



The Tribune

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## Editorial

### Still a two party fight

Despite David Lewis' NDP contention that government money is being squandered unnecessarily on industry, that the opening of Canada's northland by pipeline is a bad deal for the country, and Canada's elderly folk and the unemployed are hard-done-by, the coming federal election vote is still very much a two-party struggle.

We do have unemployment, high taxes, high prices, regional disparity among the provinces and rampant inflation, and if the general public across the country feel that saturation in these areas has been reached, they will be voting Conservative come next Monday. Mr. Trudeau's stress on the matter of Canada's solidarity is an issue high above the thoughts of the average voter.

Thousands feel they are on a treadmill of high prices, and their constant worry

is being able to keep wages up to keep pace with the spiral. Likewise, the businessman who is continually besieged for more wages, is continually raising his prices in the never-ending circle. The Conservative leader believes he can stop this wheel from spinning and a great many believe he should be given the chance.

It is a safe assumption that unless the Conservatives do make such a try, we can look for still higher prices and wages as the Liberals do not seem able to cope with this trend.

Both local Conservative candidates, Stephen Roman and Sinclair Stevens are strongly opposed to the proposed airport which will undoubtedly win them votes from those who are only concerned with their immediate surroundings and not the entire metropolitan region. While we do not agree with their stand on this issue, we can understand them taking this calculated risk in their effort to get votes, and they may win in this connection.

It is highly unlikely that the Liberals will be able to sweep the Metro ridings as they did in 1968, and any substantial losses in this area could just tip the scales for a Conservative minority government.

-C.H.N.

### Uxbridge 'hatchet men' at work

No. 10 Sideroad in the Twp. of Uxbridge, was once the most unusual, the most beautiful rural thoroughfare in this area.

It was unusual due to the fact that it could accommodate only a single-lane of traffic.

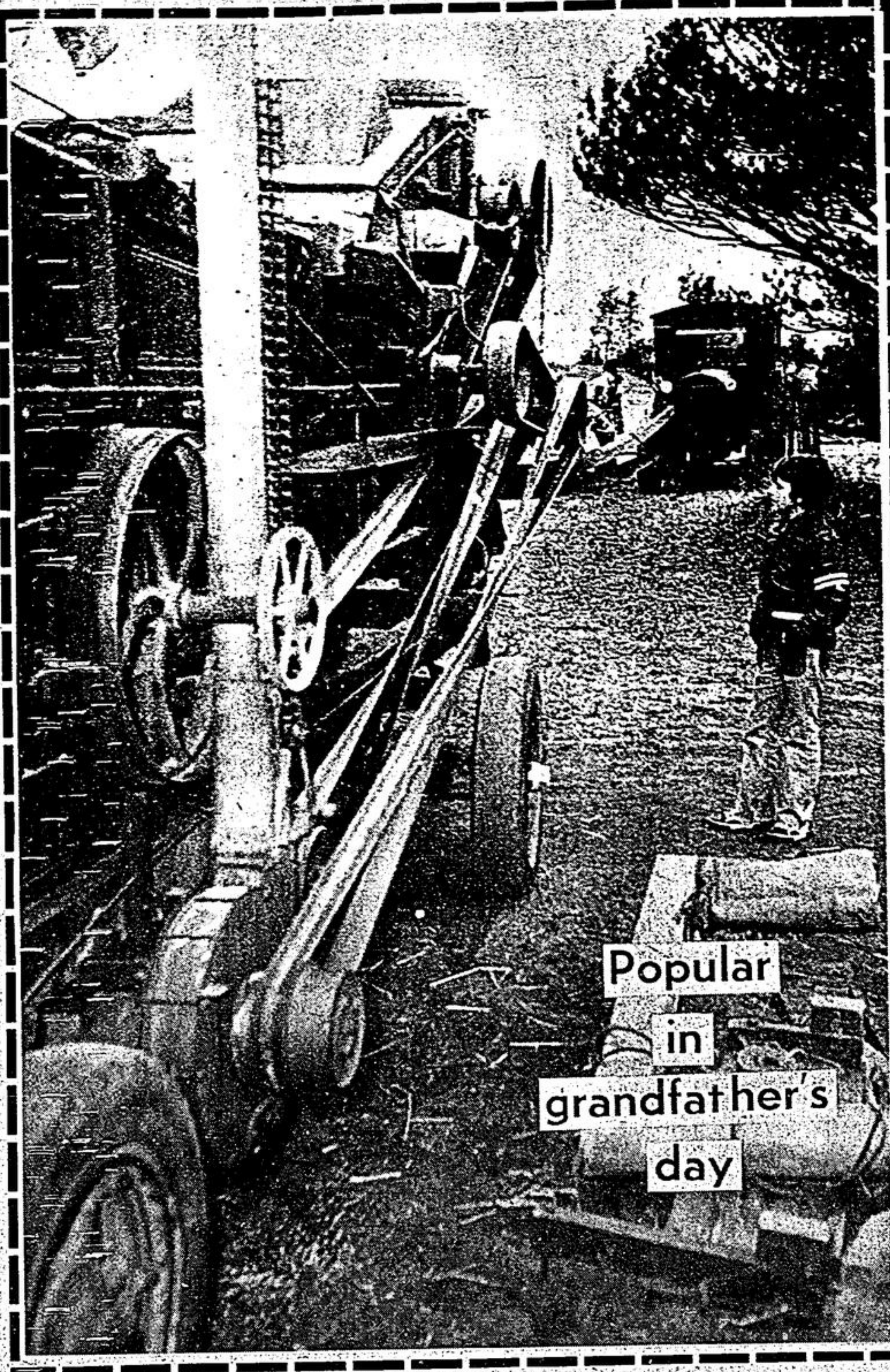
Its beauty was due to the heavy concentration of trees, the foliage of which formed a thick, leafy 'roof' between concession 6 and 7. For it was a moving experience just to stop the car and listen - listen to silence. And we often did. Others did too, some walking, some standing, all listening.

