



The Tribune

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Editorial

Developer and consumer pay for indecisive leadership

Although we heartily endorse the town council's growth approach to development within its boundaries, we have seen a couple of instances where developers have been put to unjustified expense by council's misleading attitude toward a particular project.

The first concerns a proposed abattoir on Woodbine Avenue just south of Gormley. The applicant was Giovanni Guizzetti, a successful small businessman. In his presentation to the planning board he pointed out that he had successfully run two other businesses since leaving Italy and had been a successful farmer in his native country. He was also quite familiar with the operations of an abattoir and of all government regulations regarding such operations.

After some discussion, council, sitting as the planning board, asked Mr. Guizzetti to return at a later date with a revised plan. They felt that the size of the operation was too large to be acceptable and that the building itself should be placed further from the main road. A local pastor testified at this time that the prevailing winds in this area were westerly and they should present no problem to the Gormley community.

One month later we find Mr. Guizzetti back before planning board. His architect is with him and more drawings are presented to the board. The building is now one-third smaller than originally planned and placed well to the back of the property, over 1500 feet from the main road. The architect went into a detailed description of the interior of the abattoir and indicated that its maximum work capacity would be the slaughter of 100 head per day, but that the premises did not have the amount of storage space necessary to house the butchered meat. The actual maximum capacity would be likely 100 head per week.

Only Councillor Bill Kamps supported Mr. Guizzetti's application, saying that a legal abattoir under strict controls was desirable in the area. The mayor and Councillor Bill McNalley did not support the motion on the grounds that unacceptable odours might be generated, while Eldred King was concerned with the amount of traffic the home south of the abattoir lane would be subject to. Councillor Jim Doble was beleaguered by visions of a future giant feed lot housing herds of cattle that might be a nuisance to the neighbourhood.

Not one of the objections involved the architect's plan or could have been solved by council's earlier recommendations concerning the size and location of the physical structure. If odours, traffic and cattle stampedes were council's original concern, these objections should have come forth in their first meeting with Mr. Guizzetti. As it ended up, Mr. Guizzetti was forced into unjustified expense, time and hassle in revamping building plans that council rejected for reasons unrelated to the revisions.

The reasons themselves appear vacuous.

Most abattoirs in the area seem to be well kept and cause little or no odour. The number of trucks required to deliver 100 head of cattle would be quite small. The abattoir was not designed to be able to handle enough cattle to make a feed lot a viable concern.

In another instance, March 7, Joseph Barna, representing Mantia Realty came before planning board indicating that he had a number of clients wishing to do business in the Stouffville area and that Mantia Realty would like to build a commercial enterprise on the South-East corner at Ringwood, Mr. Barna said that all proposed uses fell within the bylaws covering the types of developments allowed in the area. He and Mr. Mantia asked that council be somewhat more specific as to what they might or might not want to see on this corner, one of the "gateways to Stouffville."

The board finally decided that the realtor and the architect should bring a solid proposal to the board and they would approve or disapprove the plan. This was after telling the two men that Ringwood was "the front door to the town", that "it would be a challenge to the realtor to bring prestige clients to the town" and that "Mantia should be aware of the more desirable uses" for the corner.

May 9 brought the applicant back before planning board, the proposal brought nine uses to the corner. It was indicated to the board that the development would not depend on the town for customers, but on highway traffic. Their studies showed that a larger number of attractions would bring more business to the project. Council rejected this proposal as having too many uses on such a small lot that traffic bottlenecks could be a problem at the intersection and the development might have an adverse affect on downtown business.

The planning board wanted a project featuring only one or two uses.

Why didn't they say that to Messieurs Barna and Mantia on March 7. Surely this informative tid-bit would have been all the developer and architect really wanted from their first meeting with planning board.

As it now stands, a full month of time and money has been wasted by two professional people, and it would be understandable if there was a bad taste left in their mouths.

If council wants time to consider certain developments, then we encourage them to take that time. But to present reasons for rejecting a proposal after indicating that the board's basic objections lay elsewhere, or to reject out of hand for reasons that could have easily been rectified appears to us to be either fence sitting, or worse, setting uncalled for stumbling blocks in the paths of a development.

We also feel that these type of dealings lie outside the bounds of human decency and could lead council into legal hot water if an aggressive developer should choose to make an issue of these inconsistencies.

