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# Editorial

## Just a few suggestions

The soon-to-be tradition of massive celebrations in honour of Canada Day got off to a good start in Stouffville this year.

The various individuals, organizations, and service clubs that worked together to make the day a success should be feeling pretty satisfied with their handiwork at this point.

For a first-time event everything was well-organized and functioned smoothly. Special mention should be made of the legwork of Tom Wood and Charlie Warden who were the two men mostly responsible for getting the ball rolling.

Hopefully the Canada Day events will become a yearly occurrence and by a process of trial and error the program for the day will be honed to perfection.

At this point we would like to make a few

positive suggestions to the organizers. Not to be critical but perhaps to help.

The beer hall this year did not meet expectations and we feel this is primarily because there was no entertainment. The main attraction at last year's beer hall was not just the beer but also the live entertainment. The music at the hall last year featured some local talent such as singer-guitarist Susan Cogan and a host of really good musicians who mostly live in the area.

An afternoon of swilling beer in smoky dark Latham Hall is not that appealing but with the addition of fine music a real party atmosphere prevailed.

The Kinsmen should also seriously consider relocating their dunk tank. It was off in a corner of the park where there were no other activities to really draw a crowd.

We suggest the dunk tank be set up somewhere around Latham Hall, not far from the beer hall patrons and hamburger stand customers.

### Editor's mail

## Helpers thanked

Dear Sir,  
 On behalf of the town I wish to thank all the ladies who assisted with the distribution of the carnations and who assisted Cliff Aiken at the strawberry festival held in honour of Senior Citizens Week.

I would also like to thank Robert Lowe of Becker's Milk for donating the ice cream and The Tribune for the press coverage.

Furthermore, the Stouffville Stompers and the town's Lions Club should be congratulated for their participation.

The library staff held a much appreciated open-house in cooperation with the Silver Jubilee Club. Parkview Home and Green Gables also put forth a great effort to make the week a success, for which we thank them.

Yours truly,  
**GORDON RATCLIFF**  
 Mayor of  
 Whitchurch-Stouffville

## Seniors program

Dear Sir:  
 Thank you very much for publishing the article about our new Day Guest Program.

I would like, however, to correct the impression that the program is aimed only at lonely senior citizens.

Our new program is open to all senior citizens over 65 years of age who are ambulatory and not requiring nursing care and who would enjoy an activities program, an opportunity to socialize and a good noon meal.

Yours sincerely,  
**HELEN BAATZ**  
 Social Services Director  
 Parkview Home

## 30 years ago this week

Excerpts from the July 8, 1948 issue of The Tribune

### Cheap beef

It looks like reduced beef prices are here to stay for awhile, at least for the remainder of the summer, a survey of butchers confirms.

The housewife's resistance to exorbitant prices, combined with the warm weather, are responsible.

Prices of blue grade, a top brand of beef, hit 74 cents a pound in Toronto. Today the same grade is selling for anywhere from 59 to 65 cents a pound, and at least one retailer predicts that the pound of beef is going down to 55 cents in some stores in the city.

Buyers' resistances left, in turn, the butcher and the packer with abnormal surpluses of beef.

### My cats! What a trick

One of the meanest tricks we can think of was put over last Saturday evening, when a couple of half-starved looking cats were dropped by somebody on the Main street.

That's a mean way to dispose of innocent animals that are not wanted. Far better to drown them at home, than to cast them out to suffer and be abused in a strange place. This is not the first time cats have been dropped in the town by outsiders who haven't enough decency to dispose of their animals in the proper way when they do not want them.

### Taxes down?

Notwithstanding that the village council on Monday evening made a grant to the Stouffville Veterans' Welfare Fund of approximately \$750, the tax rate for Stouffville was struck at one mill less than last year. After a reduction of one mill on the general tax rate, the net tax will be 36 mills as against 37 in 1947. Total assessment \$756,155. Population nears 1,500.

## Kids' corner

# Stuff and nonsense

By Annegret Lamure

### Editor's note:

There are always some things that stick out in your mind more than others and a grade 6 class at a school that will not be named decided to write down the most exciting things that happened during the past school year.

Here are some excerpts. The names have been changed to protect the innocent (and the guilty).

### I'll remember:

One day Mr. J. came to school with a hole in his shoe (P.U.)

In guidance we saw a nude film. At the end boys were jumping up and down nude. Mr. J.'s fuzzy moustache went up every time he breathed.

I'll never forget the time when we were in the art room and John, Dick, Harry and I were throwing toothpicks down Kerry and Lynda's tops.

It was very funny when Mr. J. came in his jukebox van doing 80 miles per hour at 9:07 a.m.

I'll always remember all those people reading their stupid essays.

