

**The Tribune**  
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## Editorial

### A demotion - but why?

From a Police Chief to a Constable! Under the new scheme of regional law enforcement, such is the fate of Stouffville's Orland Keating.

He is deserving of something better - much better.

Many residents will no doubt recall some of the policing problems experienced here prior to his coming in May, 1963.

Hooliganism was rampant. Vandalism was out of control. Individual officers, paid to deal with such troublemakers, weren't even on speaking terms with each other. The situation, particularly on weekends, was chaotic.

When Chief Keating took over, he brought with him, an air of respect and dignity to the office. He 'cleaned house', forcing the unsavory element to seek shelter elsewhere. Those who chose to stay, soon straightened up or were charged and locked up. Common

decency that this town had once known under the jurisdiction of the O.P.P., was returned. And residents breathed a sigh of relief.

It appears however, that in this very impersonal world, these things are soon forgotten. It's every man for himself.

But we at this newspaper have not forgotten. For we remember better than anyone the climate of crime and rowdiness that once prevailed. Townsfolk of that day, still living here, would do well to remember it too. And, in doing so, look to the man who, eight years ago, came to Stouffville to do a job and did it.

Orland Keating, regardless of rank, has been good for this community. His work here, while obviously unrecognized by those in higher authority, should not go unrewarded by we the people he has served so well. Those of us who know him better, owe him that much.

### No place in sport

A young Stouffville district hockey player could have been killed or permanently injured in a game at Uxbridge, March 25.

Angus MacDonald of Vivian was 'chopped down' in an act of yet unexplained, violence, described by neutral observers as both 'vicious' and 'disgraceful'.

Only the player's protective headgear

saved him. Even it was smashed by the force of the blow.

By now, the referee's report should be in the hands of Ontario Rural Hockey Association officials.

Their action should be swift. The penalty should be severe.

There is no place in organized sport for conduct of this kind.

### The appeal works both ways

Any appeal to residents to shop at their own areas is always a two-way street.

Here's the way it works. "Looking for a sponsor for a baseball team this year? How about a local merchant? Looking for someone to help with the town park? How about a local businessman? Looking for a donation for your club? How about asking the owner of one of our stores? Looking to do some shopping? How

about trying these same people that help us year after year? But don't take these business people the wrong way. They're not begging for your business. But they want it. And to get it they know that their goods must be priced as competitively as the big stores out of the area. They know you want value, service and satisfaction and that if they give it to you - you'll come back.

## Editor's Mail

Dear Mr. Thomas:

I would like to applaud the Committee in Support of Century City, as well as join in with all the individuals in favor of this development in Uxbridge Township.

Now that the land has been purchased and assembled by the developers, the once was self pride of individual property ownership has gone. Since the developers have not been allowed to proceed, for obvious reasons, the evidence would only point to a contagious type slum area.

I feel the only way to better the region and keep it from downgrading even further, is to create this city.

Seeing that I was born and raised in the area in question, I would like to return there to complete my livelihood. The development of the city would make it much more encouraging for me to return as it would for many newcomers to the area, bringing wealth, prosperity, and happiness to the greatest majority concerned.

Incidentally, while I was reading a recent issue of your Tribune, I came across an anonymous letter which seemed to be strongly against any thought of Century City. As the author of the letter complained about American financing of this project, I thought to myself this person must be a member of that narrow minded group of Canadians who drinks Brazilian coffee out of an English cup, and devours French pastry while sitting on his Danish furniture, after coming home in his foreign car from seeing an Italian movie, then picks up his Japanese ball point pen and writes to his Member of Parliament, complaining about the 'American' take over of Canada.

John Smith,  
Scarborough.

Dear Sir:

I have been a resident of Stouffville only a short time but I have been a subscriber to The Tribune for many years.

During this period, I have followed events in the community very closely and can recall the many problems experienced with the police including one action in the courts.

But with the arrival of Chief Keating in the village, things seemed to change. And since coming here myself, I can understand why. He seems to have the respect of everyone, young and old alike.

It was therefore with surprise and disappointment that I read in last week's paper that Mr. Keating had been demoted from a Chief to a Constable. Such treatment is hard to understand and difficult to believe. And everyone I've talked to feels the same. I feel the Council should approach the Regional Chief on this matter and see that this obvious error is rectified as soon as possible.

