

Editor's Mail Left out

Dear Editor:
Sinclair Stevens of the Progressive Conservatives will undoubtedly increase his margin of victory over his nearest rival, particularly in Whitchurch-Stouffville. Few people here are aware who the other candidates are.
There have been no meetings, no advertisements, little main-streering and even very few signs.
I've come to the conclusion our town doesn't count in a federal election. The candidates concentrate their efforts in the more urban centres of Aurora and Newmarket.
This leads me to believe that, if elected, the successful MP would give these municipalities most of his/her attention. This, however, cannot be said of Mr. Stevens. I feel he's represented Whitchurch-Stouffville well.

Sincerely,
Norman Banks,
R.R. 3, Newmarket

Privacy

Mr. Editor:
To all the stuffed shirts at Dickson's Hill, unplug your hearing aids and bury your heads.
We had a party and I hope we have another. We had a great time.
Is there an anti-noise bylaw at Dickson's Hill? Is there a law that says twenty-year-olds can't have beer on private property? Is there a twelve o'clock curfew in the community?
Too bad we disturbed your sleep one night out of three hundred and sixty-five. If you wanted complete privacy, you should have moved farther north—maybe Baffin Island.

Sincerely,
Fred James,
R.R. 1, Milliken

DOUGLAS TRIBBLING



TO SERVE AND PROTECT.
DEEDS SPEAK.



The Tribune

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ROAMING AROUND



He was my friend

BY JIM THOMAS

Constable Doug Tribbling—I knew him well and was proud to call him a friend.

In many ways, we had much in common. We had many of the same interests.

Strange isn't it how one reflects on the little things at a time of great loss. For the mind, like a computer, has a way of recalling those seemingly unimportant events, creating the realization that yes, I was there.

Yes, I was there when Doug Tribbling, fresh out of school, joined the Markham Township Police Department as an office clerk. Still a fledgling journalist, I remember him like it was yesterday, a looping wave in his neatly combed hair, a half-roll in the sleeves of his pin-striped shirt and shoes that mirrored a shy smile on a still-boyish face. He was immaculate in every detail, a trait that would never diminish even with age.

"How ya doin' today?" he'd say, looking up from his work long enough to recognize who had arrived.

"What's up?" I'd ask, hoping he'd tell me something that would make my trip from Stouffville to Buttonville worthwhile.

"Not too much," was his usual reply. Then he'd wind the crime sheet report back through his typewriter just to make sure there wasn't something he'd missed.

Often, he'd invite me into the 'privacy' of the open office to check the 'log' for myself. When he didn't, I usually went anyway, cognizant of the fact that anything in 'red' was 'off the record'.

For the most part though, I simply

looked and listened. And it was from this vantage point that I came to know Doug Tribbling for what he really was, a young man dedicated to the task at hand.

It was Harvey Cox, then the township's Chief of Police, who realized Doug Tribbling's potential, not only as an office clerk but as a constable. Within six months, (December, 1956), he had promoted him to a full-fledged officer

and in September, 1965 to the rank of detective.

In uniform and out, his appearance was always the same—immaculate. He did the Force proud.

Chief Cox showed his faith in Doug Tribbling's abilities, by assigning him many important cases including several involving armed hold-ups.

I counted it a privilege to attend the ceremony when Doug and Joan (Stephenson) were married. I took their wedding pictures. They were a handsome couple.

I also followed through to a second generation when their daughter Kelly, now 26, was crowned May Prom queen of Markham High. Doug, as proud as any father could be, attended that event and was among the first to offer congratulations.

But time changes things. With the advent of regional government and a regional police department, our paths crossed less often. But when they did, he'd always stop and say hello. The second last occasion was the opening of Markville Plaza. The last was at Grace Anglican Church on Friday. This time, I spoke not a word, and there was no reply. The finality of it all was as much as I could stand.

Veteran newsmen, hardened by years of repetitious graveside scenes, must surely have wondered at the grief so visible on my face.

To me, he was a cop.

To me, he was a friend, a friend I'll remember always—with respect.

And so will Harvey Cox. "It's a sad day for both of us," he said.



DOUGLAS TRIBBLING

Editorials

Respect law and order

A York Regional Police constable is dead. Let it never be said he died in vain.

For this cold-blooded killing is the kind of thing police officers face every day. But few of us think of their work in this way. Rather, we grumble about the ticket we received or the delay in response to a trivial complaint, not knowing or really caring about investigations elsewhere, often behind the scenes.

Personal service is all that matters, particularly when the personal is ME.

This attitude must change. The tragedy that is Constable Doug Tribbling's death, will hopefully prompt us all to take a long, hard look at ourselves. Hopefully too, it will prompt all of us to look more kindly on members of our police departments and the work they do on our behalf.

Many people have been quick to sug-

gest what officer Tribbling should or should not have done on the night of Aug. 19 when he answered an alarm on Steelcase Road in Markham.

Unfortunately, Constable Tribbling was not afforded the same opportunity, that of second guessing what was to happen seconds after he stepped inside that building. Indeed, even if he had awaited assistance, someone, perhaps a fellow officer, would have met a similar fate. For this break-in suspect meant business; four shots at point blank range is proof of that.

