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Editorials

What is planning all about?

"What's it all about Alfie?" is a question posed by a popular song. That might be the apt query to put to members of Whitchurch-Stouffville Council.

What is planning all about anyway?

Hamlet reprieve

Remember Cedar Valley? It seems that the hamlet has been given a reprieve. With acceptance of a planning report by council, the death knell was sounded for a proposed industrial park in the hamlet.

The study, prepared by the Area Service Branch of York Region recommended that the land presently designated industrial in the official plan should be redesignated rural, until the new official plan is completed for the whole of Whitchurch-Stouffville.

That, along with a decision by the Ontario Municipal Board last year, should mean the end of plans for an industrial park in that area.

But neither the planning study, nor the OMB decision really provides long-range protection. Only a new official plan which specifically designates the area rural will provide this kind of protection for an area that is obviously unsuitable for industrial development.

Councillor Beckey Wedley asked this question rather succinctly at a recent planning board meeting.

The issue involved approval of the second phase of the Felray subdivision in Ballantrae. She sought the approval on the grounds that it was not good planning.

It violated recommendations given by the town's planners concerning expansion of the hamlet of Ballantrae. According to the town's official plan, the hamlet is allowed 500 people. A secondary plan must be drawn up if it is to grow larger than that.

If the second phase of the Felray subdivision goes in, then the population will exceed the 500 limit. In other words, the council has ignored this.

The rationale is that the Felray subdivision is a definite asset to the community. The first phase is certainly well designed and planned. That is not the question.

In this case the developer has been pressuring the council for some time to complete the project, and this has forced a decision that The Tribune feels is unfortunate.

If planning is to work, it must be consistent. If an official plan is a frame of reference, then it must be adhered to. If the town has planners, they must be listened to. The days when a municipality could develop like a patchwork quilt are over.

We hope the council gets that message.

Long hearings too long

The Environmental hearings into the Bremner dump have been dragging on for many months. The hearings have proved to be the longest in the history of the Environmental Hearing Board a dubious distinction to say the least.

But the time has come to wrap the thing up. Most of the expert testimony has been given and the board should now be given the opportunity of deliberating upon that testimony to come up with a decision.

Time is of the essence now, with the April 1 date fast approaching. If nothing happens in

the interim, the dump will close that day in accordance with a bylaw passed by Whitchurch-Stouffville Council last year.

It is imperative that the EHB give its judgement before that date. Not only that, but a decision must be made early so that the Minister of the Environment has time enough to make his decision.

He can either accept the recommendations of the hearing board, or reject them. In either case more time would be needed. The Tribune feels that the hearings have gone on long enough. A decision should be made and made soon.

Tender deal poorly handled

Members of York Region's Board of Police Commissioners stand today with egg on their collective faces.

The fact that they accepted the tender for police cars put in by Emerald Isle Motors of Stouffville shows the strange way that decisions can change, after a wrong decision is made.