Dennis McLean,  
Stouffville.

Dear Sir:

With reference to The Tribune page 19 - an article (March 18) under the heading "Reeve Defends Work of E.M.O."

For the life of me, I cannot understand how Reeve Wm. Gillespie can speak out against a service which he is obviously uninformed about.

As Chief Rescue Officer for the County of York, I beg to differ with Mr. Gillespie, our Rescue Service was on the scene (Train Wreck) and in fact did more than offered assistance, as he can verify by



## SUGAR AND SPICE

If he says so it must be true

By BILL SMILEY

Take my advice. When your kid comes home from school and says breezily, "Hi, Dad. I have this project to do..." don't take the bait. Don't say a word beyond "Hrumph" as you flip your newspaper up for a shield; or better still, head for the bathroom and lock yourself in.

Never, ever, reply, "Well, what's it all about?" or "Is there anything I can do to help?" If you do, you'll discover, inevitably, that you have a project to do.

Projects are all the rage these days, in education. Give a kid a project and he'll learn everything there is to know about the Persian Gulf, the origin of sandpaper or the sex life of the blow-fly. He may never learn anything else in school, a strong possibility, but he'll always be an expert in one field.

For the rest of their lives, these kids will find some way, at cocktail parties or formal dinners, in casual conversation, to drag in the Gulf, the sand-paper or the blow-fly.

Which is good. Most people know practically nothing about practically anything. Thus, they can easily be put down by a forthright statement like, "But that's exactly what I've been saying. The whole thing is in direct contrast to the solemn, sedate, secretive sex life of the blow-fly."

They simply can't field that one, if it's properly delivered. And you can always change your adjectives to suit the situation. It could be, "The wild, exotic orgies of the blow-fly, which comes in heat only on leapyears."

Actually, projects are nothing new, although some young teachers act as though Moses had just been up the mountain again and come down with a great stone slab inscribed "Projects."

We had projects when I was a kid. I remember one in agriculture. I chose to build a model of a henhouse. Wisely, as I was perfectly aware, even at that tender age, that I couldn't nail two boards together without making a hand sandwich. And equally aware that my father was a master craftsman.

Even so, it took a lot of time. I had to

spend about five evenings in his basement workshop, praising, admiring, and fetching cups of tea, before the job was done. It was a beautiful little henhouse, with windows and swinging door. I got an A-plus.

Despite my experience of the whole fiasco of projects, I got myself hooked recently. Daughter Kim was home from university. Out went the bait. "Dad, I have to do a project in anthropology. Sounds interesting."

Warily, ready to run, I asked what it was, fairly secure in my utter ignorance of the subject. It turned out to be a project on folklore, any area. I breathed easier. I was still swimming free.

She let out a little more line. Said she'd considered doing one on the legends of the Ottawa Valley lumbering days, with particular reference to my great-uncle, Mountain Jack Thomson, reckoned to be the toughest lumberjack in the Valley reputed to have killed four men in fist-and-boot fights. I got excited, nibbled the bait and began spinning yarns about Mountain Jack. She responded with the appropriate, "Wow! That's really great, Dad."

Then it emerged that she had to go direct to human sources, not the printed word, and we realized there wasn't time to round up all the relatives and talk to them. Both downcast. Suddenly, under the influence of the excitement and too many coffees, I came up with a new project and tossed it at her. "The Curse of the Great Lakes!"

She raved. That was IT. She'd been born and raised on their shores, and of course I knew all sorts of interesting old-timers, don't you Dad? We talked long and feverishly, and it looked better and better. I had swallowed the bait. All she had to do was set the hook.

Next morning the whole thing looked insane. But when I started to swim quietly away, I found I still had the hook in my mouth. And the line was taut.

Hundreds of miles and a couple of weeks later, we had talked to regional

reading the "Lake Simcoe Advocate" (March 21, 1968).

I might add in closing, that for a Volunteer Organization (more than 90 percent are volunteers) the E.M.O. has barely survived with no large thanks to the so called "informed vigorous public servants", such as Mr. Gillespie.

Norman Foster,  
Chief Rescue Officer.

W.G.

