

**The Tribune**  
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## Editorial

### Still dragging their feet

The much touted Century City project is in a state of suspended animation - and has been for several months.

Consequently, all persons with a direct involvement in the venture, are suffering - the Twp. of Uxbridge, \$20,000 in back taxes; mortgage-holders, \$300,000 in principle and interest and Century City Developments Limited, 6,000 acres of land, currently 'frozen' under Queen's Park's proposed greenbelt plan.

The question is - who should make the next move?

The answer of course is obvious - the Provincial Government.

In typical political red tape fashion, Queen's Park has been dragging its feet

on this issue ever since the Toronto Centred Region Plan was introduced back in May, 1969. Nothing has happened since.

Matt Dymond, Riding M.P., has never been one to run for cover when a problem arises. It's high time then, that he faced the problem that's apparent in this part of his area. It's high time that he demanded some answers and received some replies. It's his duty. His obligation.

Until he does, the mortgagees should flood him with mail and ring his telephone off the wall.

Perhaps - just perhaps, through this kind of contact, a 'yes' or 'no' decision might be speeded up. It's long overdue.

### In the driver's seat

John Sherman Scott, a former Pickering Township reeve and County warden, has been selected to fill the Ward 5 council post, made vacant through the recent resignation of John Kruger.

The choice of Mr. Scott is, in our opinion, an excellent one - for two reasons.

First, Mr. Scott has the experience, extending over a period of ten years. He is conversant with the problems, not only of Ward 5, but of the entire municipality. Coupling these together adds up to a big bonus for the council of 1971.

Even more important, in our opinion, is the stand taken by council itself. Members, or the majority of them, refused to bow to the wishes of a West Rouge 'pressure group', a so-called Ratepayers' Association that, by one member's own admission, possesses no charter.

Too often, in our opinion, councils are swayed by public reaction of this kind - the tail wagging the dog.

In Pickering, this practice has been rejected. The council's to be commended.

### Become involved

From the comments we've heard, the question and answer column, involving the Mayor and ratepayers, Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville and appearing each week in The Tribune, has captured the interest of local readers.

This is good.

For too long, residents, Stouffville people in particular, have been hesitant to get involved in municipal matters, even when the eventual outcome could

affect them personally. Instead, they have been satisfied to sit back and say nothing - do nothing.

This attitude must change. We hope the availability of this column will help.

The purpose of our feature is to get answers - answers to questions that we know must be on the minds of many ratepayers. Send in your's today to 'The Mayor', c/o The Tribune, Main Street, Stouffville. The writer's identity, if included, will not be revealed.

## Editor's Mail

Dear Sir:

I was dismayed to read in The Tribune issue of Jan. 21, 1971, that Mr. Gordon Wansbrough of the Bell Telephone Company had indicated the number of long distance calls from Stouffville to Toronto had not reached a total that warrants the 'free call' service.

The 'free call' service was granted to residents of Gormley after a survey revealed that 70 percent were in favor.

I am certain that a similar survey in Stouffville would reveal a similar or perhaps even higher percentage.

Stouffville is an expanding area. Many of the new residents having moved from Toronto (for economical reasons as well as the attractions of country living) have retained their associations with the city in terms of employment, business, friends and relatives. I am sure that they, just as myself, avoid making calls to Toronto, at considerable inconvenience.

My only conclusion is that while people avoid making Toronto calls, there are a sufficient number going through as to make it highly profitable for the Bell to continue this practice and perhaps even to subsidize the privileged areas to the west, south and north.

How long must this type of discrimination continue? The Town of

Whitchurch-Stouffville has a population of about 9,200. When will it get on the map, or, better still, on the 'line'?

Brian Reed,  
583 Elm Road.

Dear Sir:

All across Canada, people are voicing concern over 'pollution'.