While the inevitability of such an occurrence, is of little solace to family members and friends, let us never forget that the fight against crime is a form of war that must involve us all. In the Region of York, 350 uniformed officers man the front lines. Let us stand in support, not in judgment.

Fear of the unknown

A six-bed residential home for mentally handicapped adults is to open next month at 345 North Street in Stouffville.

The project is sponsored by Christian Horizons, a reputable organization with headquarters in Kitchener.

Horizon House, as it will be called, is the second of its kind in York Region. The other is at R.R. 2, Aurora.

Understandably, some residents in the area are concerned. This is caused through misunderstanding; people tend to fear the unknown.

There are also fiscal concerns, the suspected devaluation of neighboring properties.

There's no support for this claim. For a town that's noted for its friendliness, this kind of negative attitude's disturbing. We should be rolling out the welcome mat to Christian Horizons and receiving the residents with open arms.

Yes, Stouffville should feel honored to be selected as a Christian Horizons' site. For remember, but for the grace of God, there lives one of yours.

We all want peace

Everyone wants peace and assurance of peace. To suggest otherwise is like opposing motherhood and Santa Claus. Yet, peace, and related issues such as the testing of nuclear missiles, have become favorite topics of discussion at pre-election meetings in the Riding of York-Peel and elsewhere across the country.

The N.D.P. has made the nuclear test ban a plank in its platform, and while as noble as the Party's position may be, we would suggest it take the same message to the Soviet Union. For, at this point in time, there's no guarantee the Russians are the least bit interested in adopting this New Democrat policy. They, like the United States, feel that offense, in a preparatory way, is the best defense. Unlike Neville Chamberlain of Great Britain, at the outset of World War II, these two super powers aren't about to be caught

with their pants down. So the arms' race goes on.

In reality, it all boils down to a matter of trust. Can the United States trust the Soviet Union and visa-versa? Neither wishes to take the chance and Canada, like it or not, is caught in between.

To advocate peace (who doesn't?) and preach disarmament, (who wouldn't?), sounds very sincere when spoken from the protected confines of an election platform. However, to put such proposals into practice on a global basis are goals that seem difficult if not impossible to achieve.

The N.D.P., in reality, are preaching to the converted. The United States and the U.S.S.R. believe that to be forewarned is to be forearmed and neither, at this point in time, is about to be convinced otherwise.

WINDOW ON WILDLIFE



Slow but smart

BY ART BRIGGS-JUDE

We were on our way home along a one-lane back road when an unusual hump in the gravel attracted my attention. There in the rise in the twisting track was a large turtle. Stopping the truck, we walked ahead to investigate. What at first appeared to be another traffic casualty, was instead, a very much alive female snapping turtle. This fact was at once apparent because the big moss-backed reptile had somehow dug down through at least three inches of hard-packed gravel and was busy laying a clutch of eggs. And our presence did little to deter her mission for, as we watched in wonderment, she calmly added another white-shelled oval to the pile. My wife carefully guided our vehicle and the one following, over the turtle nursery, hoping all subsequent traffic would do the same.

Luckily it did, because when we curiously returned some time later, the hard-shelled critter was striding down the roadway towards us. It took only a moment to divert it into a nearby swamp. A check of the egg cache revealed it had been filled and well covered up. The thought of those tiny turtle embryos developing under the thundering wheels of passing automobiles, seemed almost unbelievable. Yet, the more we discussed it, the better the chances appeared for the potential

young snappers. In fact, judging from the number of turtle nests we find pilfered every year by skunks and raccoons, these tarmac terrapins would likely outfox all of them. Maybe old Ma Turtle had more brains than we credited her with because what right-minded raccoon or scent-smelling skunk would ever think of looking in the middle of the road for a raw egg salad?

Turtles are reptiles along with snakes, lizards and some members of the crocodile family. On the evolution scale, they stand somewhere between the higher birds and mammals and the lower fishes and amphibians. Because they are cold-blooded, they do not have, like us, a central heating system. Instead, they must get along with a temperature reading close to the air, earth or water that surrounds them. Consequently, ice-cold conditions force them to hibernate while long exposure to direct sunlight, can cause their death.

Since these hard-shelled turtles have remained almost unchanged for 200 million years, they must have something good going for them. The hare, incidentally, its mythical racing adversary, has been running around for about a quarter as long.

Probably the most important part of a turtle's unique survival mechanism, is its protective shell. Not only can this

armour coat be used to safeguard the head, legs and tail, but it has the capacity to withstand tremendous external pressures. A five-inch box turtle's shell can hold the weight of a full-grown man. And although a smaller area of the snapping turtle's shell or carapace, as it's known, does not offer the same overall protection, the aggressive nature of this particular species, more than makes up for these shortcomings.

While individual turtles have been known to live for 150 years, most of the larger species in the wild survive to around the 40 year mark; that is, if they ever reach a first birthday, which very few do.

Some duck hunters are inclined to look on the snapper as a water wolf, even though it is part and parcel of the waterways. Their unattended egg offerings to raccoons and skunks could save a clutch or two of mallards while this large turtle's appetite for course fish gives more game fish a chance to survive.

But whether it's a snapper, a wood turtle, the not-too-common blanding's or the prettily-marked painted turtle one sees crossing the back roads these days, give it a chance. Better still, give it a lift—to the nearest waterhole. You'll feel a lot better for it. But remember, keep your hands away from 'the business end'.