



# The Tribune

Established 1888

CHARLES H. NOLAN

Publisher

DON BERNARD, Editor  
 Published every Thursday, 54 Main St., Stouffville, Ont., Tel. 446-2101.  
 Toronto phone 241-1480. Single copies 25¢, subscriptions 26¢ per year in Canada, \$1.00 elsewhere. Member of Audit Bureau of circulation, Canadian Community Newspapers Association and Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Second class mail registration number 0896.

The Tribune is one of the Inland Publishing Co. Limited group of suburban newspapers, which includes the Ajax/Whitby/Pickering News Advertiser, Brampton Guardian, Burlington Post, Etobicoke Gazette, Markham Economist and Sun, Newmarket/Aurora Era, Oakville Beaver, Oshawa This Week, and Mississauga News.

BARRÉ BEACOCK  
Advertising Manager

## Editorials

### Slow start for campaign

It was possibly to be expected, that with summer holidays in full swing, the upcoming provincial election would get off to a slow start. While those in charge behind the scenes, are working feverishly to prepare, there is scarcely a ripple of street talk as yet with the election only a month away.

It would appear at this point in the campaign that this is one election that the well-worn theme "time for a change" will raise little fever. Leadership as always, will be most important, and while Premier Davis has stumbled a few times in the last four years, his image as leader of an active government still leaves him much ahead of his opponents.

Robert Nixon has still been unable to shake his "nice guy" image, and many of his

candidates are unknown quantities. Whether Nixon could weld this group into a government capable of handling the business of Canada's richest province, is a question the electorate will be asking.

Stephen Lewis has the handicap of leading a party always linked with labor unions which are not exactly enjoying the height of popularity at the moment. Voters in general are given to the idea that unions are presently exploiting the public, a fact that places Lewis in a most difficult position.

Voters are more alarmed by inflation than by unemployment, and they will tend to vote for the government which appears to offer the best chance of security against this menace. This fact will give the Davis government a considerable edge in the September voting.

### New election must be held

If the York County Board of Education appoints a successor to Colin Barrett, as is likely to happen, a gross injustice will be perpetrated against the people of Whitchurch-Stouffville.

To us, the decision is too important to be left to the politically motivated board. The people should decide the issue and with very good reason, The Tribune feels.

The decisive win by Mr. Barrett last fall shows that people feel strongly about the issues, but his opponent, John McMurray, is the only person with any real qualifications for the position. Mr. McMurray was beaten soundly, however.

As Mr. McMurray correctly pointed out in a Tribune story last week, he has attended all

the board meetings since his defeat, while Harry Bowes, who has declared his candidacy, has been conspicuous by his absence.

To appoint Mr. McMurray would be flying in the face of popular opinion (at least as expressed at the polls last December), while to appoint Mr. Bowes would be buying a "pig in a poke." He has never served on the board and has never fought an election. At least Mr. McMurray has previous experience.

In light of the importance of the position and the influence Mr. Barrett had on the board while serving as trustee, the board has no choice, in our opinion, but to call a by-election.

To do otherwise is unthinkable.

### Unassailable labyrinth

Anyone wishing to indulge their masochistic urges should call Durham Regional Police and ask for information. Any information.

They have carried the art of the "run-around" to previously unimaginable heights.

It is our misfortune to be in a position that we must attempt to pry information from them on a regular basis. Use of the word "attempt" is not accidental; it but accurately describes the situation.

It is not unusual to spend two hours on the phone, speak to about a dozen different officers, at different detachments, and still not get one single morsel of useable information.

Every officer talked to gives the assurance he has no knowledge of the information wanted and he is quite confident somebody else can help.

A name is given and the person is contacted but somehow, he doesn't have the information either. This happens four or five times and then the last person named turns out to be out of the office.

You are assured he will be back shortly and will immediately on entering the office, return the call.

In some cases we've been waiting six months for the return call from this mythical policeman.

Occasionally, a persistent reporter will phone back after reaching this point in the proceedings. For this foolhardy soul is saved the coup de grace, he is told the incident he is interested in occurred in an area under the jurisdiction of the Ontario Provincial Police.

We wish Durham Regional Police would look to their regional brothers to the west and set up a similar arrangement.

