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CHARLES H. NOLAN
 Publisher
BARRE BEACOCK
 Advertising Manager

EDITORIAL DEPT: Ted Wilson, Annegret Lamure
 DISPLAY ADVERTISING DEPT: Lois Williams, Bill Stephenson
 BUSINESS OFFICE: Joan Marabian, Dorcas Deacon, Ellen Glover, Ben Harris

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Editorials

Policeman back on the beat a welcome sight in the village

It seems Stouffville has been singled out by the regional police force as the location for an experiment in putting the policeman back on the beat.

For the past week or so officers have been very visible in the town, conducting foot patrols.

Police Chief Bruce Crawford has cited economic reasons as the major factor in this program. It is much cheaper to park a cruiser and have the police officer conduct foot patrols than it is to have the police officer drive around for the whole shift.

The chief also acknowledged that part of the reason for the change is because of public demand.

The major reservation among senior police officials is that the officer will not be

able to respond fast enough to an emergency call.

This does not seem, to us, a great problem as the officers park their cruisers in a fairly central location and are at most only a couple of minutes away from them.

The local response to this program has been very enthusiastic. Many people have said they feel more secure with policemen walking the streets.

Policemen we have spoken with have expressed approval of return to the old system. They feel they can get to know the community better and are thus more effective in their jobs.

In our opinion the greatest benefits are in the public relations field. It is such a change to exchange a few pleasant words on the street with an officer. Especially when, as for most of us, the only words we hear from a policeman are, "Alright let's see your licence, insurance and registration."

With the cop back on the beat the officer again becomes a human being instead of a summons-issuing automaton.

A few days ago we observed a very pleasant sight. An extremely tall policeman was making his rounds accompanied by a very small boy. They were sharing a chocolate bar.

If this return of the officer on a beat is a result of insufficient funds, then we hope it takes a long time for the force to overcome their economic difficulties.

Following in Britain's path

While we may look with some scorn and not without a little alarm at the economic position of Britain today, are we not on the same path, be it some distance back? An overdose of socialism, an oppressive tax system which has sapped all the incentive from the system, and an alarming trade deficit have all helped put Britain in economic peril.

A full cup of socialism and a horrendous trade deficit are putting this country on the same slippery path. Our trade deficit has reached nearly \$10 billion, more than double the figure of three years ago.

Our workers wages, much above those in the U.S. are slowly pushing our products out of world markets. We are simply unable to compete in many fields. We borrow more and we sell raw materials in an effort to compensate, but such action cannot go on forever.

Latest industrial reports show that it is five years now since some industries showed a higher home-grown consumption. Households and industry alike are turning in increasing numbers to cheaper imported goods.

Britain has been forced to swallow wage restrictions of 4 1/2 percent and had a drastic devaluation in currency in an effort to turn the deficit position around. This seems pretty drastic medicine in Ottawa, but could it come to that?