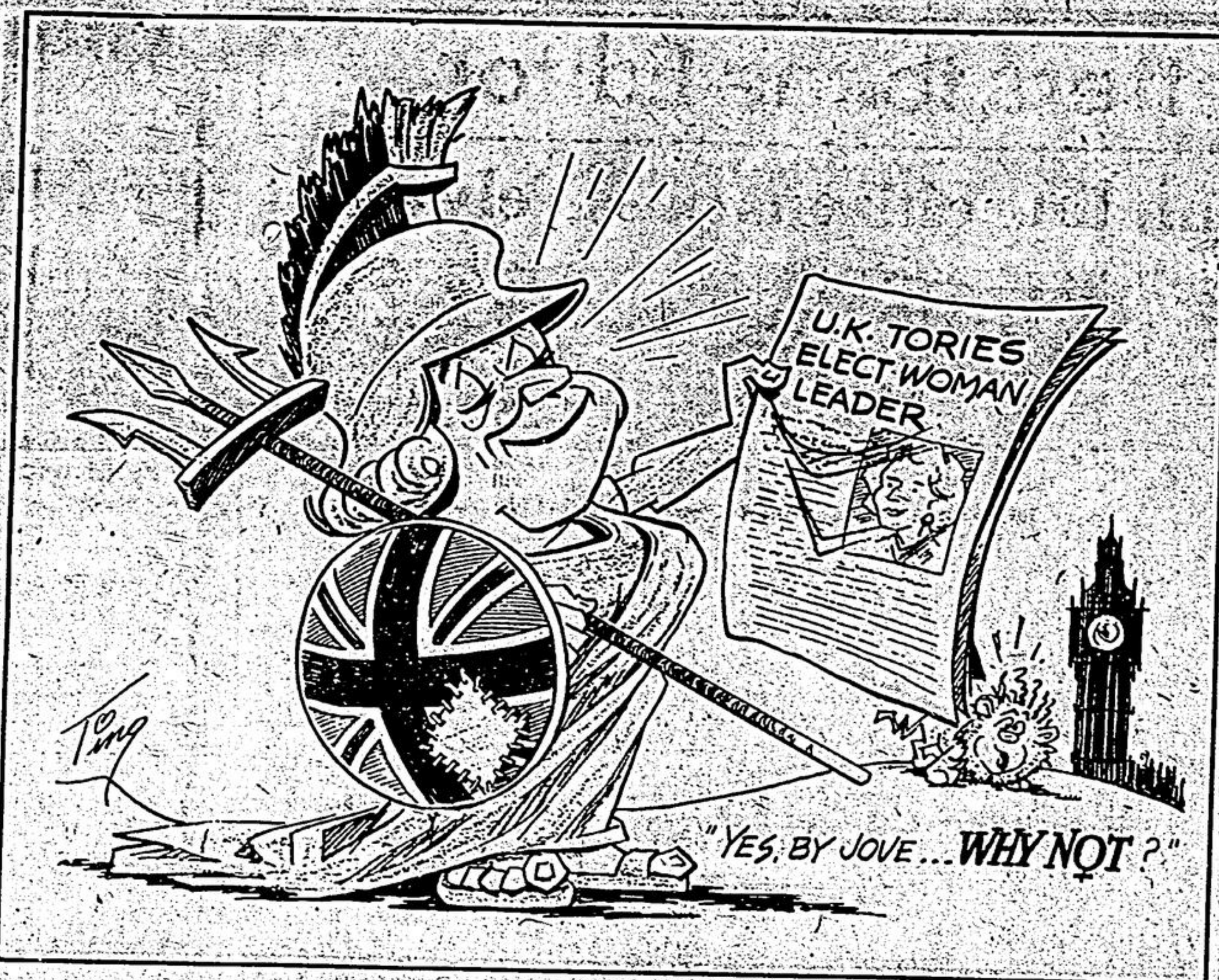
The tenders originally were opened. Emerald Isle had the lowest bid. The commission decided to go along with a recommendation that the third-lowest bid be accepted.

The reasons given involved the high

maintenance costs involved in the cars the force had last year. The unfortunate fact is that the tender (the third lowest) which was accepted from a Newmarket dealership which then found it could not honor the tender.

The commission back-tracked and chose to buy the cars from Emerald Isle at the original price.

In future, we hope the commission is more careful when tendering. If the police want a certain kind of car, it is a simple matter to make the specifications to that end, so that other cars could not meet specifications. If that is done, then this kind of unfortunate flip-flop will not happen again.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Bill starts national campaign

By BILL SMILEY

This, apparently, is Women's Liberation Year, or something of the sort. So be it.

Aren't you getting a little sick of it all? I mean you, and I don't care whether you're a man or a woman or a hermaphrodite.

Don't worry chaps, I am not afraid. I have a northern hideout, an old atom bomb shelter, with three women laid on: one to bathe me, one to dress me, and one to cook for me. So I'm going to stay exactly what I want to, and let the chippies fall where they may.

First, I take a look at my own family, to see which women need liberating. Answer? Zero.