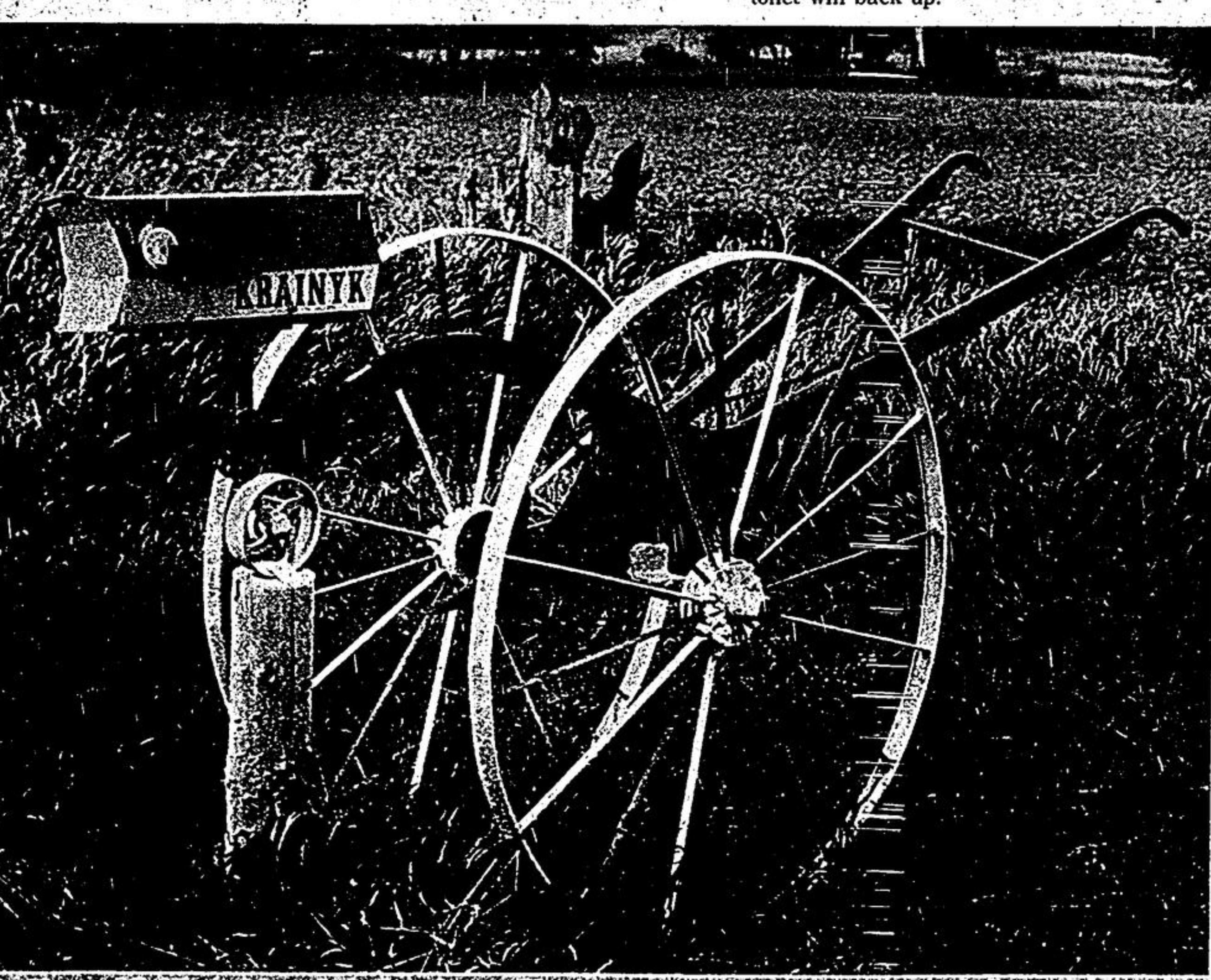
York Regional Police have one officer who handles all press inquiries. Because he knows the police bureaucracy, he can get the required information very quickly and with the least amount of disturbance to other officers, whom we assume could be engaged in something more constructive than driving newspaper employees berserk with frustration.

**Thirty  
years ago  
this week**

Excerpts from The Tribune from August 23, 1945.

fast enough.

