

### Editor's Mail

## Support for police

Dear Editor:

It was quite understandable why Bruce Stapley, the Tribune's assignment columnist, lashed out at York Regional Police.

Mr. Stapley received a ticket for illegal parking.

Personally, I don't mind seeing a cruiser parked in front of the burger joint or the donut shop. At least we know they're close by.

The 40 kmh speed limit on Main Street, Stouffville, is not unrealistic. There have already been two citizens killed. Let's not have any more.

As for Mr. Stapley saying the police are not using their heads, have no sense of priorities, sit in comfortable cars and collect handsome salaries, would he like their jobs?

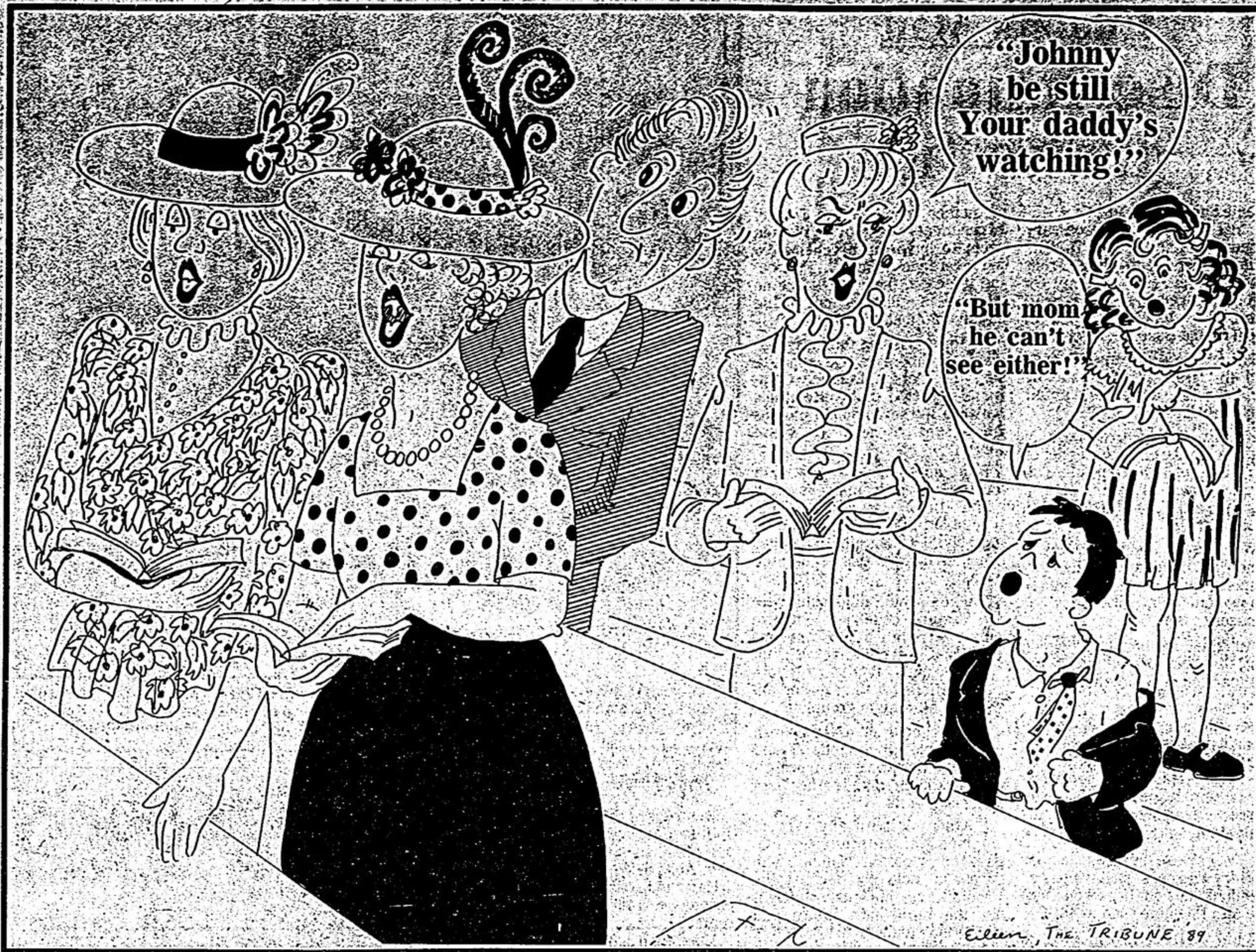
Perhaps Mr. Stapley would care to spend a full shift with one of York Region's Finest, and experience what it's like to respond to a serious accident where the officer attempts to comfort the dying person whose body is mangled and covered with blood; or be called to settle a family dispute, not knowing if he or she will be greeted at the door by someone holding a shotgun.

