



The Tribune

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Editorial

So long Keith Sutherland

Last week the town showed its affection for Orchard Park Principal Keith Sutherland and after last Friday's events there was no doubt that there is a lot of affection for the man.

Unlike most people Keith was lucky enough to have that respect and affection demonstrated while he is still living. Too often the type of tribute given to Keith is reserved for eulogies to the dead.

We know that Keith is a man who approves of short speeches so we will just say that we recognize that during his many years in town he has made a great contribution to Stouffville, as school principal and as a caring individual.

We also know Keith's impact on the

community will not lessen as Stouffville will continue to be his home.

Good luck in your new job Keith.

Bought salads don't measure up

During the course of a year we at The Tribune attend an amazing number of church dinners, service club meals and other special banquets.

Usually this is a distinct pleasure as the moderately priced locally prepared meals are top-notch and well worth tucking into but we have been noticing an insidious habit of using commercial prepared salads is creeping into vogue.

The main attraction of these meals is that they are excellently prepared by local cooks and in our opinion the addition of these 'canned' salads goes a long way toward spoiling the charm of the dinners.

A sure bet for a good dinner is the Lions annual beef barbecue next Wednesday, June 28.

Editor's mail

Dogs abandoned on ninth line also

Dear Sir,
 I read with great concern the article by Annegret Lamure in regard to the abandoning of dogs on the fifth line and must say, I too, have experienced the very same tragedies on Stouffville's ninth line south.

Just recently I've picked up the cutest little mongrel that was dumped out of a dark coloured van and the young driver also tried to run the poor little creature down.

I searched for it and finally found the half-starved dog, fed it for two weeks, and luckily found a lovely home for that one. This happens frequently on the ninth line and I have been feeding many a dog, some I would place but very few are so lucky.

I would like to express my admiration for these two brave ladies, Christiane Bergauer and Jutta Becker, who spend time and effort on these poor creatures whose only crime is to be unwanted.

I wonder, when will some of our so-called good Christian society stop inflicting cruelties on our wonderful animal friends?

So meanwhile, Annegret Lamure, keep up the good works and keep these articles coming, maybe one of the offenders will regret his or her shameless actions.

Sincerely,
 Margarete Todaro
 Ninth line south

Kids' stuff

All About Tilly (a true story)

By Timothy Pugh

All about Tilly, a true story
 Have you ever received a living Easter gift? I did! The Easter I was eight and my sister was five.

We had been away visiting at our Grandparents', and when we returned, our Dad sent us on a Treasure Hunt. We followed the instructions on notes... First, to the garage; second, to the tractor; third, to the swingset; then finally to the barn.

At first when we went into the barn, we heard funny noises. Just as we got nearer to the sounds my Mom and Dad came up

behind us and covered our eyes. They took us to a boarded up pen and uncovered our eyes. I was first to say something. I said, "O look, isn't it cute?" Then Laurie said, "let's think of a name for it." We thought and thought. Finally I said, "let's name her Matilda". Dad said, "let's call her Tilly for short".

Tilly was the cutest little black and white lamb I ever saw. She had spindly little legs and a funny little face. She was only two weeks old. She was born a "runt" and her mother wouldn't feed her! So, Dad bought her and brought her home to Laurie and I for Easter.

We fed her with a bottle and all the time she drank, her tail wagged back and forth. She had to be fed formula just like a baby. We made the formula by mixing one can of Carnation Condensed milk with three cans of water. We started out feeding her two ounces every four hours, gradually increasing the amount and the strength until we had her switched over to cow's milk. When it was feeding time, Tilly would put her front feet over the boards of her pen and bleat for her bottle.

