



# The Tribune

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## Editorials

### We told you so — is music to our ears

Although it is ungracious to gloat, it is occasionally very pleasant to point out instances where we have been proved correct.

It was very gratifying to read the conservation authority report on Lehman's Pond. The Tribune, as well as a goodly number of townspeople, opposed council's decision, as part of the planning for the Dulverton subdivision, to fill in the pond.

In editorials we took the position that the

pond would be a boon to the school to be built a short distance away, whereas council members felt the pond might constitute a drowning hazard.

The report dovetailed almost exactly with our own views on the subject. The document does have a few disclaimers on it though as it was produced on an informal basis, on the request of the mayor, and is not an official authority report.

However, it does provide a thorough overview of the area and its authors are experts at assessing land for potential park and conservation uses.

The study indicated that the area is already well used as a passive recreational area.

We cannot understand the continued opposition of Councillors Bill Kamps and Bill McAlley. It seems to us that Mr. Kamps, who apparently feels the area might be used for nefarious purposes, is suggesting that the town make all plans in order to accommodate the worst elements in the community rather than the majority who are law-abiding residents.

We strongly disagree with Mr. McAlley's statement that the pond preserved would be a "duplication" of the flood control pond. We would say, rather, that Lehman's Pond would be a fine addition to that parkland.

Although the conservation area consists of 100 acres, the greater portion of the property is constituted of swamp which is impassable at most times of the year.

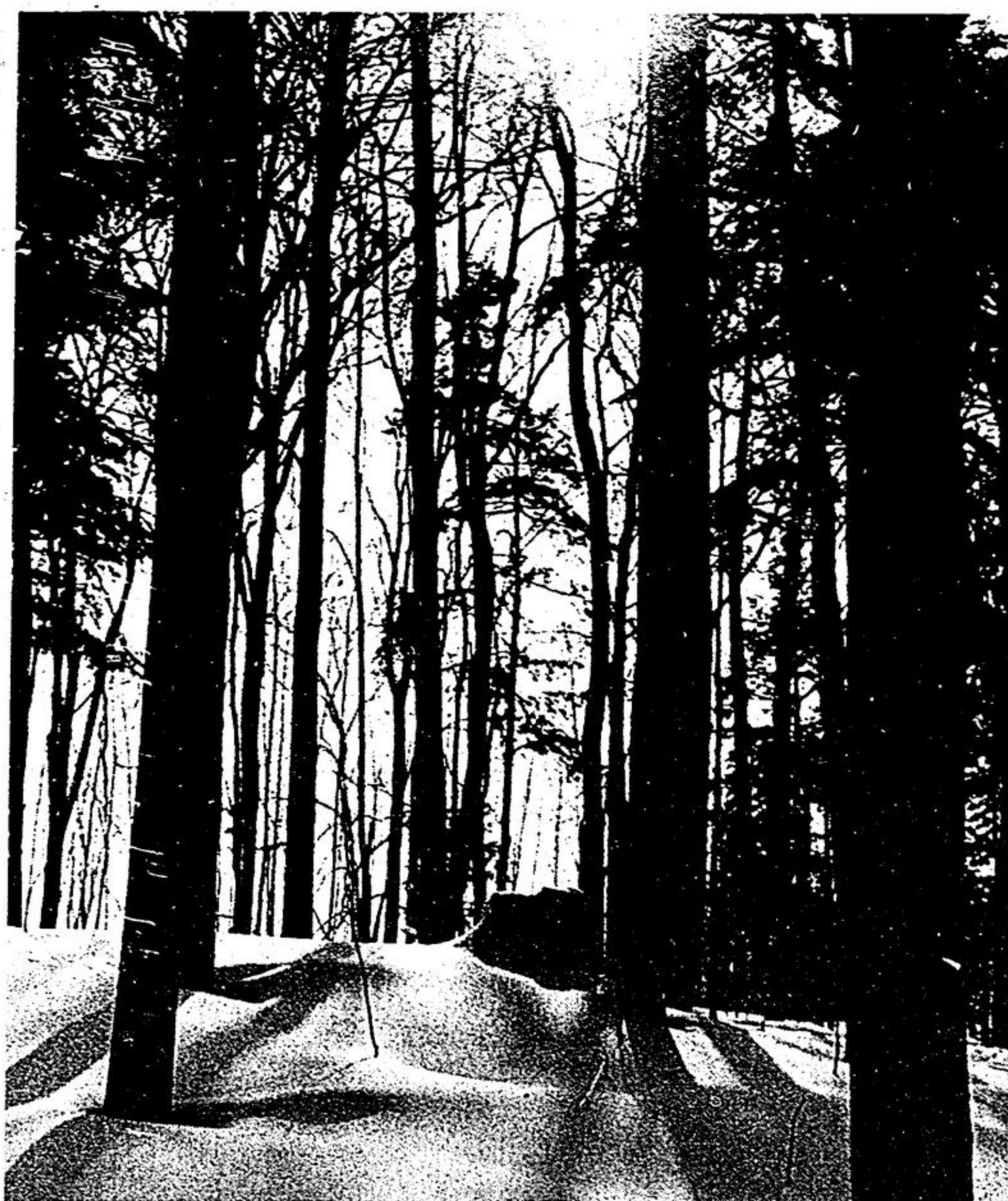
Only the area south and east of the dam is actually used on a regular basis for walking.