It was nature unspoiled. But not any more. For, as we always feared, it was just too good, to last. Uxbridge Township's 'hatchet men' have been at work. What took years to create, they've destroyed in a single season.

Strange isn't it how people will oppose a hydro tower line. But that's personal. Strange isn't it, how people will oppose a planned satellite city. But that's personal too.

Yet council can endorse the mutilation of one entire Sideroad, and no one says a word.

Strange isn't it.



## ROAMING AROUND

### Cycle visitors - group two

By Jim Thomas

Three weeks ago, an estimated two hundred motorcycle club members, from many parts of the Province, attended the funeral of a comrade, in Stouffville.

I wrote about it, not because I believed an 'orgy' of this kind deserves Front Page publicity, but because, from a news point of view, it represented an infamous 'first' for Stouffville.

But oh, how it aroused the readers. Cries of "shame-shame" were heard from Glengall Lane to Loretta Crescent, including some 'protesters' whose only communication with the outside world is through a knot-hole in their neighbor's fence.

Their complaints left me to conclude that such events, uncommon or not, should be ignored; you know, just close your eyes and pretend they never occur.

Sorry folks, but life as I see it, isn't at all like that. Would that it was.

However, there are brighter sides to stories - even to stories about cycle gangs.

The second, with a slightly different flavor, occurred Sunday, also in Stouffville.

I dropped into Bing's Restaurant around noon, for my usual post-church repast of toast and coffee.

Outside, were about a dozen bikes, (C.C.M.'s not Harleys), parked against the building.

Inside, the tables were filled. I could tell at a glance they were strangers to town.

But these were no straggly-haired, pasty-faced kids, like many tend to categorize all teenagers today. Rather, they were polite, vibrant, wholesome young people, the kind any parent should feel proud to call a son or daughter.

I heard none of the familiar, "Hey you, what's with the hamburger I ordered?" or "when ya gonna bring me that milkshake?" Their conversations contained real 'square' expressions like, please, thankyou and excuse me.

I couldn't pass up the opportunity of enquiring into the group's reason for being here; where they had come from, and where they were headed.

Dave Rankin, Sharon Andrew and Marie Chabot seemed pleased to explain.

Marie told how once a year, the Prefects of Wexford Collegiate, embark on a cross-country project, usually as part of a campaign to raise money for some worthwhile organization. On Saturday, she said, fifteen Grade 13 students, (10 boys and 5 girls), accompanied by Dr. Dawson, a staff French teacher, left Scarboro for Mount Albert, a round-trip covering 70 miles.

The starting time was about 8.30 a.m., with everyone completing the distance by 4.30 p.m. They cycled back, Sunday, stopping off in Stouffville, for lunch.

