



# The Tribune

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## Editorial

### A comic opera

By Marilyn Lee

When the slightly exasperated Mayor of East Gwillimbury suggested that Regional Councillors could have built a new Police Headquarters in less time than it is taking them to find a suitable location, she just might have had a point.

Councillors insist that they are not being 'parochial' in outlook, yet Council is split right down the middle on the issue. Newmarket and the northern municipalities are determined that the Police Headquarters will be located in Newmarket, while Richmond Hill is equally determined that it will be located in the south.

The two groups are at loggerheads, neither willing to give an inch. Hours of sterile bickering result as the debate sinks to the level of a squabble among rivalrous and envious factions.

Although discussion has degenerated to the point where it is assuming all the characteristics of a comic opera, the issue has some pretty serious implications for the taxpayers of York Region.

With the bulk of population and assessment in the area of Markham, Richmond Hill and Vaughan, why should the Headquarters be located in Newmarket?

With all kinds of land available for development and architects' proposals pouring into the Board of Police Commissioners at the rate of several a week, why should taxpayers' money be wasted on buying and renovating the \$252,000 Office Specialty building as a temporary headquarters?

### Jail term not the answer

This week, a 45 year old Stouffville area man, father of six, will be released following sixty days in jail.

He was placed in custody following conviction, Jan. 25, of driving while impaired. A mother of five was killed in the crash.

While we do not condone the irresponsibility of the act nor overlook the pain and suffering caused by it, we do not feel that sixty days or even a single day behind bars can possibly serve any worthwhile purpose.

If a judge, before imposing such a sentence, would stop and think for a

As any practical businessman will tell you, there is no way the Region could ever expect to get their money out of the Newmarket building when the time comes to sell. After all, how many prospective buyers would be looking for a building with seven cells in the basement?

But the 22 year old site is a poor choice for many other reasons. It will need a new furnace, a new roof and many other renovations before it would be occupied by the police.

It is in a very poor location as well. Situated on the corner of Water and Prospect Streets, the Police Headquarters would add to an already congested traffic situation.

The rivalry between Richmond Hill and Newmarket to become the locale for the new Police Headquarters is beginning to look like the pre-confederation rivalry between Toronto and Montreal to become the capital of the new Dominion.

The issue was eventually settled by Queen Victoria who decided that the obscure little site of By-town on the Ottawa River would become the nation's capital.

History has a way of repeating itself. If the charade at Regional Council doesn't soon come to a speedy conclusion, and a site designated that is both centrally located and fair to all the people of York Region, some other authority may be tempted to settle the issue. Who knows, to the great disappointment and consternation of both Newmarket and Richmond Hill, the new Police Headquarters may be placed in Vander.

moment, he'd realize that such an antiquated form of punishment is merely an outmoded form of revenge. It accomplishes absolutely nothing, but rather only hurts the innocent, the accused man's wife and family.

Driving an automobile remains a privilege. When that privilege is broken, it should be withdrawn - two years, ten years, perhaps forever.

This is where the deterrent factor lies, both for the driver who has broken the law and the one who might be tempted to do so.

Cages are for animals.

### Shortage of children's shows

For over an hour, we stood with dozens of other Moms and Dads in a block-long lineup, to see the show 'Cougar Country' at the Cedarbrae Theatre on Lawrence Avenue.

Similar turnouts have occurred elsewhere, including the Legion Hall in Stouffville, where an estimated 500 were on hand last week.

Why? Because one movie-maker agreed to take a chance and experiment with a show, geared solely to the interests

of the 'little people' - the peanut and popcorn set who, for too long, have been neglected.

The experiment has been successful. So much so, in fact, it could prove to be one of the year's biggest money-makers.

We hope it is. For it might prompt others in the film industry to do the same.

'Cougar Country' has indeed set an excellent example. It's a welcome change.

## Editor's Mail

Dear Sir:

You will recall that I wrote to this paper two weeks ago with regard to long distance charges from the north end of Whitechurch-Stouffville, to the 640 exchange.

Since that time I have received quite a few calls from other people in the neighbourhood who also feel strongly about this matter, and a petition will be circulating very soon.