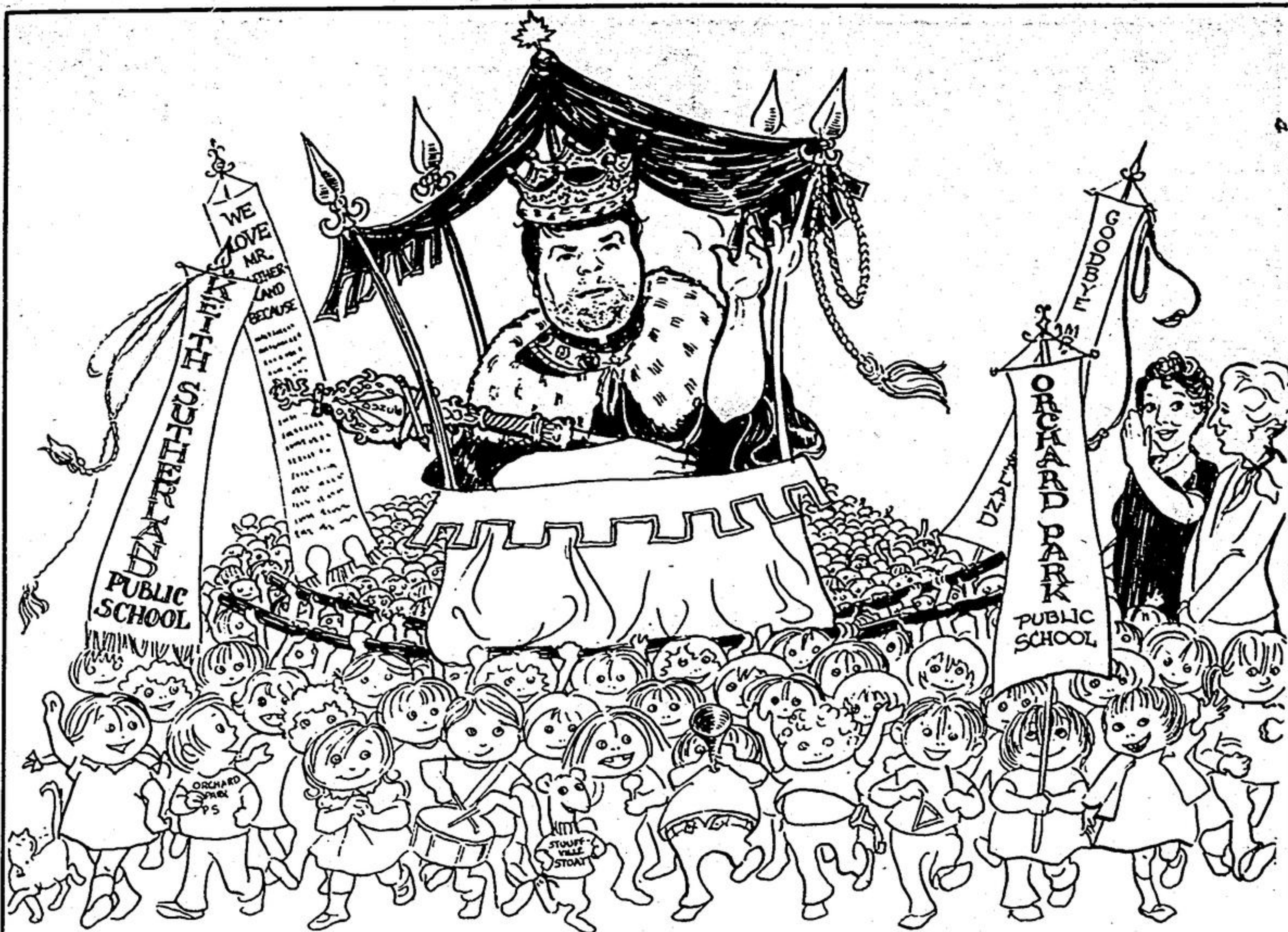
A few months later we let Tilly out of the pen so she could roam about our barn. All this time she was getting more acquainted with our dog "Liza Jane". She grew like a weed and by the time she was 9 months old, she was 100 lbs. My Grandma thought that Tilly was the fattest lamb she had ever seen. Tilly and Liza played "hide and go seek", and "catch the lamb". We had had Tilly almost 2 years when we took her to a friends farm that sheared lambs sometimes, so she could get rid of her heavy coat and meet some other sheep.

