



The Tribune

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Editorials

Claremont 'by-passed'

A multi-thousand dollar bypass is nearing completion, east of the former village of Claremont.

For some, the opening of this 'roundabout road' will be welcomed relief—relief from the constant flow of heavy gravel truck traffic on weekdays, and a steady stream of summer cottage commuters on weekends.

The peace and quiet that residents once knew, will return.

But what a price to pay.

Had the original Brock Road route been taken, as anticipated by Ontario County, Claremont would now have a brand spanking new Main Street, complete with sidewalks, curbs and sewers.

In addition to an immensely improved appearance, the project would have cost less money and would have been completed much sooner.

For those who treasure the 'used-to-be', we draw attention to the village of Brooklin. One need only to recall the past and look at the present, to note the change—for the better.

The village of Pickering is another example except there, the natives have the best of two worlds—a bypass and a remodelled internal road system. It's beautiful.

So let this be a lesson to other communities, Unionville included.

There are worse things for a Main Street than traffic. One of these is no traffic at all.

A welcomed contribution

Stouffville was a witness to 'youth in action' Friday.

The procession, spear-headed by a fundraising drive, was in aid of The March of Dimes.

An early estimate, placed the campaign's total at close to \$1,000—a tremendous success.

This project, like others taken on by the young people of this community, only substantiates our earlier claim that students represent a powerful force for good when their energies and enthusiasms are properly organized.

This newspaper has been criticized for publishing stories related to the 'problems' of youth.

We will continue to do so.

However, we do not go looking for this kind of thing. What we do look for are the contributions to society made by young people.

Such a contribution occurred in Stouffville, Friday. And hundreds of crippled folk say "thank you."

Editor's Mail

Disastrous impact

Dear Mr. Thomas:
The Tribune of October 18 headlined "Noise Zone Land is a Political Football" and "Blasts Land Freeze". The present land freeze came about by agreement between the Ministry of Transport and the Government of Ontario. Ontario agreed to zone against urban development to save Ottawa the cost of purchasing the airport-noise lands (60,000 acres).

If an airport is required, it makes sense to keep development away from the flight paths. People already living in the noise areas are the "uncompensated losers" and injustice not softened by adding to their numbers.

