



The Tribune

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Editorials

Physicians short-changed

Many physicians including several here in Stouffville, aren't happy with financial restrictions currently imposed by the Provincial Government through the Ontario Health Insurance Plan, commonly referred to as OHIP.

While most people don't really understand the doctors' plight (even worse, don't care), we do. Further, we sympathize with the position in which they now find themselves. For they're caught in a bind.

In our opinion, for the time and expense involved in reaching the position he holds plus the importance of the service he performs, a physician should be far and above the highest salaried person of any profession bar none.

After all, in many instances, life itself is in his hands.

Already, many doctors have left Ontario for the United States. If this trend continues, the situation could become serious.

What we suggest is an OHIP plus plan whereby anything over the Ontario insurance rate schedule would be billed directly to the patient. In other words, if a doctor's fee for treating say a sore throat is \$11 but OHIP pays only \$7.65, the recipient of the service would pay \$3.35.

The arrangement should serve two purposes. It would give the physician the fee he deserves and reduce office calls that don't require the services of a doctor in the first place.

Need lighted intersections

A collision occurs at the intersection of Fifth Line, Whitchurch-Stouffville and the Bloomington Road. The motorist travelling north (or south), is obviously in the wrong. He should have stopped. The sign said so.

So why didn't he? That's what the police will ask, if the driver's still able to answer. More often than not he won't. Second chances are unlikely if belted broadside by a gravel truck.

He got what he deserved, witnesses will say. So much for that.

However, we have something to say about all such roads intersecting a main highway. There should be some type of illumination

other than what is provided by an automobile's headlights.

We don't mean automatic traffic lights, just an ordinary street light, powerful enough to illuminate the area. Also, the stop signs should be larger, similar to what's provided at the corner of the Ninth Line and the Bloomington Road.

Why the concern, you ask? Because we drove through the intersection at Fifth Line and Bloomington, Tuesday night, without realizing the main road was there; until too late.

We were lucky but the next guy may not be so fortunate.

Board must communicate

We never thought there'd come a day when this newspaper would support the hiring of (another) communications officer for the York County Board of Education.

However, we're now convinced there is a need, an urgent need for such an employee. Not that the position should be a P.R. post. Board members should boil in their own oil. But there's a job to do in reaching the people that not even the weekly press can accomplish; not effectively over such a large and complex area.

This newspaper has found that in dealing with basic issues, a one-on-one approach is best. For the past five months, trustee Harry Bowes has met regularly with The Tribune's editor in an effort to get to the bottom of

problems that we feel may be disturbing to parents and taxpayers. The arrangement has worked well, so well, a similar program is now in operation with Linda Carder of the regional School Board in Durham.

Therein, we feel, lies the secret of "communications". To cut through the bureaucratic red tape that binds the Board as a whole and explain, in the simplest of terms what trustees are attempting to do.

This will be no 9 to 5 job. It will entail speaking engagements, newsletters, panel discussions and, yes, perhaps even a newspaper.

Believe us, if this responsibility is taken seriously, the successful applicant will earn that \$20,000 salary.



"Blessed be the tide that binds"



Roaming Around

A professional wrestler left his mark

By Jim Thomas

I'm a wrestling fan -- or was.

Thirty years ago or so, I seldom missed a match.

I was working for Eaton's at the time, commuting daily to Toronto from home. The one 'break' in the week was Thursday. That was "fight night" at The Gardens and regardless of what big names occupied the card, I was there.

Believe me, for a single farm boy to spend the night in the big city was really something. On occasions, I'd even stretch it into two, staying over at the Ford Hotel so as to catch Bob Hassard, George Armstrong, Danny Lewicki and the Toronto Marlboros in action the following Friday.

Some fun. While the hockey was great (the Marlboro's had a fantastic team in 1950), wrestling or "rasslin'" as some folks called it, was No. 1. A bunch of us from work would buy up a half-dozen seats in the Blues and hoot and holler for our heroes -- the good guys against the bad.

But good or bad, they were great; the talk of Toronto.

Back then, Whipper Billy Watson commanded just as much respect as Daryl Sittler does today. And he packed the place.

Like in most sports, each spectator has a favorite. Mine was Yukon Eric, a broad mountain of a man who posed a real threat to Watson's British Empire crown. The one night the two met for the Title, close to 16,000 fight fans were on hand. I don't remember who won (probably a draw), but I do recall the tension within that huge crowd. I suppose I sat on the edge of my seat like everybody else.

White Watson and Eric were headliners in those days, there were others equally good (or bad). The Miller Bros., Fred Atkins, Gorgeous George, Killer Kowalski and Lord Athol Layton are a few who come to mind.

