



The Tribune

Established 1888



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Editorial

Second class citizens

It's high time residents now living on private roads in the Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville were treated like ordinary tax-paying people instead of second class citizens.

These folks, in our opinion, have the same right to services such as sanding and snow-plowing as those on public roads. It's a form of discrimination.

It had been our understanding that Whitchurch council of 1970 had altered its

private road policy. We know of at least two instances where assistance was provided. There must have been more.

The most recent request for consideration came before council, Feb. 9, from a resident on Stouffville, R.R.3.

The application was turned down by a vote of 4-1. Councillor Mrs. June Button felt the Town was obligated to provide this service. And so do we.

Start of something bigger

In spite of a one-week postponement, the Winter Carnival, sponsored by staff members and students of Stouffville Dist. Secondary School, Friday, was a most successful venture.

The entire school, particularly the junior grades, entered into the spirit of the occasion, even though the weather was hardly conducive to outside activity.

The feature, in our opinion, was the snow sculpturing contest, with some of the completed projects so good, the judges had difficulty selecting a winner.

Staff Physical Education Instructor, J.H. Rehill, has suggested that such a program should not be confined only to the school, but enlarged to take in the entire community. He feels that the events should not be limited to a couple of hours in a single day but spread out to take in an entire week. The proposal, we feel is excellent.

With last week's school venture and this Sunday's snowmobile races as a nucleus, the Town could indeed organize a real mid-winter show. It's worth serious consideration.

A self-created problem

York Region's Separate School Board members are showing sudden concern over the increase, in 1970 of student transportation costs - up they say, by about 25 percent.

While not actually saying so, the Board intimates that monopolies may indeed exist. They use the watered-down word 'it appears' that monopolies are in existence.

They also want a full-scale investigation into the matter 'to get the facts' and are calling for a Province-wide system of tendering to break up any threatened 'combine' between companies.

We say the York Boards, both Public

and Separate School, are a little late in worrying over this problem. It's self-created.

When the Boards opted in favor of the major bus firms and automatically put 'the little guy' out of business, they established a monopoly over which they will have little control.

What authority can the Board assert? What alternative can the Board offer? Competition, that tends to keep prices down to an acceptable level, is finished in this particular field.

The sky is now the limit - that is, unless the Department of Education wishes to step in and affix a standard fee. Such a move in our opinion, is highly unlikely.

Editor's Mail

Dear Sir:

I would like to comment on Mr. Reid's letter, Feb. 4 edition of The Tribune, re lack of 'free call' service to Toronto from Stouffville.

It is quite obvious why Bell continues this policy, for in my case alone, our bill has never been under \$15 monthly.

The last time this matter came up, Bell claimed to have conducted a survey, the result being that 'free call' service was not warranted.

Somehow, they must have bypassed our neighborhood. I'm also sure there are enough people in the Stouffville area willing to pay a slightly higher 'flat rate' rather than the 'per call' rate forced upon us.

Perhaps a petition could be circulated and forwarded to the Bell Telephone Offices - with our next payment!

Mike Jeffrey,
South Street
Stouffville.

four of the days cited by the C.P.R. to prove losses, a profit was being made. The C.P.R. answer is a fare hike.

The increases are: Leaside from 30 cents to 45 cents (bus 25 cents); Agincourt 65 cents to 90 cents (bus 50 cents); Locust Hill \$1.05 to \$1.50 (bus \$1.00); Claremont \$1.45 to \$2.05 (bus \$1.45).

The C.P.R. excuse is higher costs for extra cars, but at the hearing, C.P.R. admitted that longer trains and more cars cost less per seat.

In Montreal (C.P.R. headquarters) there are 40 C.P.R. commuter trains. Toronto has two - both under application for discontinuance. New Toronto fares will be about double those for similar Montreal area runs.

This shows the need for a Metropolitan Transit Authority Grid, whereby passenger traffic would be taken away from the national railways and given to a Metro transit authority concerned with the interests of the individual citizens, as I have already proposed.

John C. Medcof,
Mount Albert, Ont.