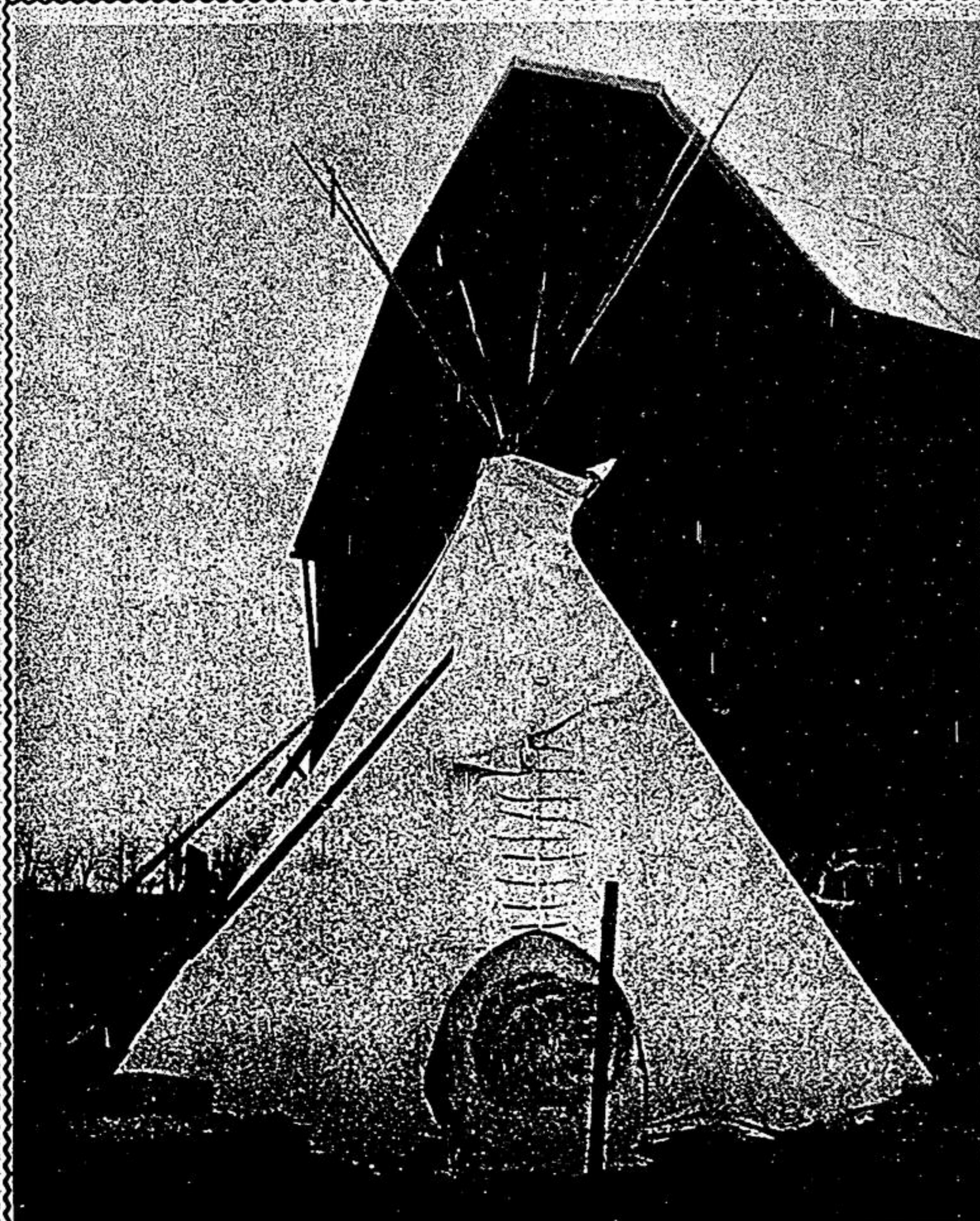
The flight path goes north and south of

Stouffville. The first published government noise map showed the whole town to be located in a high noise zone. Since then, the maps have been redrawn.

The airport has a disastrous impact on Stouffville. To be at the backside of an airport, between the included angle of two runway systems is not an enviable position.

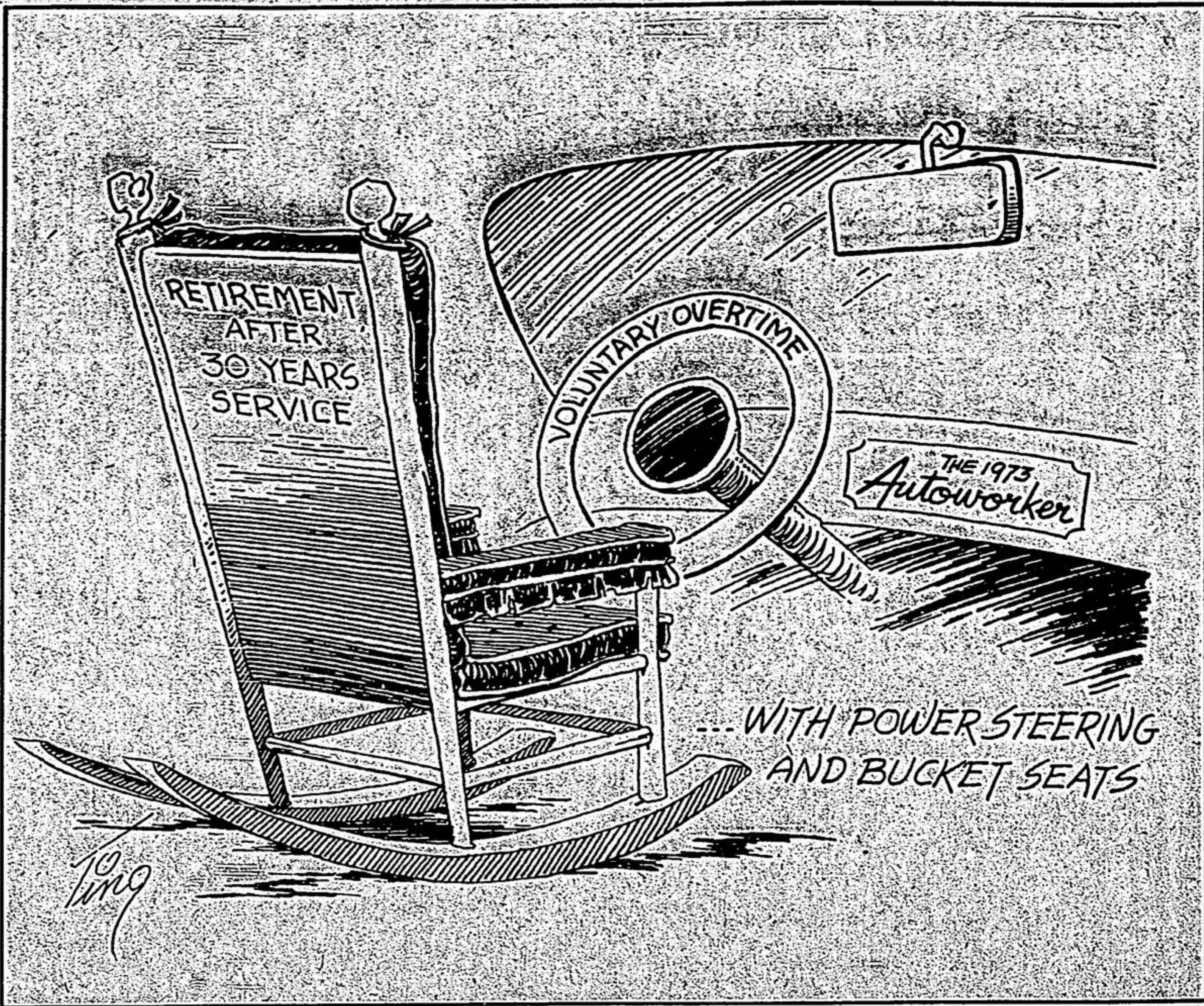
Let it be hoped that Town Council will put its full weight behind assuring that the airport will never be built. Only cancellation of the project can eliminate the black cloud over the Whitechurch-Stouffville, Pickering, Markham and Uxbridge communities.