I was very encouraged by Mr. Laushway's comments last week. However, I feel that Mayor Laushway has slightly misinterpreted my request, since he mentioned extending the 640 exchange to include this area. Actually, I had proposed that our calling area be ex-

tended to include the 640 exchange. We would then be able to place calls in a radius around our area. If we became part of the 640 exchange, we would then be on the northern boundary of that exchange, and would have to pay to phone neighbours a short distance to the north of us.

This would not be much of an improvement over the present set-up. We will be asking residents opinions when we circulate the petition and would appreciate comments. Anyone interested may phone me (473-2876), Mr. Al Owen (473-5403) or Mrs. B. MacDonald (473-2779).

(Mrs.) Lee Wong,  
R.R. 3, Stouffville.



### SUGAR AND SPICE

#### Trudeau's wedding wisdom of age

By BILL SMILEY



Belated congratulations to our Prime Minister and his bride. It was one of the big upsets in March. The others were Mohammed Ali taking the clobbering of his lifetime, and me winning an argument with my wife.

Not from the first have I been swept away by Mr. Trudeau's charisma, though the women in my family were. At times I have had serious doubts about his attitude and decisions.

Dear Sir:

In connection with your March 18 Farm Special Supplement in The Tribune, I wish to pass comment.

As a Unionville area farmer (there are still a few of us left), I wish to compliment you on the excellence of the issue. The make-up of the advertisements is very good and the news copy of local interest.

Congratulations on a job well done, and this is meant for your regular paper as well as the Farm extra.

Michael Cooper,  
Unionville, R.R. 1

Dear Mr. Thomas:

I am in complete agreement with your suggestion that a Ratepayer's association must have wide representation from all over the area in order to be effective. It takes time to build such an organization and people who are willing to work hard toward this end. In the meantime, I am aware of an increasing sense of frustration and helplessness in connection with our local government, which may explain the impetus behind the enclosed letter to Mr. McKeough.

I hope that others in York Region and particularly in the Town of Whitechurch-Stouffville will write to Mr. McKeough. Regional government is new, our problems are unique and now is the time to recognize them and plan for constructive changes.

In connection with Mayor Laushway's comments on our letter of last week regarding salaries of elected officials, we regret and apologize for the error concerning his salary prior to January 1971, but he does not say why he and his council will be doing more work. Right now, perhaps, this is true, but we're stuck with these increases for two years and after that, our elected representatives can pass another bylaw for more.

Mrs. Ellen Winter,  
R. R. 1, Gormley.

Dear Mr. Thomas:

As a truck driver of many years, I can see but one solution to the problem of school bus operation in 35 mile per hour zones.

Raise the speed to 40 miles per hour! This can be done on a local basis, whereas any other change would have to be Province-wide and thus may never occur.

Raising the limit to 40 m.p.h. would hardly be noticed by either pedestrian or motorist in places like Victoria Square and Buttonville. There are very few actual 'pedestrians' in these hamlets, with the exception of those who reside there.

Sound sensible?  
Keep up the good work.

Hans Hirsch,  
Stouffville, R.R. 4.

But when a man has enough sense to wait until he is 51 to get married, I feel our country is in safe hands.

Good gravy, if I had waited until 51, and I'm not there yet, I'd probably be able to ski and scuba-dive. And I might even be prime minister. And a millionaire.

But when a man marries at 25, he's had it. He has just thrown away the best twenty-five years of his life; the second twenty-five, that is.

For the first ten or twelve years, he's swimming against the tide. In more prosaic terms, he is spending about 140 out of the 168 hours in every week sorting out his kids, his finances and his woman. That leaves him 28 hours to float, and don't forget he's going against the tide. So where does he float? Downstream, that's where.

That's why so many married men of 50 are washed-up. On shore, or otherwise.

If he can keep his head above water during that first period, he's a mighty strong swimmer. But in the process, he has developed hardening of his physical emotional and mental arteries.

And just about then, he is pulled out of the water, purple and gasping, and told that he is entered in another marathon. In short, his kids are in their teens. Swim, baby, swim.

It really racks me to think of the gifts I have squandered in nearly twenty-five years of marriage. Especially when I think of Mr. Trudeau.

We're very much alike. He's a little older and has a little less hair. Probably more teeth, unless they're falsies.

About twenty-five years ago, we were on equal terms. Both in excellent physical condition. The only real differences I can see are that he had a lot of brains and a lot of money. And I chose to swim up-stream, while he chose to swim down.