Kids' stuff

Keirstead's Class Ltd. reports on St. Marks

Recently, the Grade 6 class at St. Marks published an ambitious, 33 page newsmagazine Kierstead's Ltd., which told all about their school and the people in it. It had a sports section, editorials, articles and poems, and even advertising. We thought you might enjoy some of the articles in it and have reprinted a few of them below.

SCHOOL WASHROOMS

One of the students' pet peeves is; when you go to the washroom and find that some greedy person has taken all the toilet paper for an unnecessary cause.

Another problem is when the paper towels are all over the place.

Graffiti is the worst problem. I think it is stupid because people are just wrecking things for no reason.

I think that more rules and regulations should be made and enforced.

Ken Cornelisse

"An In-Depth Look at Grade Seven???"

1) Things on the blackboard?...Nothing but dates!!!

2) Art work?...They love lots of art work such as funny pictures.

Books on walls along with maps, paper and clippings.

3) Subject they were doing?...Literature.

4) Way their desks were arranged?...In rows...4 rows with two desks a row.

5) Their behavior?...Not too good!!!

6) High tempered teacher, nice or mad?...Nice when they're nice, mad when they're mad.

7) A lot of work?...Fair Amount.

8) Opened or closed classroom?...Closed.

At 9.55, April 12, I visited the grade seven class. They had nothing as of yet on the blackboard but the date. They had a lot of art work such as funny pictures, maps and paper clippings. At this time they were doing literature. Their behavior was not very good. They had a fair amount of work. Mr. Todd gets mad when they are fooling around, but he's nice otherwise.

Reporter: Greg Sheardown

All About Grade 8

Mr. Prieur the Grade 8 teacher has also taught Grades 6 and 7 at St. Margaret Mary School in Woodbridge. But after a while he always likes to get "cranked up" and move to another school. He says he usually stays at a school for about four years and then changes to another, but if he really likes it he stays for about 6 years and then goes.

Mr. Prieur says he has liked the trips he has gone on because everyone who had never gone skiing before learned how to ski and he thinks that the class he has now is a fun group to go on trips with and that he likes to see them have fun.

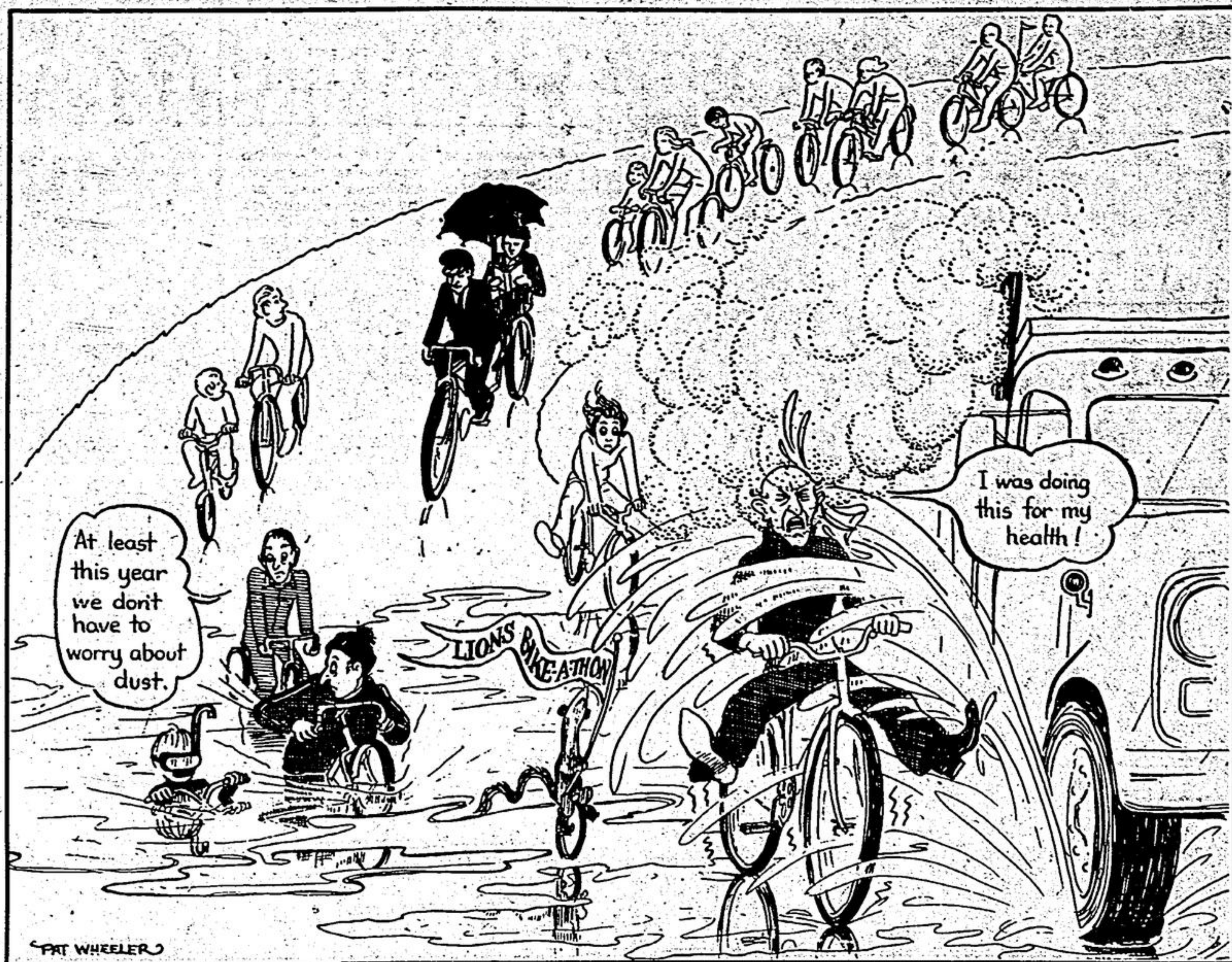
After I had asked Mr. Prieur if would miss his class after they had gone he said yes, until the next class comes in and he sort of forgets about them but still remembers them.