Lorne Almack,
R.R. 2, Claremont



A solution to the housing shortage

Markham's solution to the housing shortage? It's possible, but not probable. This permanent teepee was spotted by a Tribune cameraman on Conc. 9, north of Hwy. 7. It is fully winterized and can accommodate up to eight persons. — Jim Thomas



SUGAR AND SPICE

Those were 'the good old days'

By BILL SMILEY

In a nostalgic mood today, I've been thinking that, with the onslaught of the Speed Age, many of our fine old Canadian traditions have fallen by the wayside, died on the vine, or simply lain down and curled up their toes.

One of the first to go, of course, was the blacksmith. It hurts me to face the truth: that most people today under thirty have never known the sensory joys of a blacksmith's shop.

At this time of year, small boys used to squeeze through the ramshackle door, and edge as close as they could to the fire, freezing their bums and roasting their cheeks. There was a fine acrid stench of horse manure and scorched hooves. There was the leaping flame as the bellows blew. There was the ringing clang as the smith beat out the white-hot metal between hammer and anvil, and the satisfying hiss when the hot metal was plunged into the cold water.

At a certain age, most male kids would have settled happily for the life of a blacksmith, a free soul who spent his days doing the most fascinating work in the world.

The decline of the smithy, of course, was brought about by the gradual phasing out of another tradition—the horse-drawn vehicle.

I wonder how many kids of this generation have ever spent a winter Saturday "catching bobs." This was our term for jumping on backs of farmers' sleights.

All day long the farmers came and went to and from town. And all day long we hopped on

behind a load of grain, left that for a load of supplies going the other way, picked up a sleigh piled with logs for the return trip, and shivered with delighted fear as the farmers shouted at us, even sometimes flourished their whips in our direction.

As we grew a little older, about 12, we graduated to catching on the wing a cutter. This was more daring and more dangerous because they could really fly; the runner was much smaller, and the farmer could turn around and belt you one on the ear.

Most of them, of course, were pretty decent. I know now that they were more worried about us getting hurt in a fall than they were about the extra weight their horses had to pull.

Then there were the butchers' cutters. These consisted of a sort of box with runners beneath, and a step at the back for the driver to stand on. The horses were not plugs, but real road-runners that went like a bat out of hell. They were every bit as exciting as a Roman chariot, and the drivers were the envy of every boy in fur caps, reins in one hand, whip in the other, as they tore through the town like furies.

And I wonder how many boys have played hockey all day on a frozen river, when a hard shot the goalie missed might slide for a quarter of a mile. We never had to worry about ice-time for changing lines. We could play until we were pooped, then sit by the bonfire until rested, and have another go. And

there were always twenty or thirty playing at once, so everybody got a whack at the puck. Some great stick-handlers came out of that era.