Editor's Note: As we understand it, Reeve Gillespie was referring only to the Ontario County Branch of the E.M.O., of which he is obviously more directly concerned.

Dear Sir:

On the subject of extending the 640 exchange into the 'free call' area of Toronto, I feel it's about time some consideration was given to those subscribers who neither want it nor need it.

Those people who might benefit through closer telephone contact with Metro can always, at very little extra cost, hook up with the 294 exchange at Markham.

I sometimes call long distance too, but I

don't expect others to pay a portion of my bill. Why then should I be forced to pay others' bills?

I know of one community of 58,000 people, just west of Toronto, that does not have a 'free call' service to the city. Many however, have installed their own direct line.

Dear Sir:

As a resident of Valley Road, Musselman's Lake, I would like to register a complaint concerning the dog problem in this area.

I fully realize, this matter has been aired before, but as yet, nothing has been done about it.

I once had a registered Beagle, but had to have him 'put away' because of constant complaints.

I have also had my cat 'fixed' so it won't fight with others that come calling. Still we can't sleep for the noise. What is the answer?

Mrs. H. Bizeau,  
R.R.2, Stouffville.

## ROAMING AROUND

### Good Friday for most - but not for me

By Jim Thomas

For the past couple of minutes, I've just been sitting here, silently staring at the calendar on the wall behind my office desk.

My eyes are fixed on only one figure - April 9.

Immediately below the number are the words - Good Friday.

And while I don't mean to be sacreligious, that date, April 9, is anything but 'good' for me.

Indeed, 'black' Friday would be more appropriate.

It's my birthday.

I'll be 42.

Perish the thought. It depresses me. And no wonder.

"Just think," my wife said, only the other night, "when Susan graduates from high school, you'll be 50 and when Neil obtains his diploma, you'll be 58."

"Yes," I answered honestly, "I only hope my pension cheque can send them on to college." The conversation ended on that rather pessimistic note and I hobbled off to bed.

Yes, I can see it all now - Susan standing there, her diploma held tightly in both hands while the principal introduces me as the family's proud 'grandfather'.

And that, believe it or not, is what an over-age father can become to his kids. I fear it's beginning to show already.

For instance, when the boys talk hockey, which is continually, I'm always comparing the players of today with those of yesteryears. Like - who is Turk Broda or Gordie Drillon or Max Bentley? To them, they're nobody's.

And backyard baseball. 'C'mon Dad, throw us your fast one, they'll say.

One pitch and game over. I've just thrown the ball and my arm right over the fence.

And New Year's Day at Bruce's Mill. Fell off the toboggan and nearly broke my neck.

And even worse, last summer - a four-mile bike hike to Dickson's Hill and back. Wore me out for a week.

But that's the penalty you pay for marrying at 29. The attempt to make up for lost time can be fatal.

But I've persevered, just as my parents did, forty-two years ago.

The date was April 9, 1929. I arrived and the stock market crashed.

So this Friday - good or bad?

I'm keeping my fingers crossed.

historians, commercial fishermen, light-keepers and lake captains. Kim had a stock of stories - ships sunk without trace, Indian legends, mysterious murders and exotic anecdotes, like the pianos floating ashore at Duck Island.

Must admit I enjoyed every minute of it. Old friends were generous with time and invaluable with memories that reached far back into the 19th century.

But it's my last project. At least until my first grandchild sidles up and says, "Uh, Grand-dad, I have this project at school..."

Dear Sir:

This matter may be none of my affair, so if you refuse to publish my letter, I'll understand.

I am a resident in the former Town of Markham but I enjoy hockey, so much so, that I brought my son up to Stouffville, Saturday to see your Peewee team in the Ontario finals.

It was a great game and even though neither of us was acquainted with the players as individuals, we enjoyed every minute of every period.

The thing that struck me however, was the smallness of the crowd. I later enquired and found the attendance to be something like 440.

Surely, from a town of 4,000 (or is it 9,000 now), there is more interest than that. Not even Bobby Orr on television should have that kind of affect on fan support.

Anyway, my boy and I are coming back, Tuesday. And we may bring along a few of our friends, just to show them how good kid's hockey can really be.

Wishing your team every success,

Jim Webster,  
Lincoln Green Drive.