Mr. Prieur also said he will be teaching Grade 8 and still stay.

By Rosa Turco

Interviews

"Winning all the sports" was what John Monopoli said when asked what he likes so far through this year. Jim Edwards said in his own words "Sports." Jackie



No plaudits for stamina

By John Montgomery

I rolled out of bed Saturday morning after only five hours sleep and I must admit I was somewhat less than ecstatic at the thought of bicycling 22 miles in the light rainy drizzle that was falling.

My mouth, stomach and especially my brain all felt numb. We had been to a small dinner party the night before and after spending a delightful evening eating very hot Mexican food and tossing back shots of tequila, Alice and I had arrived home sometime around 3 in the morning.

I didn't really feel hung over but as I say there was a certain numbness.

This is the third year, I have been in the Lions Bike-a-thon and as usual by the time I got down to the park the bulk of riders had already departed. (I've never been known as an early riser, even under the best of conditions, and these were far from the best.)

The first thing I couldn't help noticing was that a muddy spray of water was whizzing off the fenderless back wheel of my bicycle and sending an unerring stream directly onto my behind - the part of my anatomy placed most directly over the rear wheel.

I did not find this rude bidet very enjoyable and luckily I didn't have to put up with it too long. At the second checkpoint I managed to scrounge some cardboard which I laid on top of the rear carrier. This effectively blocked the muck from the bicycle seat and my posterior, unfortunately, it did not otherwise inhibit the flow of mud.

The spray now sped in a wider arc all the way up my back and even on top of my head.

The mud flying off the front wheel continually squirted up the front of my jacket, occasionally splashing my face when I attained higher speeds.

My shoes, pant legs and the frame of the bicycle were soon covered in a fine spray of muck. The roads were generally in good condition, the air was just cool enough for a long ride and the spring green countryside was a delight to the eye.

I used the gears on my 10-speed as much as I could to save my legs and this combined with a leisurely pace made most of the course pretty easy going. The last leg of the route, along 19th Ave. from the 5th to the 9th concessions, was a bit of a heartbreaker but on the whole it went quite easily, especially after the rain let up.

By the time I finished, my legs felt like wooden stilts and when I walked they kind of jarred the ground a la late night Frankenstein flicks.

This soon passed and I was really congratulating myself on my stamina because my legs weren't stiff or sore at all - but plaudits for stamina proved slightly premature as it turned out.

For about the last 10 miles of the route I had been envisaging the hot bath I would soon be sprawled in, simmering the tiredness out of my muscles.

Of course there was no hot water when I arrived home so I decided to relax and read for a few minutes. At 4 o'clock when Alice woke me I was still pretty bunned out and I kind of Zombied around for half an hour or so until I got a call from my brother-in-law Tom.

