

Editorials Tribune

Sympathy for home owner

There is a growing disenchantment among home-owners in The Ponderosa over structural flaws now showing up in houses, some less than one year old.

Many couples invested all their savings to meet the down payment. Now, to be faced with added costs through repairs, is more than they can stand.

An organization has been formed in an effort to exert pressure on the contractor to correct these problems. Pressure tactics of this kind should

not be required. Workmanship, when found to be faulty, should be made right. If repairs are such, that action must wait on the weather, then the owner should be given assurance in writing, that he will not be left holding the bag once the guarantee has expired.

The Ponderosa folks we have talked to, enjoy living in Stouffville. They also like the area where their homes are located. But they want the warps and cracks corrected — at the contractor's expense. And not next year, but now!

Milk stores - easy targets

The frequency with which armed robberies are occurring at Metro milk stores is alarming.

News reports tell of such hold-ups every week.

As more and more of these establishments are opened in this area, the robbery threat here also increases.

The theft at Unionville, recently, is an example. One store in Markham has been 'hit' a couple of times.

Milk stores are easy marks. Many are located in out-of-the-way places. They remain open long hours, the majority until 11 p.m. Many are man-

aged by women. Some utilize part-time girls. Receipts from a day's business can exceed four figures.

We would suggest that locations of this kind be equipped with a manual alarm system, preferably with a direct hook-up to the police station. Where possible, a police dog should be kept on the property and perhaps even in the store at night. Bank deposits should be made more often, maybe even three or four times a day.

Such practices might tend to discourage these unwanted customers from calling.

Foolish spoil it for the many

One can hardly pick up a paper these days and not see where some municipal council in the province has had an avalanche of complaints about the operation of that fun machine, the snowmobile.

Some communities have already banned them from the streets and there have been some accident deaths. Even the provincial government may take a hand in the restrictions.

It is always regrettable that there must always be those few nitwits who fail to use common sense and discretion and bring on these restrictions.

They also bring along the wrath of property owners who do not like to have their hedges and ornamental shrubbery flattened by trespassers.

The snowmobile is real fun which can be enjoyed by a whole family. It is an ingenious piece of winter transportation equipment, but those who throw caution to the winds about its use will turn it into a dangerous and bothersome nuisance.

It was ever thus that the majority are made to pay by the stupidity of the few.

