



# The Tribune



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## Editorial

### Take a closer look

Undoubtedly, there are families living within this very community, under totally unacceptable conditions. However, it is sometimes difficult to know, unless the circumstances are brought to the attention of persons in authority. Too often, we suspect, the circumstances are known, but due to pressures of other cases, the problem is ignored. Not until something much more serious occurs, does the truth of the situation come out. We visited a particular home on Sunday, less than three miles from Stouffville and were shocked by what we

served. A family of three, living in abject filth and obvious poverty. Without being more closely acquainted with the facts, we can offer little sympathy to the parents. Perhaps they are totally responsible for their plight. But their child, weighing just over 10 pounds, was deserving of a better fate. What bothers us is, that someone had to know—a neighbor, the family physician, the welfare officer—someone. But no one did anything. Fortunately, for the child's sake at least, something now will be done. Much later, could have been too late.

### A practical objective

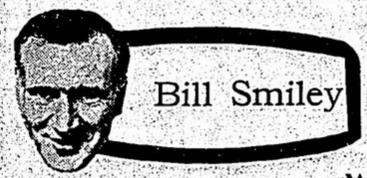
Arthur Starr, new chairman, York Regional Board of Education, must surely have won the plaudits of all taxpayers in the Area, with his straightforward remarks at the inaugural meeting, Jan. 6. In it, he stressed the necessity of keeping expenditures within budget guidelines as set out by the Province in 1971. To accomplish this, he said, might mean the withdrawal of certain

programs that, due to too few participants, had proved impractical. Chairman Starr didn't name or even suggest just what courses, in his opinion, should get the axe. He didn't have to. His point was clear. In York, at least, it is quite apparent, the education dollar will be expended with due care and caution—a wise new year's resolution. We wish the chairman well.

### Where have the whistlers gone ?

When was the last time you heard someone whistling while walking down the street? Probably quite awhile. Whistling was always associated with a pleasant disposition and a happy frame of mind. If this is so, then the disappearance of the whistler is indeed a sad commentary on life today.

We've known and heard many good whistlers in town over the years. One of the most popular was the late Abe Lehman. His son Don is much the same. Perhaps the new council should authorize a 'whistlers' week' in Whitchurch-Stouffville. It might put us in tune for the whole year.



Bill Smiley

### He's not telling

### what really happened

Ray Argyle, the chap who syndicates this column, has written for about the fourth time asking for a new picture of yours truly to head up the column. For various reasons, none of them worth the powder, I haven't got around to having my "portrait" taken. But I don't blame him. The old one does not do me justice. There's scarcely a hint of the bags under my eyes. There's little suggestion that I'm gray as an old billy-goat. The deep lines of suffering nearly twenty-five years of domestic warfare just are not there. However, I have a good reason for not having a picture taken for a couple of weeks, at least. I have a black eye. That is, it was black. Then blue. Then purple. It's now a sort of mauve, shading into yellow. I haven't had such a dandy since 1944, when some German guards gave me a going-over for being imprudent. That time it was both eyes. In fact, the first time I got a look in a mirror after the beating, I could have been mistaken for a fairly scruffy rainbow. There's nothing quite so embarrassing as a black eye. It arouses the worst - in other people. Loud and clear, "What happened to you Smiley? Wife beat you up again?" and so on. Those inane remarks. To people who ask that, I reply tersely, "Yes." They don't know where to go from there. But to those who seem genuinely concerned, I try to find some more exotic reason, something to make them think I'm a devil of a fellow. This one happened during the holidays. To the first few who came sniffing

