



The Tribune

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Editorials

Need foot patrols in parks

Councillor Bill Kamps is right in expressing concern over the conduct of some young people in the Stouffville Park. This is an area that should be reserved for women and children, not "tough guys" who think it's smart to hurl insults at anyone within ear-shot of their antics.

As bad as a section of the park has become and as serious as the accusations may seem, we would point out that the problem involves only a handful of kids, lads who derive some kind of enjoyment out of irritating others. And the situation here is probably no different that one might find in hundreds of other parks across the province.

However, that doesn't make it right. As councillor Kamps says, we have a problem so let's seek a solution.

The answer, as we see it, is more foot patrol by police, something we've recommended ever since the regional force was formed.

Chief Bruce Crawford counters this by saying his department's under-staffed. And he's right. The force will never keep pace with crime, be they 300 men or three thousand. This is because crime occurs where the police aren't, not where they are. And they can't be everywhere.

However, where there are known trouble spots, officers must be seen; not in cruisers and not continually, but on foot and only occasionally. This stops trouble before it starts.

The Town of Whitechurch-Stouffville cannot expect preferential treatment. Eight other municipalities, most with larger populations, have crime problems too. And council realizes this. However, this is a specific concern that must be nipped in the bud now, otherwise it will only worsen as the summer goes on.

Reunion a successful event

Saturday's student-teacher reunion at Stouffville Dist. Secondary School must be considered a success.

While total attendance may have fallen short of what had been expected, it's safe to say that those present, enjoyed themselves.

Response to a gathering of this kind is difficult to assess in advance. Some say they'll come but don't while others decline to reply and still show up. It's a guessing game all the way.

Over the past weeks, hundreds indicated in one form or another, their intentions. A few, however, took the time to write very personal letters indicating that although they could not be present, their thoughts and good wishes were with everyone "back home."

The committee placed these notes in a very prominent location for everyone to see

and read. They came from — Lorna Burns, Surrey, British Columbia; Jim Mehaffey, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan; John Nolan, Hampton, Wick, Middlesex, England; Evelyn Davidson (former teacher), Lawton Blvd., Toronto and Barbara (Hastings) Brillingier, of Barry's Bay, Ont.

We appreciate this type of response. Reunion organizers did also. It helped to make the whole exercise all the more worthwhile.

This newspaper was pleased to work closely with the committee and play at least a small part in the event. For this reason, we'd be the last to dash as much as a drop of cold water on an occasion of this kind. However, if the York County Board is listening, we'd suggest they attempt to set aside adequate funds to provide the building with a coat of paint. The fifty year reunion won't fall until 2,004. That should be sufficient time.

Kids look respectable again

Elementary schools closed, June 27. This has resulted in graduation exercises both last week and this, at several locations, some on the same nights.

This newspaper has attempted to attend them all and it's been an eye-opening experience. For never have we witnessed a more immaculate group of young people than this year's contingent of grads. The dress code has surely gone full circle. Kids look respectable again.

This is not an attempt to candy-coat the hundreds of proud parents who were present at these programs. However, we are asking for a degree of understanding.

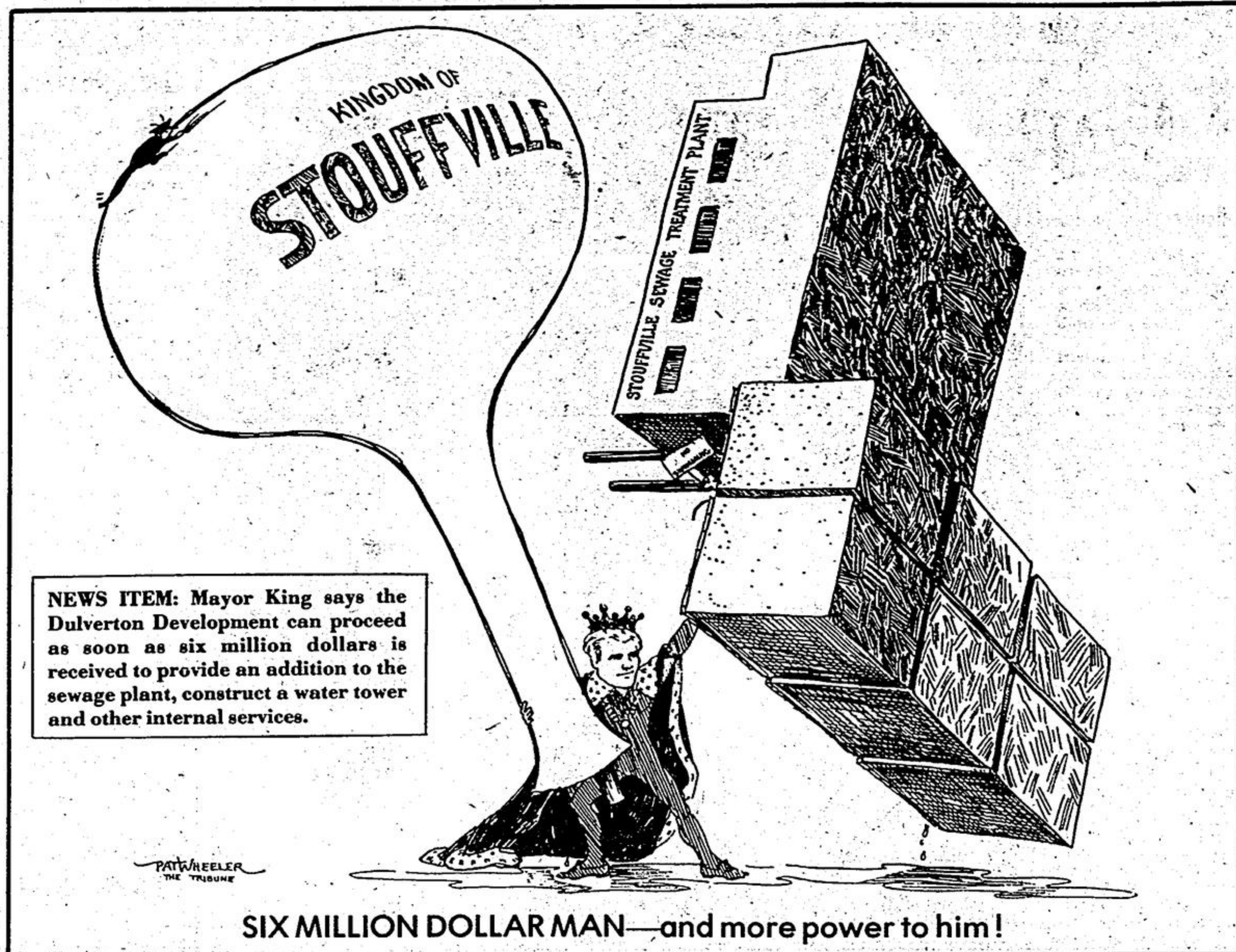
With so many similar functions in such a short period of time, it's quite impossible to include all in the current issue. But don't despair or feel ignored. We'll work each of them in as space permits — pictures too. We appreciate your patience.