Dear Sir:

In boosting the fares on the Agincourt-Peterborough-Havelock line, the C.P.R. is trying to price itself out of the market and drive passengers off the trains.

The Commission hasn't even had time to give its decision on the C.P.R. application to discontinue service. At the 13 day hearing ended January 11th, the C.P.R. appeared embarrassed that its train is jammed every night. On at least

Dear Sir:

The Jan. 28 issue of The Tribune included a news item that referred to a drop in attendance at the Markham Township Sunday School Convention. Several reasons were suggested.

I would like to suggest that many who would have attended were not out



SOME CANADIAN CONSTITUTIONS ARE MORE OUTDATED THAN OTHERS



SUGAR AND SPICE

What a difference

a day off makes

By BILL SMILEY

Sometimes I feel nothing but pity for those timid wretches who scurry to southern, warmer climes at the first fall of a flake. They have betrayed one of the greatest aspects of the Canadian character - the stubborn, tenacious stupidity that makes the rest of us endure through the winter.

This last week has been a grand one, and let me hear no old-timer snorting contemptuously that "The winters ain't what they used to be."

It started off ordinarily enough - colder than a tax collector's heart. In mid-week things warmed up, figuratively. Out of the west came a howling blizzard, winds gusting from 40 to 60 m.p.h., snow that cut like a razor-blade, and a wind-chill factor temperature of 60 below zero.

Somehow, it was all fun. I got up, looked out the window, and saw nothing but white. The house was creaking and groaning like an arthritic climbing a rope ladder.

Didn't even put on my long underwear. Took a look at the cat, whose green eyes balefully threw back, "Just try and throw me out in that, buddy." Didn't. Plunged out the back door in great spirits and sank to the navel in snow.

Made it to the garage because I knew there'd be no cabs on the road. The darn car started. Then the big decision. With the eye of a computer I judged the snowbank. Decided to use the bombing attack. Closed my eyes and sent her backwards at full bore. Wound up like a stranded whale: four wheels in the air, body sitting high and dry on the snowbank.

Did I quit? Not on your life. A savage gleeful mood took hold of me. Shovelled, wept, called upon the Lord in no uncertain turns. Nothing doing. Commandeered two high-school boys coming

'skidooning', but were attending their own church services where speakers and programs were pre-planned.

It was surprising to me that the organizers of the Convention made no allowance for this. I feel a week-night would have been much better.

With regard to the debate - Dickson's vs. Dixon's Hill, it would be appropriate to settle on the name adopted by the Highways Department - Dickson Hill. It looks attractive, sounds pleasing and is easier to write. The 's' denotes possession which, in this case, is meaningless.

Committee of one
for Dickson Hill

by. One had his nose frost-bitten right back to his cheeks. Put him in the car, at the controls. We rocked and shovelled and shoved, and made it.

Crept to school through the white rage of the storm. Felt triumphant. What a peaceful place. There were 140-odd kids (and they had to be odd to walk on a day like that), and 50-odd teachers (same comment). Normal numbers, 1300 kids, 80 teachers.

We enjoyed the best "school spirit" in years. We felt like a doughty band of the chosen. The kids played games or received tuition. The teachers joined them in the games, or gave tuition.

Unfortunately, the weather cleared a bit next day, and routine resumed. However, all were cheered by the principal's announcement that the lieutenant-governor had been visiting the county and had declared a school holiday for the following day, Friday.

Won a curling game Thursday night on the last shot. This somewhat made up for losing my car keys in the swirling snow just before I left for curling.

Things remained on the up-swing. Long, luxurious sleep Friday morning. There's nothing sweeter than sleeping on a day on which you'd normally be working. Found the keys (my only set) by a minor miracle.

And it's been going well ever since. This morning it was 32 below, but one of those perfect winter days: bright sun, smoke curling up like musical notes from all the chimneys, snow crunching, eyes watering, lungs hacking.

Don't tell me Canada isn't a great place to be in winter. It is. Unless you have enough money to get out.

I have a friend, in his seventies. Captain Dalton Hudson, retired Great Lakes captain. He's a salty raconteur, a frightening opponent at bridge or poker, and a deadly billiards player. But he is living refutation of my last statement. He could go to Florida.

