

# Editorials

# Tribune

## The personal approach

Deputy-Reeve Bill Parsons has recommended that Stouffville arrange a personal hearing with Hon. Darcy McKeough, Minister of Municipal Affairs and submit a proposal concerning the future status of this village within the boundaries of regional government.

We feel that the suggestion has definite merit, if there is still time to prepare a proper brief. It's unfortunate that the move wasn't made earlier but better late than not at all.

Stouffville, with a population of just over 4,000, could lose its municipal identity under the new region-

al plan. This, in our opinion, would be tragic.

Stouffville is a well planned, self-contained community with no close dependency on any town or township around us. It is to be hoped that we will remain this way.

While such a stand on our behalf may be taken at the County level, we feel that Council would be well advised to do a little spade work on its own, and deal directly with the Minister's office.

There's nothing like the personal approach. And with our very identity at stake, we should be as personal as possible.

## A Sunday Fair

Twenty-five years ago a suggestion that Markham Fair be extended to include Sunday would have been greeted with contempt by the Board of Directors and the general public.

But times have changed in the last quarter century and so have peoples' opinions. The Sabbath is no longer a 'day of rest' as we once knew it. Rather, it is a day of recreation. It could also be a 'day at the fair.'

While the proposal has merit, the benefit would depend mainly on the kind of program planned. It would

require considerable thought and discussion.

We feel that a band concert on the Sunday afternoon would indeed be a feature attraction. In the evening something on a religious theme could be held in the arena.

It had been suggested earlier that perhaps Markham Fair should extend for an entire week. We believe that the executive should first take advantage of the entire weekend and then re-set their sights according to the response.

## Criticism unjustified

Police Chief Orland Keating presented his nine-page annual report to Stouffville Council Feb. 6. It covered in detail the activities of the police department during 1968.

The content of the report, in particular its recommendations, were coolly received — even criticized. In our opinion, the criticism was unfair and unwarranted.

While the deputy-reeve indicated his opposition to the personal presentation of the report, a common courtesy that should be afforded a department head, he also took exception to certain suggestions contained in it. We feel that it was neither the time nor the place to engage in such debate, indeed if debate was necessary at all.

In our opinion, the two points put forward by Chief Keating have definite merit. He feels that the police college training program should be

continued for officers now on his staff. This is common procedure and a policy approved earlier here. While we all know that the final okay rests with council, we feel that it is the Chief's right and privilege to recommend. And this is what he did.

The Chief also suggested that if the two-hour parking by-law is to be enforced, an "employee" should be hired to enforce it. This does not mean that Mr. Keating expects council to hire the man tomorrow. He was merely recommending a solution to a problem.

With respect to the Main Street area, we don't believe that council wishes the restrictions enforced — at least not to the letter of the law. Such action would tread on too many toes and they know it. This puts the police department in a rather precarious position. The by-law becomes a farce and has been, ever since it was passed.



Do you remember? S. S. No. 9, Whitchurch (Lemonville) 1930

This classroom photo should stir a few memories for former students of S.S. No. 9, Whitchurch Twp. at Lemonville. The year is 1930. The teacher is Miss Margaret Thompson. Pupils are: (l. to r.), Jim Rae, Jim Attreed, Gorman Dickson, Elgin Hastings, Ken Hamm, Aylmer Hood, Andrew Hutchinson. Centre row (l. to r.), Sam Fockler, Harold Preston, George Gibner, Betty Hamm, Maryon Hastings, Vera Wells, Velma Yake, Norma Rae, Blanche Preston, Ruby Fockler, Allan Baker. Rear row (l. to r.), Fred Gibner, Bruce Baker, Elgin Hisey, Louis Wells, Doris Baker, Helen Hastings, Blake Yake, Reta Wells, Elda Hutchinson, Florence Barkey, Frank Hall, Keith Hutchinson.



## SUGAR AND SPICE

### Those degrees bug me

By BILL SMILEY

Some pretty earth-shaking events occurred around our place lately.

First of all, my wife has taken up curling. Perhaps "taken up" is not the right phrase. "Falling down" might be closer.