Confrontation coming

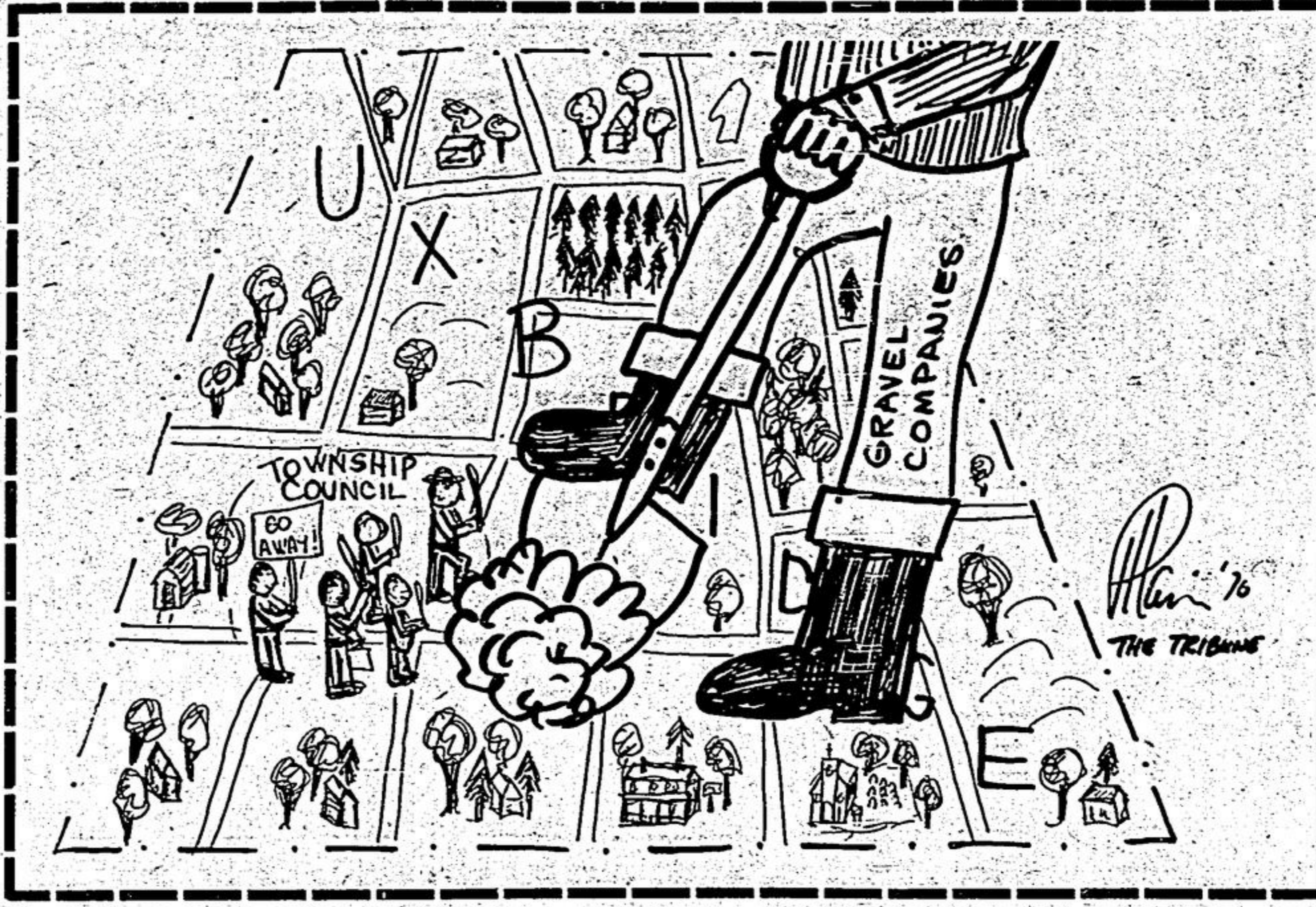
While the government in its plea for voluntary restraints in pricing to help the inflation fight is having some success from the management side, a confrontation is certainly coming with labor which has turned a deaf ear to any such restrictions.

It is obvious to everyone who has scanned the recent wage increase proposals that the unions are out to make as big a grab as possible before the government "puts the arm" on both prices and wages. Should either side ignore the government's warn-

ing, Ottawa will have no recourse if it's really serious about curbing the upward spiral.

The refusal of labor unions to even discuss such a proposal as holding the line or restricting themselves to reasonable figures should surprise no one. Any union boss who would suggest such a thing would not be a boss very long. His followers would be following someone else.

With wage demands of thirty per cent and more being announced for 1970, something has got to give.



SUGAR AND SPICE

A love affair that died

By BILL SMILEY

Snow is something you like or dislike. You can't just ignore it. At least not around these parts. If you ignore it at our house, they'd find you in the spring, in a high state of decomposition.

When I was a kid, I loved snow. The more the better. Fighting in it, rolling in it, making "angels", washing girls' faces in it, throwing it at the enemy, and coming home for supper rosy-cheeked, warm as toast, and soaked to the skin.

Somewhere along the line, our love affair has withered and gone stale. Oh, I admit it's beautiful to look at on a bright winter day, when there's been a fresh fall of a few inches, and the whole world is like Adam and Eve.

But when it keeps coming down and coming down and you have to get rid of it, you remember that the above-mentioned pair got kicked out of paradise, and the rest of us have had to slug it out ever since.

Putting out the garbage is a simple thing. But when the snow is over the top of your boots, and you have to carry the cans 80 yards, it's a minor nightmare.

