



The Tribune

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Editorials

Commuter train successful

The Stouffville-Toronto commuter train seems to have made a hit with travellers. Numbers of people using the train have increased steadily since the service began three years ago. Various reasons have been offered for its success, but it clearly has caught on better than most people anticipated.

Three years ago, when the service started, the car was still king of the road. Few people would argue that they could get along without one. But times have changed. Owning a car and operating one have become expensive propositions. In fact car expenses, including gas, oil, insurance and repairs have escalated rapidly over the past three years.

All in all, the automobile has taken a

beating at every turn. Despite the increase in passengers on the commuter train, most people still assume it is their divine right to own and drive a car. Somehow it will take a fundamental change in our thinking to be able to predict a decline in the automobile.

Figures show that the large automobile makers are having their best year ever, as far as car sales go. Quite a phenomenon in light of the energy crisis last winter.

One answer to the domination of the car is efficient public transit that will persuade people to leave their cars at home. Let's face it, someone living in the Stouffville area must own a car. Bus and rail service is infrequent and relatively expensive.

Only a co-ordinated system of trains and buses, along with a network of rapid transit will lure people from their cars. The expense of building and operating such a system would be high and beyond the reach of municipal or regional governments.

So far the provincial and federal governments have been content with a piece-meal approach to the problem. A commuter train that travels 28 miles to Stouffville, then terminates with no connecting bus routes is certainly far from supplying the needs of large numbers of commuters. Only fully-organized system will work. The senior levels of government have been very slow to see this, and only superficial steps have been taken to effect some overall transportation planning. That kind of long-range approach is the only answer for the future.

Commendation

Stouffville Fire Department deserves strong commendation for its quick action in extinguishing the fire at Schell Lumber Co. last week. A letter that appears elsewhere in The Tribune, from a professional fireman attests to their fine efforts.

According to Robert Keillor of Frederick Street, "the attack and extinguishment of the Schell Lumber fire had to be one of the finest pieces of firefighting I have witnessed in some time."

We say amen to that statement. The town has a volunteer brigade second to none and Chief Walt Smith and his men deserve credit for a job well done.

Signs for small hamlets

Signs appear to be the name of the game. It seems that every little nook and cranny of a place in York Region will have its very own sign. But some places will not qualify. To get one of the new signs a hamlet or village must have at least a gas station, store or be on the provincial map.

That eliminates such historic and memory-filled places as Pleasantville, Cedar Valley, Lemonville and Bloomington. For-

tunately such urban areas as Stouffville, Ballantrae, Gormley, and Vandorf, will receive signs. The strange part is that all of those places already have signs.

The regional engineers would be better off spending the taxpayers' money elsewhere, unless they plan to recognize hitherto unsigned communities. Just because a place has a gas station does not insure it is worthy of a sign.

Residents breath easier

Residents of Uxbridge Township who were holding their collective breaths until the township brought in its 1974 budget, can breath a little easier. The budget is better than anybody hoped it would be. Transitional grants from the provincial government helped ease the sting.

Some credit however, should go to the local council which has carefully avoided major expenditures this year. Talk of a new municipal building has faded, and hurried renovations to the old building in the former town of Uxbridge have proven to be adequate.

It has been a cautious year in some respects, but the people of Uxbridge certainly don't see increases that are too far out of line. After all the average assessment in the township is below the \$6,000 figure made public last week. Much of the increase for the former Scott Township results from losses in education grants. Only about \$40 of the increase can be credited to Municipal spending.

For a first budget Uxbridge council has done well.



SUGAR AND SPICE

They are trying to buy me out

By BILL SMILEY



There is a fair bit of panic in the financial world these days. One of Germany's big banks failed. The stock market is more like a swamp than a market. Inflation is scaring the wits out of people and even politicians.

It was inevitable that some of us bigger figures in the financial and business game would be affected personally. Sure enough, I've been caught in a personal bind and I don't know whether to go for broke or go for the hills.

I've been a pretty big shareholder of a stock called Peel Elder. I have 25 shares. It's a long story and I've told it before. But I got in on the ground floor, as we say on Bay St. and Wall St. These are a couple of well known streets in the financial world. One of them runs down to the bay, in case you want to drown yourself when the market is slumping. The other has a wall for pounding your head against in the same eventuality.

Well, as I was saying, I got in early. Was discharged from the air force with a couple of thousand bucks the paymaster had thoughtfully put away for me while I was in prison camp.

I had decided I wasn't going to slug and sweat all my life just to make a living. I was going to make it fast, and make it big.

I looked the field over pretty carefully, searching for a career with a built-in escalator. And the field looked right back at me with a cold and steely eye, saying, in effect, "What do you know how to do, besides crash-landing an aircraft in a plowed field? There wasn't really much I could answer to that. So, I thought, "The heck with the big corporations, when they can't recognize talent, drive and sheer ability, even though these are staring them right in their cold, corporate eye."