around, looking for scandal, I tried this gambit: "Do you realize that the cork from a champagne bottle can penetrate the plaster of a ceiling? Next time you open one, be sure the cork is pointing at someone else's eye." That shook them a bit, and they went away shaking their heads in admiration. Or something. To the next few curious, I remarked offhandedly that I'd had a fight with a cop on New Year's Eve, that he was still in hospital, and that I had to face charges as soon as he was released. They didn't really believe me, after a scathing look at my 142 pounds of pure suet, but they weren't sure. "He was just a little cop", I added. "I kicked him right in the gall bladder." When this palled on me, I swore I'd had a brawl with the paper boy when he said I owed him for two weeks and I said one. "He's a big paper boy." For the ladies, I use a different technique. I tell them that this lady took a violent crush on me at a party, that I was holding her gently, patting her back and trying to quench her unrequited passion, when her vicious, jealous husband hit me right in the eye, right over her shoulder, with my hands tied up. They raise an eyebrow, sometimes two, but I can hear them muttering together and sneaking glances at me from the other end of the room. To others, I relate that I was arm-wrestling with my daughter, and when she found I was winning, she punched me in the left eye with her left fist. Which she would. I have lots of others. Hit my eye on the rear-view mirror when I collided with a snow-mobile and everyone else suffered



THE GALLOPING PLUMBER

terrible lacerations. Struck my eye on the end of the handle of the snow shovel when I had my first coronary. Bumped head on into the cat when we were both crawling around under the bed, looking for her. But I will never, never resort to that oldie about running into a door. I've run

into plenty of doors, and other objects, in my life. But it's a pretty cheap way of accounting for a black eye. I swear my wife didn't do it. She was so ill through the holidays she couldn't have given a goldfish a black eye. What's your version? Drop a line.

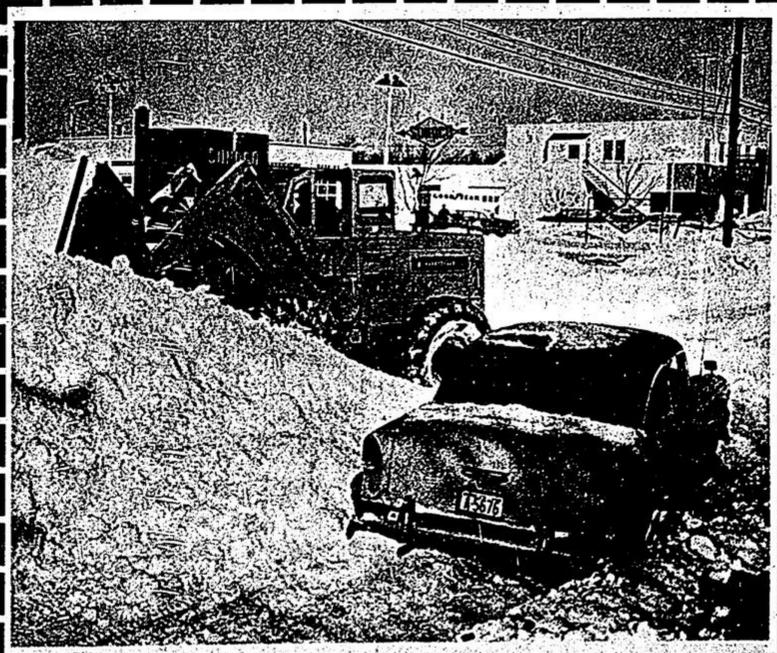
## Editor's Mail

Dear Sir: I would like to correct an error I made recently when interviewed by a staff reporter from The Tribune. It relates to happenings of bygone days as I recalled, and published in your paper, the issue of Dec. 31, 1970. The error concerns the first telephone line in the Vandorf-Aurora area. The ink on The Tribune had hardly dried when my own telephone began to ring. Various folks told me that my memory had been playing tricks since the first telephone between Vandorf and Aurora was in operation in 1901 and 1902. Subsequently, in consulting the Historical Sketch of Whitchurch (1950), I found the following item among minutes of Whitchurch Council, page 34, 1901: "George J. vanNostrand, an application to erect telephone poles between Aurora and Vandorf - granted under certain conditions". Also, on the same page among items of business of the council of 1903, the following item appears - "Robert Miller application to erect telephone poles between Stouffville and Bethesda - granted subject to certain restrictions".

The Tribune article of Dec. 31, 1970 also stated that Miss Ethel Powell operated a switchboard at Vandorf Store. There was no switchboard at the store but Miss Powell (later Mrs. Wm. Oliver) was most obliging in assisting persons who, not being familiar with the new invention or having no telephone in their homes, wished to make emergency or long-distance calls. In 1909, by motion of Council, the Doan Telephone Company was given permission to erect poles from the west end of Newmarket to Yonge Street on the north townline (Davis Drive). Please accept my apology for the above inaccuracies. I hope this explanation will help to get both you and me off the telephone hook.