That is why it is important that the town take steps to ensure there will be a good system of nature trails in the town — before it is too late.

Our final "I told you so" comes in at this point. In the Dec. 19 issue of The Tribune we printed an editorial urging the town to provide a link between the flood control dam, Lehman's Pond and the town park.

That is exactly what is suggested in the conservation authority report. If this idea is followed through Stouffville could end up with a model park system.

If this land is destroyed it will be an inestimable loss to the community, especially to the young people who will turn increasingly to anti-social behaviour if access to a handy and unspoiled outdoor environment is cut off.



Winter's light

Winter isn't all snowdrifts and traffic jams as this untraveled expanse of snow and

woods at Bruce's Mill illustrates.

— John Montgomery

### 30 years ago this week

Excerpts from the  
 February 12, 1948 issue  
 of The Tribune.

What happened to five fish.

When Prov. Cons. Harry Kift and Merlin Mackie finally did get home after spending an anxious night on the frozen surface of Lake Simcoe when they couldn't start their plane because of sub-zero weather, they had five lake trout they had caught during their enforced stay on the ice.

Here's what happened to the five fish: two went to Prov. Const. Hodgson and Keast of Oshawa for searching the Beaverton area for the missing men. One went to George Hurren, manager of the Ontario County Flying Club, who spotted them, 14 miles from shore and then flew them out to Duclos Point. The remaining two fish went to the families of Kift and Mackie.

Kift and Mackie had landed on the ice with a light plane but the engine froze up and they couldn't take off.

"We borrowed some coals in a pail from a fisherman and attempted to warm up the engine, but it was no use," Mackie said.

One dollar per fly  
 A reward amounting to \$1 per fly to anyone who can find a fly in it's plant has been offered by a fish packing plant in Tilgham, Maryland.

"Our company is offering \$10 to anyone who can find 10 flies in our crab, fish and canning plants, warehouse or machine shop at any time" said a recent announcement. DDT was employed to spray the entire plant and the surrounding area. To date no one has qualified for the award.



## I've been Clara MacMuffined

By John Montgomery

"You look like Joe," commented my young brother-in-law Tom, of my beard and hair which have become drastically shorter since Friday.

"Joe who?" I innocently inquired, not meaning any reference to the Joe who? in Ottawa.

"Joe Stalin."

Now, wait a minute —  
 Which reminds me of the time I was Clara MacMuffined by Gord Ness into appearing on the Stouffville Show, which is aired on Cable 10.

In the midst of what proved to be a brutal interrogation Bob Lewis asked me if I was an environmentalist. Actually, at the time it sounded like an accusation and, in response to some well-spring of paranoia deep within myself, I found myself stoutly denying it, although I do, in fact, have considerable interest in environmental issues.

"Oh, what makes you think that," I mumbled.

"Well — you've got a beard," he replied.

Which was probably the high point of what proved a very bad business indeed. Most of the interview involved complicated, multi-part questions, answered with slurred

monosyllables and followed by painful silences.

Film crew members on the sidelines would occasionally exclaim in tones of bewilderment, "He seemed normal enough a few minutes ago."

Luckily I did something else that so outraged the shows viewers that it completely wipes from the minds any recollection of my Mr. Potato-head-style performance.

It was of course, The Tribune's bane, beer that caused the problems. I decided to quaff a beer, as a means of relaxing myself and as the crew had taken prolonged measures to relax themselves to an amazing degree, I could see no harm in it.

I was given a bottle and sat down to drink.



## WINDOW ON WILDLIFE

### Snow buntings appear

By ART BRIGGS-JUDE

One of the many outdoor bonuses derived from feeding the wild birds in winter, is the arrival of a new or unusual species. As mentioned before, it may only be a common robin or some other such bird, but the appearance of it in the blustery days of winter creates quite a stir. Often it triggers a whole chain reaction of questions.

Whatever would a robin be doing here in the snow, you ask yourself, when it could be down in Southwest Florida heaving a ball on the berries of the Brazilian pepper bush? Why didn't that cowbird continue its migration to the southern states? Did the recent storm with its drifting snow, drive those mourning doves to local feeders this past week?

Many of these and other queries remain unanswered, and we can only speculate on the real reasons for the creatures being in these abnormal situations. At other times the riddle is solved by the general appearance of the bird itself. Often a slightly drooped wing, a noticeable limp, or missing tail feathers signal the fact the bird has met with an accident.