The final straw arrived when a personnel manager at Bell Telephone told me warmly that yes, he thought there might be a real future for me with the company, and yes, he thought he might find a place for me in three or four months, but I'd have to start at the bottom, like everyone else.

It turned out that the bottom was sweeping floors at something like \$48 a week. Even in those days The Bell paid good wages. That's probably why they have to ask for a rate increase every couple of years, to compensate for their incredible generosity to their employees.

Anyway, the bottom didn't have much appeal. I'd had something in mind more like Vice-President in charge of Public Relations.

So I shook him warmly by the hand, with that sincerity that only a V-P in charge of PR can muster, thanked him, and said, "Mush!"

take any more of your time. I have to dash to the Royal York for lunch with Jack McClelland of McClelland and Stewart, then catch the afternoon train for Montreal, where President Crump of the CPR has been trying to get hold of me for a week. By the way, if you get sick of The Bell, look me up in a year or so, and I might have something for you. Just contact Bill Smiley Associates, Incorporated, not to mention Limited."

At least I left him with his mouth open, but I was seething inside. Some people seethe on the outside, but I always do it inside.

Anyway, I strode out of there, muttering, "All right, O.K. If that's the way they want it, I'll go it alone. I'll destroy them all within five years. I'll plunge into the stock market and buy them all up, and have mergers and conglomerates and caviar and all sorts of stuff." Even then, young and inexperienced, I knew the jargon of big business.

So I plunged. It was like a butterfly plunging at a bull elephant.

Oh, I didn't just roar around buying up companies. I didn't buy just any old stocks. I wish I had. I bought some so new the ink wasn't dry on the certificates.

But I proceeded with caution. I wasn't going to be taken in by some smooth-talking operator, working out of a telephone booth.

On the advice of my landlady's sister, who had her hair done every Wednesday with a friend who baby-sat for a prominent stockbroker's former wife, I decided to plunge into Northern Ontario gold.

VIEWPOINT

The election sign game

BY JOHN GARBUTT

Pollution was not exactly a major issue in the recently concluded federal election campaign. In fact, visual pollution, in the form of election signs was openly promoted by all candidates, and campaign posters will probably continue to be a prominent, but undesirable feature of future elections.

The posting of election signs is a kind of a game, you put up a sign, I put up a sign. One candidate's sign appears at the side of the road, and within hours, or at most, days, his opponents will have erected theirs.

Why are election signs used? Probably because the other guy uses them. They certainly don't outline a party platform or a candidate's political position, although the signs of one candidate in York North did bear "one-liners", which revealed something of his party's policies. Usually they show just a name and a party. Editorializing after the election, the Toronto Globe and Mail noted that, "signs are the lowest form of electioneering. At most they are a comment on his (the candidate's) attitude toward visual pollution."

And what were the attitudes of the politicians in the three local ridings? The most distasteful and indiscriminate use of signs was in Ontario riding to the east of us. Signs were plastered on every tree, post, wall and hoarding. Many of these signs were still up five days after the election. Ironically, the most artistic use of signs also occurred in

Ontario. Unfortunately, the art obscured the election message, especially for motorists driving by at 60 to 70 miles an hour. The artist ran third.

In York-Simcoe and York North, signs were used and used and used. In these ridings, however all candidates seem to have made some effort to remove their posters after the election. A phone call to a successful candidate provided some cheer for environmentalists. A crew was out at 8.30 on election night, collecting signs, which are stored in a barn to be used when the next campaign rolls around. This is recycling of the highest order.

A less happy commentary came from the office of another successful candidate. I was informed that posting and removal of signs was the responsibility of local committees. In reply to my query as to what happened to the signs after they were taken down, the answer was, in effect, "I really don't know." Sanitary landfill, perhaps.

The removal and disposal of election propaganda is not yet an exact science, but in general, local politicians seem to have made a genuine attempt to clean up. Hopefully we will be spared the horror of the face that leered down at us from the hydro posts at Gormley and Ringwood during the years between elections. These signs remained until the Prime Minister announced that we would be going to the polls again.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir:

Today I was called as a witness in a case heard in Provincial Court, Judicial District of York, at 460 Botsford St. Newmarket.

To say that I was appalled by the conditions and surroundings of the court building is putting it mildly. How any judge can be expected to carry on dignified court proceedings under such conditions is quite beyond understanding.

The courtroom is a sweltering, dim, converted upstairs dancehall with squeaky board floor and grimy windows open to a noisy parking lot, so that at times it was impossible to hear the proceedings, and the judge had to urge witnesses to speak louder. The battered wallboard and filthy blistering paint only served to draw attention from the sickly plywood "furnishings". The judge's chair was about the only item in the room which could be dignified by that term!

I feel sure these deplorable conditions must have been drawn to the attention of the Provincial Justice Dept. by our judges and court officials, but, as a concerned citizen, I deplore the travesty of attempting to dispense justice in such degrading surroundings.