A scene familiar in schools across York County

Diploma presentation ceremonies were held in dozens of elementary schools across York County during the past week. Here, 14 year old Bryan Todd, RR 4, Stouffville,

receives his certificate from Glenn Guyatt, the principal at Dickson's Hill. Bryan was also the recipient of a Geography award and the class valedictorian.



NEWS ITEM: Mayor King says the Dulverton Development can proceed as soon as six million dollars is received to provide an addition to the sewage plant, construct a water tower and other internal services.

SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN—and more power to him!

Roaming Around

Parking ticket was the last straw

By Jim Thomas



There was a time when I looked on our Canadian court system with admiration and respect; almost a reverence.

All that body language, the bowing and the scraping before the bench; the verbal jargon like Your Honor, M'Lord, Your Worship and Learned Friend, used to impress me, and still does. But not to the degree it once did. For the customs, as meaningful and as impressive as they may seem, are so completely inundated by an utter disregard for the rights of the wronged, they're abhorrent.

I know, for I've been through the mill; so many times in fact, my faith in court order, organization and common sense principles has been ground to a pulp.

This may sound like shirking one's duty to Queen and Country, but I'd run a thousand miles from the scene of anything if it could mean escaping the entanglements of serving as a witness. Sure, it may be a bit of an ego trip for those Perry Mason fans who enjoy courtroom confrontations, but not me. I've had my fill.

In case there's some smart solicitor out there somewhere who thinks this column wreaks of contempt, let me make one point perfectly clear. I have no

argument (for the most part), with sentences handed out to those accused of crimes. It's the time wasted in doing it and the utter disdain with which others are treated, that causes my blood pressure to rise.

Sure, I've written about this before, many times. But nothing changes. Investigating officers, just as frustrated as witnesses, keep coming up with the same old excuses—the court's too busy; the docket's too crowded. Balderdash! If the time available was put to good use, inconveniences would be cut to a minimum. I give you this as an example.

Three from our Office were called to give evidence in an incident that occurred last spring. The initial court date was May 24 in Newmarket at 10 a.m. Be there!

We arrived at 9:50 a.m.; didn't want to be late and hold up proceedings. We took seats, gazed at the pig-sty interior of the run-down 'dump' and sat and sat and sat.

When minutes extended into an hour, we made enquiries and learned that the Judge, for reasons that weren't revealed, had gone to Toronto. At 11:15 a.m., a Justice of the Peace emerged, dismissed a couple of the accused on approval from the Crown, and retired from whence he came.

So we sat some more. At 11:35 a.m., a Judge (replacement or otherwise), took over, apologized to no one and hearings (one hour and thirty-five minutes late), resumed. But ours was not to be. The case for which we had persevered so patiently, was adjourned for want of an interpreter.

New date—Friday, June 22. The day before we checked, thinking 'complications' might have set in. But the 'doctor' of the courthouse assured us: the 'operation' would go on as scheduled.

We arrived at 9:55 a.m.; took seats and sat and sat. The Judge came on the scene at 10:18 and adjourned for a 15 minute 'coffee break' at eleven. The fifteen minutes extended into forty-two minutes, only to have another adjournment at 12:25.

