



**The Tribune**  
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ONTARIO WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS ASSOCIATION

# Editorial

## School closings premature

While the York County Board of Education may attempt to blame the Department for the current overcrowding at Ballantrae, it would seem that the trustees too, must share some criticism in this regard.

For it was they, that authorized the closing of both Vivian and Shrubmount schools to the north, a decision that now appears premature.

This move, plus increased residential buildup in the community, has shot the Ballantrae enrollment up from an acceptable 195 to an intolerable 386.

And still no contracts for classroom additions have been let or tenders for prices called.

It is no secret, how members of the

York Board feel towards one and two-room rural schools. They consider them costly to operate, difficult to staff and sub-standard in facilities. They look on them as 'back woods'.

This being the case, the policy has been one of 'close them and sell them as quickly as possible'.

But, with respect to the current situation at Ballantrae, the policy has obviously backfired. For, instead of an improvement, facilities for some students are no better, and in some cases worse.

Far better for the Board to have maintained these smaller schools until such time as improved accommodation could be foreseen more accurately.

## A 'secret' service

Some motorists, nabbed for speeding in Whitchurch-Stouffville, have complained that, at the time of the alleged offense, no cruiser was visible in the area, nor did they see a radar unit at the site.

These drivers are probably right.

They saw no cruiser, because there was none - at least not the regular kind, common to the York Regional force. Instead, in some instances, unmarked cars are now being used.

They saw no radar unit, because the set is located inside rather than outside the

cruiser and almost 'totally hidden from view.

So what?

In our opinion, the kind of police car used, is not relevant. Nor is the location of the radar device.

The important thing is that 'speeders', endangering your life and mine, are being apprehended. The means by which this is being done is not cause for complaint. In fact, we hope the practice is continued, even if we're the next 'deserving' driver to be caught.

## A bad influence

Just how far out are the opinions expressed around university campuses reached what we would think was a climax last week when posters appeared around one university telling students not to vote. "Don't vote!" the signs read - and these are supposed to be our highest seats of learning? We have already pointed out editorially that those under 21 who have recently been added to the voters' list, would have little affect on the outcome of the election and such action as this only

strengthens our opinion.

Those who are easily led, are easily pushed to excess and it is a sorry commentary that such nonsensical rubbish is the best that so-called "smarter heads" can produce. Democracy can be threatened just as dangerously from within as from without, and urging persons not to vote is about as fast a way as there is to lead people into a state where freedom is unknown.

## Campaign was too long

We must fully support Premier William Davis' contention that current election campaigns are too long. It's just too much of the same thing. We venture to say that at least two weeks ago, the majority of voters knew which way they were going to cast their ballots.

We are surprised and disappointed as well at the number who express little interest in the campaign, one way or the other. True, there were always a certain number who knew little and cared less about what was going on, but it seems

their numbers are growing.

The "devil may care" attitude expressed by many is undoubtedly typical of our times and it appears in many forms, both in everyday living as well as in the over-all attitude regarding the welfare of Canada.

Candidates are wearied to the point of exhaustion as the campaign finally grinds to a halt, and our guess is that both they and their constituents would have been quite ready to go to the polls several days ago.

# Editor's Mail

Dear Sir:

I would like to thank Mr. Allan A. Wall for his article in the Oct. 7 issue of The Tribune under the heading 'Farm Land Assessment'.

Mr. Wall is not a farmer but is in a position to know and understand the situation as far as the farmer is concerned. This article certainly shows that he does understand the position of the farmer - which is more than can be said of many writers on the subject.

If any resident did not read it, look up the paper and read it carefully and thoughtfully. And if you did read it, read it again - the same way - carefully and thoughtfully.

The last two paragraphs really show what the farmer has, for some time, considered unreasonable and difficult to accept. He is so right about the services. In order to have water, the farmer must dig his own well and maintain it. He must also put in his own sewerage system and maintain it. All this, at his own expense, over and above what he has paid for in taxes. And, if some evening he decides to walk down the road to visit his neighbor, he has no sidewalk to walk and no electric fixtures to light the way.

Mr. Wall's last paragraph is particularly noteworthy and speaks for itself. May I quote: "So, I hope this change in assessment isn't looked on as another mythical free ride or subsidy for farmers"