My wife needs liberating like I need a kick in the groin. Every since I met her, she has been, not removing her chains, but applying mine. I clank when I walk.

She doesn't need to be liberated. She needs to be tied up. She has made it quite clear that she is smarter than I about everything from making out the income tax return to screwing in a light bulb; better looking than I (and all we have to do is look in a mirror); more artistic than I (she's always friggling with the color thing on the television while I bellow 'I don't care if it's all purple, shut up and watch the program'); and in better shape than I. I always concede the last named without a fight. "Boy, I could never scrub the kitchen in half an hour, like you. Dear, it would probably take me half the afternoon." And I'm right! So there's no conflict of interest there.

She also has a joint account, the house is in her name, the car is in her name, and if I dropped dead tomorrow, she'd have so much insurance she could give Jackie Onassis a run for her money. Liberation my armpit!

My daughter is in the same boat, or category. She alternately bullies and wheedles her father and her husband. She takes nothin' offa nobody, especially male cops. She is in a career course, and she is using, or kicking out of the way, every male who stands in her path. With one exception. She is being used and pushed around by the

only male who could it, her year-old walking son, Pokey. And there is the only hope I see for the future of the male.

Looking further afield, I remember two dames who were so liberated you wondered who was wearing the pants in the family, in both cases.

One was my mother. She called the shots in our family from the time she put on her wedding ring. She decided which of the kids would be licked, and she did the licking. She decided what speed my dad should drive at. She pulled us through the Depression. My dad was a sweet, gentle chap like myself and always sat in the rumble seat on each new family enterprise.

My mother-in-law was the same. With a combination of tempers, tirades and tears, she made my father-in-law walk on eggs until he didn't feel comfortable unless he had an egg underfoot.

Ditto with my sisters and sisters-in-law. They bully and needle and haggle their men unmercifully. They continually make them feel that they (the women) had poor luck in the draw, and make veiled and usually imaginary references to the great chances they had to marry someone worthwhile, who turned out to be somebody.

And this phenomenon is not something new, something of the 20th century. Queen Boadicea, if anyone remembers her, had a great time smashing up Roman legions until she died of an overdose of woad.

Lady Macbeth was no shrinking, unliberated violet. She was more or less a shrieking, liberated violet.

Queen Elizabeth diddle her would-be lovers for years and ran a growing empire with a velvet glove in an iron fist.

Madame de Pompadour literally ran the French empire in the days of the 15th Louis, and she wasn't even married.

Nobody is weeping over Jackie what-ever, who bounced from a U.S. president to a Greek billionaire. Nor are many tears shed over the way poor little, helpless Liz Taylor has been mistreated by five or six or seven husbands.

Of course, all these women had charm, and drive, or both, and weren't too much

concerned about the cost of hamburg. That's what the Women's Lib is going to hit me with, among other things.

One last example. I know a lot of women teachers. You think they need liberation? Like hell. They smoke and drink and swear like sailors and swagger around in comfortable pant suits while the men strangle in shirts and ties. And the real clincher is that they make as much money as men, and frequently more. Top administrative jobs are open to them. They don't want them.

Why? Not because they can't handle them. Most of them would do a better job than the dim-witted males who now inhabit these posts. No, it's because they don't want to give up their feminine perks: staying home for two days with a sniffle, shooting off to the hairdresser once a week, breaking into tears when everything becomes Too Much For Me.

I have always treated a woman as a woman first and a person second. I have used the same treatment with old men and little kids.

If I have to start treating women as people first and women second, I know who is going to complain the loudest. The women. And the second loudest complaint will be from yours truly. It will destroy all the mystery and glamor and excitement which are the only things that make life worthwhile.