Think of the depths to which we have sunk. The smithy, with its light and shadows, its reds and blacks, its earthy smells, its sense of life, has been replaced by the garage, a sterile thing with its cement floor, its reek of gas and oil, and its unspoken assurance that this is gonna cost you plenty-buddy.

The cutter, swift and light as a bird, no longer skims the snow. It has been replaced by a stinking, snarling, skidding beast that only modern man could abide—the snowmobile.

No more meat-cutters, careening around the corners on one runner, delivering in any weather. Now we plod like zombies through the supermarket, to moronic piped-in music, and pick up the odourless, antiseptic, cellphoned packages the great gods Dominion, Loblaw or Safeway have assigned to us, and carry them humbly to our cars, three blocks away.

Our kids have to get up at five a.m. to play hockey, and if they're not real "killers," get about four minutes ice-time.

Ah, those were the days! And I haven't even begun on the most vital of all winter equipment—the puck, consisting of a frozen horse-bun.



ROAMING AROUND

Nicknames—they sometimes stick

By JIM THOMAS

In a previous column, I told a little about a game we play around the table every evening—every evening I'm home that is.

It's called "What happened at school today?"

The explanations, sometimes long, sometimes short, are always interesting—to us anyway.

Recently, when making the rounds, Susan's turn to speak came last. She's our oldest and in Grade 8.

Now she knows, and we know, that activities at Stouffville High (even in the Sesame Street section) are never-ending. After all, with a population the size of a small village, there must be something exciting to tell.

And there usually is—the junior Band, assemblies, fund drives, field trips, projects; the list goes on and on.

However, on this particular day there had been nothing, nothing at all.

I was sceptical, but not wishing to pry into something that was personal, I took it easy.

"Are you sure there wasn't something, just one thing we'd all like to hear about?" I asked.

She lowered her head and looked embarrassed.

"Oh come on," I pressed, "it can't be all that bad."

"I'm not sure," she answered. "It's about you."

That's when it hit me—right between the eyes. I wanted to change the subject, but there was no turning back. Someone had obviously dug up some grizzly tale from my academic past and relayed it on into another generation.

Okay, so I was a flop in Art. So what? And, yes, I found Geometry tough, and

Physics too, but I did excel in a few things like—like, my memory went blank.

Susan sensed my concern.

Wishing to relieve my mind, and maybe hers, she went on.

"It was question and answer period in class today," she said, "the kids could ask anyone a question, and that person was supposed to answer."

"Okay, so someone asked you a question—about me?" I replied, "do you want to tell me what it was?"

"Alright," she answered, "one boy wanted to know if you minded being called 'Scoop.' I didn't really know what to say, but I told him I guessed not. Was I right? Who calls you that? Where does it come from?"

Boy, was I relieved.

"Is that all?" I replied. And everybody laughed; Susan too.

"But where does it come from, Dad," questioned Barry, unwilling to let the subject drop. "I've never heard you called that before."

I had to explain.

When I joined The Tribune, 22½ years ago, I said I had neither a car nor a camera. I would 'toot around' town in a vehicle provided by the publisher, and usually hitch-hiked to and from work every morning and night. On emergency occasions, I borrowed my father's Ford.

My first car was a war-time Chevrolet of 1942 vintage; then two Meteors, both used, and in '54, a brand-new Ford. What a beaut. About the same time, I invested \$350 in a camera. The Ford is long-gone, but the camera's still going.

Together, the car, the camera and I became the scourge of the countryside.

When the fire siren sounded—whooosh—we were gone. Flashing lights, be it a tow truck, an ambulance or a cruiser—and varoom—we were off in hot pursuit.

The word got around.

Pretty soon, the police started calling. "Don't say where it came from, but it sounds like a bad one on Hwy. 48 at Byer's Bridge," the desk Sergeant at Buttonville would whisper. I was galloping out the door before he could say goodbye.

Local switchboard operators were good too. That was when the telephone office was on Main Street and the staff considerably more personalized in its make-up than today.

They knew everything.

Then, in '55, I went big time.

I inserted ads in The Tribune, promising to pay people for 'hot tips on news stories.'

The response was tremendous.

As a country stringer for The Telegram, I had the guys at the Toronto Star going crazy. They tried to keep up, but couldn't.

It was a scoop story every week, sometimes every day.

Hence, the name.

On occasions when I meet the current crop of high school kids on the street, they call it out "S-C-O-O-P" often in a derogatory tone.

But do I mind? Am I embarrassed? Not a bit; in fact I'd return to that time tomorrow, if only I had the chance. Wouldn't we all?