



# The Tribune

Established 1888  
 CHARLES H. NOLAN  
 Publisher

BARRE BEACOCK  
 Advertising Manager

JOHN MONTGOMERY  
 Editor

EDITORIAL DEPT: Ted Wilcox, Annette Lamura  
 DISPLAY ADVERTISING DEPT: Lois Wideman, Art Dixon  
 BUSINESS OFFICE: Joan Marshman, Doreen Deacon, Eileen Glover

Published every Thursday at 54 Main St., Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 640-2100; Toronto phone 361-1680. Single copies 20c, subscriptions \$16.00 per year in Canada, \$24.00 elsewhere. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation, Canadian Community Newspapers Association and Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Second class mail registration number 0896.

The Tribune is one of the Inland Publishing Co. Limited group of suburban newspapers, which includes the Ajax/Whitby/Pickering News Advertiser, Brampton Guardian, Burlington Post, Etobicoke Gazette, Markham Economist and Sun, Newmarket/Aurora Era, Oakville Beaver, Oshawa This Week, and Mississauga News.

640-2100



361-1680

## Editorials

### Council should reconsider decision to obliterate pond

Meeting in Committee of the Whole, council last week re-affirmed an earlier decision to have the pond located on the future Dulverton subdivision filled-in.

The pond, used for irrigation on the Lehman farm, is located on land that is to be donated for a public park within the subdivision.

The rationale behind obliterating it is that there is a danger some child will drown in it.

To our mind a pond is something that can really enhance a public park. Other, and larger communities have parks with unsupervised open water in them and have very few problems. One example that comes immediately to mind is Grenadier Pond in High Park.

A pond is visually pleasing and in a quiet park will attract considerable wildlife.

We would be willing to wager that every child who has grown up in the east end during the past 25 years has been in that pond at one time or another. To our knowledge no one has drowned there yet.

One area of the pond could prove dangerous as the bank drops right off into 10 feet of water but this could be corrected by grading the shoreline.

A likely drowning spot in Stouffville is at the flood plain dam. Not only is it much larger and deeper than the Lehman pond but during the summer months youths swim there daily (or nightly).

Admittedly a school is to be built nearby but properly planned they should be able to co-exist. If the pond were made off-bounds to younger children on the way to and from school and the approach to the pond was kept clear so no one could wander in without being seen, it would be safe.

A pond would also prove invaluable in teaching nature study courses and biology.

Children will always find ponds to fall into or trees to fall out of. It is part of human nature and cannot be legislated away.

The pond should, and could be, the focal point of the park. The park should be designed around it and not over it.

### Politicians should have been kept out of Centennial Queen pageant

We were quite impressed with the professional manner in which the Centennial Queen Pageant was organized and conducted but we don't feel politicians should have been dragged into it.

The federal and provincial representatives were invited to make presentations, and although it was very gracious of them to attend, especially on such a cold winter night, we don't feel it should have been them making the presentations.

Neither man is really involved in the life of this community, naturally enough, as we are tucked into the corner of both the federal and provincial ridings.

In fact, it seems we rarely get a glimpse of either politician unless they are presenting

a check or waving from a limousine travelling in the Santa Claus parade.

At a minimum there were probably a hundred local people at the show, who have actively contributed either to the pageant or other centennial activities, and who would have been honoured to make the presentations.

We would like to see as many of these ceremonial activities as possible delegated to those who live in the community and give freely of their time here, rather than import "big names" from outside.

### Snowmobile law common sense

Beginning March 1, a provincial law will be coming into effect that, to us, makes a lot of sense.

Namely, anyone operating a snowmobile in a public trail, crossing a highway or on a road must have either an Ontario motor-vehicle driver's licence or a licence given to graduates of a provincially-approved course on snowmobile operation.

This law would seem to take cognizance of the fact that snowmobiles are not toys, and can and have been the cause of serious accidents when used foolishly.

### 30 years ago this week

Excerpts from the January 30, 1947 issue of The Tribune

Regular passenger trains to and from Toronto on this line of the C.N.R. passing through Stouffville, are now carrying a buffet car.

Tardy morning risers can now enjoy the luxury of breakfasting on the train that pulls out for the city, and lunch enroute home in the evening, so that there need be no time lost when you step off the

train around 7:40. Go straight to that meeting, or other appointment.

