



The Tribune

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CHARLES H. NOLAN, Publisher

JAMES THOMAS, Associate Publisher and Editor

ROBERT McCASLAND, Advertising Director

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## Editorial

### Town salutes its hockey champs

Champions!  
All-Ontario Champions!  
Finally, after several seasons in the role of also-rans, Jack Watson and his diligent crew of Bantam puck-chasers, put it all together, Sunday, to take the Title, in a thrilling game to conclude a thrilling series. And they did it the hard way.  
With no arena to call their 'home', the club was forced to play each of its games on 'Foreign' ice, a kind of adversity that would have thrown a less proficient team off stride. But not this team. They are worthy winners.  
While toting home a silver trophy is important, it is 'how' the team won, rather

than 'what' it won, that will remain fixed in the minds of most fans, if not the players.  
In this regard, Stouffville can be justly proud. For undoubtedly, this town was never represented by better sports: a fact, that under the guidance of coach Watson, was obvious even in defeat.  
Last season, many will recall how the team visited the Petrolia dressing room after losing the championship, and extended congratulations to the victors.  
This ingredient, sad to say, was not apparent within the coaching personnel of the losers, this time around. We've never witnessed this kind of thing before, and we hope we don't again.

### Easy escape - form a committee

Appoint a committee, a gimmick used at every level of politics to evade a stand on a contentious issue, was the 'out' selected April 12, by the Whitchurch-Stouffville Ratepayers' Association on the question of the ill-conceived deer hunt.  
This delaying tactic, on a matter of obvious importance to everyone present, reduced the effectiveness of the organization, both in the minds of the members, (certainly this member), and the Town Council, who were obviously watching the result with interest.  
If this kind of policy is to be continued, then the politicians, certainly at the local level, have nothing to fear.  
Before the meeting even started, it was certain that, somewhere along the line, the subject would be introduced. It was the main topic of discussion. And, from the opinions we heard, both then and since, the majority appeared opposed.  
To offset any suggested prejudice, representatives of the Conservation Club were also in attendance, and permitted to

speak. They presented the affirmative side of the issue.  
Then and there, a vote on the question should have been taken, as a guide, if nothing else, on what the Association's next move should be. But oh no. The potato was just too hot to handle. It's been set up on a shelf to cool a little, while others, not content to sit idly by and wait, have decided to dig in and do all the work.  
This is not the kind of leadership that the residents of Whitchurch-Stouffville want, and need.  
We say, let the municipal council, if it sees fit, establish committees to bring in reports. For councillors are paid servants of the people.  
But a ratepayers' association IS the people. The majority should rule.  
If this is not to be the case, and the decision-making is to be left to pow-wows between the executive and appointed committees, then the memberships' time would be better spent watching the mid-ice escapades of Peter Mahovich and Rick MacLeish.

## Editor's Mail

Dear Sir,  
As a land owner in the Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville, I wish to denounce, in the strongest possible terms, the decision of four members of council to allow deer hunting in this area.  
By what right do these elected people grant the opportunity to outsiders to trespass on private land, with the inevitable damage to property, theft from buildings, and accidental killing of pets, all of which I have experienced from hunters?  
I am not opposed to hunting under certain circumstances and in some areas, but certainly not here.  
I do not classify all hunters as being irresponsible, but there are as many law breakers in a group of hunters, as in a group of motorists, and we all know that percentage. We must legislate against the exception, rather than the rule. These same hunters probably lock their doors at home, yet they do not think that all men would try to rob them. Their lock do not offend an honest man.  
In twenty years I have seen countless hunters on my land, but only one has ever asked my permission.  
Kenneth Faulker states that in one year 52

deer were killed by cars, with damage of two thousand dollars, so he recommends shooting the rest, and calls it Conservation? I suppose he will post men at our boundaries to warn other deer not to enter after Nov. 7.  
Did Mr. Faulker find out the amount of damage in that same year, caused by cars hitting stationary objects that were not even on the travelled portion of the road, such as bridge abutments, guard rails, hydro poles, mail boxes, parked vehicles etc? Does he plan to have all of these removed, or will he ask for an open season on reckless drivers?  
Have you ever seen a car slow down for a Deer Crossing sign?  
I have driven in this area for twenty years, and have seen only one deer on the road, and had no trouble avoiding it. In that same period, I have seen only four deer on my farm, and they caused no damage, which is more than I can say for the human beings who trespassed.  
If the Town owns my land, or if four members of council can dictate its use, or encourage its abuse, why not call my taxes, rent, and give me the privileges of a tenant?  
H.D. Whitehead,  
Stouffville