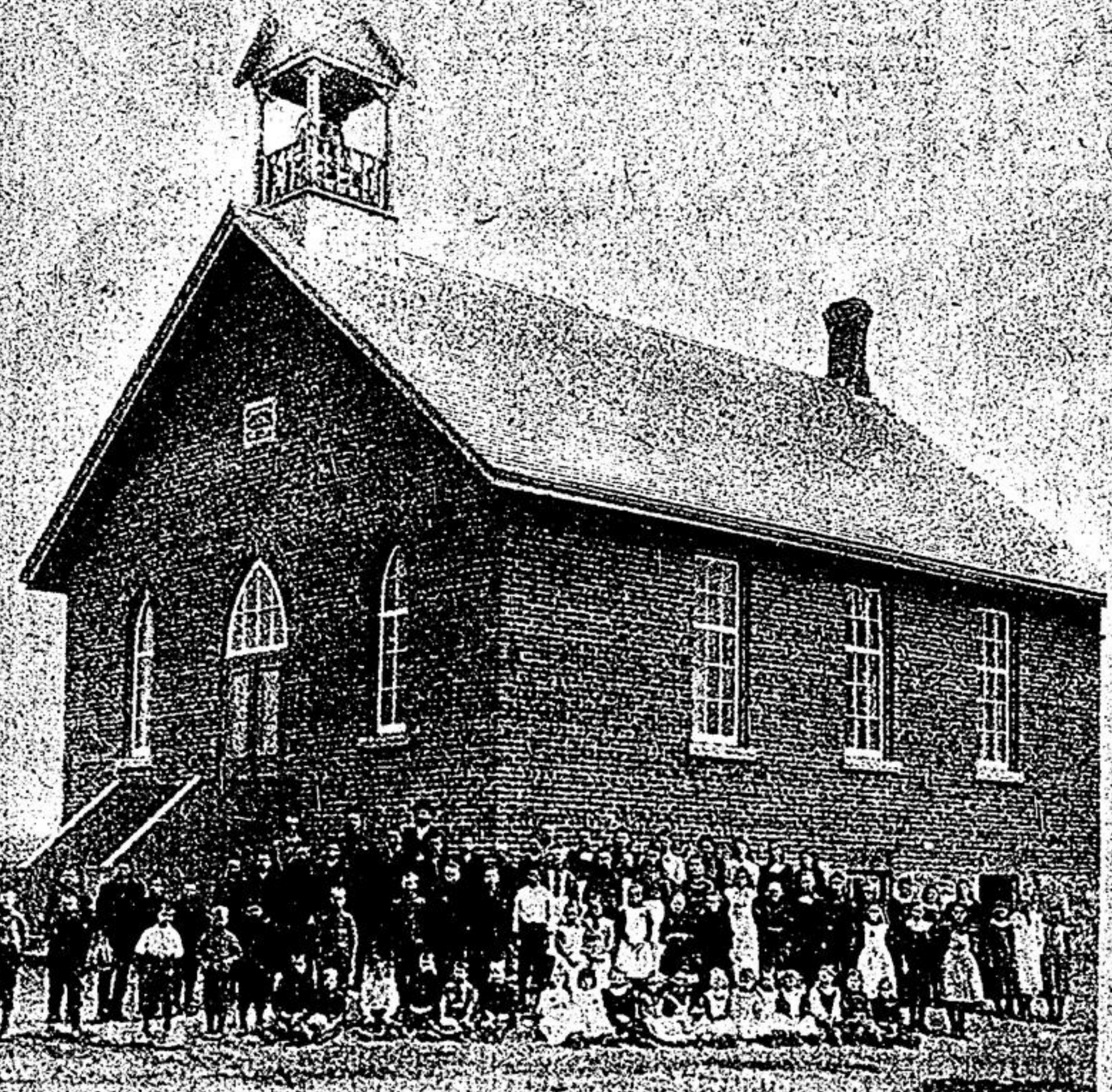
Men, rally around. For years, both sexes have been equal, but women have been more equal than men. Now, all they want to do is widen the gap.

Some of my best friends have been women, but how would you like your son to marry one?

I once started a national campaign for PORK (Parents of Rotten Kids). It was fairly successful.

Once more I appeal. Last time most of the joiners were women. This time, I want the men of Canada to stand up and be counted as members of my new organization. Don't nobody be scared.