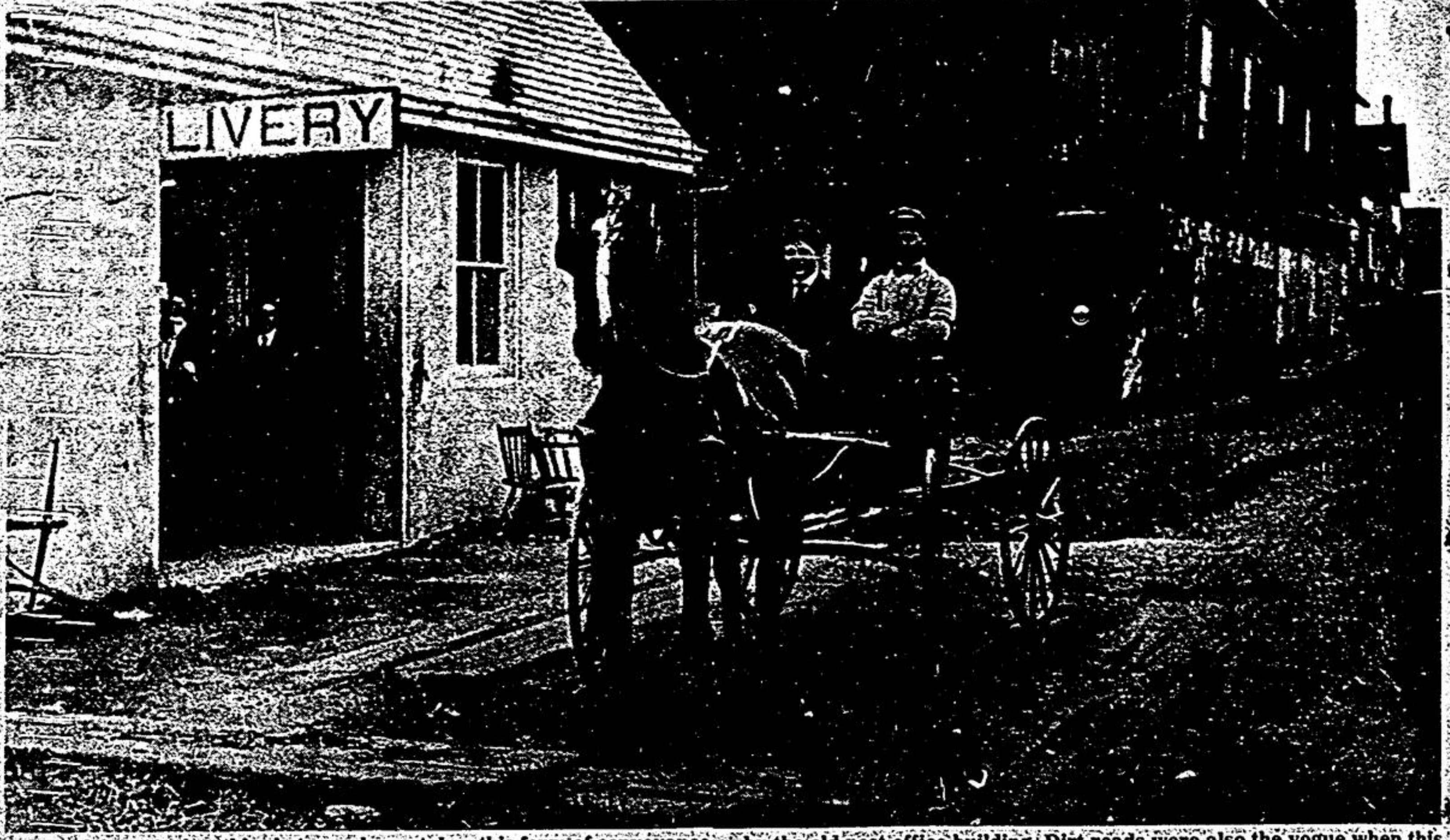
Old fashioned values key to long, active life

Our reporter thoroughly enjoyed his chat recently with Dr. N. F. Tomlinson of Claremont. A front page story last week told how Dr. Tomlinson, at 89, continues to play golf and to treat some lifelong patients, among other activities.

Many senior citizens today seem to have lost most of their grace and wisdom upon entering retirement, but not so with Dr. Tomlinson.

The reason for this is, both that he remained active and, as he says, that he never quite became "modern." Perhaps a major and fatal characteristic of becoming "modern" nowadays is to be cynical and self-centred, unable to enjoy life and people.

The key to a long and peaceful life may be, in the end, holding to and living by values that stand the test of time.



Back in 1908 when this photograph was taken this form of conveyance was right in style. The two men in the buggy are Preston and Lu Morden. Longtime residents will recognize that the livery in the picture is now Stouffville Resale and Rental Centre, which for the past few years housed Betz Pools. The large barn in the background is on the site now occupied by the old post office building. Dirt roads were also the vogue when this picture was taken. The photo is actually printed on a post card but why or who owned it we don't know. The card was discovered in The Tribune files.

SUGAR AND SPICE Olympian second chances are in order

By BILL SMILEY

Now that the Games are over, and all the tears have been shed, it's time to look ahead to the 1980 Olympics.

What the International Olympic Committee needs like a hole in the head is new ideas, but I'll give them one anyway. It's simple: give everybody a second chance.