How about it Mr. Stapley?

I believe the police are part of the solution and Mr. Stapley is only adding to the problem.

Keep up the good work boys and girls in blue. Enjoy your coffee and donuts. Some of us appreciate you.

Marilyn L. Ewart,  
Coppins Corners,  
R.R. 1, Claremont



Ellen, THE TRIBUNE '89

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## ROAMING AROUND

# Lost in the city

BY JIM THOMAS



City folk tell me it's never a secret when a country bumpkin comes to town. The clue: He/she stands at the corner of King and Bay Streets and stares — straight up.

While statements like this are usually tinged with cynicism, they're also usually true.

And why not? After all, one doesn't find anything comparable to the CN Tower or the Commerce Court at the corner of Market and Main Streets in Stouffville.

On Friday, (March 17), I was one of perhaps hundreds of country bumpkinites who took advantage of a March 'break' vacation and enjoyed a mini-tour of Toronto.

And, yes, I stood at the corner of King and Bay Streets and stared — straight up.

How else, I ask, is one to see the tops of those elongated skyscrapers without looking up?

Beats me. I conclude my city-slicker friends are only concerned with pounding the pavement as they rush from one engagement to another. They don't look up, backwards or sideways; just straight ahead, much like humanoids wound up with a key.

I guess they know where they're going. At least they give one that impression. But do they know where they're at?

Not the immobilized individuals to whom we talked. None had a clue.

It was almost like someone had 'planted' them there; two-legged moles, (and women), totally out of touch with the world outside.

For years, I'd heard about the underground corridor that extends from Queen Street (The Sheraton Centre) to Front Street (The Union Station). But I'd never had occasion to walk the route. Such was the challenge set before us. And a challenge it was.

Toronto planners, true to the Canadian image, don't believe in signs, not signs large enough to see. They go more for arrows — up, down, left and right. By the process of elimination, you get where you want to go — eventually.

But a word of warning to all fellow country bumpkinites. If you become hopelessly lost, (as we were), and seek directions, (as we did), you're wasting your time.

They're hopelessly lost as well.

I swear, the only destinations they know, aside from their employment cubicles, are subway stations and washrooms.

At noon-hour, they venture far enough afield to grab a coffee and a pizza.

But think for a moment. What would a Toronto resident think if our reply to —

"which way to the Flea Market?" was "straight ahead, then turn right somewhere!"

That was the 'helpful' advice I received from a willow waitress in a Mr. Submarine shop.

Or how about "step outside and look up", to someone looking for the Town Square clock?

Such was the reply when I inquired concerning the CN Tower. I did just that and saw only the Sun-Life building.

"Don't ask me, I only work here," said an exterior decorator preparing a window display.

I didn't expect she'd taken up permanent residence.

Totally exasperated, I approached an uniformed security guard.

"How far to the Eaton Centre?" I asked.

"Too far to walk," he replied.

I'm really not sure he knew.

Because of these many 'lost souls', we ended up sloshing through the slush and the snow from the Royal Bank building to the Convention Centre, more than two blocks away.