But what of the fight game today? A recent centrespread by columnist Allen Abel of The Globe and Mail seems to suggest that "bone-benders" past couldn't hold a candle to the muscular matmen of the present.

Like who, I ask? The paper mentions Big John Studd,

Ricky Steamboat, Dono Bravo and Nick Bockwinkel.

Never heard of them? Me neither. The story goes on: "What the 7,000 patrons saw scrambling around the ring was a succession of superbly structured young men who bear faint resemblance to their gimmicky grandfathers of the grunt-and-groan game".

Seven thousand spectators? A far cry from sixteen thousand of thirty years ago.

Gimmicky grandfathers? The ultimate insult.

How do I know. Well, I'll let you in on a little secret. One evening after a main bout right here in Stouffville, Tommy Nelson, the match promoter, asked me to accompany him to one of the dressing rooms and I hesitatingly agreed.

There, he introduced me to one of the combatants, a chap by the name of Bulldog Brower.

How do I remember? How could I forget. My right hand still hurts.

Sugar and Spice



I'm a member of the Anti-Metric Club

By Bill Smiley

After about 10 days of solid blizzards and bad driving, low temperatures and a lower temperament, my social, intellectual and emotional life hovering around zero (Fahrenheit), I wondered what to write about this week.

Came home from work, picked up the mail, and there was a fat package from something called AMC, Ottawa. I turned it over a couple of times, wondering whether the initials meant Ancient Military Curmudgeons, from some veterans' outfit, or All Men Cowards, from some rabid women's lib crowd.

Not to worry. Democracy is still rearing its bruised and battered head here and there in this our native land. The package was from Anti-Metric Canada, its single and avowed purpose the stamping out of the metrication of our fair white country.

It contained: an honorary membership card; a bumper sticker which shouts, "Pound Out Metric"; a newsletter with a number of spelling and grammar errors; a personal letter from the president; a petition to send to my M.P.; a full page of anti-metric propaganda; and a quiz or survey loaded with questions along the line of, "When did you stop beating your wife?"

Sample question. "Do you realize that under the metric system that (sic) the farmers will lose (sic) money and the dairy cartel win?" Answer yes no.

How can you answer a question like that? With a yes or no? Personally, I think it's high time the farmers were pried loose from some of their money, and the whole thing is putting the cartel before the cow.

Another sample: "Do you believe that people come before computers?" Well, yes and no. We were here before the computers, but when it comes to arguing with one over a booboo on your chargex, it's obvious that they come before us. And I have a secret hunch that they'll be here long after the human race has disappeared, chattering and giggling away among themselves about how they so finally, and so easily, got rid of us.

Just one more sample. "Do you want the Canadian public to pay \$2.00 a gallon for gas?" Answer: depends on whether you think a gallon of gas is more important than a pound of beef. If the Ay-rabs can get \$2 a gallon for it, and you don't have any, that's what you'll pay.

If the beef farmer can get \$3 a pound for sirloin, and you don't happen to have a steer tied up in the garage, that's what you'll pay. Elemental.

These questions are being sent to M.P.'s. Migod, I hereby resign my honorary membership in the Anti-Metric Canada organization.

I am much more sympathetic with their aims than their means. (But I wonder where they were when I was carrying on a lonely, single-handed, but valiant fight against metrication a year or so ago?)

I detest metrication and all it stands for: conformity, unification, anonymity, and confusion for everyone over thirty years of age. Ask any shopping housewife what she thinks of it? She will probably, if she has thought about it, reply that it's a lovely opportunity for the food barons to rip everybody off, except those equipped with a pocket calculator and endless time on their hands. A gram here and a millilitre there add up to millions, over a year.

Editor's Mail

Takes strength

Dear Mr. Thomas: Your Jan. 31 editorial entitled "Elected To Make Decisions", said what needed to be said.

Politicians are no longer hard-nosed lawmakers but wishy-washy milk-toasts who bend with every hot breath vented by parents and taxpayers.

When I elect a trustee or a ward councillor, I expect him to do a job to the best of his ability. If I think he's not, I'll boot him out (or try to), the next time I exercise my franchise.

Sure, there's nothing wrong with making recommendations. But people must stop this "do it or else" type of tactic.

The man or woman who's willing to "stand up and be counted", even against the 'mob', has my support, even though I may not necessarily agree with him (or her).

That's what impresses me about our mayor, Eldred King, before he's through, is going to make some enemies. In doing so, he'll gain a lot of respect. I only wish more politicians had his kind of strength.

Eric Jenkinson
RR 3, Stouffville



The sign is hardly necessary

"Course closed" reads a rather redundant sign at the entrance to Spring Lakes Golf Club west of Hwy. 48 near Ringwood. There's always a chance,

however, that some enthusiastic duffer might try a round of snow golf.

—Jim Thomas.