





Around the Coffee Table with Dale Jodoin

Kars on King Came and Went. But Where Was the Rest of Oshawa?

By Dale Jodoin
Columnist

The old cars were there. The crowds were there. The politicians were there too. It is an election year, after all. I enjoyed it. I always do.

But while walking downtown, something started bothering me. Where was the rest of Oshawa? Not the Oshawa we remember. The Oshawa we have today is different from the Oshawa we say we want to become. This is not a complaint about Kars on King. It is an observation. Where was Ontario Tech University? We have a university in this city doing serious automotive research. Ontario Tech's ACE facility works with manufacturers, researchers and technology companies testing electric vehicles, autonomous vehicles, trucks and other transportation technology. Its climatic wind tunnel can reproduce extreme weather and winds reaching 280 kilometres an hour. That is happening right here in Oshawa. We have a downtown car show celebrating automotive history while people only a short distance away are helping figure out what the automobile may become next. Why aren't those two things standing beside each other? Bring an experimental vehicle downtown. Bring students. Bring engineers. Let people see what is being developed in their own city. And bring Hunter, Ontario Tech's Ridgeback mascot. Then there is Durham College. Durham College trains people for automotive trades and electric vehicle technology. Bring those students downtown too. Let a teenager admiring an old Mustang suddenly find himself talking to someone learning how to repair an electric vehicle. That conversation might last five minutes. It might also change a life. And bring the Durham College mascot. Then another question hit me. Where were Oshawa's two big sports teams? The Oshawa Generals are part of the bones of this city. Their history goes back generations, and even their name connects directly to General Motors and Oshawa's automotive story. Give the Generals a table. Bring representatives. Bring Deke. Then invite the Oshawa FireWolves. Professional lacrosse is now part of Oshawa too. Give them a table. Let families meet the team. And bring Alphie. Now picture King Street again. Classic cars downtown. Ontario Tech showing automotive technology from the future. Durham College students showing the skills needed to keep those vehicles moving. The Generals representing Oshawa's sporting and automotive history. The FireWolves represent something newer growing in the city. And through it all, the mascots. Hunter. The Durham College mascot. Deke. Alphie. Think about the kids. A six year old may not understand battery systems or aerodynamics. But that child will remember meeting four giant mascots downtown. Mom takes a picture. Dad stops at the Ontario Tech display. An older brother talks with a Durham College student. The family discovers the FireWolves. Someone decides to go to a Generals game. Suddenly one city event is helping another. That is what bothers me. We already have everything. The university is here. The college is here. The teams are here. The families are here. So what are we waiting for? When politicians are standing beside us at public events, we should ask more than, "How are you?" Ask why Ontario Tech is not there. Ask why Durham College is not there. Ask why our two major teams are not part of it. Ask what will be different next year. We should be proud of the cars Oshawa helped build. But we should be just as interested in what young people here might build next. Maybe the next great automotive idea is already sitting inside an Oshawa classroom. Maybe the person who designs it is fifteen years old today, walking through Kars on King with Mom and Dad. The old cars show us where Oshawa has been. Our university, college and teams show us who Oshawa is today. Put them together and we might finally show people where Oshawa is going. If we cannot bring those pieces together for one day downtown, maybe the bigger question is not what was missing from the car show. Maybe it is what we are missing about Oshawa itself.