Of course, the buffet dinner will be more appreciated by passengers travelling farther north to perhaps Lindsay or Peterboro.

Stouffville is indeed fortunate to be located on a line of railway with such modern convenience, while some towns and villages find themselves on spur lines of communication that

have discontinued service.

Feathered men

Minister of Trade and Industries in B.C. announces that a B.C. scientist has discovered a method of making new fabrics from chicken feathers. The feathers from 38 hens will, when processed make a full man's suit. It is estimated that thirteen million pounds of feathers are going to waste annually in Canada.

However, the an-

ouncement has moved a Telegram poet to write: Away out in the breezy West,

Where people ask and get the best.

Not eggs alone come from the nest,

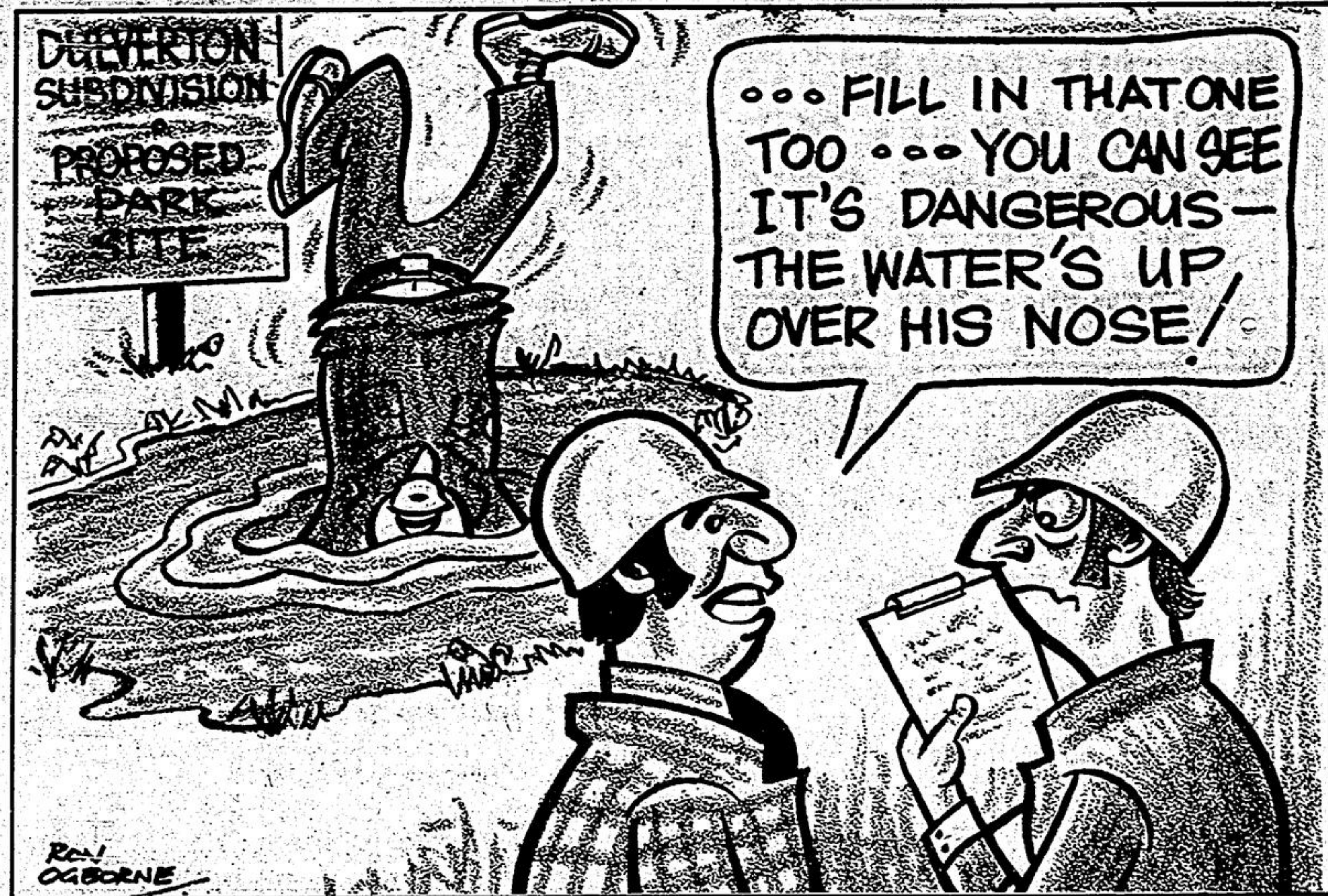
To judge by latest word—

Soft feathers that surround the hen

When she covets about the pen

Will make new suits for stylish men

When taken off the bird.