"Haven't you left yet?" he inquired in an incredulous tone, adding, "Everybody else is already here."

"Huhh?" was all I could muster. It turned out we had been invited out for a family dinner and it, like the rest of the world, had slipped clean out of my mind.

By getting dressed and leaving immediately we managed to get there 15 minutes later than we were supposed to but also about an hour before we ate.

I had brought all my slides from Cuba, about 100 of them, so before dinner I sorted them and laboriously placed them in a carousel - each and every one of them upside down.

After dinner I lay down to watch the slides and by the time Alice had switched them around, twice before they finally came right side up, I was feeling pretty comfortable.

I had never seen any of the slides on a screen before so I was quite eager to view them but in spite of all my resolve I was gone by about the 10th slide.

That was about 7:30 and for about the next three hours all anybody heard from me was heavy breathing. When I came to everybody was gone but Alice and Diane and Gibson and since it was their house it was only natural for them to stick around.

Just as I regained consciousness Gibson flicked on the television set and there was The Dirty Dozen. I sat there mesmerized through the whole thing. Gibson had given up after about half an hour and gone to bed but Alice and I stayed for the whole thing, although I'm not sure why.

After the mornings mudbath, The Dirty Dozen looked like a bunch of pretty boys.



WINDOW ON WILDLIFE

Woodland drummer

By ART BRIGGS-JUDE

It's nice to get out and walk in the woods at this time of the year. The new leaves have not yet unfurled, and the forest floor is beginning to burst with a multitude of wild flowers. You'll catch the heavy odour of wild leeks, and notice the Trilliums forcing their way above last season's leafy cover. And while you may become engrossed in the vast variety of spring flowers underfoot, your ears will surely harken to the sounds of woodland wings.

One of the most likely spring noises, and yet to many an unfamiliar echo, is the drumming of the Ruffed Grouse. The particular habitat they frequent, conditioned by succeeding years of fallen leaves, often makes the location of the sound extremely difficult to locate. To a camper lying drowsily in the light of early morning, the penetrating vibrations seem to come from almost beneath him. More often it is heard however, while walking quietly along an old bush road.

If the listener tries to pinpoint the source, he is usually left without his curiosity satisfied. For like a mirage in the desert, the drummer leads his inquisitive visitor on, only to stop abruptly and remain silent until all immediate danger is past.

The male grouse produces the sound with rapid wing beats, as he struts majestically on a fallen log. Here with crest held erect, tail spread fan-like and his ruff or hackle raised, he takes on the airs of a triumphant gamecock. The vibrations last nearly six seconds, starting slowly and deliberately, then steadily increasing until its climax. A sort of "Bup-bup-bup-up, up, up, up, up;" not unlike a small gas engine reluctant to start.

The reason for all this of course, is that it's part of the courtship ritual. And in due time the females harken to the drummer's call. Soon a nest is formed in the dry leaves, usually near the base of a large tree. Nine to a

dozen buff-coloured eggs are laid, with the female incubating them for about twenty-four days.

The hen also has most of the responsibilities attached to raising the family, as the male often mates with several females. The young are off and running as soon as they hatch, picking up small insects and pecking at tidbits the mother furnishes. In two weeks they are making short flights and could become self-dependent if the need arose.

Ruffed grouse reach a peak population about every eight years or so. Scarce seasons are gradually supplanted by an overall buildup, till the top of the cycle is realized. Some years ago, the then Dept. of Lands and Forests, after much study, extended the ruffed grouse season in the southern parts of this province. Formerly a short six or seven week period, it now runs for over three months in the southern counties.

It has had the desired results, by spreading the birds out and making available many that would otherwise be lost in the natural cycle. For the partridge, as it is commonly called, is much sought after and shot at by the upland gamebird hunter. A tricky explosive target in its own back yard, the ruffed grouse will maintain its numbers as long as habitat and controlled seasons are provided.

TINDER 'N EMBERS...Other woodland sounds much in evidence last week, were the nuptial calls of the Woodcock in Vivian forest, and the hollow "who, who, who, who," tremolo of the spiraling snipe up on the Bruce Peninsula...Among the twenty-five replies to the "Bluebird Column" was one from the secretary of the Pickering Rod & Gun Club. In one of the two boxes erected on their property seven miles west of Brougham, is a pair of bluebirds...Keep those reports coming in, they are so helpful...