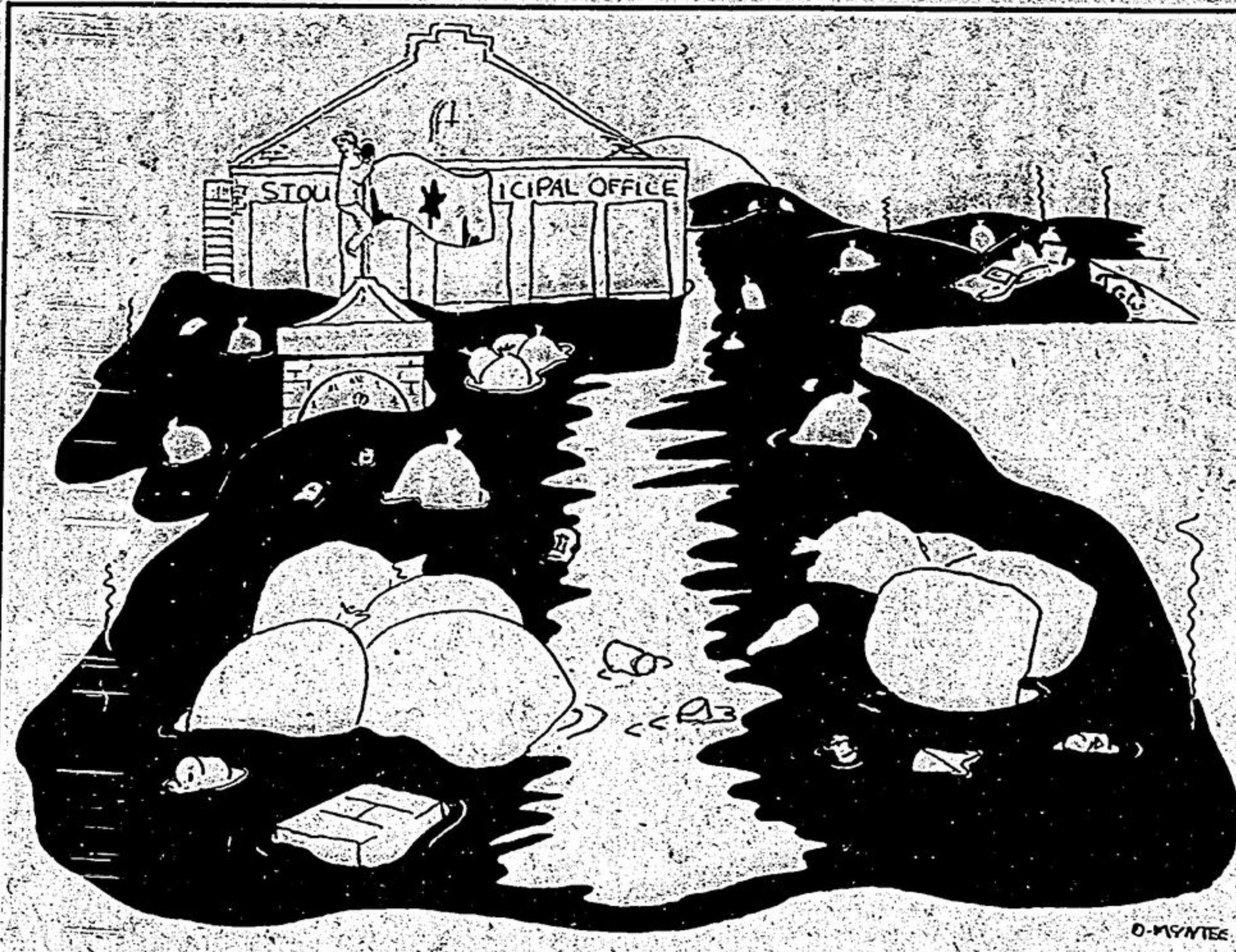
The announcement has been issued stating that the 40 mile limit would be retained for automobiles for a limited time at least. This is for the sake of keeping down the accident toll. Ottawa explained, since there are so many unsafe tires being used. Surely, if 40 miles will keep down the accident toll, we should retain it all the time. Such an announcement would lead one to think the lid will be lifted off control just as soon as we get away from the war with the Japs. Then we start war on the highways here at home. Better retain the 40 mile limit all the time as a matter of safety to those who want to live. It's plenty fast enough.



Marg and Ted Kralnyk have devised a unique mail box on the road near their home on the 9th Line. With an old horse-drawn plow and large metal wheels, the unusual mail

box complements some of other distinct mail boxes along rural roads in the area. One further up the road from this one uses a cows skull.