I'm sure people like Debby Brill and Bruce Simpson and Yankovich Strzmlwzki will agree with me.

Most of us get a second chance in life, whether it's falling down on the job, impaired driving, or being married. Why not the Olympic athletes?

I got a second chance once upon a time, and I was ecstatically grateful for it. It was a long time ago, and the Olympics had been cancelled for The Duration, but there were some pretty serious games in progress, just the same.

It is one of the great ironies, and my students simply can't understand it, when I try to explain, but yours truly, and a lot of others, were involved in a bitter competition. We were trying to become fighter pilots, so we could be killed.

Isn't that silly? But it was so. No Olympic athlete suffered any more tension, anxiety or frustration than we did when it came to the big day, the final event, our wings test.

Long before that, of course, were the eliminations. First one was the physical examination. It was tough. Many a youth with dreams of dicing through the clouds in a dogfight was shot down in the M.O.'s office because he had flat feet or was color blind.

Next came the preliminary heats. These were known as Elementary Flying Training. If you came through about 60 hours of flying training, without being terribly air sick, without bouncing more than 40 feet on landings, and without running into another aircraft and killing yourself, you made the semifinals.

We lived in constant fear. Oh, not of killing ourselves. Nobody was concerned in the least about that. The dread phrase was "washed out." That meant that you weren't going to be that dashing figure — a fighter pilot — but that you were going to be retained as a mere navigator, wireless op or tail gunner. In other words, sent to the minors.

If you survived the heats, off you went to finishing school, known as Advanced Flying. This was like making the Olympic team, but knowing you'd probably finish in 31 place.

I was sent, with a lot of other young idiots dying to be killed, to Camp Borden. It was quite an august group, including one Jake Gaudaur, the large, jovial gentleman who is now the commissar of the Canadian Football League. Hi, Jake.

Despite the augustness of the group, we trained in mid-winter. We flew in snow, we landed on snow, we crashed, we landed into snow, and occasionally an intrepid student, usually an Australian, proved once again that an aircraft falling 6,000 feet will not penetrate the ice of Georgian Bay. The whole deal was not unlike Napoleon's retreat from Moscow.

And all the time, leaning over our shoulders, was the ugly face of that thing called Washed Out.

It seems incredible, looking back, that we were in such terror of that creature. If all the young fellows in the world had managed to have themselves washed out, there wouldn't have been anyone to fly and kill and die.

But we suffered all the palpitations of Olympic contestants as we edged closer and closer to that triumph of sado-masochism, the Wings Test.

This consisted of about one hour of psychological torture in which the student flew the aircraft through a number of uncomfortable and alarming exercises while an instructor, sitting in the front seat, snarled imprecations.

Came my big day. Everything was great. I was shaking like a wino. It wasn't quite snowing, but it wasn't quite not snowing. And the intercom wasn't working.

Normally, this isn't a big deal. The intercom was just a little sort of telephone into which the instructor shouted obscenities and the student ground his teeth.

But on a Wings Test, it can be something more than a minor nuisance. My instructor would shout at me to do a steep turn to the left. I would guess at the muffled instructions and do a loop. He would yell at me to do a loop, and I'd do a sloppy slow roll.

After half an hour of this blind man's buff, he indicated with a ferocious gesture of his thumb that he was taking over and we were going to land. We did. He climbed out, speechless. I climbed out with my tail well between my legs.

He just looked at me, and shook his head. I just looked at him, and wagged my tail. We both knew that I was Washed Out. He walked away. I looked around for some immediate means of committing suicide. The only thing I could see was a whirling propeller and that was a bit too messy.

There must, of course, be a climax to this fascinating narrative. And there is. Next morning I was moping about, feeling as though I'd just learned my mother was a prostitute and my father a quack abortionist.

A voice: "Smiley, get your gear on!" Another instructor, widely known as Mean Bastard. We took off. I hate to brag, but with the careless abandon of a man who knows he is off to the galleys anyway, I flung that aircraft around the sky in a dream Wings Test.

Two days later, I not only had my wings, but had suddenly become an Officer and a Gentleman.