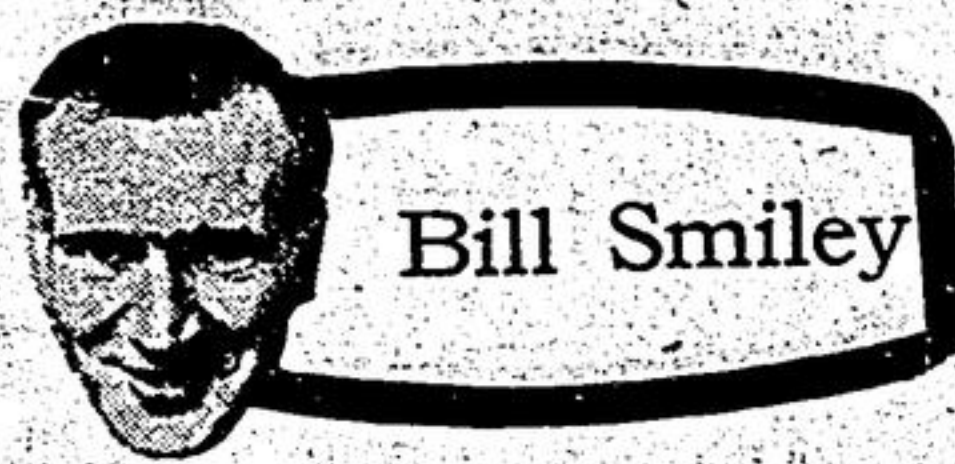
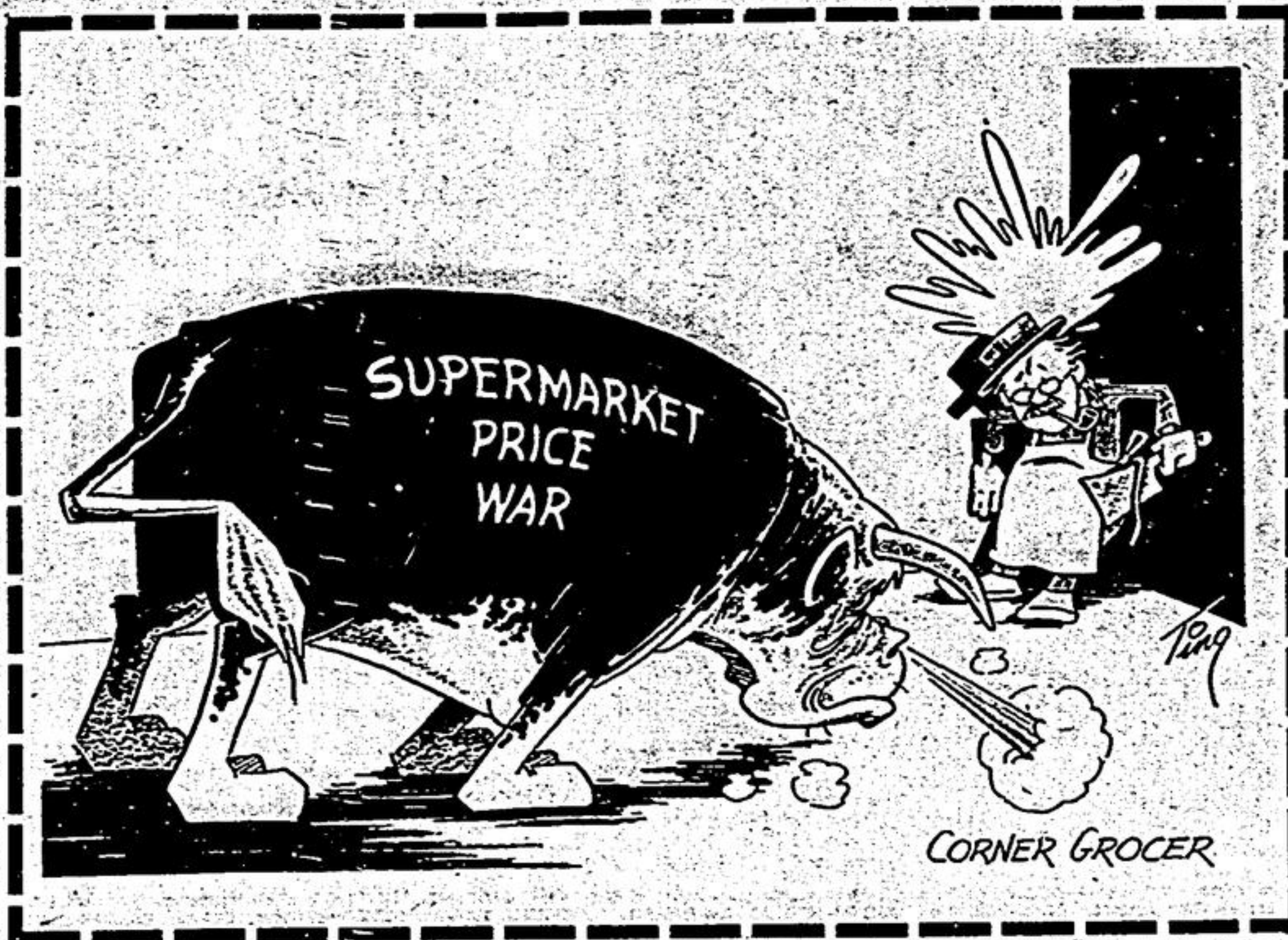
However, we in Whitchurch-Stouffville, don't have to look so far afield to find such a problem. The site is Windsor Lake, known to some as 'Mud Lake'. I can easily see how it got its name.