Deciding in the morning whether or not you can ram your way through the three-foot bonus from the snowplow across the end of your drive is similar to Russian roulette. I tried it once last week and had to leave the car sitting there like a stranded whale, tail sticking out into the street and body straddling the sidewalk. One hour shovelling after work.

We have an excellent system of snow clearance in our town, except that the operators have a diabolic sense of the perfect moment to strike.

The big street plow lurks around the corner while you shovel your driveway. Then the driver's mate says, "OK. He's all ready," and they whistle around the corner and dump about three tons of new snow back into the driveway. The only way to beat them is to throw your shovel away as though it was molten metal, jump in the car, and roar out backwards before they make it.

Then we have a sidewalk plow. If you beat the big plow, the little one will get you. He comes around when you're at work and kicks out a one-foot pile on the street-side and another on the driveway-side. This is frozen into crusty snowice by the time you get home, and you need an Alpenstock to break it up.

One big help though, is the kids. They're right on the job. If it snows two inches of fluffy stuff, they're at the door with big, boyish smiles. "Can I shovel your walk, Mister?" You could do it yourself without strain, but figure on assisting free enterprise, give them the job, and over-pay them.

Comes a real downfall, say ten inches of that wet, slushy stuff, when every loaded shovel weighs six pounds and is a potential coronary, and they're all home watching television.

The final aid is the snowblower. When the banks have built up to a height where you can see only your neighbor's roof and a bit of sky, when the banks are so high not even the Abominable Snowman would tackle one, the blower comes around. And throws 2 tons of snow, salt and

sand well up onto your lawn. Great for the grass.

Well, if you can't beat them, what do you do? I've been turning over a scheme. No dopey snowmobile. No downhill skiing, because of a couple of crook knees. And if I wanted to ski, I could do it in my own backyard, practising jumps off the picnic table.

No, I've decided to re-learn to fly. Take lessons at the local airport. Surely some of the old skill, such as it was, is still there. I've done plenty

of winter flying, and it's great up there, except when you run into a snowstorm and have to set her down in a farmer's field.

But I could sail along at a couple of thousand feet and sneer down at the snow, enjoy its beauty, and maybe even get to like the filthy stuff again. It would be a lot better than having the snow sneer down at me, as I try to hoist a loaded shovel onto a seven-foot bank, and wait for that sharp pain in the chest with each hoist.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Mr. Thomas:
Something rather wonderful occurred in Claremont, Jan. 18. It was really a 'happening' and it took place during the Memorial Service for Ellen Carter. Family friends and acquaintances, old and new gathered in the Baptist Church to pay tribute to Ellen's memory and demonstrate in a tangible way, the warmth and admiration felt for her parents and sister during a difficult year.

It was a beautiful Memorial. The well chosen passages from the New Testament, eloquently read the simple happy memories shared with us by her sister; the affirmation of her deep faith and love of all things and then a spirit of quiet joy permeated everyone. We felt glad we were there.

Later, at the Carter home, both strangers and friends shared the family's love for Ellen with happy talk of days' past. Her spirit was everywhere.

We came away, feeling more loving towards one another because we had known Ellie along the way. Truly, we live in deeds, not years.
Rhoda Almaack,
Claremont, Ont.

It kind of strikes me funny that you consider when you were a kid, 1.7 miles was quite a hike, but as an adult you feel that it's nothing. You don't seem very consistent.

In following with your line of thought, it would mean that because we never had something as a kid, our kids shouldn't have it either.

I wonder what your youngsters would say if you told them — "I didn't have T.V. when I was young, so you can't have it." To me this seems like a very narrow-minded way of looking at life today, don't you agree?

In the summer, I would agree that the walk wouldn't hurt them unless it was raining, but it's winter we are mainly concerned about.

I'll tell you one thing, I'd like to see you walk to school with these kids when the weather is down around zero or when it's wet and slushy and they are getting splashed with slush. Then let's see you justify your editorial?

Remember one thing, when you and I were kids, the weather stayed fairly consistent, not constantly fluctuating like it does today. This is one fact I think we must all bear in mind when we compare today with yesterday.