The first time she stepped on the ice, her feet went to heaven and her bottom went to the other place. The earth shook (you must have felt it) and she has the purple posterior to prove it.

She has fallen only about four times per game since, and has mastered the art to the point where she can look up from her sprawl with the injured innocence of a pro hockey player trying to pin a penalty on the guy who didn't trip him.

For years she has looked down on the sport. She thought the curling club was a place where men went to drink, smoke, play pool and poker, curl and get away from their wives. And she was right.

Now she has learned that it is a cultural centre where women go to drink, smoke, play bridge, curl and get away from their husbands. And she's right again, as usual.

But as long as she can do it with me, and keep an eye on me, she feels it is one of Canada's grand old sports. I used to get home from the curling club at midnight. Last time, we got home at 3 a.m., after being invited somewhere for "coffee." I wish I could get the same price for that coffee that the distributors do.

The second earth-shaker around here was Kim's performance in the piano exams for her degree in music.

Not only did she knock off a first-class honor mark, but she topped the list of candidates. She can now add the letters A.R.T.C. after her name. That's longer than my degree.

That cost me. Kim phoned collect, between music lessons in the city, and my wife phoned every relative between here and Zanzibar.

But for one wild and glorious moment I thought it was over. After an accumulated 30 years of music lessons among her brother, her mother, and herself, I thought I was home free.

No more wincing as I wrote out cheques for the Conservatory. No more trucking the kids all over the country, in blizzards, to play at festivals. No more sweating through performances. No more getting up at a quarter to seven to take her to the bus. No more.

It seems I was wrong. My wild and glorious moment was only a moment. She wants to carry on with lessons. And her mother is thinking of resuming lessons. And Hugh will be around one of these days, broken, crooked finger and all, ready to go back to it.

We now have two A.R.T.C. diplomas in the house. They look beautiful, side by side on the living room wall. It's like sitting in a doctor's office.

But what really drives me out of my skull is that not one of them can play anything. As soon as the festival or exam is over, they take new

pieces, and the old ones are dumped overboard.

Ask anyone to play a piece, for company, and you get the familiar whine, "I haven't anything ready."

I never heard of a guitar-player or a mouthorgan-player who lost his repertoire overnight. But I am here to testify that a piano player of class-

ical music can't even whistle a tune, most of the time.

Aside from two degrees on the wall, and two pianos around my neck, all I've got out of the whole thing is three people who think they are gifted, talented, and couldn't play "Mary Had a Little Lamb," without six weeks of preparation.

## An open letter

### "Please be brutal"

To the Chief of Police:

One of the most common phrases heard in our society and our city today is "police brutality." Perhaps I don't understand the meaning, but I would like to give you one mother's viewpoint on this subject.

To begin, I should first tell you that I have two teen-age sons, and being a mother, I cannot help but want the very best of everything for them. I am a typical mother in that I don't want to see them hurt by anyone. I am not a typical mother, for I see things many mothers never hear of, much less become involved in, because my husband is a minister and we see the very best and the sordid worst.

I would like for you to be brutal with my sons. Is that a surprise?

If you find them speeding in a car, please be brutal. I have sat at a hospital holding a grieving mother's hand because of someone's mistake. That was brutal. I have gone with my husband to tell a wife her husband was killed. That was brutal. I have helped nurse a beautiful teen-age girl crippled in a wreck. That was brutal. I have played organ music at funeral services for babies, teen-agers, and adults because someone drove too fast. That was brutal.

If you should catch my under-age sons with liquor in their possession, please be brutal.

I have sat all night by my husband's side trying to piece together two under-age young men's lives, both broken by drinking. That was brutal. I have listened to the horrors experienced by another man while he was drunk and heard him recall the many jails he had served time in for this. That was brutal. I have helped feed hungry children because a drunken father didn't come home. That was brutal. I have tried to console a mother whose daughter was killed after being struck by a drunken driver. That was brutal.

If you should find my sons with

drugs in their possession, please be brutal.

I have tried to rehabilitate a woman just out of prison for shooting her husband while she was drugged. That was brutal. I have seen a handsome young man turn into an old ugly one because of drugs. That was brutal. I have seen a young mother who was addicted to a drug, scream and rave for lack of a "fix." That was brutal.