But at least it was direct, better than travelling around in circles.

Our return trip was less adventurous. We elected to enquire as to our whereabouts from the corridor custodians. They kept us on the straight and narrow.

So a word to the wise. When lost in the inner-city, don't seek assistance from folks not paid to know.

Rather, appeal to the floor-scrubbers and the window-washers. We found them most obliging.

And not the least bit cynical.

While the country bumpkin image showed, it prompted no snide remarks. Quite the opposite.

Said one lady, up to her elbows in wash-water: "From the country, eh? You should be so lucky."

You know, I think she's right.

## Editorials

# Gang attacks likely

Gang attacks, given so much publicity in Metro, are bound to occur in Stouffville.

Our town's too close to Toronto to escape.

The high school's a likely location.

June's a likely time.

We trust York Regional police are prepared. We hope the staff at S.D.S.S. are ready as well.

Vigilance is the best defence.

To be forewarned is to be forearmed, as the saying goes. However, young people here should be warned NOT to engage these Metro punks at their own game. Discretion's the better part of valor.

Serious injury could result.

The frightening thing about goon squad 'swarming' attacks, is the fact there's usually no cause. Innocent teens have been set upon, beaten and robbed for no apparent reason.

Such incidents occur so quickly, police are often caught off guard. So are the victims.

Girls as well as boys can be targets.

While it's never been proven, Stouffville High had a taste of would-be gang violence last fall. Fortunately, staff and students reacted swiftly and sensibly. Physical injury was minimal.

We trust police have a plan. Unlike Metro, we hope they keep it under wraps. Only Principal Bright should know.

We trust the high school also has a plan. The staff and students should know.

But not the 'enemy'.

For let's not minimize the danger. It's war-out there, a serious cycle of events that hopefully will wane when the 'novelty' wears off.

While the Metro media fans the flames, we say only 'be prepared'.

At this point in time, that's the best and only advice we can offer.

## Try again

If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

This, hopefully, will be the policy of the Durham Region Plowmen's Association when it meets Wednesday, (to-night), in the Town Hall at Sunderland.

The committee would like to host the 1993 International Plowing Match and Farm Machinery Show.

