

Colourful life of black and white photog

To his parents he was Edmund. To his baseball pals he was "Sam". To me he was Ted. Appropriately embracing all of these would be the descriptive 'friend'.

For Edmund "Ted" Cadieux, formerly of Stouffville and later of Cannington, was everyone's friend, everyone fortunate enough to know him. His associates numbered hundreds.

Ted passed away June 1 at Ross Memorial Hospital in Lindsay. He was 90.

A Stouffville native, Ted received his formal education at Summitview Public School, Stouffville Continuation School and Markham High.

In 1942, with the Second World War already underway, he joined the Royal Air Force, advancing to the rank of flying officer. For a time, it was his responsibility to pilot huge Dakota transports on missions from England to India.

At age 20, he was one of the youngest Canadians to fly this type of aircraft across the Atlantic. The greater part of his war service, however, was spent in the Middle East. He was honourably discharged in 1946.

Initially, photography was not a preferred career. However, he was bitten by the shutterbug after joining the staff of Toronto's Meyers Studios. He became so proficient within the profession he was later selected to manage a company store in Guelph.

This would inspire him to open his own studio on Main Street in Stouffville, first above the Ratcliff Foodliner, now the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, and later west of Park Drive. The latter site served as both a residence and work place.

Word of his expertise soon spread, prompting calls outside Stouffville including Markham, Uxbridge, Clarendon and Port Perry. His wedding albums and portraits still remain treasured mementoes within hundreds of



Roaming Around

with Jim Thomas

homes.

While black and white photography was his specialty, he seemed to anticipate the popularity of colour and quickly adjusted to the conversion. Again, results knew no equal.

It was in 1954 that I purchased my first of two press cameras. While I had no knowledge concerning their operation, it was Ted who, on his own time, taught me everything I needed to know. The cameras, plus Ted's training, added a new commitment to my newspaper career.

I'll be forever grateful.

While news photography was top priority, the ability to capture events on film opened yet another door — weddings. When Saturday engagements proved more than one person could handle, Ted eased me into the vocation. On many occasions I served as a fill-in until he arrived.

Although through the years we worked closely together, for a short period we were arch rivals. I served as a correspondent for The Toronto Telegram and Ted was hired by The Toronto Star. My tendency to embellish stories — slightly — tended to drive Ted and The Star's suburban editor crazy.

However, Ted's early arrival on the scene of the serious Brierbush Hospital fire on what's now Stouffville's Spring Street, more than evened the score.

Looking back, there were

humorous times, too. When the two Toronto dailies heard of a cattle-rustling incident in Uxbridge, Ted and I were dispatched. While running through a farm field, a heavy downpour occurred. To protect his camera, Ted tucked the Graphic down the front of his pants. This encumbrance averted his attention. He failed to see an electric fence dividing two properties. I ducked under the wire but he became entangled, a calamity no words could describe.

Another occasion that irritated him greatly followed his attendance at a rather exclusive policemen's ball in downtown Toronto. Ironically, en route home, he was pulled over by a traffic officer and charged with speeding. A story and Ted's photo appeared on the front page of the following week's paper.

But it wasn't all work and no play for "Big Sam". In 1951, three years after the Stouffville Red Sox baseball team was organized, Ted became a roster regular, holding down a left field position. There he performed admirably, using an age-old cowhide glove or "pud" as he called it, to snag balls that would have evaded any average player. A year before the Tri-County League disbanded, he served as president.

Following retirement from studio photography, Ted worked at Stouffville's Birkett-Hassard Insurance. Unique was the fact four former baseball players — Bob Hassard, Lorne Boadway, Les Clarke and Ted — served on staff at the same time.

He was the 1965 master of Stouffville's Richardson Masonic Lodge.

Besides his wife, the former Joan Baxter, Ted is survived by two sons, Mike and Jim; a sister Carol; five grandchildren and one great-grandson. He was predeceased by a daughter Trudy and brothers Charles, Donald and Joseph.

Jim Thomas is a Stouffville resident who has written for area newspapers for more than 60 years.

Suburban showdown with the masked intruder

Rocky Raccoon checked into his room. Only to find Gideon's Bible

With apologies to The Beatles, I'm not sure if his, or more likely her, name was Rocky, Ralph or Rasputin.

But whoever moved into the crawlspacé atop my garage in north Stouffville was all-raccoon. And there was no Bible waiting at check-in.

I saw her, lounging in a lawn chair. That darling face of a bandit might be cute in cartoons. But it scared the bejeesbers out of me as I unknowingly trotted the garbage cans past her to the curb at dusk.

And for the past two weeks, that little mask has haunted my dreams, and my days. Instead of enjoying the Jays' run and the NHL and NBA finals, I'm looking up raccoon bait on the Internet and walking through my yard wielding an old hockey stick, feeling like Clint Eastwood in *Gran Torino*.

I've heard her scurrying around. I've seen the damage she's inflicted on my soffit. The neighbours have spotted her, or another raccoon, scaling trees and brick walls like the most nimble kid in the playground.

Before this, I had zero raccoon experience. Yes, we did capture and relocate a muskrat that shipwrecked into our window well years ago. That was child's play.

Our raccoon has avoided the buffet of menu choices placed in a live trap, but appears to enjoy the scent of tuna the most.

I know from our stories on coyotes, foxes and God's other creatures that we small towners are merely invading *their* territory.



Off The Top

with Jim Mason

Sorry, Rocky.

And I know you can't believe everything you read — anywhere — but I think I now know raccoons can be rabid, and thus deadly dangerous. Wear thick gloves. Keep the other pets indoors.

They can have more than one nest. So, sounding like a bad country song, when I thought she was gone for good, she really wasn't.

I'm not sure how this was verified, but ammonia apparently smells like raccoon pee. It's a deterrent.

On the other hand, a dish of sparkling antifreeze is not a wise choice for bait, unless you want the stench of dead varmint wafting through the innards of your home and the animal rights defenders at your door.

My eavestrough is now patched with more duct tape than Red Green ever used. The unwanted squawk of raccoon kits or cubs has been not heard from the attic. The trash cans remain upright.

But the watch continues, Rocky.

Jim Mason is editor of The Sun-Tribune. Follow him on Twitter @stouffeditor

Weins presents
DIAMOND SERIES | 14•15
BRILLIANT PERFORMANCES

Celebrate Dad with our Top Ten!

BUY YOUR TICKETS NOW! TOP TEN SHOWS OVER 50% SOLD!

Choose from 62 Shows! SAVE up to 40% on Season Tickets!

www.markhamtheatre.ca Call for details 905-305-7469. Gift Certificates available.

PLUS... WIN a foursome at Angus Glen! Perfect for DAD! Enter by emailing 305_show@markham.ca

subject: Dad Top Ten

Flato Markham Theatre
LIVE ARTS MATTERS.



FLATO

MARKHAM