Perhaps there's one other minor difference. He does everything well, and I do everything poorly. But don't forget he's had two and a half decades to practise - everything from skiing to chess - while I've had to catch them on the run.

I'd like to see what a great scuba-diver he was if he'd had to raise two rotten kids and pay off about four mortgages. Not to mention dealing with a strong-minded woman who has a direct line to divine inspiration in every discussion.

No wonder he was able to snatch up a beautiful, intelligent 22-year-old at his age. He's practically unscarred, while I'm like an old alley cat. About all I could snatch up, aside from the fact that my wife would kill me, is a 48 year old, with three divorces and three chins.

Don't for one moment think I'm jealous. Let him have his big rent-free mansion in Ottawa while I labour over my heavily-taxed, heavily-mortgaged hovel.

Let him have his fifty or sixty thousand a year in salary. We have enough to put bread on the table, after paying income tax and putting two kids through university.

I'm not envious. He earned it, by being smart enough to stay single until he was 51.

At least I don't have to bother with platoons of photographers and numberless newsmen when I take out Barbra Streisand.

No, I wouldn't trade him even, my old lady-for his, my kids for his charisma. (They think I have charisma, which is good enough for me.)

The only thing I get a little wistful about is not being asked to be Prime Minister.

And I still think I could beat him in a game of Russian billiards.

# ROAMING AROUND

## Harried husbands should take a holiday

By Jim Thomas

March is one month in twelve when all husbands should voluntarily pack their bags and leave. Not permanently, mind you. I'd never advocate that. Just a quick trip to say Jamaica or the Fiji Islands for three or four weeks. Wouldn't it be great?

It's not safe on the home front, I tell you - at least it's not safe at ours.

It's spring house-cleaning time! The 'open season' on everything, opened Saturday.

What an upheaval. And what a transformation - both in the house and the housewife.

Mine's become blessed with so much strength and energy, it's all kind of scary.

Would you believe it - a 120 pound mother lifting a 240 pound piano?

It made me weak to watch. And the chesterfield, the T.V., tables, chairs, you name it, tossed around the rooms like toys. She's a match for Superman.

Nothing escapes the clean-up campaign. It's wild.

This year, the bee started in the basement, the temporary midwinter home of 'Brownie', the kid's pet rabbit.

It's silent sanctuary was so suddenly disturbed, she's been in hiding ever since. And when she does decide to come out, she'll never recognize the place. It's spotless.

On the other side of the partition is the w(re)k room. The place where the children play away to their heart's content. You should see it now. Immaculate.

Upstairs, it's soap, scrub, wash, and wax. I'm almost afraid to step inside the door.

And the furniture - nothing new, but all of it moved, completely switched around.

About the only thing she hasn't shifted yet is the bath tub. But I'm not betting she won't try. Even the toilet bowl's been getting some dirty looks.

Up in the 'crow's nest', the split-level addition, the beds are, also, changed about. Barry and Paul now sleep side by side, positions of close proximity that I'm sure will never last. Susan's bed is cat-a-corner. That's the only new angle left.

So far, our boudoir has escaped. But I'm sure it's next on the renovation list. Right now, my wife's torn between the desire for two separate beds entirely or an inside bolt for the bedroom door. Either way, I lose.

With respect to interior furnishings, I bow to her superior knowledge. After all, men aren't supposed to know too much about such things. But when it comes to cleaning out old clothes (my clothes), I draw the line.

Take my old shoes for instance. The soles may be shot and the heels badly turned, but they're still okay for cutting grass, topping dandelions and kicking the neighbor's cat.

And the white shirt with the freyed collar. It may not be a first choice for church but its fine for washing the car.

And my old see-through bathing trunks. With the Women's Lib and all, they might be back in style this summer.

And last, but far from least, the saving of my old blue serge suit, relegated to the Plaza collection box for the Salvation Army. If it's good enough for Fred Victor, then it's good enough for me. Things are tough all over.

### Everybody happy

Dear Editor:

Our family was very much interested in your column of March 18. We have boys in the trading business too - in fact, a whole car full of them every Saturday morning.

Every week, while en route to the Stouffville Arena to play hockey, I stop in at your Esso station in town.

Not only do the kids pick up their hockey cards there, but I get my gas at a cut-rate price. You can't beat that for service.

Jas. Campbell,  
Scarboro.