If you find my sons committing any kind of immoral act or carrying any pornographic materials, please be brutal! I have listened to the sad cry of a young girl who was pregnant but not married. That was brutal.

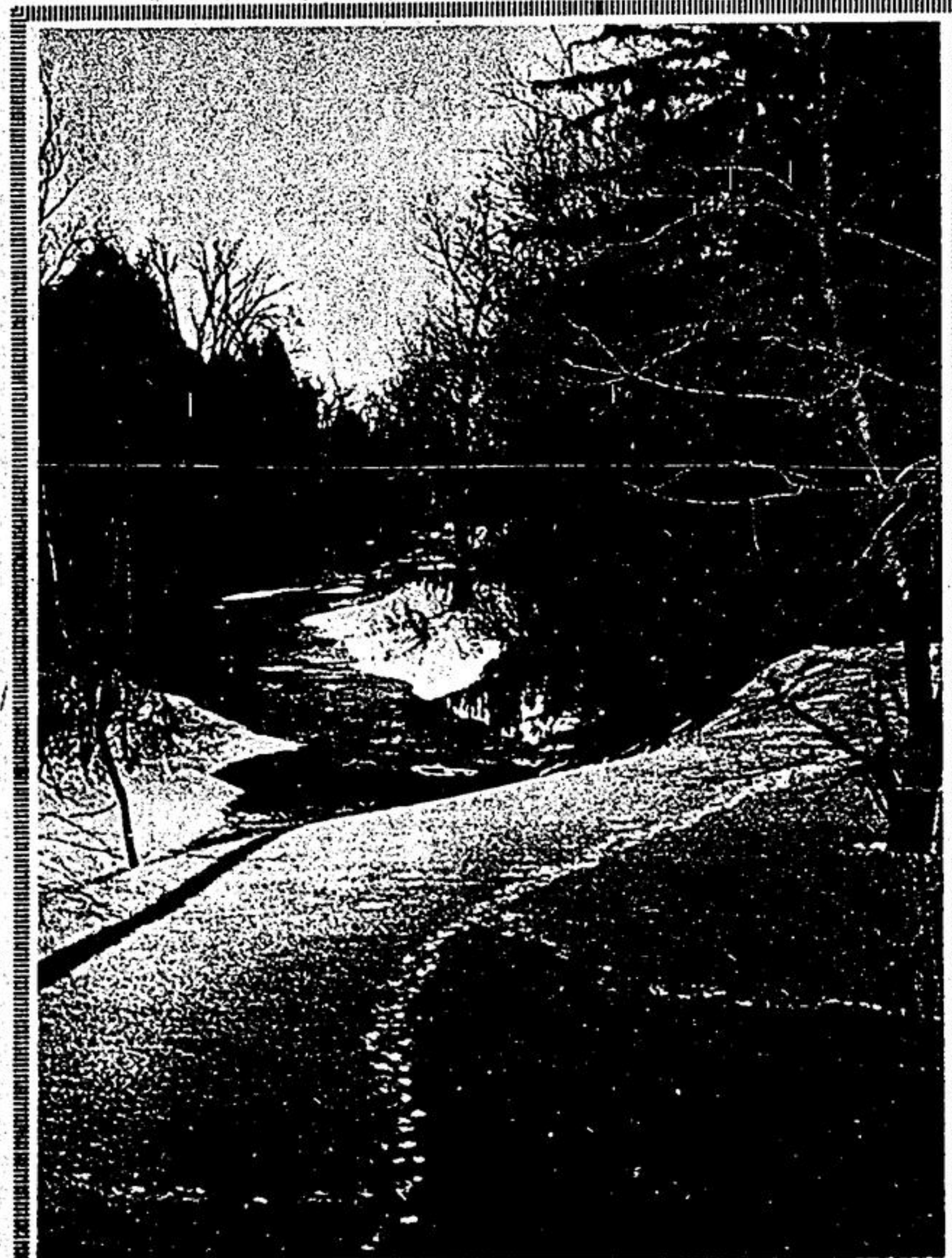
If police ever see my sons doing something that isn't thoroughly in the interest of society, please be brutal. I have walked into a hushed, sacred church that was stripped of everything that could be sold. That was brutal. I have seen a lovely, expensive home and yard completely torn up by vandals. That was brutal. I have seen a school and its marvelous equipment torn apart by young vandals. That was brutal.