### SUGAR AND SPICE

#### How to spell-a lost art

By BILL SMILEY

English is going down the drain, going to the dogs, or going up in smoke these days. Take your pick. Maybe that first sentence is what's wrong with the language. There are so many idioms in it that nobody can speak or write the real thing any more.  
University professors have expressed their indignation publicly. A couple of them recently announced that students who expect to graduate in one of the professions can't write one sentence without falling all over their syntax. I agree with them.  
But if they think they have troubles, they should try teaching English in high school. There has been such a marked and rapid decrease in the standards of written and spoken English that teachers of the subject can be found almost any day in the staff john, weeping into the washbasin.  
Dear Sir:  
I feel I must answer the letter written by Mrs. Yvonne Strong, and published in The Tribune of April 12.  
Mrs. Strong voices her protest over the proposed deer hunt this fall. This is her constitutional right. However, in a democratic society, vote is a person's dues, paid for the right to protest. What kind of protest is it then, to withdraw that vote? By removing one voice, she is the only one who is hurt. Consequently, her opponents are one vote stronger.  
One of the best forms of protest is the right to vote for the individual of one's choice, or the principals for which that individual stands for. Then, if that individual does not meet an accepted standard, remove your support. But in the meantime, protest loud and long, using every means available.  
If one cares enough to pay his dues, then one has a right to be heard. If not, one should remain quiet and merely listen while the action goes on without you.  
Genevieve Cuthbertson,  
Rupert Avenue,  
Stouffville.

This winter, a teacher in a city school decided to prove something she already knew. She drew up a list of forty words, most of them of one syllable, and tested several classes. Nobody could spell all forty. Many of the kids couldn't spell ten of the words.  
Her experiment and her subsequent indignation were airily dismissed by a public school principal, who said something like, "Oh, we don't worry much about spelling any more. They'll learn to spell when they need to." Hogwash.  
What employer of anything but brute strength wants a semi-literate lout fouting up his invoices, order forms and everything he can get his hands on?  
What printer, for example, will hire a kid who can't even spell 'etaoin shrdlu' and doesn't even know what it means?  
I do a fair bit of gnashing and wailing myself when I'm marking upper school papers and have to sort out something like, "The Women nu were she was going, as she when they're everyday." The thought it there, but there is something lacking when it comes to felicity of spelling.  
Everybody blames everybody else for the sad state of English, but, as usual, you have to read it in this column to get at the truth.  
Let us establish the a priori fact that the high school English teacher is faultless. And, some would add, that a fortiori, the high school English teacher is useless. So be it.  
Now for the real culprits. They are not the elementary school teachers, much as we would love to blame them. They are victims, too.  
First, English had been degraded and eroded for the past couple of decades until it is now down somewhere in the area of brushing your teeth and saying your prayers.  
Remember, you older and wiser people who went to school longer ago than you care to proclaim? You had spelling and grammar and composition and reading and writing and orals. This was English.  
Maybe you didn't learn much about sex or conversational French or how to copy a "project" out of the encyclopedia, but you sure as hell had English belted into you.  
Maybe you weren't given much chance to "express yourself", but by the time you were, you had some tools with which to do it.  
Nowadays English is practically crowded off the curriculum by such esoteric subjects as social behaviour, getting along with the group, finding your place in society, and the ubiquitous and often useless "project".  
Kids, one teacher told me, shouldn't have to learn to spell words that are not in their own vocabulary. Now, I ask you. How else do they acquire a vocabulary?  
But, I repeat, it's not the teachers of our little treasures who are at fault. It's the linkerers, the dabblers in education. They are rarely found in a classroom.  
They are more often haring after some 'new approach' in education that has been tried and found wanting by the Americans or the Armenians or the Aztecs.  
Thus, out went grammar and spelling drill. The kids are supposed to learn these basic skills, not through their eyes and ears, but in some mysterious way: possibly through their skin.  
Daily drill is deadening to the spirit, so off with its head. Let the kids be creative, write poetry:  
"I saw the moon ovary the cloweds it was sooper."  
Doesn't that give you a unique experience? The freedom of spirit, the originality, the creativity?  
Fortunately, I am able to shake this off, along with war and famine, death and taxes. It has its moments.  
The other day, I threw this old chestnut at