It will be called: Men! Attack Female Independence. Anonymously. In short, MAFIA!



With the disappearance of the one-room school in the area, it is a good thing to look back once in a while to the way things used to be. These are the students who attended Bethesda Public School in 1892. Not all the names are known, but the teacher is the

bearded gentleman in the back row and his name is Isaac Pike. The picture is one of a number that are on display at the Whitchurch-Stouffville Historical Museum, located on the Vivian Road, west of Don Mills Road.



Lottery show 'unutterably boring'

BY JOHN MONTGOMERY

Canada has the rather dubious distinction of being the only country in the world that can put on an extravagant television program giving away \$22 million and still have it come out unutterably boring.

I am, of course referring to 'Mission Millions Possible' the fourth Olympic Lottery. Draw which was billed (sarcastically I suspect) as being presented 'live'.

I'm not disputing it wasn't pre-taped but after being subjected to that horrible drivel for an hour I would say referring to it as 'live' was a gross exaggeration, not to mention an outright lie.

As one disgruntled viewer (myself) commented, "Just suffering through that trash you earn your million bucks."

There is a possibility, although a very remote one, that the program's stunning mediocrity was a carefully planned strategy. What with \$22 million being given away you would expect a little hysteria and high blood pressure as the drawing unfolds. As a public service they may have purposely kept the program so low key no-one could possibly get over-excited.

If this was the purpose then it worked only too well. In fact, considering the performances put on, there was a very real possibility the big million dollar winners are gently snoring away in front of the TV set by that time and only learned of their good fortune when the morning paper came out the next day.

Personally I feel there was considerably more action, suspense and entertainment in the soft drink and beer commercials. If more

shows of this calibre are aired it could start a whole new trend amongst television audiences. Instead of everybody waiting for the commercials to head for the refrigerator or bathroom they will sit through the commercials and then take a break when the show comes back on.

Also the Olympic Lottery theme song, aired for the first time Sunday night, appears to be in no immediate danger of hitting the top 40 charts and becoming a runaway success. Quite often you hear a revolting song and one or two lines of it seem to get stuck in your head and keep repeating themselves until they begin to drive you berserk. Fortunately whoever was responsible for writing the lottery theme (it is expected the writer will remain permanently anonymous) had enough compassion for the long suffering viewers to make it so wonderfully bland that the whole thing was forgotten instantly. After a deathly experience like that we should be thankful for small blessings.

One shouldn't be over-critical though as there were some positive aspects to the show. Not only did it further the cause of national unity but it struck a blow for bilingualism.

Just imagine it, people from all over the country, in spite of regional and economic disparity, watching one television program and all united by one common motivation — greed.

The show did not particularly make me want to run out and learn French but I really did enjoy the French speaking portions. Not being able to understand a word of French I was free to fantasize the French commentator

was making all sorts of interesting, witty and urbane remarks. Perfectly comprehending the English announcer I could not attribute any of these things to him but was stuck with the harsh reality that his patter was dull and inane.

The French announcer, a woman, at least spoke with a certain amount of animation and even cracked a smile occasionally. The English announcer, whose range of facial expressions were slightly more limited than Charlie McCarthy's, delivered his lines as though he were announcing a death in the family.

You're probably all saying this is just sour grapes on my part because I, for the fourth time, invested 10 bucks and didn't win anything. That is of course untrue although I did win \$100 on the last draw (a damned in-sult) and I did have my heart set on the \$50,000 prize. No point in being greedy.

Once the last number had been called I displayed great equanimity and stoicism, ripping my ticket to shreds and at the same time casually putting my foot through the television screen. Putting all thoughts of sudden riches away I trundled off to bed and cried myself to sleep.

Well I'm fed up with being a captive audience to those awful Olympic Lottery draws and I am determined not to buy another ticket — until I get paid Friday.

Well, at least I'm determined to show some forbearance, and wait until the results are published in the next day's paper. It shouldn't be too much of a hardship waiting a few hours to learn I haven't won anything.