If you should ever catch my sons doing anything illegal, please be brutal! I have come to realize that your kind of "brutality" cannot in any way compare with the brutality that comes from breaking our laws.

My husband and I have tried to teach our sons that their rights end where someone else's begin. We believe they have learned this lesson, but in case they forget, we look to you and others who influence our lives — teachers, coaches etc. — to see that they remember.

I do not want my two sons to grow into grown-up boys. I want them to become men, able to assume their places in this world and make good contributions to it. I sincerely hope they won't need your help; but if they do, and if you must, then be brutal.

—A Concerned Mother



Duffin Creek in hibernation

Duffin Creek in Pickering Township is reduced to a trickle beneath the mid-winter ice and snow. This scene is looking north from Greenwood Bridge toward Hwy 7. —Staff Photo

# ROAMING AROUND

## Be my valentine

By Jim Thomas

Friday, Feb. 14 is, in case you require a reminder, St. Valentine's Day.

Married folk, it seems, don't pay the occasion much heed any more. Most couples are still too busy trying to balance the family budget from Christmas to worry about such frivolities.

Be honest now — when was the last time you splurged 50 cents and bought your wife a Valentine card? You know, one of those fancy, frilly kind all trimmed with lace?

It's too bad we forget these simple things of life that really should mean so much.

In my little one-room public school at S.S. 19, Markham, St. Valentine's Day was something special. You were able to find out for sure just who your real friends were. Of course, if you had advanced to Grade 8 or the Senior Fourth as we knew it, you would receive a card from almost everyone including the teacher. If you were a comparative newcomer in Grade 1, or Junior First, you'd feel fortunate to receive two or three. It was a kind of caste system within the ranks of elementary education.

On my second day in school, because I could read and write, the teacher exercised her authority and vaulted me into Grade 2 or Senior First. I felt as forlorn and forsaken as a church mouse on Monday. I couldn't understand why I had been put there and my classmates resented my being there. It was sure a mixed up beginning.

While the teacher was quite generous in her promotions, she had several strict conduct rules that she enforced to the letter of the law.

Number 1 on her list was that no pupil, boy or girl, could gain permission to go to the bathroom during regular class hours. He or she had to wait until the automatic dismissal at recess, noon-hour or four o'clock. Oh, the agony of it all. I can still picture fourteen kids with distorted faces, standing cross-legged during the allegiance pledge to the Union Jack.

With the ring of the bell, the dash to the two little shacks out back was something to see. Since accommodation was limited to three, many were content to stampede for the nearest tree. Some never made it that far.

For a freshman arrival, the restriction on nature's ordained custom, presented a frightening forecast. I knew that my schedule and the teacher's would sooner or later conflict. More sooner than later, it did. It was the one and only day in my entire public school career that I cried. That pool beneath the stool was evidence enough. They pointed; they stared, they tee-hee'd and they laughed. I would gladly have dropped through a hole in the floor never to return. But there was no escape from the embarrassment of it all.

But one little girl in the next row didn't laugh. She didn't stare or giggle like all the rest. In all the room, she was the only friend I could find in a time of desperate need. She was eight years old, in the Junior Third and cute as a button. I later learned that her name was Madeline and my liking for her bloomed.

Our puppy love affair never advanced farther than a few shy glances but when the next St. Valentine's Day rolled around, the biggest hand-made heart of all was delivered personally to my desk. I've retained the keepsake to this very day. The verse reads:

You're new in our school,  
I'm kinda new, too,  
Do you think some day  
I could play house with you.

You look kinda shy,  
But you don't have to be,  
Just 'cause you "went"  
Makes no difference to me.

The next time it happens,  
Get up and walk out,  
And keep right on runnin'  
Even tho she may shout.

Let the other kids laugh,  
I still think you're fine,  
And oh, by the way,  
Be my Valentine.

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