"Any unusual experiences?" the students were asked.

"Not really", recalled Marie, "one of the guys fell off his bike and was nearly run over by a truck, but other than that, nothing really". She admitted, however, that for some, including herself, the most uncomfortable experience, was attempting to sit down. She winced slightly and shifted positions.

Minutes later, their meal finished, they were back outside, pedalling west on Main Street.

"Say, who were those kids?" commented a fellow coffee-drinker, as the last disappeared out the door. "Certainly not like any teenagers I've ever seen".

"Perhaps you're like me", I replied. "We see one, and we think we've seen them all".

## Editor's Mail

### Cyclist club members 'insulted' claims writer

Sir: I have never been so insulted in all my life.

For up until now, I never realized what kind of sarcastic, thick-headed, prejudiced people lived in Stouffville.

My complaint is in reference to the Page 1 story, (Oct. 12), under the heading 'Cycle Funeral Cortege "Enough to Waken the Dead"'

I hope that when you pass away, someone has the 'grace' to say something equally 'civil' about you.

Any member of the Vags (Vagabonds), is as much a human being as you or your kids. He also has a family that love him dearly, even if he isn't God's brother. And if you can't put up with a bit of noise from loyal friends and even loyal strangers of the deceased, then I can't put up with you

or your friends.

Is it so surprising to you that a Choice (Satin's Choice) or Vag has money in his jeans? And wasn't it amazing that a whole crowd of them could spend 10 minutes in a store without burning it to the ground. Wasn't it terrible that when they angle-parked their 'terror machines' on Church Street, only one single lane of traffic could get through?

And oh yes, it must have been very interesting to your readers to know exactly what every member was wearing.

And if you adults (so to speak), ever have the chance, I know that down deep, you'd love the experience, the thrill and sense of freedom of speeding down the highway on a motorcycle. Just ask a bike-cop, he'll tell you.

But your minds are closed to liberalism. You would never permit yourself to think about it. You'd be too afraid of what someone else might think of you, if found riding a 'chopper'.

Jusi Hirsch, Stouffville.

Editor's Note: You'd be surprised at the comments I receive while riding my two-wheeler down Rupert Avenue.

Dear Mr. Thomas:

I am writing with regard to the Page 1 story (Oct. 12), in The Tribune.

In my opinion, it is a sad thing when the death of a boy and the accompanying funeral service is considered Front Page news.

While I agree that a motorcycle makes a great deal of noise, but to the deceased, and those who participated in the cortege, it is music to their ears.

Their bikes are their first loves, and I'm sure there are many much worse on our roads today. It is a very rare occasion when one is arrested for being impaired; nor can I recall hearing of an instance when they have maimed or killed anyone.

Motorcycle Clubs are like any other similar organizations, except the good things the members do, are never recognized.

The boy who died was a brother to his fellow members. I would be proud indeed to think so many would come from so far, to honor my son.

I don't think the noise bothered as many as you feel; and I don't recall the town worrying about noise at 4 a.m., when Stouffville won a hockey championship. I think you owe these boys an apology.

The motorbike, like a car, is here to stay. Please give the biker a chance.

Mrs. R. Gray, Greenwood Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed is my cheque for \$14.20, covering renewal of The Tribune and a copy of 'And So They Bought a Farm', by Dean Hughes.

The Tribune simply glistens with familiar names and faces to alight happy memories; an eventful weekly letter from our former stamping grounds.

A warm thankyou to the Publisher, Editor and Staff.

Bruce Lehman, 142 Marshall Ave., Delhi, Ont.

Mrs. S.J. Deverell, R.R.1, Stouffville.

Dear Sir:

Congratulations on your editorial, (Oct. 19), 'Hunting - Ban It'. When more newspaper editors and publishers show the courage to speak out against the ravages of nature, we may yet save the wild life that remains.



Altona Community League Softball Champions - 1952

The original Claremont Community Softball League has completed its 21st season. The first championship (1952), was won by Altona. Team members, shown here are - Rear Row (left to right) - Grant Hill, Norm Fretz, Grant Drewery, Harold Hodgson, Jim Prentice, Lee Fretz, Merv Bunker. Front Row (left to right) - Cliff Dunkeld, Don Dunkeld, Murray Johnston, Don Davis and Ab Davis.