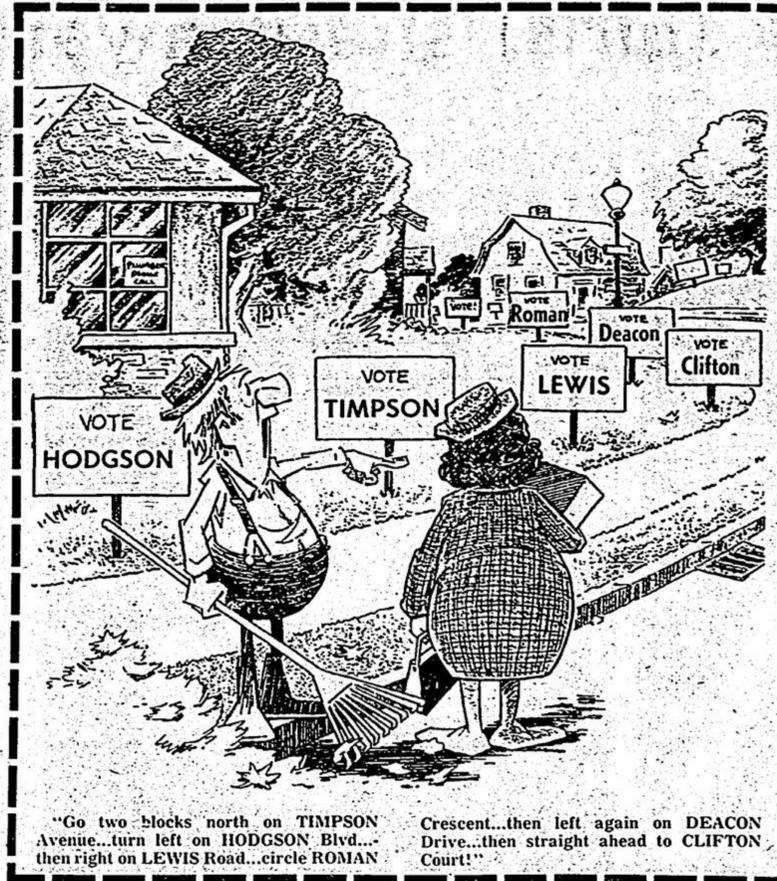
Mrs. I. M. Beach,  
R. R. 3,  
Stouffville.

Dear Sir:

I am writing with regard to an article in last week's Tribune concerning the problems of the Recreation Committee.

You quoted Mrs. vanNostrand as saying that the community of Ballantrae is a "lost cause". The Committee does not seem to be aware that Ballantrae is not represented because the representative for that area resigned some time ago and Council has not yet appointed a new representative.

I would suggest that part of the Committee's difficulties arise from the way in which members are appointed. I believe more effort should be made to find people who are directly involved in recreational program, and who have expressed in



"Go two blocks north on TIMPSON Avenue...turn left on HODGSON Blvd...then right on LEWIS Road...circle ROMAN Crescent...then left again on DEACON Drive...then straight ahead to CLIFTON Court!"

## SUGAR AND SPICE



### The mood's right in golden days

By BILL SMILEY

Early autumn, when the weather behaves itself, is a time when no Canadian in his right mind would care to live anywhere else.

This fall, after a moody summer, has been as close to perfection as anything this side of heaven. Golden days to sit around and listen to the acorns fall.

Weeks of frostless nights when it was sheer delight to be out and breathing that ineffable scent of fall.

Golf course almost deserted and offering magnificent vistas of golden trees and lush fairways and off in the distance, vivid blue water of the bay.

And speaking of water, I can scarce believe it, but we swam at the beach until well into the first week of October. And that's no heated swimming pool, dear reader, but the water of one of the greatest inland lakes in the world.

The beach in October is something. No howling kids who've stubbed their toe on a rock. No mothers screaming at kids who have gone out too far. No beach boys horsing around with a football. No distracting bikinis. No fat old ladies with varicose veins staggering through the sand carrying more beach junk - towels, umbrellas, lawn chairs - than you could load on a mule. No transistor radios blating the latest rock. No teenagers lying around smoking dear knows what.

Nothing. Just miles of clean sand with the odd piece of driftwood. The sun is warm, gentle, not scorching, abrasive. The water is, uh, refreshing, but so clear you can stand up to your belly-button, look down, and tell whether your toenails need cutting.

My wife and I and another couple swam all through September and set our eyes on breaking the October swim barrier. Usually, by October 1st, the water would freeze the brains of a brass monkey.

On the first Saturday in October, we swam and drowsed and talked and read and argued for seven hours. Good company is just the little frill to such a day, when even the gulls seem to co-

operate by sitting quietly on the water, bobbing gently, rather than screaming around looking for potato chips and ends of hot dogs, which they do all summer.

Our friends have children and many of the same problems with them that we have had. She is Scottish, with a lot of good sense, a good sense of humour and a refreshing indifference toward owning things and keeping up with the Joneses, and what the neighbours think.

He is German, and we have a lot in common. He was captured in North Africa and spent most of the war in a prison camp in the States. I was a prisoner in Germany. We compare notes. He is a Doctor of Philosophy, teaching high school mathematics. I needle him by calling him Herr Doktor, and occasionally click my heels. He just plain needles me.

We walked down the deserted beach. He's a great walker. He's about six feet two and I have to take one and a half strides to his one. He talks while I puff.

"What is it with these teenagers?" he asks. "They talk all the time about how they love nature and how they want to get away from it all, and there's not one in sight on such a beautiful day." I puffed back that the boys were in the poolroom and the girls were strolling the main street, in hot pants, trying to get the boys out of the poolroom. Perfectly normal.