I would like to know who's job it is to clean up this mess. Not only is it a terrible eyesore, but it emits an awful odor as well.

I suggest - either bulldoze it out or fill it in. If the latter project was completed, it would make a wonderful park and help keep the children off the streets.

What is your opinion? I'm sure, if we all tried hard enough, we could make this particular area a very respectable place in which to live.

Mrs. Phyllis Stowell,  
Valley Road.



Bill Smiley

### Winters of memory all the colder

By Bill Smiley

There's nothing like a solid stretch of really cold weather to remind you that Nature still packs a mighty wallop, despite all man's ingenuity in trying to keep his chin covered.

We've had a dandy around here - day after day of below-zero temperatures. Even though they have been bright, the sun had about as much effect on the atmosphere as a fried egg, sunny-side up.

Everyone enjoys the first couple of days of such a spell. We all feel like hardy pioneers when we stomp in out of the cold, eyes and noses running, and exchange such inanities as, "That's a real snapper" and "cold 'nuff fer ya?"

But after a week or so, it begins to get to you. You begin to remember those stories about people who go mad in the rainy season, or when the sirocco is blowing.

It doesn't effect the kids. They love it, bundled to the nose and full of warm, red blood. Most of the elderly hate it, and visibly shrink. It doesn't bother the outdoor enthusiasts, because they keep warm doing something. They can't lick it, so they join it.

It's the ordinary, simple, every-day householder like me who begins to feel the pinch, and develops a deep gloom. When you turn the key in the car and it just groans like a wounded buffalo, before expiring. When you look up at the everthickening ice on the roof and remember you've just had your living-room redecorated, and know it's going to cost \$30 to have it chopped off. And finally, when your downstairs facilities don't work, and you realize with horror that even in this day of oil furnaces, inside pipes can freeze.

And the oilman cometh. And cometh and cometh.

This is the time when you should stop and realize how lucky you are, instead of bending everybody's ear with your petty woes. You should remember how it used to be.

Like most Canadians, I was brought up on cold winters. Earliest recollections are of midwinter Sunday mornings. My mother would take my kid brother and

me into bed with her where we'd help ourselves to the breakfast-in-bed she always got Sunday mornings, and listen with fear and fascination to her tales of winter on Calumet Island, in the Ottawa River. The best was about the time Lady, the dainty little mare, went through the ice and the dreadful time they spent trying to rescue her. I think she died.

Then there was my Dad. He hated winter and made no bones about it. It was depression times, and the coal bin was an albatross around his neck. He was a mild, gentle man, never known to say anything stronger than "shoot". But inside him was some of the wild despair of his Irish forefathers.