And he does. In spring he pilots a yacht to Florida, comes home and fishes here in summer, returns to fetch the yacht in fall, and says, as he stomps off into a blizzard, pipe clenched, "Holy old Hughie, who'd want to live in Florida in the winter, when you can live here?" A real Canadian.

And to top off the week, a pleasant and warming letter from Mrs. Mary Bellavance of Lake Lenore, Sask., who claims, "I still think you ran into a door to get your black eye...keep up the good work."

I didn't, Mrs. B., but I'll try.

ROAMING AROUND

Trouble is where you find it

By Jim Thomas

There are times, like last weekend, when the 'natives' like to huddle together over games of euchre or checkers and reminisce about the 'old fashioned winters' they used to know.

The wind can be whistling up and down Main Street at 60 miles an hour and visibility reduced to zero, but there's always one in the crowd who looks back to 19 something or other, when conditions were worse - much worse - not fit for man or beast.

No one is about to offer an argument. For few can remember back seventy or eighty years. I certainly can't. But if I'm fortunate enough to live that long, I'll always remember Saturday, Feb. 13, 1971. So will a good many folks, hopelessly stranded by the storm.

While it's true, a few motorists had to be out in Saturday's blizzard, and again on Sunday, some others did not. Count me among the latter. I was stuck-stuck-stuck, bogged down in one drift after another.

And let me tell you, long periods of pushing and shovelling can tell on a guy. Today, my strength is so sapped, I can barely lift the keys.

But scooting around the countryside, even under such trying circumstances, does have its rewards. You meet many interesting people that way, all anxious to talk and all with a story to tell.

Like one young chap, bogged down on the townline road near Ringwood. He had planned to take his best girl to a Stouffville High School dance. He never made it to the school, but he spent the night at her house. "There was just no other way, she (the car) was pushing snow to the top of the lights. But one thing I found out. Her mother's sure some cook"

And then there was the admitted snowmobile-hater, stuck east of Elson's Garage near Altona. A teen lad (he couldn't recall his name), took the family back to Stouffville, making three separate trips. "I'll never criticize those things again," he promised.

Then there was the Uxbridge couple that stayed overnight in the Legion Hall at Claremont. "They had a bar there too," said the 'master' of the house, "but I don't drink - at least not when my wife's around"

One Toronto pair spent the night in their car on the Bloomington Road. "We had our love to keep us warm," joked the driver. "We also had a good heater and a full tank of gas," interrupted his fiancée.

Another motorist on the Vandorf Road wasn't quite so fortunate. He was alone and his car ran out of gas. After about two hours, he was rescued by a Whitchurch police officer after he helped dig the cruiser out of a drift.

And doesn't this take the cake. A Stouffville family decided around midnight, they would treat themselves to a Chinese dinner. They called a restaurateur in Markham of all places, and the operator foolishly obliged. He made it as far as Ringwood where his car stalled. Half-frozen, he went for help and was taken in by Stewart and Alice Vague.

His automobile, half-buried, was still 'parked' on Hwy. 48 on Sunday at noon.

And how about the skiing couple that stopped a pedestrian on Main Street, Sunday afternoon, and asked if they were headed in the right direction to Collingwood.

And then there was the Stouffville gentleman who returned on Thursday from Bermuda. He was nowhere to be seen on Sunday, so chances are, he's gone back into hibernation for six more weeks.

Stouffville's police office was filled to capacity all Saturday night with stranded families, men, women and children. Food was brought in from the officers' homes and the P. & R. Burger that remained open into the early hours.

Stouffville constable Bill Clause was one of many injury victims. His car, a 1965 Buick was rammed head-on by a westbound truck on the Gormley Road, near Ringwood. Constable Clause suffered several fractured ribs. His automobile was wrecked. The truck driver, David Bennett, R.R. 1, Unionville, was not hurt.

And last but not least, a teenage lad came to our door and offered to shovel out the driveway. My wife agreed to pay him \$2. He asked for \$3. I did it for nothing - it's drifted full again.