So, everyone deserves a Second Chance. And that is my contribution to the XXIIst Olympics. I'll let the committee figure out the details.

Relations with States are deteriorating

By Sinclair Stevens MP

Canada's deteriorating relations with the United States were reflected in the tone of the Republican platform passed last week at the party's convention in Kansas City which I had an opportunity to attend.

One plank in the GOP's program bluntly states: "It is time for a series of new departures in our relations with Canada."

Faced with this reference to Canada, Governor Robert D. Ray of Iowa, Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, which presented the draft platform to the convention, said, "We are tired of squabbling over matters in which there appears to be no reason for disagreement. Where it is in our mutual interest we want to do all we can to reach agreement without using a combative approach." Then he added, "The paragraph arose I surmise from the frayed relations between us arising over an agreement for a pipe line through Canada."

Obviously the Trudeau government confrontation tactics in dealing with the United States are not appreciated among Republican Americans. Spokesmen would not as a rule specify particular irritants. Concern seemed to be a mixture of anxiety over Canada's role in NATO, the Saskatchewan partial takeover of the potash industry, federal acquiescence in the Canadian pirating of American TV programs, our change in attitude towards Time Magazine's tax position, and the Canadian approach to Continental energy resources.

Congressman David C. Treen of Louisiana, co-chairman of the subcommittee on Peace, Security and Foreign Policy, where the wording originated, said he did not know where the terminology came from. "I presume it means there should be a change for the better in our relations with Canada," he stated.

Pressed to clarify where relations should be changed, the Congressman declined to

comment. He smiled and said, "Perhaps we would like more of your oil."

Congressman Treen said the wording was in the original material prepared by Richard V. Allen in Washington and then submitted to the subcommittee. "It is unfortunate wording," he said and continued, "It is an inarticulate way to express our position."

Other sections of the platform passed at the convention relative to Canadian issues dealt with wage and price controls, abortion and gun control.

The Republicans tried a wage and price controls program under President Nixon. Now they say, never again.

Wage and price controls are not the solution to inflation, the platform states. "They attempt to treat only the symptom, rising prices, not the cause." Historically, controls have always been a dismal failure,

and in the end they create only shortages, blackmarkets and higher prices. For these reasons the Republican Party strongly opposes any reimposition of such controls, on a standby basis or otherwise.

So far the United States has been more successful in lowering their inflation level without controls than we have been with controls.

On abortion, the GOP states that they support "the efforts of those who seek enactment of a constitutional amendment to restore protection of the right to life for unborn children."

That's a relatively strong stand for a national party to take on this difficult but vital issue.

On gun control, Republicans have no doubt they support "the right of citizens to keep and bear arms." They oppose federal registration of firearms.

30 years ago this week

Excerpts from The Tribune from August 29, 1946

Worse weather

We have it from no less an authority than a minister of the gospel, that it actually snowed up at Ballantrae last Sunday, Aug. 25, during the rain storm which delivered hail in other sections hereabout.

Said the minister, "one chap actually came into the church with his coat quite white, fairly covered with snow." Well, that was a freak storm for it, certainly, was summer weather, and not cool enough for snow. Mysterious shot.

Police are investigating a strange shooting which occurred east of Uxbridge one night last week, when a resident of that town and a lady friend were driving home from

Lake Scugog. Mr. Jack Whitney and Miss Dora Brownscombe were hurrying to escape a threatened rain storm, when Miss Brownscombe declared she felt something had hit her. Just the jolt of the car, said the driver, who rushed on. Later it was discovered that a bullet had entered through the rear of the car body, passing through the seat, and actually dinging the lady's girdle. The hole in the car and through the seat were very apparent, but the bullet could not be located. A mark was left on the metal stay of the girdle.

It is believed that the shot was from a high powered rifle, but whether it was intentionally aimed, or a stray shot is a mystery. Since it was after nine o'clock and quite dark, possibility of someone shooting groundhogs or other animals is unlikely.



She's only sixteen months old and already has problems. Miriam Nargolwalla of Unionville had been using her rather

dilapidated sucker as a sandshovel and is now intently trying to figure out how to convert it back into a lollipop. — Annegret Lamure