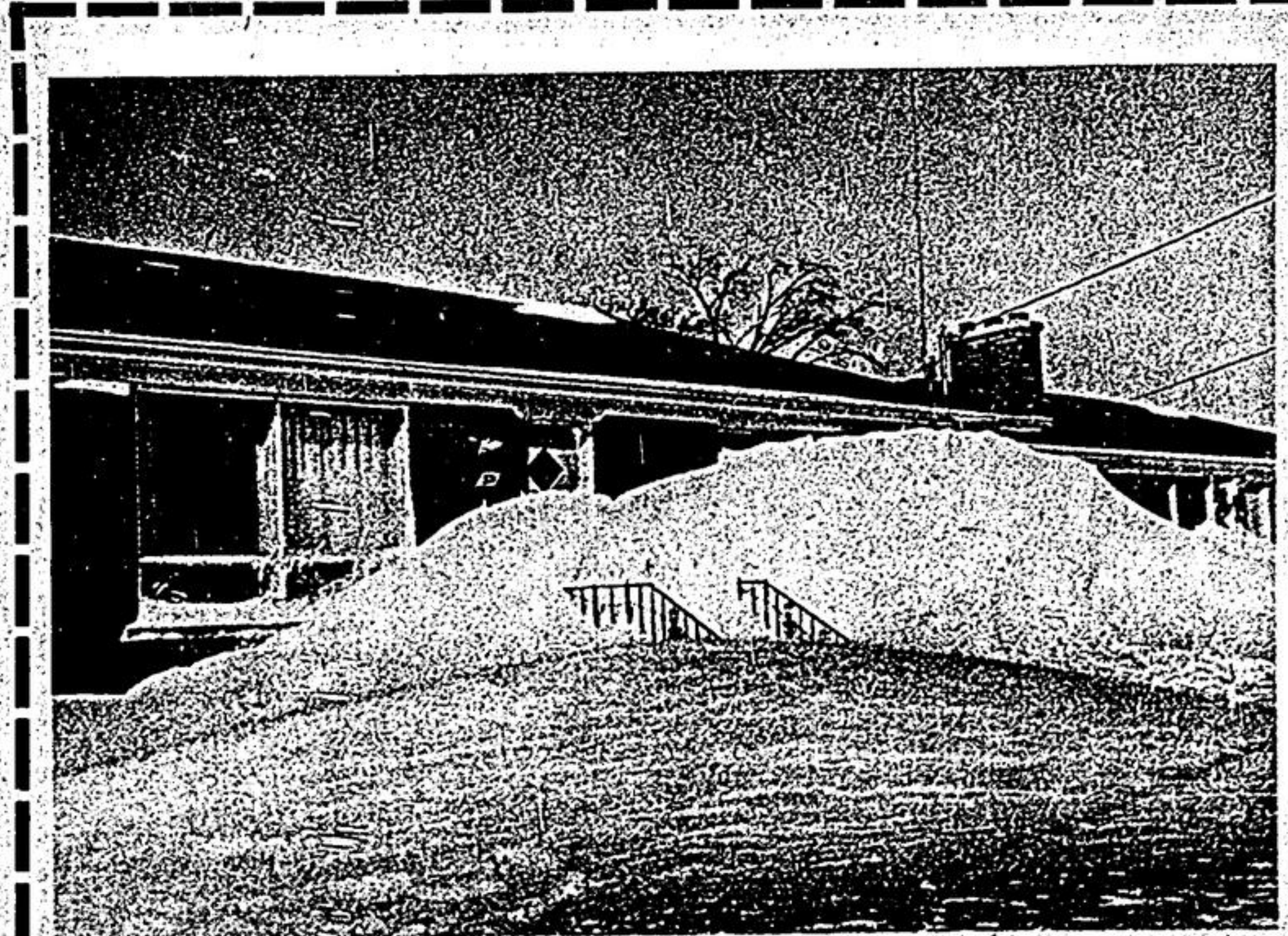
When he'd go down to fire up the furnace, I'd get my ear up against the furnace-pipe and listen with delight to language that should have given me curly hair, interspersed with the occasional clang, when he'd belt the furnace with his shovel out of sheer rage.

I spent a winter in northern England, with archaic and often non-existing heating equipment, except in the pubs. Sheer, clammy misery, except in the pubs. I spent another in Germany on the Baltic Sea, with very little food and almost no heat. Not much joy there.

