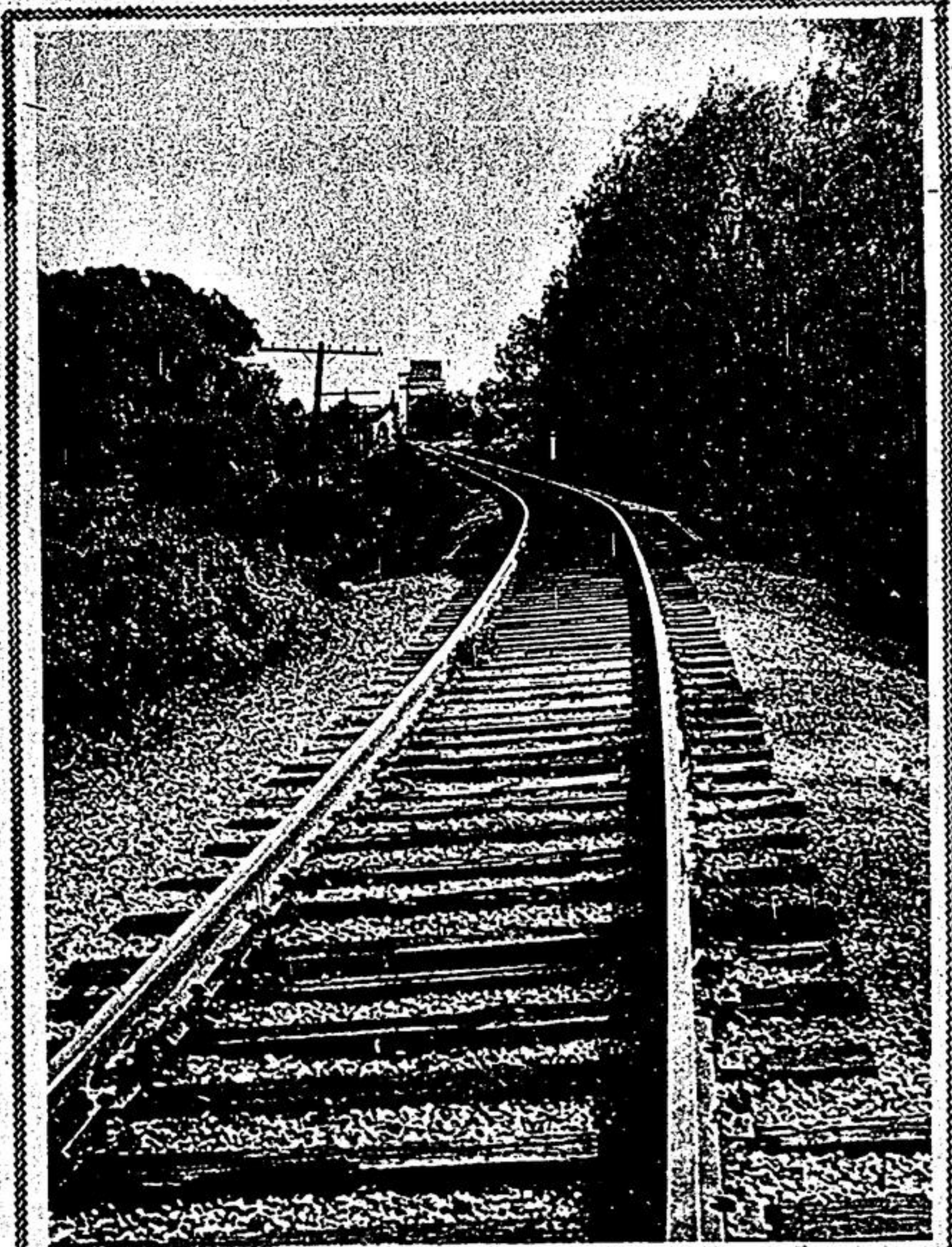
I contend that pickup and delivery service should be restricted to intersections only, where buses can pull safely to one side and traffic is not obstructed.

If I was a member of the County Board of Education, I'd be very much concerned over this matter.

Perhaps they are, but can see no solution.

As one trustee put it: which is the lesser of two evils — getting the buses to the children or the children to the buses? While neither is admittedly foolproof, the Board obviously feels the former is best.

So, until some other system is found, my advice to motorists is don't get caught in the 'long yellow line.' It turns some men into monsters. I know.



A steel road into town

This winding steel trail leads into Stouffville from the north. The walking's never crowded and train traffic is almost a thing of the past. —Peter Harris

The Tribune
Established 1888
C. H. NOLAN, Publisher
JIM THOMAS, Editor
NOEL EDEY, Advertising
Published every Thursday by the Stouffville Tribune Limited at 54 Main St., Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 640-2101. Single copies 15c, subscriptions \$5.00 per year in Canada, \$7.50 elsewhere. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation, Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association and Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Second class mail registration number 6396.