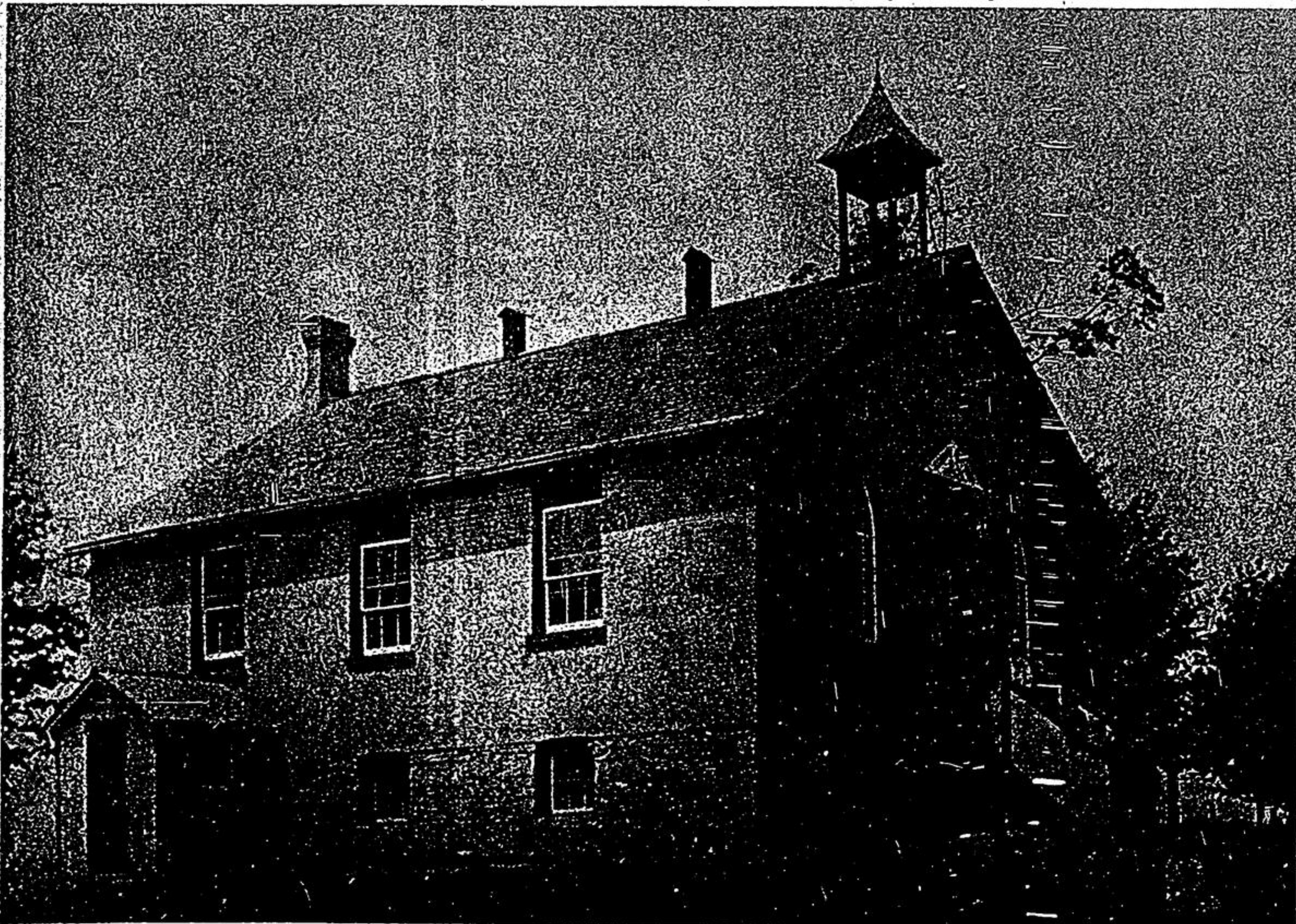
Some of our local farms I have seen animals house in cleaner and more attractive quarters! Surely the taxes we pay in this District can provide facilities more in keeping with the dignity of the Court.

Victor G. Orchard,
R. R. 2,
Markham.

Bible thought

From The Living Bible

"I have already told you, and you don't believe me," Jesus replied. "The proof is in the miracles I do in the name of my Father. But you don't believe me because you are not part of my flock. My sheep recognize my voice, and I know them, and they follow me. I give them eternal life and they shall never perish. No one shall snatch them away from me; for my Father has given them to me, and he is more powerful than anyone else, so no one can kidnap them from me. I and the Father are one." John 10: 25-30



Local history can be fascinating, and the Whitchurch-Stouffville Historical Museum attempts to document this area's past. Included in the museum's artifacts are old photographs that graphically tell the story of Whitchurch and Stouffville. This is one of the old landmarks in the township. Its name will not be revealed here but history buffs are asked to identify it and the name will be published in next week's Tribune. The museum is located in the old Bogartown School on Sutton Road.