Lloyd McIntee,
South Street,
Stouffville

Mr. Editor:
In answer to your illustrious editorial, 'Roaming Around', it would appear that you object to our kids having a school bus.

In reading your editorial, I see you are one who likes to compare present times with the past. You laugh at the fact that we have requested a bus to take our kids a mere 1.6 miles to school, yet you state further along that you had quite a hike of 1.7 miles.

Editor's Note: As a lad, I did consider 1.7 miles quite a walk to school, but at age 6 and 7, not 12 and 13. In addition, there were no sidewalks on the ninth concession of Markham Twp. And no — I don't object to the service of a bus. All I ask is that those who benefit by it, also pay for it.

ROAMING AROUND

The magic box

By Jim Thomas

I own a magic box. Everywhere I go, it goes. At work, it occupies a position of importance, only an arm's length away.

At home, it's elevated to some lofty pedestal, well beyond the reach of curious hands.

In my car, it's a constant front seat companion.

Public reaction to it varies. Some admire it. Others despise it. Some are attracted to it. Others shy away from it.

No one ever ignores it. In sixteen years of sharing its company, it has seldom let me down.

In return for such devotion, I have treated it badly.

It's been rained on, snowed on and stepped on. It's been dropped, kicked, scraped and scratched.

Any other instrument, so obviously fragile and so supposedly temperamental, would have folded up and died. But no — not this one. It just keeps on — clickin' and a — poppin', week after week, month after month. It's my camera.

When I bought this 'magic box' in 1954, I didn't know the front from the back. In fact, so little did I know about the entire photography field that I opened the first 100-sheet box of film in broad daylight. But like any other beginner, I've learned by making mistakes. And believe me, I've made my share.

On occasions, when stricken with feelings of nostalgia, I stare at my 'magic box' and wonder at the stories it might tell if it could only talk.

Some would be tales of tragedy, so tragic in fact, they might be better left untold.

Like the fire-ravaged home at Milliken and the blackened forms of three little children, once happy and carefree like my own.

Like the crumpled remains of a car, a 'coffin' for four, following a head-on crash with a solid truck on Don Mills Road near Gormley.

Like the man, slumped over the wheel of his car near Box Grove, a rifle, with price tag still attached, leaning on his shoulder.

Like the mother, screaming hysterically, as lake-side rescuers attempt to re-ignite a spark of life in the body of her little boy.

But all is not sad. Some would be tales of joy.

Like the crowning of a high school 'queen', a diamond wedding anniversary, a family reunion, a student scholarship award, a baby's first birthday, a sweepstake winner, a pet show champion, a hole-in-one and many more.

The most difficult picture-story assignment? That's easy. It was the visit of Prime Minister Pierre-Trudeau to the Markham Arena, May 25, 1968. My 'magic box' barely survived the ordeal. In fact, it still retains visible scars of the tussling, tugging, pushing and pulling bee that occurred on that near-fateful night.

