



The Tribune

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Editorials

York education-a shambles

"We have to get the teachers back to their classrooms," commented John McMurray, trustee for Whitchurch-Stouffville, following Sunday's meeting of the York County Board, "this foolishness has gone on long enough".

Every parent (and most students) will say "amen" to that.

But how? Through voluntary binding arbitration, suggests the Board.

And we agree. If the teachers are the least bit interested in the academic progress of their pupils, and if the Federation is really sincere in its desire for a settlement, then there should be no hesitation by both parties to seek this kind of solution.

If however, there's more than meets the eye on this stalemate, then the Federation (and the Board), should be forced to lay their cards on the table for all to see.

The outcome, through negotiations or arbitration is uncertain at this time. However, one thing is sure. The system as we know it, is a "washout".

This newspaper has maintained this from the start. The teachers have proved us correct.

The bureaucratic operation of schools in

York County, as presently practiced, will not work.

Unfortunately, the department hierarchy at Queen's Park, (and some trustees), must be hit over the head with a hammer before they realize just how chaotic conditions have become.

There is no communication whatsoever between the teachers and the trustees, nor will there ever be, until the operation is re-organized. In our opinion, the sooner the shakeup is approved, the better.

York requires a two-tier education system, with the Board, as now constituted, in control at the top. At the lower level, in each municipality, would be the County representative(s) plus a committee of trustees to cope with issues affecting that area alone. Tier one would be similar to Regional Council. Tier two would be comparable to the Municipal Council.

One need only stop and think for a moment of the problems that would occur, if Whitchurch-Stouffville, Markham, Aurora or Newmarket had no administration at the peoples' level of politics. It would be chaotic.

And that's what York County has in education — chaos; a communications shambles that only a lower tier of control can correct.

Editor's Mail

Arbitration the answer

Dear Sir:

I, as a concerned parent, feel it is time for an arbitrator to be brought into strike negotiations between the School Board and the Teachers, and that the public be informed as to the demands of the teachers and the offers which the Board of Education is making in return.

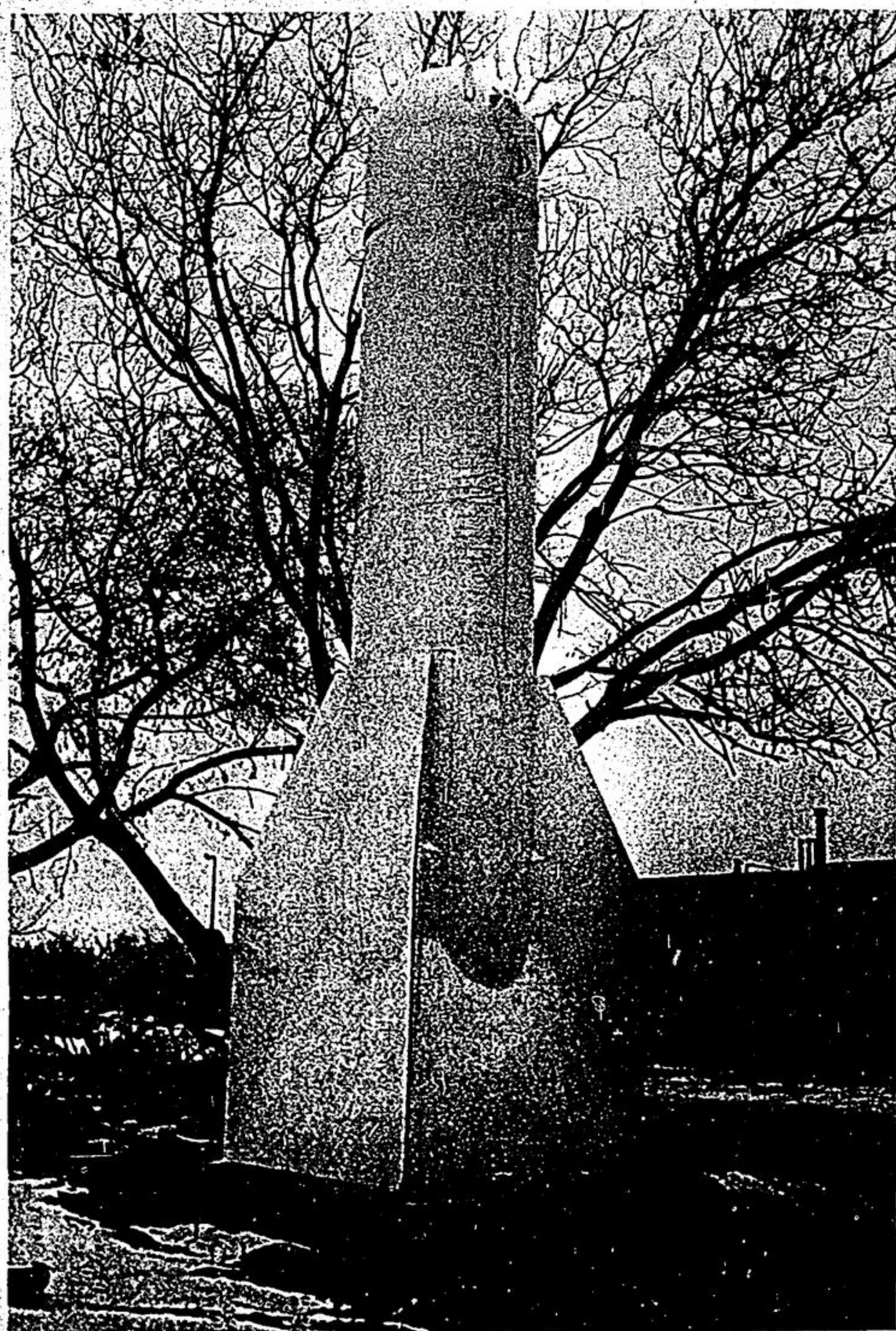
As a taxpayer in this area, I feel it is only right, that the public, who are paying dearly for this strike, should receive this information.