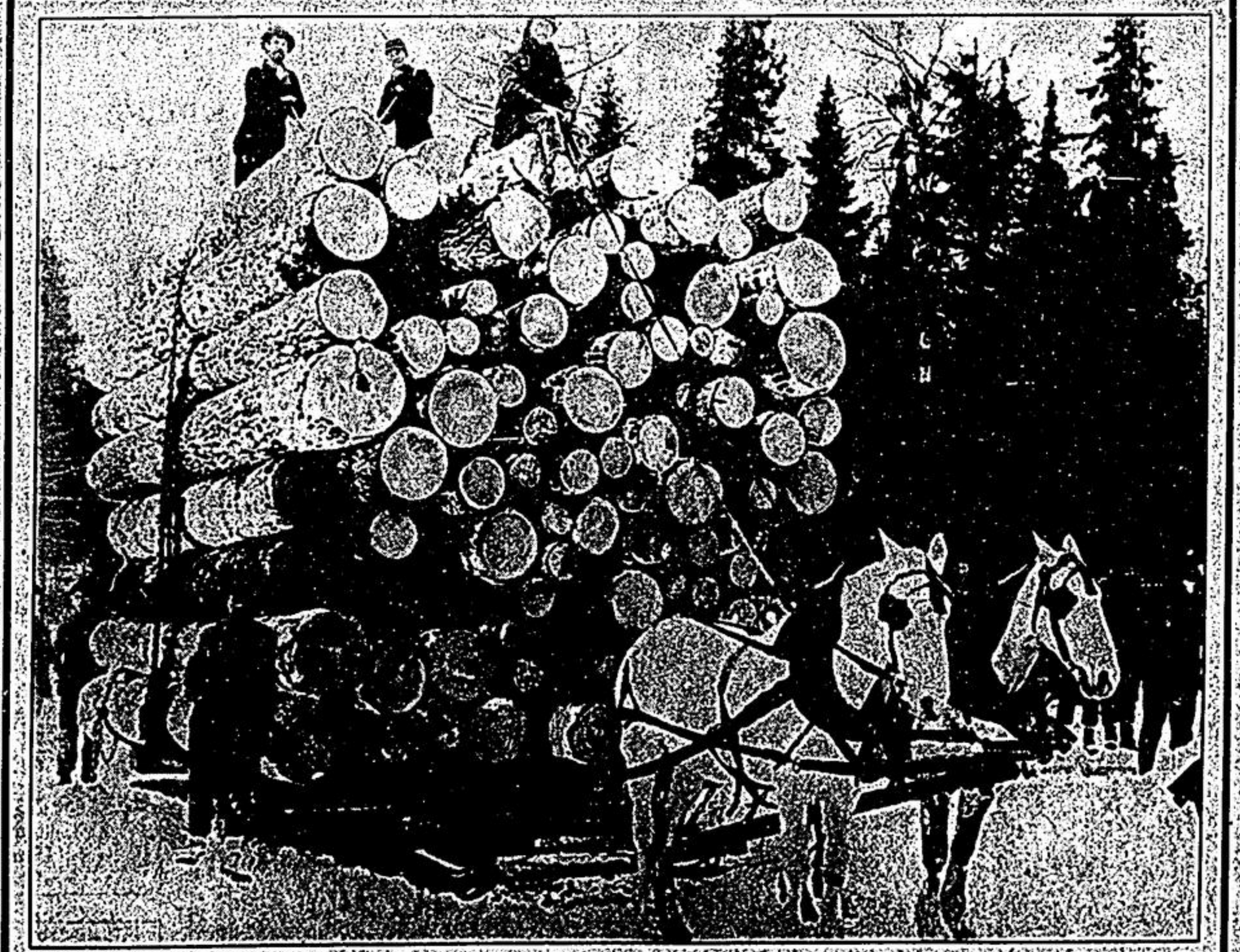
Their bid has fallen on barren soil the past three years. Some members are undoubtedly wondering if it's worth all the time and effort, only to have dirt thrown in their collective faces.

We think it is. Anything international in scope is worth striving for. Like the World Jr. Curling Championships at Markham. Attendance was disappointing, but the publicity was priceless.

While professional plowmanship doesn't gain the media attention it once did, crowds still flock to the International site.

So keep on pitchin', boys. Who knows, 1989 may be your year and 1993 will see international plowing competition come to Durham Region.

You've travelled too far to turn back now.



**When horsepower and manpower were put to the test**

Would you believe a single team of horses could haul so heavy a load? Lawrence Hennessey of Vandorf provided the answer. The photo shows the man standing, (top left), is the late Tom Brazzell, cousin of James Hennessey, Lawrence's father. Mr. Brazzell was foreman of a lumber camp near Kamloops, British Columbia. The time period is thought to be around 1850. Mr. Hennessey doesn't question the horses' power. He wonders at the manpower that lifted the logs so high. Yes, those were the 'good' old days.

### Editor's Mail

## Contest

Dear Editor:

For some time, The Tribune has advocated a symbol for the Town of Whitechurch-Stouffville. Your newspaper's choice, I believe, is 'Music Town'.

I have no argument with this. However, other people may have different ideas.

I believe the Strawberry Festival Committee should have a 'Name-Our-Town Contest'.

The majority of submissions should be turned over to a 'Name-Our-Town' committee who, in turn, would pass their recommendation on to Council.

Town symbols are by no means unusual. You see them everywhere around Ontario. It gives a municipality a uniqueness if otherwise wouldn't have.

I pass the suggestion on for what it's worth.

Sincerely,  
(Mrs.) Susan Beckwith,  
Bramble Crescent,  
Stouffville