Then I was betrayed. We rounded a spit and there was a male, definitely young, because his moustache was just a glimmer of hope, lying back against a driftwood log, reading. I couldn't resist. Asked him what he was reading. C. S. Lewis, of all things, a brilliant English writer and theologian. Once again my faith that young people are complete hedonists was shattered. Lewis is tough reading, as the lad admitted.

This has been a very inconsequential column. But when I think of the way in which nature can recharge our run-down batteries, all I can say is, "Thanks, God. You're a pretty decent sort after all".

# ROAMING AROUND

## Home away from home

By Jim Thomas

It is seldom I take advantage of any self-appointed assignments that could send me any distance from Stouffville.

Mind you, I could. There are occasions like conventions, receptions, etc., when I could toot off to Halifax, Vancouver or even Toronto, but I don't. For Tribune readers, I believe, aren't vitally interested in occurrences so far from home - at least not to the extent that they should want to read about them. So the day this newspaper appoints me as its foreign correspondent in Moscow, Algiers or Havana, is undoubtedly many years away.

On Friday, however, I did embark on a cross-country jaunt, to a place called Nanticoke.

Never heard of it? Neither had I; in fact, I never did find it. The truth is, I came very close to not reaching my original destination - the farm site of the International Plowing Match. It took me three hours to travel 115 miles.

Don't laugh. Have you ever tried to work your way from Clappison's Corners on the north-east to Cayuga on the south-west? It's a route no driver, other than a natural-born native, could ever hope to negotiate without getting lost at least twice. I was so completely mixed up so many times, I finally pulled the car off to the side of the road and called on a farmer for help.

"Why, son," he said, "you're headed towards Woodstock. Turn around and take the Grand River Road down to No. 3". "Mind," he advised, "it's a mighty twisty, but it'll get you there if you take 'er easy".

He was right, it did, at 3.45 p.m., but better late than never. I had plenty of time to gather up the week's results in all classes.

The awards banquet was arranged for the arena in Hagersville. I was lucky to obtain a ticket, so great was the demand. I arrived in the town an hour early, allowing ample opportunity to look around.

Where do most folks head when they enter a totally strange community?

I suppose if you're a Baptist minister, you look for a Baptist Church. If your interests tend towards politics, you go searching for the municipal offices or if you're a high school principal, you look for the high school. Naturally, I enquired for the printing plant of the local newspaper, appropriately called The Hagersville Press.

After some searching, I found it, located on a little-travelled street, across from the Commercial Hotel. H-ummm. Pity the poor publisher on a hot mid-week afternoon.

But the proximity of the two 'outlets' has its rewards. At least in Hagersville; if the Mayor's election photo appears in the obituary column, the editor has some excuse.

In Stouffville, Bing's coffee isn't quite that strong.

But aside from the papers, how else do the two towns compare?

Very similar in many respects.

For example, in Hagersville, like in Stouffville, there's the 'teen group' with nothing to do. The front step of 'Joe's' Pool Room appeared popular even though 'Joe' had obviously locked up early and gone home.

And hot-rodgers, vrooom, vrooom, up and down Main Street.

Truck traffic! Stouffville has nothing on Hagersville in that problem area either.

But the town is obviously top-heavy in barbershops and beauty parlors - four in half a block. They're also overloaded with hotels and taverns (if they're all operating), and their public library appears almost primitive.

These points on the critical side are more than offset by the availability of the West Haldimand General Hospital, a beautiful building located at the entrance from Hwy 3.

How do we compare for size?

"Well", answered a young lady in one of the stores, "the sign reads 2,200, but the total hasn't been changed for about five years. There have been a lot of births but, come to think of it, there have been a lot of folks die too. I'd say 3,000 would be pretty close".

So, four corners and 3,000 people. Still, I took the wrong road home. If my car had pontoons for wheels, I'd have floated clean across Lake Erie to Cleveland.

interest in serving on the Committee. The committee's idea to improve communications with the community is a good one. I would certainly like to have a clearer understanding of what the goals of this Committee are; and in what way the Committee relates to the various recreational groups in this area.

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

Dear Sir:

Premier Davis' extension of Go Train service to Brampton is an act of death-bed repentance designed to save political life.

For years, the government delayed Go extension although the need was clearly demonstrated.

Barrie Go service now runs about 2,600 daily. Latest Canadian Pacific figures show Toronto-Agincourt-Havelock business increasing. At Agincourt, there

has been a 20.8 percent increase over September 1970, in addition to the new CN Stouffville service which is running at capacity after two months.

Unfortunately, government progress appears related directly to elections. The 1967 election produced the east-west Go line. The 1971 election has produced the Brampton Go line. Only the imminence of an election and the danger of defeat appears to move the government to action. Elections every four years produce action every four years. Perhaps if we had elections every six months, we could have action every six months.

At present rates, it should take about six more elections to complete the commuter network required for the Toronto area.

Election campaigns and panicky governments may have their drawbacks, but in some curious way, they also produce results.

John C. Medcof,  
Mount Albert.