John Montgomery



Garbage problems mount in Whitchurch-Stouffville

### SUGAR AND SPICE

### The 'little trip' that never was

By BILL SMILEY

A couple of weeks at a cottage is appealing. But what the heck, we slouch around at home in bare feet and shorts, and as far as listening to the loons at night goes, you can always ask a few of your friends to drop in.

We have this ridiculous, guilty feeling that we should do what normal people do on their vacations: go to a lodge; rent a cottage; buy a tent and go camping; hire a trailer; go for a "trip" somewhere. Anything.

We talk about it for weeks, off and on. We keep referring to "our little trip."

Perhaps we should just jump in the car and go gypsying around the country, we say. It sounds good, nice and careless and fun, with a new adventure just around the next curve.

Or maybe this year we'll do the culture bit: a week at Stratford, take in all the plays, dabble our feet in the Avon, look with the eye of old theatre-goers at the stunned gawking tourists.

Or for a change, book in at a posh lodge for a week, no meals for the old lady to cook, dress to the hilt for dinner, mingle with the fascinating sub-set.

Or this year, for once, we'll rent a cottage for two weeks, dam the expense, get away from the telephone, slouch around in bare feet and shorts and listen to the loons on the lake at night.

Or, for a complete change, maybe we'll go to the city, check into a fancy hotel with a pool, lounge around in an air-conditioned room, and go out to dinner and a good show.

There's only one trouble with all these plans. They require decisive action, and we never seem to get around to either decision or activity.

Take the posh lodge, for example. First,

they are all clip joints. Secondly,

they are booked for the whole summer.

Thirdly, we

don't have the wardrobes to dress to the hilt or anywhere else.

Fourthly, they are full of bores.

And the food is no screaming hell.

Gypsying around in the car is fine, except

that you have to get out on the road with all

those maniacs,

and drive and drive in the

heat,

and pay a ransom for motel rooms,

and eat fried food until you begin to feel like a french-fry, and watch a TV set offering re-

runs of last winter's re-runs. The biggest

adventure here is wondering whether the

toilet will back up.

Take the posh lodge, for example. First,

they are all clip joints. Secondly,

they are booked for the whole summer.

Thirdly, we

don't have the wardrobes to dress to the hilt or anywhere else.

Fourthly, they are full of bores.

And the food is no screaming hell.

Gypsying around in the car is fine, except

that you have to get out on the road with all

those maniacs,

and drive and drive in the

heat,

and pay a ransom for motel rooms,

and eat fried food until you begin to feel like a french-fry, and watch a TV set offering re-

runs of last winter's re-runs. The biggest

adventure here is wondering whether the

toilet will back up.

Take the posh lodge, for example. First,

they are all clip joints. Secondly,

they are booked for the whole summer.

Thirdly, we

don't have the wardrobes to dress to the hilt or anywhere else.

Fourthly, they are full of bores.

And the food is no screaming hell.

Gypsying around in the car is fine, except

that you have to get out on the road with all

those maniacs,

and drive and drive in the

heat,

and pay a ransom for motel rooms,

and eat fried food until you begin to feel like a french-fry, and watch a TV set offering re-

runs of last winter's re-runs. The biggest

adventure here is wondering whether the

toilet will back up.

Take the posh lodge, for example. First,

they are all clip joints. Secondly,

they are booked for the whole summer.

Thirdly, we

don't have the wardrobes to dress to the hilt or anywhere else.

Fourthly, they are full of bores.

And the food is no screaming hell.

Gypsying around in the car is fine, except

that you have to get out on the road with all

those maniacs,

and drive and drive in the

heat,

and pay a ransom for motel rooms,

and eat fried food until you begin to feel like a french-fry, and watch a TV set offering re-

runs of last winter's re-runs. The biggest

adventure here is wondering whether the

toilet will back up.

Take the posh lodge, for example. First,

they are all clip joints. Secondly,

they are booked for the whole summer.

Thirdly, we

don't have the wardrobes to dress to the hilt or anywhere else.

Fourthly, they are full of bores.

And the food is no screaming hell.

Gypsying around in the car is fine, except

that you have to get out on the road with all

those maniacs,

and drive and drive in the

heat,

and pay a ransom for motel rooms,

and eat fried food until you begin to feel like a french-fry, and watch a TV set offering re-

runs of last winter's re-runs. The biggest

adventure here is wondering whether the

toilet will back up.

Take the posh lodge, for example. First,

they are all clip joints. Secondly,

they are booked for the whole summer.

Thirdly, we

don't have the wardrobes to dress to the h