Then I got married. Our first place had two wood stoves. I'd hop out of bed, plunk my freezing baby in with his warm mother, and rustle up two fires. Then I'd take a roll of newspaper into the cellar, set fire to it, and unfreeze the water pipes which froze solid every night. Then off through the zero to the newspaper office, which boasted one of the last wood-burning furnaces on the continent. You could see your breath in the place until about 11 a.m.

We graduated to a coal furnace, which did nothing but produce in me the same violence and frustration my father had felt twenty years before.

When I think of those days, and step out of bed into a pleasantly oil-heated house, I realize what a piddling little cold spell we're having now, and almost feel like going out in the snow in my pyjamas and doing some push-ups. Almost.



'Portraits of the past'

Tired of the winter of 1971? It's not so bad that it couldn't be worse - like the winter of 1960. This location is the Russ Holder

residence, 371 Elm Road, Stouffville. Remember? -Jas. Thomas.

## ROAMING AROUND

### Shoot first ask questions later

By Jim Thomas

The Saturday of each week is usually my picture-taking day. I try to arrange it this way and, more often than not, it works out well. It's that one occasion in seven when things seem to happen - at least that's the way it is around Stouffville. There are wedding anniversaries, family reunions, teen walkathons, hockey and ball tournaments - you name it.

For a weekly newspaper editor-photographer like myself, Saturday can also be a real 'fun day'. That is, if I have a batch of pictures in reserve. But when that reserve becomes depleted and I'm desperate - look out! All discretion is cast aside. I suddenly become reckless, clicking and a snapping at almost everything in sight. The truth is, my psychological makeup undergoes such a transformation that, under similar circumstances, any four-legged creature, would be confined to a cage.

It is during times like these that I tend to grow not only abnormally reckless but unforgivably careless. That's when I find myself in deep, deep trouble. On some such escapades I've been lucky to escape alive.

One that comes to mind (and I tremble every time I think of it), involved a chap by the name of George Mathews. Remember him? Many folks up Uxbridge way will. He lived in a kind of ramshackle little house at the intersection of Hwy. 47 and the Brock Road, better known to most natives as 'Boot-Jack Hill'. I can't recall the circumstances, but for some reason or another, I needed a picture of the Mathews' place. To merely walk up to the front door and ask permission was not only far too polite but certainly much too risky. For George had a reputation for detesting nosy newsmen. I therefore decided on a more 'crafty' approach, to sneak a 'snap' when no one was looking. I worked out the whole scheme very carefully, parking my car some distance away, then circling back on hands and knees to the base of a huge highway culvert. From the tunnel exit, I could see right into the kitchen. Taking the picture was simple. But I forgot one thing. If I could see him, he could also see me - and he did, just as I was getting set to snap another shot. The chase was on.

If I live to be one hundred (which is highly unlikely), I'll never forget the terror-filled minutes that followed. While I was younger, faster and knew where I was going, the load of lugging a heavy camera reduced that advantage considerably. By the time I reached my car, I had approached a state of complete exhaustion.

Was it a Saturday? I'm not certain. But I do know that Jan. 30 was a Saturday and my fate was almost sealed again. And for exactly the same reason. I decided to shoot first and ask questions later.

I was southbound on the sixth concession of Markham, towards Unionville, when I saw it - a beautiful Aberdeen-Angus, standing quietly in a farm corral, its black coat resplendent against a snowy-white background.

What a picture, I thought to myself, wheeling the car around at the nearest intersection.

Donning a pair of high rubber boots and holding the camera over my head, I waded through waist-deep drifts to reach the first fence. More snow and a couple more fences brought me within focussing range of the hardy beast.

But I made a mistake - two in fact. First, if I had checked with the farm owner, I would have learned the correct gender of the animal - that it was a Mr. and not a Mrs. Secondly, if I had checked the field closer myself, I would have learned there were two Mr.'s there - instead of one.

By the time I had sized up the situation, it was much too late to sprinkle salt on their tails.

They converged, one from the east and the other from the west. I was caught in the centre. Whether their advance was prompted solely by curiosity or anger, I was in no position to question. I snapped one shot, then ran, galloped in fact, leaving one boot marooned in a three-foot bank.

So, come next spring, should you see a long black rubber standing erect amidst a clump of sweet clover, remember - it's mine. The rest of me got away - just barely.