About 1 week before she was due home, my Dad brought bad news. Tilly was dead! I asked what had happened and Dad said that a wolf attacked Tilly in the night. I knew why she didn't run, because she had got so fat she wasn't afraid of dogs. When the wolf attacked Tilly, she didn't know enough to run away from it. So she was killed. No animal was more important to me than Tilly.

I've often wondered whether it was fair to Tilly to have her for a pet, or whether we should have left her with her own kind!
 The End

Foolish filler

Forty foolish frilly females from Fergus fidgeted fretfully for five flippant fashion photographers frantically frying fish filets.



"I hear the Keith Sutherland Award is to go to the youngest kid in the school who has to shave"

Moose Jaw-jewel of the west

By John Montgomery

A lot of people are getting right annoyed that we are being urged to vacation in Canada at the same time the Pee Em and a lot of Cabinet ministers are embarking on expensive holidays in the south (and I'm not referring to Burlington).

I must say it doesn't bother me when these guys go away but I do get quite irate when they keep coming back.

Maybe this year, instead of opting for two weeks in the Caribbean at some tropical resort hard by the beach I will, for only a few hundred dollars more, take in the genteel ambience of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.

I mean, really, who needs a tropical beach when you can get a \$35 a night room in a 'motor-hotel' only a stone's throw from the Trans-Canada Highway.

Or for those who love peace and quiet and an air of history there is a classy little hotel in downtown Moose Jaw that even features a bathroom on every floor and a television in the lounge. That place of course is only for the real high-rollers who demand luxury at any cost.

A cheaper alternative would be to spend a few days in Hamilton - a North American beauty spot. You could watch the sewage run into the harbour and lunch-buckets make great souvenirs.

Or how about a few days in sunny Sudbury. The sulphurous air is great for clearing the old sinuses and at no charge you can actually duplicate the moon walks made a few years ago by U.S. astronauts. For the winter enthusiasts there is always skiing down the slag heaps.

If you are more inclined toward cultural pursuits and clambering around on bare rocks is too strenuous why then you can always go downtown and watch the lineups at the Unemployment Insurance Commission. The

UIC has the best show in Sudbury these days, literally a cast of thousands.

Another nice thing about travelling in Canada is you know wherever you are, from Chedebuncto to Sicamous, you are only minutes away from a Big Mac and fries, some of the Colonel's chicken and fries or even that staple that so well exemplifies the true Canadian personality, a hot beef sandwich and fries.

Personally, I would advise anybody who is going to travel in Canada to see a doctor first and if nothing else, for your own sake, have those cholesterol levels checked. Those nasty, little triglycerides are a killer.

As a photographer I have often considered taking sort of a working holiday. You know, take a bunch of pictures on one theme and see if I can get them cranked into a coffee table book in time for the Christmas rush.

Anyways, I was thinking of a sort of poetic look at highway rest stops along the Trans-Canada. I wouldn't even have to write poetry. It's right there on the washroom walls waiting to be saved for posterity.

An alternative would be a cross-Canada look at freeways. If you travel across the country that is mostly all you see anyway so it would be a book people could really identify with.

Unfortunately the Maritimes would have to be left out as they don't have any expressways, except maybe in that modern Gornorrah, Halifax. I'd have to think about the Canso Causeway.

Another Canadian delight of course is camping. For only five bucks or so a night you can enjoy a campground with a slightly higher population density than the St. James Town highrise development in downtown Toronto, but you can also take rustic pleasure and pioneer pride in knowing the bathroom facilities are equal to anything you could have found in that very same isolated spot at the turn of the century.