An aerial collision with a wire, tall structure, or window glass, although often a fatal encounter, sometimes only sets the stunned birds off their migration schedule. In other instances, a hawk or cat will strike merely a glancing blow, and their intended victim though slightly injured, will escape. Later, when others of their kind have gone south, these now recovered birds find local feeding shelves.

There is no doubt the weather sometimes has a strong influence on birds. There are cases on record of high winds carrying seabirds many miles inland, or severe storms bringing western birds to eastern backyards. Such happenings were much in evidence after hurricanes Hazel (1954) and Donna (1960). These catastrophic winds carried many tropical seabirds along in their cyclonic "eyes", depositing them dead or exhausted thousands of miles from their usual habitat.

Possibly the prime reason for many northern songbirds to arrive at winter feeding stations is a dwindling natural food supply. When the keys of box elder (soft maple) are stripped clean, evening grosbeaks literally pour into feeding shelves for sunflower seeds. The trim little tree sparrows and the red-capped redpolls also arrive when the weed heads in the fields and hedgerows are covered with snow.

Sometimes it takes a series of unusual circumstances to lure unaccustomed birds to

feeding stations. Such was the case in our area when recent deep snows covered almost all the vegetation in the neighbouring fields. Normally a walk across these open spaces will reward you with the sighting of a flock of snow buntings. These polar snowbirds of Ann Murray's vocal rendition, do not normally perch in trees and rarely if at all appear at feeding stations. This time however, they changed their routine.

For when a wagon bin of grain was being moved into the Albert Heise farm, a half concession north of Gormley, the deep ruts in the railway track caused some spillage. A wave of wandering snow buntings moving as they often do along the railway line, spied the loose piles of oats and barley. Making repeated visits, the hungry birds swept in and out of the crossing, until in a day or so, all the dropped grain was gone.

Now Roy Heise, who has more than a passing interest in birds, decided he liked these nomadic wanderers running around on the snow just outside the front gate. He also noted the food they had first come for was almost all gone, so he sprinkled another pail of cull wheat and cracked corn in the lane. To say the birds appreciated the man's offering would be an understatement.

In fact from a flock of six or seven dozen birds, the buntings have increased until there are well over three hundred individuals. Not only that, but when the feed is low in the lane, the rust-tinted birds come tumbling into his feeding station. Here they perch on the trees, wires, fences, and cover the ground, all within 30 feet of the front door.

Snow buntings are a handsome addition to our winter scene, whether they're flashing black and white underparts against a clear blue sky, or running like animated leaves across the snowy fields. Sometimes when a sudden squall sweeps in from the north, the plump oriole-sized birds crouch down in the snow, like sled-dogs riding out a storm. For like all life forms of the Arctic barrens, they have learned to utilize the protective properties of the snow.

This past week Roy Heise told me he now has some idea of how Jack Miner must have felt when the wild geese began to arrive in such numbers as to exhaust his seed supply. And like that Kingsville conservationist, Roy has also experienced a quickening pulse. For its a sight not soon forgotten when hundreds of trusting wings swoop in to his offerings. This week it was especially so, as two Lapland Longspurs also dropped in to join the feast.

## Kids' stuff

### Daring rescue by two Persian cats

By Sheila Cober

One fine snowy day, I decided to go skating. The pond was behind the house. I got my skidoo suit and my skates on. I

walked, staggered and tripped my way down to the pond by myself. I got to the pond and started skating.

After a while I decided to try a spot

further over. Everything was O.K. Then, suddenly, as I skimmed along, something dreadful happened. The ice cracked, sending me into the freezing water.

Meanwhile, back at the house, my two pet persian pussies, Rufus and Puffus had a sudden urge to come to the pond. They trotted to the door begging to be let out. My mother immediately opened the door. The pussies clambered down the hill to where I was stranded and found me.

Puffus put her tail into the water. Rufus grabbed onto Puffus and pulled and pulled! Gradually, inch by inch, as I was hanging onto Puffus's tail, they pulled me out.

"My darling adorable Persian pussies," I cried, hugging them. Then I slowly crawled up to the house. After I got into warm, dry clothes, I tried to thank them. But they just purred contentedly, glad they had done their good deed for the day.

Sheila is in grade 6 at Dickson Hill.

### Monster at our house

By Jason Feddema

Once there was a monster at our house. He looked like a bear eating red ice cream. I looked at him out of my bedroom window and he frightened me out of the door. I tippy-toed past him and I went and got my dad. My dad went and got his gun and shot the bad bear. The bear was really nice and my dad only used a plastic bullet. Before he went home I gave him some more ice cream.

Jason is a kindergarten pupil at Goodwood P.S.



Tell us what it is

This nifty item is still available in hardware stores. It looks like a cross between a cow and a rhinoceros, but is actually quite practical. The first correct entry drawn wins

a \$5 prize. No multiple choice answers or adult entries will be considered. The winner's name will appear in next week's Tribune.