



The Tribune

Established 1888

CHARLES H. NOLAN, Publisher

JAMES THOMAS, Associate Publisher and Editor

ROBERT McCAUSLAND, Advertising Director



Published every Thursday by Inland Publishing Co. Limited at 54 Main St., Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 640-2101; Toronto phone 361-6880. Single copies 15c, subscriptions \$7.00 per year in Canada, \$16.00 elsewhere. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation, Canadian Community Newspapers Association and Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Second class mail registration number 0896

Editorials

Judge for yourselves

At the height of the secondary school teacher's strike in York County, last spring, an organization, identified as W.E.B., came into being.

The motives of this group, in our opinion, were suspect from the start. And this feeling, we now understand, was shared by most trustees and many parents.

But few, including this newspaper, were prone to criticize this 'drum-thumping little club', feeling as we did, that once the hounds had lost the scent, their 'baying' would cease.

And it did. But not for long. A press release, dated May 23, indicates these so-called 'watchdogs on educational bureaucracy' are on the prowl again. Their sole purpose, they claim, is to 'spark' citizen groups in communities across the County prior to the December elections and establish a responsive Board of Education for the two years to follow.

Responsive, they say. Responsive to whom, we ask? To the students? To the ratepayers? Or to the teachers?

The answer is obvious. The W.E.B. group wants a patsy Board who will side in totally with the teachers.

Where then does this place trustees like Whitchurch-Stouffville's John McMurray? The answer again is obvious.

For John McMurray does not meet the established criteria of this pro-teacher faction.

So he must go if W.E.B. has its say. To the ratepayers of Whitchurch-Stouffville, we say: Judge your trustee on a set of standards that you yourself establish and be not swayed by the disgruntled babblings of a 'pressure' organization with an obvious axe to grind.

WELL, NOW, LET'S SEE
MAYBE WE WERE
A BIT HASTY...



New broom sweeps clean

It's seldom we toss bouquets to Provincial politicians. Deserving pats on the backs must be earned.

This week, however, we say 'thank you' from all residents of Stouffville to Hon. William (Bill) Newman, recently appointed Environmental Minister in the Davis Cabinet.

In the face of extreme pressures from

Metro, Mr. Newman has ordered a two-thirds setback in garbage disposal at the York Sanitation site, east of Hwy. 48. In addition, he has established other requirements that must be met immediately by the property owner.

It had been our contention from the start that to obtain results one must 'go to the top'. Truly, a new broom sweeps clean.

ROAMING AROUND

My 'roaming' days are over

By JIM THOMAS



Thirty. It's a common term in newspaper circles. It means 'The End' — of a story, of a column.

This week is 'Thirty' for me. However, the formal expression holds a much deeper personal meaning than the accepted conclusion to a common place news event. For as difficult as it is to accept, to believe, I'm writing 'Thirty', the end, to a chapter in my life.

It makes a man stop and think — where he's at, where he's going, where he's been.

Twenty-five years in four positions at two locations with one firm. That was yesterday.

To-day, something entirely different — another town, a new position, another newspaper.

Checking back through the well-worn files of The Tribune, I find my very first byline dated August 11, 1949. I was then the paper's part-time Sports Editor at a 'salary' of five dollars a week and free use of my father's car. However, I did cover the sport, beat a few months prior to that, a kind of probationary period. I suppose, to prove I could recognize a baseball from a football.

Writing up accounts of games presented no problem, for I knew all the descriptive terms. But getting to games, that was a different story. When the family Ford was not available, I used my thumb, or walked. On one occasion, after a hockey game in Collingwood, I 'legged it' from Stouffville, to home, a distance of nine miles (via Hwy. 48), at three o'clock in the morning.

Hockey was and still is my first love, in sports, with softball or fastball as it's known to-day, a close second.

Different then, from now, however, was not so much the game itself, but the people who played it. Some of the finest folks I've ever known, (and still know), were top-flight athletes.

