THE UN-FAB FOUR: LAST CALL BEFORE THE FINAL CURTAIN?

Coffee, smelling salts—and a possible museum donation.

By Nicholas Bozza | Thorold Election Commentary | October 25, 2026

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Will the commentary continue?

Thorold's voters are adults. We can read the record, weigh the arguments and make our own decisions. After weeks of commentary, anyone still waiting to be spoon-fed an explanation may be suffering from something stronger than indecision. "Make-up-your-mind Mike" De Divitiis started by running for mayor, then changed course to seek another term as councillor. I call that political indecision. But refusing to weigh the record at all? Is that determined unteachability?

Two former colleagues came by for coffee today—one retired, the other still working. Both are wildly successful and, in my estimation, have enough brainpower to keep Mensa on its toes.

They asked whether I might return to the old days and join a couple of advisory boards in my former industry. Two openings, familiar faces, camaraderie, board perks, conventions and a few trips: there was certainly something to discuss.

"I'll let you know," I said. "I'm interested in reconnecting with the old boys and being a sounding board for a few projects."

They said they missed my crazy ideas and humour, especially the report writing—and the satire that sometimes sneaks into my reports and makes itself thoroughly at home in my presentations.

Then came another question: would I continue writing about Thorold politics throughout the new council's four-year term?

"I've been asked," I said. "Honestly, I'm really not sure. I'm certainly not doing it for the money. There isn't any—and there are expenses."

Perhaps it depends on tomorrow's results—and whether the UN-FAB FOUR are officially disbanded, their political act retired and its remains delivered to a special toxic-waste depot.

Political remains, so to speak. This is satire, not a disposal instruction.

Naturally, I'd want the disposal recorded. Preferably with **a camera angle that shows who did what**—a feature I'd also appreciate when watching council votes. For this imaginary assignment, I'd request a different camera setup—and an operator instructed to show the action.

"Never mind their political future," my colleagues said. "Whoever looks after the political health of the UN-FAB FOUR should have told them to **get their affairs in order.**"

Coffee money and political predictions

First, I don't bet. It does nothing for me. But if there were a betting line, I wouldn't wager a single dime on all four returning. **I'm not particularly confident that even one will make it back. That is my prediction, not polling or inside information.**

Dekker? I wouldn't put my coffee money on her. "Make-up-your-mind Mike" De Divitiis? **My wallet remains closed.** O'Hare? I doubt even another instalment of O'HAIRmania will have voters tearing their hair out for an encore.

If one survives electorally, my guess is Ken Sentance. Even here, I remain concerned about the potential conflicts discussed in my articles. **Those concerns are not findings of wrongdoing—but voters should weigh them rather than wave them away. In my view, he has not thoroughly explained the concerns I have raised—a criticism I also make of the others.**

I wouldn't bet my hair-colouring budget on Sentance returning, either. I don't even colour my hair—but if I did, I'd use L'Oréal. In the spirit of that familiar slogan, **surely I'm worth it.**

Sentance's hairstyle wouldn't leave my imaginary colour technician much to work with. "A political makeover? That's beyond my department," the fictional technician says. In this imaginary salon, the verdict is: "Sentance? Not worth another term." Even in my imaginary Ripley's office, the reply is: "Believe it or not—we're not taking that bet."

One of my colleagues leaned forward.

"Nicholas, you're retired. If voters consider your arguments and put their trust yet again in candidates they believe have disappointed them, that's their decision. But if they keep rewarding the very conduct they complain about, **how long are you going to keep explaining it?**"

"That's hard to argue with," I replied.

"If a thoughtful council wins, perhaps voters won't find your commentary as necessary. If the same problems return, you still can't spend retirement doing everyone else's thinking—especially if they've **changed their political address to the Twilight Zone.**"

I paused. Took a sip of coffee.

Wake up before the snowplows

In my head, Howard Cosell's voice rang out: "Down goes Frazier! Down goes Frazier!"

That famous call has echoed through sports commentary for decades. In my imaginary election broadcast, it was the cue to reach for the smelling salts.

Then I imagined calling Thorold's road-salt supplier.

"Could you make the next shipment smelling salts? We need everyone awake and alert for election day on Monday."

One problem: the road salt is for winter.

Democracy apparently requires us to wake up before the snowplows do.



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Are Thorold's citizens worth the effort? This time…yes, of course. Whether I'll continue this column is another question—and tomorrow may help answer it.

Abbey Road—or the museum?

My buddies had one final question: would I hold a press conference on Abbey Road if the UN-FAB FOUR were **UN-elected, UN-booked for another engagement and UN-available for an encore?** In other words, stripped of their elected titles by the voters?

Would their imaginary circus whips go to the Thorold Historical Museum—or would they get to keep them?

Hall of Fame—or Hall of Shame?



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Tomorrow, the voters write the ending to this election. Then I'll assess the result—and what I believe it says about the judgment behind it. Candidates get report cards. Why should voters be exempt? I've put in my time, and I get my say.

Mine will ask whether the choices stand up to **reason, logic and relevance.** Nobody has to agree with my remarks. But I'll decide whether continuing this column can produce results I consider **measurable and meaningful.**

Which brings us to the laundry.

Yes, FAB is a laundry detergent. But you can't expect a clean load if you refuse to add detergent and keep feeding yesterday's dirty laundry back into the machine.

That's the UN-FAB cycle: load the same problems, select "four more years," and act surprised when the stains return.

Fabric softener might soften the excuses. It won't clean up the record.



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Stay tuned. Tomorrow, we find out whether Thorold wants a fresh start—or another spin.

COMING TUESDAY OR WEDNESDAY: My post-mortem election report. My imaginary coroner from Hamilton is helping—we'll examine the political results, not the candidates' vital signs.

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Campaign reference: ThoroldToday, "Two candidates vie for Thorold mayor as council shrinks to six seats," August 21, 2026.

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