Bill S-206 Isn't UBI Progress; It's Ottawa's Next Taxpayer-Funded Boondoggle

By Nick Kossovan

A close friend and frequent sounding board for my writing recently texted me a CBC News story reporting on the 25th annual Basic Income Earth Network (BIEN) Congress, held in Toronto from August 19 to 22. Academics, professional activists, and career bureaucrats descended on Toronto Metropolitan University to swoon over Bill S-206. Sponsored by Senator Kim Pate, the bill would establish a national universal basic income framework guaranteeing a livable income for everyone over 17, with no requirement to work. Proponents frame the bill as a shield against AI and wealth inequality. Opponents, such as Senator Michael MacDonald, rightly argue that state handouts diminish personal ambition at a time when young people should be building their futures. Mark Carney was conspicuously absent, refusing to lend his elite central-planning cachet to what's essentially high-profile virtue signalling. After reading the coverage, I have to ask: how does one become a "basic income expert"? Is there an accredited degree involved, or is it simply the refined art of sitting in air-conditioned conference rooms, debating how to redistribute money earned by folks who get up at 6:00 AM to go to work? Stripping away the academic jargon, Bill S-206 positions basic income as a deeply divisive wedge among taxpayers. Canadian UBI evangelists conveniently ignore our southern neighbour, where a culture of risk, innovation, and hard work attracts global enterprise and investment. If Ottawa embraces cradle-to-grave nannyism, it still has to figure out how to hand out money without crushing the incentive to earn it. Spoiler alert: it can't. Human nature isn't driven by noble intentions. Ambition isn't a factory setting; it's a muscle built through struggle. The fear of poverty and the shame of failure aren't flaws in human design—they are pressure mechanisms that have driven civilizations to create, invent, and prosper. Yet even with these ferocious motivators snapping at our heels, millions still choose the comfort of dependency over the work required to achieve financial independence. Imagine the spiral when you remove the stakes that require people to fend for themselves and replace rock bottom with a taxpayer-subsidized buffer that erodes personal accountability. For many adults—and by adults, I mean anyone over 21—being taken care of by parents, employers, or the government has become their primary goal. When you tell a 19-year-old that Ottawa will pad their bank account whether they master a trade or scroll on their phone until noon, you aren't empowering them. You're neutering their drive. You're trapping them in a comfortable prison—a gilded cage—of lifelong government dependency. At the heart of my argument is deep concern for an expanding population of disenfranchised youth. When purpose evaporates, and hope diminishes, "no future" becomes a convenient cover for apathy (read: Why bother trying?). While an income safety net may eventually be necessary to keep young Canadians from falling through the cracks, it must never become a permanent, state-funded lifestyle. Any viable income support must be strictly capped at the bare necessities—a temporary floor for survival, not a comfortable salary. Above all, access must be tied to non-negotiable conditions requiring UBI recipients to pursue trade training (where the jobs are), higher education, or active employment, so their drive remains intact. Before Ottawa rushes into a bureaucratic boondoggle of unearned handouts, it needs to exhaust obvious, low-hanging income solutions first. The consequences of this growing aimlessness are already visible across the West, where young people increasingly embrace political extremism on platforms like TikTok and X. Interpol, Europol, and the FBI have documented teenagers migrating toward extremist digital networks that trade in nihilism, accelerationism, and anti-establishment ideology. These channels rarely rely on sophisticated theory; they simply offer hopeless youth a ready-made tribe and a surrogate sense of purpose. Lacking real-world ambition, a disenfranchised generation will naturally seek out radical doctrines to fill the void. After 25 annual gatherings, what have the BIEN gatherings accomplished beyond endless academic navel-gazing and zero practical results? If Ottawa is serious about helping struggling families, it shouldn't be expanding the welfare state; it should be overhauling the tax code. Take an arbitrary, generous benchmark: exempting the first \$45,000 of individual income from federal taxation. Economists can debate the precise math, but raising the federal tax-free threshold provides instant relief, directly rewards work, and could be implemented almost overnight without creating another government bureaucracy. Instead of offering hard math, UBI evangelists rely on sentimentality: "Some people simply can't earn a living wage." The reality? Canadians are being bled dry. According to the latest Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development Tax Revenue Statistics, personal income taxes account for 36.7% of Canada's total tax revenue, far surpassing the OECD average of 23.7%. Unlike economic peers such as Germany, France, Japan, the UK, or Australia, Ottawa squeezes everyday working families—not to invest in domestic priorities, but to underwrite foreign virtue-signalling, overstuffed bureaucracies, five-star official travel, and botched multi-million-dollar tech projects such as ArriveCAN. Then comes the thorny, unavoidable question of eligibility. Should someone who's worked, paid taxes, and contributed to Canada for 30 or 40 years receive the same monthly cheque as a recent arrival, a newly minted citizen, or someone who's never worked a day in their life? Should non-citizens and brand-new residents draw from the same well built by decades of Canadian labour? The moment you turn the federal treasury into an open tap, the line for taxpayer-funded handouts stretches far beyond Canada's borders, and the potential for exploitation becomes uncontrollable. When a government confiscates nearly 40% of your earnings under threat of audit and then promises to return a fraction as a "guaranteed allowance," that isn't compassion—it's a protection racket. It's an old political sleight of hand: create hardship, hand out state-issued crutches, and demand your vote in gratitude. Once citizens rely on government cheques to pay rent and buy groceries, they are no longer sovereign citizens; they become clients of the state. This illustrates the warning in Marilyn French's 1980 novel The Bleeding Heart: "There is no power greater than the power of passive dependency." Bill S-206 isn't UBI or social progress; it's a taxpayer-funded golden leash that kills individual initiative, a fiscally reckless boondoggle, and a ticking time bomb for a taxpayer revolt. By guaranteeing a livable wage without conditions, contributions, or accountability, Ottawa reduces Canadians from self-reliant citizens to government dependents: keep the herd quiet, keep them fed, and keep them compliant. The political axiom warns that the hand that feeds you always holds the collar, which may very well be Bill S-206's underlying intention.

VOTE TOM DINGWALL

FOR MAYOR OF CLARINGTON

DISCIPLINED • ACCOUNTABLE • READY

905-926-3517

TomDingwall.ca

October 20-26, 2026

CAST YOUR VOTE AT

Vote2026.ca



Paid for by the Tom Dingwall Campaign