My part-time relationship with The Tribune continued through the winter of '51. But I had begun to branch out. I was assigned the sole responsibility of writing obituaries. Actually, although Mr. Nolan never knew it, it was my mother who did the writing. I merely visited the homes of the deceased, filled out the forms, then typed them up later.

It was an evening in April of that spring, that a phone call chartered me, on a permanent course into the stream of newspaper life. 'I'm looking for an assistant editor,' Mr. Nolan said, 'I'll meet you to-morrow afternoon and we'll talk it over.'

I was then attending business college in Toronto, riding to the city in the milk truck each morning and hitch-hiking home from Langstaff at night. Mr. Nolan was there and we agreed to terms — thirty dollars a week beginning May 7. I used his car on reporting trips and my thumb for transportation to work and back.

The printing plant was then on the north side of Main Street, directly across from the present Office. Everything was done there, from the typesetting through to the finished product. What I didn't (or couldn't) do, I watched being done. On quiet days, I swept the floors and washed the windows.

The job I disliked most was sitting hour after hour by the old flat-bed press, squirting water over the printed pages to neutralize the static electricity. That was a tedious chore. And noisy! When Wilbur Gower would throw

the switch and pull the lever, I felt sure the entire building would come crashing down on all our heads.

Nothing was very specialized in those days. You merely did the work that had to be done. Stan Schmidt, for example, could turn his hand to anything. He operated the linotype, made up the classifieds, worked the hand-mailer and — you name it. Betty Acton was a whiz on the lino with Ken Jennings a top job-printer and mailer. While not on the permanent payroll, Howard Malloy spent more time in the plant than the employees. Helen Goudie was the No. 1 (and only one) bookkeeper. Mr. Nolan, of course, was manager-over-all, with Innis, his wife always available in emergency situations.

Putting out a newspaper was a kind of 'fun thing' then. You had self-imposed deadlines to meet, with no one tearing out his hair because of breakdowns or delays.

For one week out of fifty-two, there was no paper. Everybody took a holiday — and enjoyed it.

Seventy-five percent of the editorial copy was country correspondence. Page 'holes' were easily filled with sharp scissors and a glob of glue. Ad income was low but so were costs. Raises were hoped for but not demanded. Things were simpler then... in 1951.

But that was twenty-three years ago. March 30, 1974 is to-day, for the writer of this column, the end of the line.

To the friends I have made through it, goodbye.

To my successor, good luck. My Roaming Around Stouffville days are over.

Editor's Mail

An election issue

Dear Jim,

I suggest that your comments in the Tribune on the P.C. nomination missed the point. The Airport will be an election issue to many thousands in Ontario Riding and Metro Toronto because the need has not been proven, the site is discredited, the whole arrogant process of deciding the issue has alienated many thousands of Canadians.

The Airport has become a symbol of waste and inept government. A Toronto '11 Airport' at a cost of at least \$1.5 billion constructed so a small decrease in noise at Malton can be achieved by spreading that noise into Markham, Pickering and Stouffville is financially irresponsible.

Inflation is rampant. Our dollar shrinks each day. We become less affluent because Government spending is on non-productive services. What product does Ottawa produce? Airports do not make products; they provide a service and in this case an unnecessary duplicate service. A Stanfield Conservative knows you can't stop inflation by spending money on unnecessary luxuries.

The Airport Enquiry has been no enquiry. The public could not attend during the daytime. Many submissions were rejected. Only the Government had funds to hire experts to prepare justification studies. The terms of reference precluded much evidence and consideration of changing values. In short, there was no real enquiry. Meanwhile, the Airport bureaucrats continued the conspiracy of frightening people at Malton with noise forecasts while assuring Stouffville, Markham and Ajax that there will be no disturbance from an 'all-right' Airport at Pickering.

The whole sorry, deceitful, wasteful disaster will be considered typical of the level of incompetence which the Trudeau Government has encouraged at Ottawa. It will indeed be an election issue.

Robert Almack,
R.R. 2, Claremont

Dear Mr. Thomas:

Many thanks for your support in the Glee Club's presentation of 'Tom Sawyer' at Stouffville Dist. Secondary School.