The dinner bell rang at 12:50, with everyone to be back in place by two. However, court didn't get underway again until 2:19. And the case that concerned us was dispensed with in three minutes.

Not one of us was required to testify. To add insult to injury, some over-zealous constable gave me a two dollar ticket for parking overtime. Where's the justice?

Sugar and Spice

Shoulda stood in bed on my birthday

By Bill Smiley



Had a birthday the other day. Nobody remembered it except me, my wife, and the North American Life Assurance Company.

I, because I was one year older and not dead yet. My wife for roughly the same reason. And the insurance company likewise. They don't have to pay off that thousand dollars, and can go on investing, at huge interest rates, that \$12.00 annual premium my mother made me take out when I was sixteen.

We all reacted differently. The insurance company sent me a 30-cent birthday card, signed by a guy I never heard of. He's about the eighth agent who has wished me a happy birthday, over the past four decades. I've probably outlived the other seven.

My wife, at a loss to buy a gift for the man who has everything, bought me a stapler. Very good. I am constantly coming home with masses of essays to mark, none of them stapled together. As a consequence, I am constantly getting pages of one student's essay mixed in with pages of another student's essay, with discombobulating results.

For example, on page 4 of Joe's essay, he finds written, "Well said, Linda. An excellent parallel." And on page 7 of Linda's essay, she might find, "Right to the point, Joe."

It is embarrassing, confusing, and stupid. Now, with a stapler, their essays will be all in one piece, though it's quite possible they will find a piece of finger-skin stapled to the essay. I'm not much good with complicated machinery.

Not to be outdone on my birthday, I bought myself a present — a couple of fair belts of a well-known arthritis reliever. It comes in a brown paper bag, and, thanks to a greedy provincial government, is a leader in the inflation rate.

The card was innocuous. The stapler didn't do much harm either, except for the two staples I put into my thumb while trying it out. A little thumb-sucking, not at all an unpleasant activity, cured that.

It was my own present that did the damage. Carried away by a flood of birthday

sentimentality and malt, I decided to take my daughter, grandsons, and wife on a trip this summer.

I felt a warm flood of kinship or something, and made up my mind that I was going to visit my ain folk, show off my clever and beautiful daughter to aunts and things who haven't seen her since she was in diapers, and proudly parade my grand-boys to great-aunts, second cousins, and anyone else who would look at them, or put up with them.

This wasn't so bad. It's not far out or weird to take your mob for a camping-visiting trip. At the time, it seemed a great idea. Even my old lady, was luke-warmly interested. My daughter was excited. The boys were ecstatic.

Ah, yes. A sweep down and around old Ontario. Through Algonquin Park, camping amid the bears and deer and hooligans. Visit my niece at Pembroke, who has a kid the right age, five. Dig out old recluse Don McCuaig at Renfrew and catch some trout in his pond. Across the Ottawa River at Portage du Fort, and a visit to their great-grandmother's home, sitting on an island, high above the river.

Drop in on their great-uncle Ivan, at his beautiful rustic retreat on Calumet Island. Then to Green Lake, on the Quebec side, where I spent my happiest childhood summers. Down along the river to Ottawa, and cousins galore. Maybe drop in on Joe Clark and give him a tip or two. Then to Perth, where I grew up.

Show the boys the swimming place where I won prizes, the park where I kissed girls, the sandpit where I had my first smoke, the old Presbyterian manse where I learned to swear (from listening to my father, ear against the pipe, as he cursed the furnace).

Then a swing down to the St. Lawrence Seaway, see another sister, and then the long swing home, camping and cooking out, and detouring to things like Niagara Falls, the weekly newspapers' convention in Toronto, the Stratford Festival, and any zoos or points of interest along the way.

Now, I didn't say all these things. But they are starting to build up.

What began as a germ, a one-week swing through the Ottawa Valley, has turned into a three-week Grand Tour.

My first thought was scrounging on relatives, with the odd night in motel rooms. A modest trip. Then I began to realize that two motel rooms would be at least fifty bucks a night. And also that five of us can't come crashing in on some poor aunt who has one spare bedroom.

I'm too old for tenting on the old campground, with an insomniac wife and two kids who would be pulling out the tent-pegs as fast as I drove them. And things that go bump in the night.

So the answer seems to be a camper, one of those great, ugly things that pollute the highways and drive other drivers crazy.

That's going to a couple of hundred bucks a week, plus grub and gas and everything that goes with it. It's going to cost me more than a trip to Europe. I shoulda stood in bed on my birthday.

'Slim' Missen

A tribute

The following poem has been written by close friends of Albert 'Slim' Missen, R.R. 3, Claremont, who died, June 11 in Scarborough Centenary Hospital at the age of 53. He passed away, this loved one 'Slim'; We're comforted, he's now with Him. All living things will live on High, We think of him with a tear and sigh. He'll be remembered in the warmest way, We'll meet again some future day. His love, absence cannot sever, In memory, he'll live forever. We'll remember him with love and bliss, We yearn his face to see and kiss. He was loved most deeply in our heart, With him, he took a caring part.