## ROAMING AROUND

### Where time stands still

BY JIM THOMAS

Something like four years ago, (I can't recall the exact date), a tragic two-vehicle crash occurred on the 10th concession of Markham, near Cedar Grove.  
I was working late that particular night, when the call came through, and immediately grabbed a camera and sped to the scene.  
While no one was killed, the injuries I learned later, were serious. I took three or four 'shots' and left.  
That was, I believe, back in 1969, although I'm still not sure. For I gave it little thought; that is until a sheriff's car pulled into the drive a few weeks ago, and a uniformed chap apologetically handed me a subpoena. I accepted it; however, had I known then what I know now, I'd have taken refuge in neighbor Howard Bakewell's bathroom.  
My 'day in court' was set for April 9—a Monday. Suggested arrival time at University and Queen was 9:30, with the case scheduled for 10.  
Unfortunately, time as we know it, means nothing in a court of law. They deal in days and weeks, not hours.  
As instructed, I arrived sharp at 9:30, and, along with other witnesses, wait in the corridor till 10.  
Once in the room, we wait some more, staring patiently at the ceiling, the walls and the floor.  
At 10:30, everybody leaves.  
An expectant mother appears concerned. An irritated witness swears. Lawyers apologize. Officials laugh.  
At 10:50, jury members stroll in.  
At 10:55, enter The Judge.  
At 11:04, court is adjourned; to resume at 11:14.  
A six-man jury is selected by 11:19.  
The first witness is called at 11:55.  
Then time out for lunch.  
By this hour, the gentleman who was swearing, is frothing!  
I'm frothing too. For the newspaper business, unlike the courts, has schedules and deadlines that are set and met. If they're not, somebody's in trouble—mainly me.  
For it was 3:05 when I was finally summoned to the stand. The question period lasted twenty minutes, and I arrived back in Stouffville at 4:55.  
An entire day 'shot'.  
Is it any wonder, spectators at accident scenes are hesitant to come forward and assist police?  
Where does civic duty end and the courts' duty begin?  
This I wondered, as I sat and studied the motto engraved into the coat of arms behind the Judge's bench.  
It read: "Dieu et mon droit; pense hioni!"  
What does it mean?  
One translation could be: "Please Lord, do not leave me here to die."  
a class, and asked them to correct the grammar: "Forty cows were seen, sitting on the verandah."  
There was total silence. It seemed OK to them. Then a pretty Grade 11 girl lunged up her hand and flashed all her teeth. "I got it, Mr. Smiley!"  
"Yes, Bonny," I winced. Carefully she enunciated: "I seen forty cows sitting on the verandah."



Stouffville had a Junior Band in 1941

Many residents will recall Stouffville's fine junior band, back in the early 40's. This picture, dated about 1941, was taken in St. Enoch's United Church, Toronto. Band members are: Rear Row (left to right) Albert Smalley, Alfred Maxwell, Alex M. Ridley, (Bandmaster); Wilbur Smalley, Kenneth Burkholder. Centre Row: (left to right) Mike Harding, Bert Paisley, John Drewery, Arnold Schell, Douglas Ward, Charles Hawley, Lloyd Jennings, Ted Williams, Fred Pugh, George Wilkinson, Stanley Schmitt. Front Row (left to right) Eugene Paisley, Harry Schell, Erle Lehman, Alice (Forsyth) Hamm, Ken Jennings, Gordon Wagg, Lou Raxlin, Roy Ward.