On behalf of the cast, I wish to inform all who co-operated and supported our project that a cheque in the amount of \$156 has been sent to Child Care, World Vision of Canada. This will support a needy orphan for one year.

Sincerely,
Lloyd Wideman.

Dear editor:

The teachers walked out and shut down our schools; the teachers are demanding the ouster of Board director Sam Chapman; the teachers are opposed to a centralized library and now W.E.B. (the mouthpiece for the teachers) is trying to tell us who we should support at the next trustee election.

Just who in hell is running York's education system anyway?

Originally, my sympathy was on the teachers' side, but no more. Me thinks they talk too much.

John Adams,
R.R. 2, Stouffville.

SUGAR AND SPICE

No job certainty for teachers

By BILL SMILEY



This week I'll deal with several topics, none of them related, but each of them an aspect of the peculiar world we inhabit in 1974.

Why do so many young people want to go

into teaching? There's no real future in it financially, very little hope of finding a job after teacher training, and only an infinitesimal hope of becoming important, famous, or even notorious.

Yet the teachers' colleges keep pouring out thousands of eager and talented young people with a flaming desire to be teachers.

We had two openings for English teachers on our staff this year, and received a pile of applications up to your knees. And these aren't duds, who have been weeded out of the profession because of incompetence. They are the cream of the crop, highly qualified, many with some years of experience, some with extra degrees.

There's a certain amount of security in a teaching job, and the holidays are pretty good. But if you want security, go into the bank, and if holidays are your chief concern, go on welfare.

Teaching has its rewards and satisfactions but it's a wearing, grinding life, physically and emotionally. I feel sorry for all those excellent young people trying so desperately to get a toe-hold in the profession. I wouldn't suggest to my worst enemy that he (or she) go into teaching.

It would be the equivalent of saying: 'Get thee to a nunnery.' Strangely enough, I like it. But then, I got into the game back in the days when there was a frantic shortage of teachers, and they were taking any old scuff who could stand up in front of a class.

Now I'll turn my attention to something closer to home? And closer is the word. I can hear my grandbaby from all the way downstairs, bellowing with brazen lungs for his dinner.

He's a bonny baby. In fact, I say without prejudice that he's the handsomest boy baby I've ever laid eyes on. Huge dark eyes, and a grin that would melt a Mother Superior.

But his mother has some odd ideas. She has some good ones, too, like feeding him mother's milk, on which he is waxing into a butter-ball.

However, she wants to bring him up the way the Indians and Eskimos do. Pick him up when he cries; feed him when he's hungry; play with him when he's bored. Never speak crossly or punish.

He's a 'good' baby. Sleeps a lot, chuckles a lot, kicks a lot, plays with his hands. When his mother is around.

Twice in the last three days, I've offered to babysit, while his Mum went to a show. No problem: Baby sound asleep after a good solid dinner from the twin fountains of life. And if he does wake up, ole Grandad can always amuse him with songs and witty sayings.

Thirty minutes after his Mum is out of the house, he wakes up. With bated breath I hear the first bleat. With despair I hear it build to a full-throated bellow that would suggest the imp is being martyred at the stake by the Troquois.

Pick him up, dandle him, jig him, sing to him, talk my version of Chinese to him, always a great hit when Mum's around. No dice.

He wants grub, and I ain't plumbed right for it. An hour and a half of torture, changing diapers, blowing on his belling, kitching, and cooing. Nothing works. His Mum comes home, whips out the equipment and the little devil is asleep in ten minutes, and sleeps all night.



Home from overseas - March, 1919

These veterans of World War I posed for a group picture, following Cephus Cooper, Wilmot Vague, Oliver Harding. Front Row (left to right) Fred Pearson, Del Jennings, Clarence Burkholder, Louis Davis. The gentlemen are: Rear (right) Andy Cowie, Ross Davis, Nell Nendick, Fred Nighswander and Row (left to right) Fred Pearson, Del Jennings, Clarence Burkholder, Louis Davis.