### SUGAR AND SPICE

## Driven to desperation with the flu

By BILL SMILEY

Had the 'flu this week and took a couple of days off work. That made 10 days in the last 15 years on the job. And I rediscovered the reason I will, time and again, totter off to work when I'm practically on my hands and knees with some ailment.

It's because I nearly go out of my skull with boredom when I'm home sick.

I'm not saying my wife isn't a delightful conversationalist or a charming companion. She is. But when you have the 'flu you want neither delight nor charm. You just want to be left alone like an old dog, to live or die as the Lord decides.

She won't leave me alone. She brings me a big breakfast to bed when all I really want is a sharp harikari knife. After once spending a year in bed, in a sanatorium, I hate eating in bed. Trying to balance a tray on the knees. Spilling coffee on the sheets, with the inevitable blast from the laundress. Dripping gooey egg down the front of your pyjamas.

Then by lunch-time, I'm so bored with bed that I stagger up and dress, dying or not. And she starts again. I should have some lunch to keep my strength up. Have you taken your anti-biotic pills, dear? Maybe you should

watch TV for a while to keep your spirits up. Would you like another cup of tea?

I don't want another cup of tea. I'm drowning in it already. I don't want any sardines on toast, or cheese bits in the oven, or nice tasty soup. My pills make me dizzy. TV makes me want to throw up. This has got to be the swine flu. Am I really dying or will I just be paralyzed for life. Does God really exist? If He does, why is He dumping this on me?

Well, all that is bad enough. But during this session, the worst happened. I ran out of reading material. By the end of Day Two I had whipped through three library books, two daily papers twice a day, and a half-a-dozen weeklies, a couple of news magazines, and the directions on the cereal box, in English and French.

The inevitable occurred. I was forced to read one of those women's magazines that my wife buys occasionally at the supermarket when she sees an interesting recipe. It plunged me into an even deeper, almost suicidal, depression.

One of the feature articles told me I must love myself first, if I were going to amount to anything. I plowed through it with growing disgust, considering that at the moment I despised myself, modern medicine, my wife, and almost anything else I could think of.

When I got to a list of things I must stop doing if I were to love myself, and read, "Not having orgasms," I threw up all over the livingroom rug.

After settling my stomach with a hot toddy, and finding nothing else around that I hadn't read twice, I picked up the magazine again, in sheer desperation. The other feature article plunged me once again into abysmal gloom. It was called, "Chart Your Way to Success."

When I read about the author that she is a professor of educational psychology, I should have stopped right there. I know how much those birds know about real life. They live in a dream world of stuff like "positive reinforcement" and "negative feedback."

But I pressed on. After wading through three saccharine endorsements from people

whose whole life she had changed, I went on to this: "You too can follow in the footsteps of Lee, Mark and Doris. You can define and attain your own success."

It seems that all you have to do is make a chart, divided into three periods, each representing a third of your life, beginning at the age of five. Then you list three successes for each period and opposite each, list why it was a success for you.

Out of sheer ennui, I started a chart. In the first period, from five to 15, I could think of only one success. I won one fight with a belligerent urchin named George Cornell, with whom I tangled frequently. It was a success for me because it was the only one I ever did win.

In the second period, from 15 to 30, again I could think of only one success: I learned to fly an airplane. But this wasn't such a great success since, because of it, I spent a stretch in a German prison camp.

In the third period, from 30 on, I couldn't think of a single success. I became a newspaper editor through sheer accident. All that got me was 10 years laboring as a galley slave to pay off the mortgage on the paper.

Then I became a teacher, which any damn fool could become in those days. They were pulling bodies in off the streets because of the baby boom hitting the high schools. I became head of the English Department purely because nobody else was qualified, not on merit, experience or dedication.