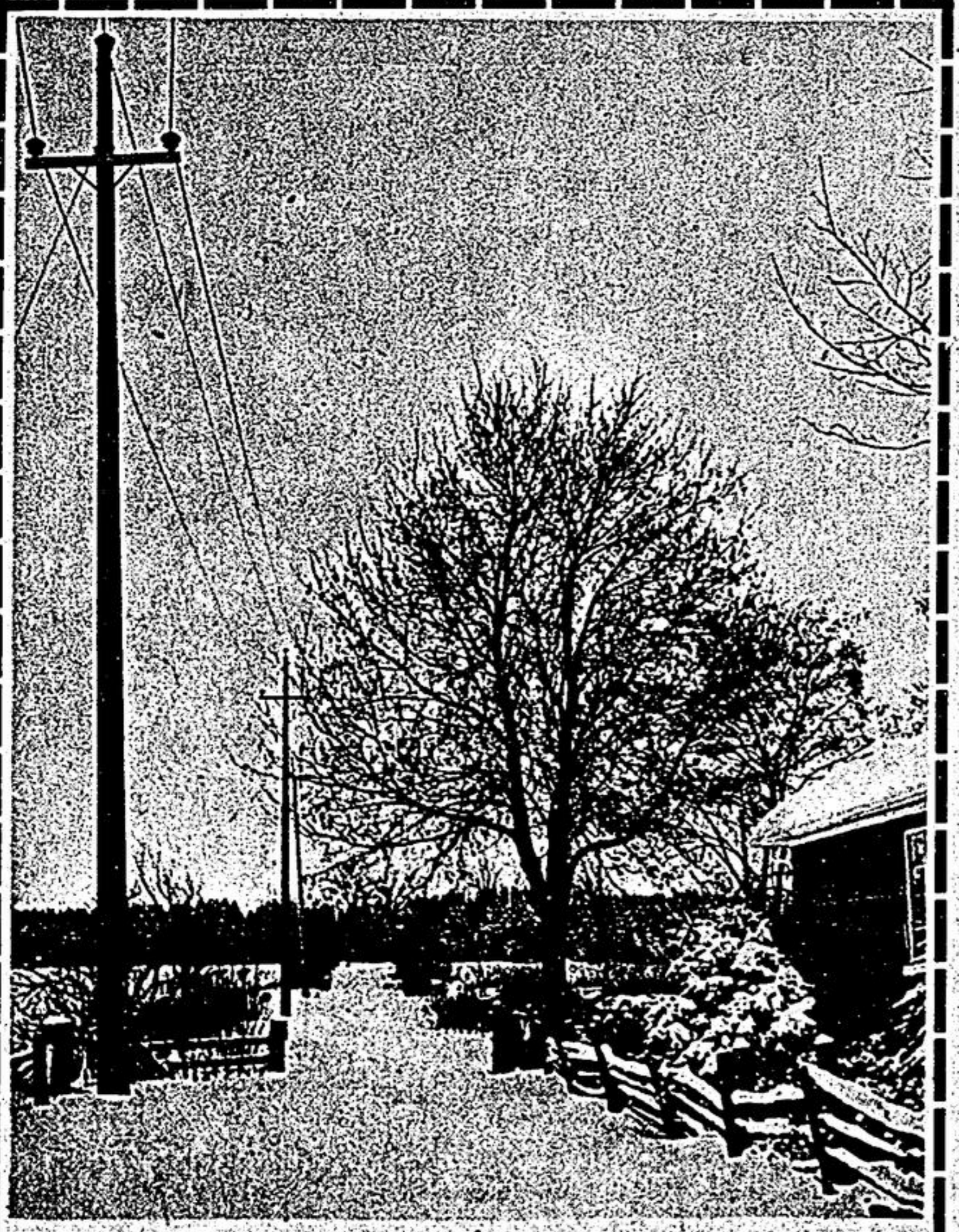
By now, you may be wondering why I refer to my camera as something 'magic'.

It's not because of any complicated procedure connected with its operation. The truth is, the rules and regulations are really quite simple. The magic part, is the camera's impact on people. For some reason or other, most folks are attracted to it. A casual walk down Main Street is proof enough. You should hear the comments. Like — who you gonna shoot today? or — did you remember to put any film in it. And just dare to venture into the arena, park or school playground. Kids appear from everywhere. You're mobbed.

But best of all, the pressman's camera is a pass to places, the pencil and pad man could never enter.

Like an afternoon date at ringside with Cassius Clay. The little Spadina Avenue gym was packed to capacity, with dozens more trying to get in. I lifted my 'magic box' high over my head and pressed forward. Like the Red Sea, the crowd suddenly parted, providing an unobstructed path to the champion's corner.

But even cameramen have their moments of frustration. Such an occasion was my visit last summer to the Glen Echo Nudist Camp. Tell me, how do you hide a 4 by 5 Graphic under a 2 by 4 fig leaf?



Where town and country meet

A winter scene in the country. Not quite — just a section of unopened road, looking east from the north end of Church Street in Stouffville. —Peter Harris

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