I also cannot comprehend how the School Board can justify paying Mr. Chapman his regular full year's salary while he is teaching

in another location. I understand his stipend for the year is approximately \$30,000.00 as a member of the Education Board, York County. This is unnecessary spending of a large sum of money, deriving no benefits whatsoever for our local school system.

One member of the Board, Don Sim seems quite concerned about the students of Grades 12 and 13, but in his speech there was no mention of Grades 9, 10 or 11. Is he not concerned with these children? Their year and their future are just as important as the higher grades.

JIM HUNT
Markham



This rocket's a dud

No, a rocket manufacturing plant hasn't opened in the Town of Markham. This huge 'missile' is only a model, located

on the premises of Canadian Propane Limited, Hwy. 48, north of 16th Avenue. Jim Thomas.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Face it, Smiley, you're over the hill

By BILL SMILEY



One of these days I'm going to have to sit down and have a little talk with myself.

It will go something like this: "Look, Bill. It's time you acknowledged that you'll never be in the British Consols competition for the curling championship of Canada."

Let's face the fact that a great competitive spirit, tremendous desire, and the heart of a lion are not enough. You also need some skill and some muscles.

"You curled in a local bonspiel last weekend: Won two, lost two? Not bad. You're a fifty-percenter in sport. But on Monday morning, when you bent over to tie your shoe laces, you couldn't straighten up again. Somebody had shoved a knife in your back, just above the tail-bone. If your wife wasn't pretty handy at straightening things out, you'd still be going around on all fours."

"Why don't you forget that silly business of running up and down a sheet of ice like a rabbit galloping side-ways, pounding the surface with a broom while some idiot yells, 'Sweep!' as though you were washing the dishes instead of sweeping your guts out?"

"Why don't you stop blaming the ice for being too keen or too heavy, when you know perfectly well it is you who is too heavy and not keen enough?"

"Why don't you stop blaming the skip for not giving you the right ice, when you know full well you couldn't hit his broom with a front-end loader?"

"Why don't you give up the game, except for the safe position of critic behind the glass, where all the really good shots are made?"

"Why don't you just go down to the

recreation room at the curling club, and fight it out with Capt Dalt Hudson for the undisputed Russian Billiard Championship of the club? After all, you beat him once, five years ago, when he was only 72."

"And while we're having this agonizing appraisal, why don't you do the same about your golf? A few years ago, when you were shooting in the nineties, it is true that Jack Nicklaus and Arnie Palmer were trembling in their boots. They knew a comer when they saw one."

"But, as often happens to a dark horse charging for the big money, something happened. It was bad enough having a trick shoulder and a trick knee. But it was when you started pulling those trick shots that you should have quit: like the booming drives that used to go 100 yards straight up and 100 yards straight down, landing twenty feet behind the tee."

"Why don't you just play golf with your wife, whom you can beat handily if you remember to say, 'Whoops! Don't lift your head!', just as she's starting her swing."

Yep, it's pretty sad when you have to get down to the concrete, and discover it's fresh-poured cement. But that's the way it goes with us aging athletes. We have only our shining memories to fall back on.

I was a pretty good track and field athlete, in the sprints and jumps. One year I was a cinch for the junior championship. Everybody told me. So the night before the track meet, I went out with some other guys, stealing grapes. An over-zealous gardener chased us four miles. Next day, however, with a

tremendous burst of pride and speed, I managed to finish third in the 100 yards, fourth in the 220.

In the days when you didn't have to be a big, slaving brute with haunches like hams, I was a pretty fair football quarterback. And I have a broken nose and two rickety knees to prove it.

In the airforce, I enjoyed, and was good at, formation flying. Only trouble was that I sometimes formed with the wrong people. One day I took off in a cloud of dust, spotted another Typhoon, my leader, and joined him in close formation. Rather to my surprise, he circled the air-strip and landed. I did too. I climbed out and walked over to ask him what was wrong. I'd never seen him before in my life. My squadron was off in the wild, blue yonder somewhere, one man short.