George E. Richardson, R.R.1, Gormley.

Editor's Note: In an historical sketch such as you so kindly provided, on rather short notice, there are bound to be inaccuracies. However, from the comments we received, the majority of readers, both native residents and newcomers, enjoyed it immensely.



'Portraits of the past'

Tired of the winter of 1971? Then think back to 1960. This was a scene on Main Street West, Stouffville, near Winona Drive. The month was February - still a few weeks away!

# ADAMING AROUND

## They called him 'Speedy'

By Jim Thomas

Every generation has its hockey heroes. Today, through the medium of television, the majority of kids select their idols from professional ranks, like Bobby Orr, Dave Keon and Bobby Hull. In my pre-teen years, it was different. And while I followed closely the heroics of guys like Syl Apps, Bryan Hextall and Davey Kerr, my interests weren't confined solely to the N.H.L. Not by a long shot. Why, I'd walk a country mile through snow up to my neck to catch an Intermediate game in Markham. And the fan enthusiasm was the same in Stouffville. Wherever you went, that was all folks talked about, hockey-hockey-hockey. And sometimes they still do - not about games present but games past. When this happens, one name is sure to be mentioned - It's 'Speedy' Grove. What about this man? Was he really that good? Was he really that fast? I don't know, I never saw him play. But those who did, and there are still a few around, seem lost for words to adequately describe just how good he really was. "Let me tell you," said one native recently, "when Bill (that's what his mother called him) would grab that puck and wind up behind his own net - There it ends. No conclusion. Just a sigh and a shake of the head. But one needs little imagination to picture the rest - a fearful goaltender quaking in his crease with defensive bodies flying in all directions. 'Speedy' Grove, now 72, still lives at Dickson's Hill. I called to see him, Saturday. While there, we talked about a lot of things. Finally, the subject turned to hockey and he immediately dug out an old picture and placed it on the table. It was the Ringwood Club of about 1915. Players included, Bill's brother, Oscar Grove, Cliff Tarr, Ross Vague, Percy Pipher, Ganton Barnett and Ross Harper. Bill was the rover. The club president was Cliff Pipher and the manager, Dave Stouffer. The team was not affiliated with the O.H.A. but instead played in a kind of community league and tournaments. "I can remember," he said, "we played the 'gas-house gang' at Markham. They had 20 shots to our one. We still beat 'em 3-1. That was the last game anyone ever played there. That night, the Markham rink burned down". Bill tends to be modest about his ability. "Fast?" he questioned, "maybe I was, I don't know. It seemed that whenever I got the puck, everyone kept their distance". He weighed 225 pounds. He could shoot left or right and never wore gloves. He can never recall getting mixed up in a fight and was never injured. Bill admits to possessing a deadly shot. "Give me a four inch space and nine times out of ten, I'd hit it," he said. He and Oscar would practice by the hour, during the summer on the barn floor and in the winter on Job Kaiser's pond. "Shooting's the thing," he said, "take Gator Hardy, he was as fast as chain-lightning and had a wicked shot, but never knew where it was going". Bill moved to the 'big time' when he was signed by Markham Intermediates in O.H.A. Others on that team included John Robb, Max Reesor, Harry Stewart, Lorne Glenn and Russ Cowie. Later, he played with Richmond Hill, receiving \$8 per game plus \$7 expenses. He would drive the horse and buggy or cutter to Hogg's Hollow, then take the trolley up Yonge. He was offered a contract to sign with the Maple Leafs at \$55 a week, but refused. Instead, at the age of 13, he went West, never to play organized hockey again. "Morey," said Bill, "has spoiled local hockey - taken the fun out of it. Once you start thinking you're the best - the whole cheese you're licked. For whatever you may think, someone will always come along who's better". But the name 'Speedy'? Where did it come from? "Not from hockey at all," explained Bill, but from baseball. He was a pitcher, but he can recall playing only one game in Stouffville. His catcher was 'Piggy' Burkholder. He nearly killed him. And while he opposition never got a hit or placed a man on first, the team never asked him back again.