I became a syndicated columnist by chance. All that gets me is a deadline hanging about my neck like a big old albatross.

By the time I'd finished making out the chart, I realized, not for the first time, that I was an utter failure, and that it was going to take a lot more than a chart to change things.

It was then that I made my one and only resolution for 1977. And all subsequent years. I will never again, should I be forced to peruse nothing more exciting than the small print on toothpaste tubes, read another woman's magazine from a supermarket.

Immediately I made this resolve, I felt a lot better, and next morning was back at work.

### WINDOW ON WILDLIFE

## "Back-yard buzz-bomb" attack observed

BY ART BRIGGS-JUDE

The flock of feeding sparrows stiffened, then bolted for the cover of some protecting shrubbery. One bird, a little tardier than the rest, paid the price of hesitating and was pinned against the snow crust by the swift-moving sparrow hawk.

I had watched this drama unfold from the start with mixed feelings, and now as the little falcon ended its victim's struggles I could not help but feel a tinge of sorrow for the unfortunate creature. The flying predator had apparently made an earlier and unsuccessful attempt to capture one of these numerous neighbourhood birds. Now he rested and reviewed the situation from the top of a tall telephone pole a hundred yards or so away. It was here I first spotted him and, with the aid of the glasses was able to pick up the blue-grey wings and the black and white facial markings. His rusty tail hung straight down as he remained motionless, save for the occasional turning of his patterned head.

Glancing back towards the feeding platform, I noticed the house sparrows beginning to return in ever-increasing numbers. Three, five, nine, a dozen. The hungry accipiter also watched the build-up, and now even the slightly moving head and neck remained still. When the tray was well covered with about three dozen or so seed-eaters, the hawk tensed, then launched himself silently towards the feeding birds. Gradually decreasing his wingspan and

increasing his speed he plummeted down on an arrow-like course, forward and downward. Still the small birds fed on, unaware of the impending peril. I found myself estimating the distance remaining. At 40 yards, the hawk was all-tucked in tight, a hurtling feathered missile rapidly nearing the target. Twenty yards; and by now the hunter had probably singled out its intended victim.

It was about this instant the sparrows sensed some danger. A cautious look skyward cost them more precious time, and as they lifted to evade the clutching talons the sparrow hawk was already amongst them. With a shriek of warning they wheeled away but the plummeting predator was even then closing his claws on the less alert one. Both birds hit the frozen snow with a dull thud, the hawk driving hard and unable to brake himself fully beforehand. The sparrow died in a matter of seconds, and was lofted almost immediately to the tip of a nearby tree to be devoured.

Such acts of predation are commonplace in nature's world around us. To the casual observer who witnesses these happenings may come a natural resentment towards the so-called villains. A formed opinion that reasons the extermination of these predators will somehow make for a better selective bird population. However we must look further afield than our own front yard. We must somehow realize while the hawk I was wat-

ching destroyed a house sparrow, many others of its kind were probably out preying on mice.

Man is forever upsetting the appletart in wildlife balance and misunderstanding the measures by which nature tries to correct his stupidity. The introduction of such competitive species as the English house sparrow and the starling, for example, contributed no small degree to the threatened existence of our beautiful native bluebird. If the heavy concentrations of house sparrows around feeding stations are kept just a few less by the appearance of a hawk or two, I'm for it. The only fly in the ointment is that our colourful cardinals and other desirable back-yard birds may suffer the same fate. The answer: When predators of this kind persist at your feeder, try providing some overhead protection with branches, or feed your feathered neighbours under the safety of nearby shrubs or bushes.

WHAT TO LOOK FOR: Some wire mesh or other protection for your fruit trees and ornamentals, as the rabbit population in this area is near the top of the cycle. Pickering still hitting at Scugog. Don't pour those leftover live minnows down the hole when you've finished ice fishing; there's enough junk fish in our lakes already. Cardinals come early and late to feed except on blustery days, so get your feed out first thing in the morning, or better still, the night before. A stamped self-addressed envelope to this column will answer any of your wildlife questions.



This Lloyd Street home was one of many homes in the area displaying nature's artistry in ice. —Ted Wilcox