You can trade that quiet cooped up apartment or lonely suburban backyard for a piece of God's country, as I once did. A piece about 20 feet by 20 feet and jammed between a group of teenagers (who guzzle beer, shout obscenities and listen to CHUM 24 hours non-stop) and a family of obnoxious American Winnebagos, with fat children who whine constantly in high-pitched nasal tones. They incessantly sprayed for mosquitoes and watched television at night with their door open.

I figure I am just as good as any Cabinet minister (I have pretty shifty eyes and I'm not above telling lies when I have to) so I will probably continue to go out of the country for my holidays. Quebec city has always been one of my favourite spots.

WINDOW ON WILDLIFE



Upland sandpiper

By ART BRIGGS-JUDE

Sometimes when you cross a section of open farmland or walk along a rural fence border, you flush a medium sized bird. It swings away with an unusual flutter of its wings uttering a rapid "Quip-ip-ip" sound, causing you to look in the sandpiper section of your field guide.

But if the presence of a sandpiper in such an unexpected place takes you somewhat by surprise, then the performance that usually follows will, in all likelihood, leave you wondering even more. For after the bird skims away some distance, keeping close to the ground, it often lands, in all places, on the top of a prominent fence post. And as no other member of the sandpiper family practices this trait, it quickly identifies the bird in question. It is indeed a Bartramian sandpiper, or as it is more commonly called, an upland plover.

Now that your interest is sufficiently aroused, a little more patience and further observation is required. And if you take the time to watch this unique long-billed creature, you will in all probability be rewarded with one of Nature's most memorable aerial displays. The fact that the bird has already struck an "angel pose" by momentarily holding its wings aloft when lighting is a pretty sight in itself. This overture, however, if only secondary to the main act that invariably follows.

Now rising swiftly on its pointed wings, the bird circles high over its nesting area and sends down a series of clear rolling whistles. So rich in tone are these musical notes that few other feathered songsters can rival their clarity. During this dancing flight too, the bird weaves and performs various other airborne manoeuvres that finally culminate with a broad sweep over its home territory.

Once on the ground, and in the presence of its mate, these upland sandpipers hop along in a peculiar fashion, twittering musically while quivering their tail and wingtips in unison. Often they fly away only a short distance, then return and repeat the dancing performance.

John Bartram, the Philadelphia naturalist whose name the bird bears, found its antics an intriguing delight, as have all those who have witnessed its display since.

In those early days, the upland plover was primarily a bird of the western prairies, extending its range eastward with the clearing of the forest. When the huge flocks of passenger pigeons were sadly depleted, the market hunters tried to meet the public demand for more birds with other abundant species. An easy mark that helped fill the bill were the upland sandpipers and curlews. So great was the slaughter of these waders, that the Eskimo curlew all but followed the passenger pigeon into oblivion.

Luckily the upland sandpiper was somewhat spared this fate, and gathering its scattered ranks, began the long road back to recovery. During the last decade of complete protection from hunters, but not from land developers, it has been returning to some of its former haunts. Here it once again swells these rural areas with its melodious whistle. And as the upland sandpiper lays but four eggs a year, its progress, though, somewhat parallels the bird's own call. Long, drawn out, sometimes wavering, sometimes steady. But a call once heard will ever after quicken the pulse of all who appreciate the wonders of Nature's world.

TIMBER N' EMBERS...The Ministry of Natural Resources has been busy again this spring stocking salmon and trout in the western end of Lake Ontario. 29,000 coho and 192,000 chinook were released in Martindale Pond (near the Henley course) 50,000 coho and 200,000 chinooks were released in Bronte Creek, while 115,794 cohos and 111,000 rainbow trout were released in the Credit River. The Ministry would also like to know of any Canada geese nesting in our area, please contact the Maple district office, toll free number is Zenith 92000. Two of the most prominent among the many delicate wild flowers in bloom last week on the Bruce Peninsula, were the yellow lady's slippers and the fiery-red Indian paintbrush.