I can't help envying the kids of today. They can learn golf and curling, sports they can use until they're decrepit, while they are young.

When I was a kid, golf was for the rich-people earning away up around \$3,000 a year. My only acquaintance with golf was diving for balls into the river water hazard into which the lady golfers pumped ball after ball. We sold them back for a dime.

As for curling, that was a game played by eccentric old gentlemen on an out-door rink.

But, by golly, the rich and the eccentric old gentlemen didn't go to the poolroom, and we did.

Maybe I started too late to amount to anything on the ice or the links, but I'll take any of these other old fogies on, on the green felt cloth.



ROAMING AROUND

Forty dollars for a cheap red sticker

By JIM THOMAS

Picked up your new licence plate sticker yet?

You have!
Okay, so laugh while I stand in line. You haven't!
I'll hold your hand.

To-day (Feb. 28), is IT; the absolute deadline so authorities say. No extensions, no reprieves, no excuses. Do it now or walk.

Personally, I think we would-be drivers should join forces and boycott this government collection scheme.

Why? For several reasons.

First, the fee is too high; \$40 for my little 302 V-8, a tortoise of a thing in terms of speed. Yet, forty dollars it is, an extravagant price for something I don't need and it hasn't got. And to think I'm classed up there with the aristocrats of society — the Chrysler and Cadillac guys. Heck, with a little effort my Ford would fit in a Lincoln's trunk.

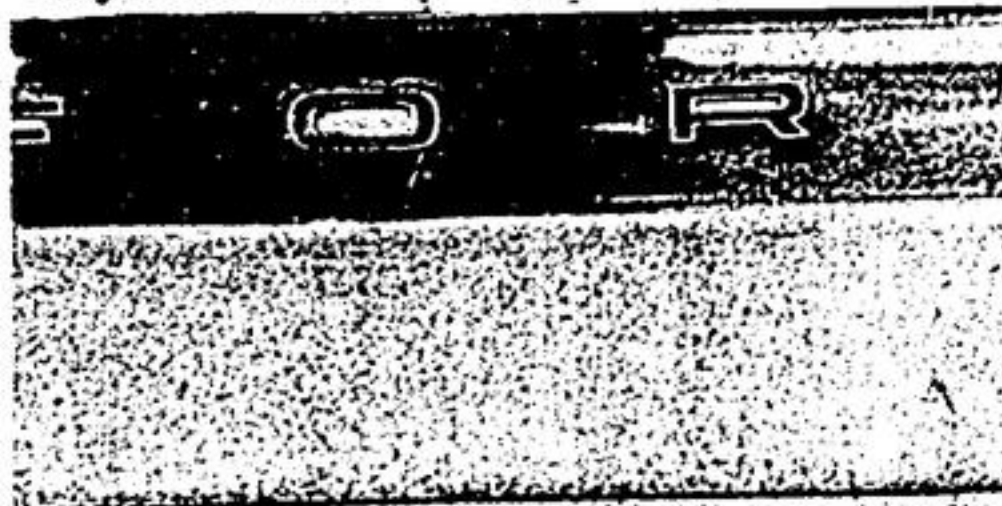
And how come the three-level rate system anyway? Why should a father of six and driving a standard-size car be forced to subsidize a 'loner' who boots around town in a 'Bug'. Discrimination, I call it — discrimination of the worst kind.

Second, there are too many cars on the road anyway.

And it's getting worse.

Sunday's traffic was terrible; like a holiday weekend in July. The weekdays are worse. Ask the commuter.

Third, the upkeep cost to the car owner will soon make the 'pleasure' prohibitive. Gas, insurance, repairs - all going up; the sky's the limit.



An eleventh hour hold-out

Fourth, we all should walk more anyway; put the family 'buggy' up on blocks and travel on foot.

What a joke.

We never walk anywhere, not even around the corner for a jug of milk. We're spoiled.

But, for all these problems, few ever protest; even complain. Me either, except for the payment of forty dollars for a cheap little sticker. That hurts.

I don't know about you, but for me, a new set of plates was something pretty special. I'd fondle them, polish them, admire them. The cost, although exorbitant, seemed trivial to pride of ownership. Even the car appeared to take a new lease on life. Like after a wash and a polish, it seemed to run better.

But this year, wow! Henrietta will be madder than a wet hen. And I don't blame her. Imagine, a \$40 red sticker; and pinned to her tail too. Immodest, I call it — downright immodest.

That's my main reason for postponing the purchase to the 11th hour. So I can sneak out in the quiet of the night, when all's asleep, and slap it on.

Then I'll sit back and hope — hope that the virile Chevy that sits in the drive next door, doesn't get any wrong ideas. That's one relationship that would never work.