I'll remember the buffet too because we had so much food and hardly anything was left and Mr. J. kept getting soap.

I'll remember Mr. K. squeezing the sponge all over Jack's head.

The time somebody got a sanitary napkin from the nurses' room and we threw it at the boys and then we buried it in the snow and when the snow melted we found it again.

When someone stole Mr. J.'s cigarettes and we smoked them.

I will always remember when Gordon threw up and there was pink barf all over the music book in music.

I'll always remember the day Kirsten

had six babies and Kerry and Peter got locked in the storage room.

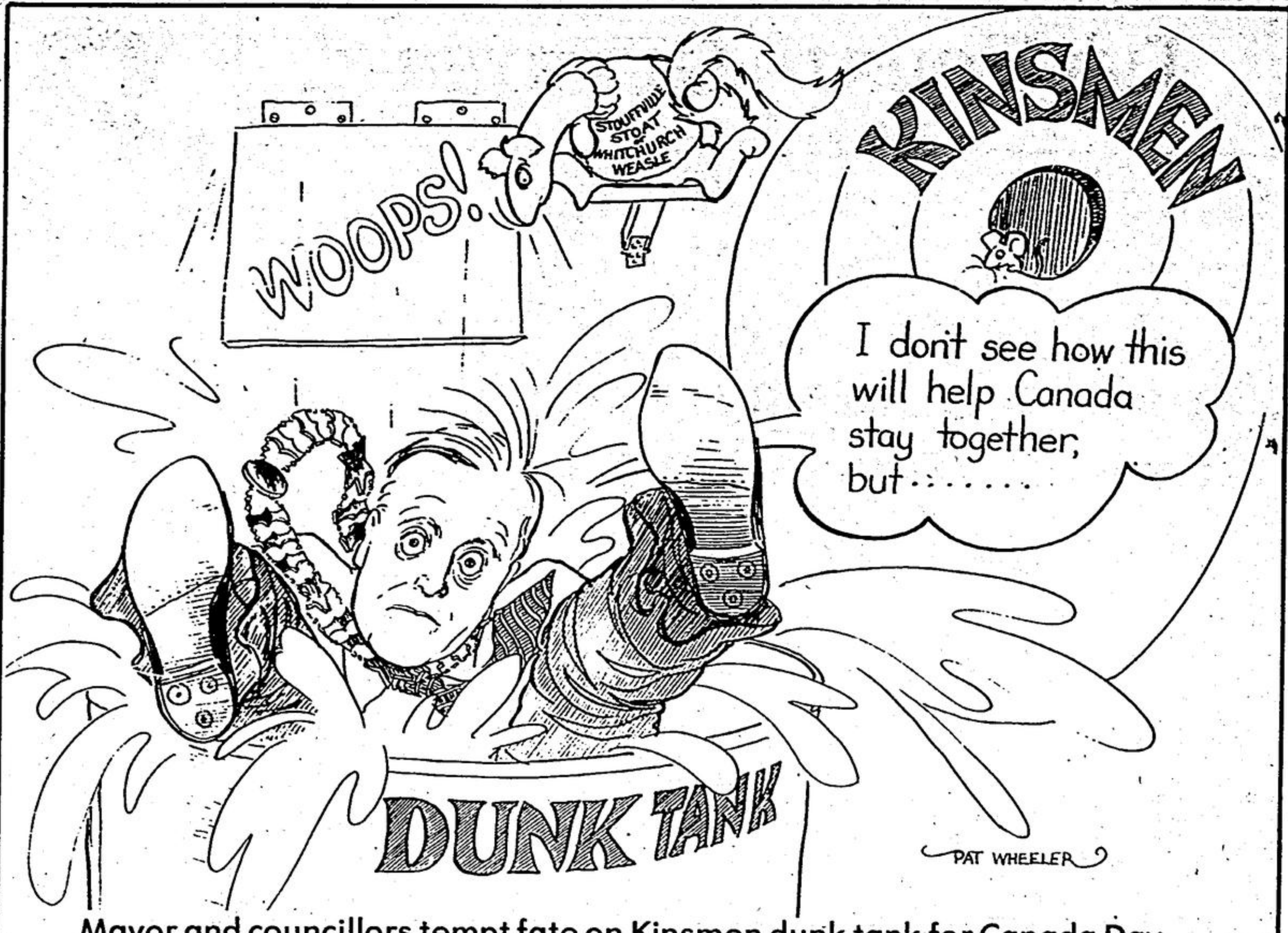
The day Mr. J. swatted Larry with the ruler and Mary whipped the bat by accident and squared Doug and Mr. J. played his guitar and tried to sing.

We were singing and looking at Miss C. and her eyeballs popped out of her head (nearly).

I'll always remember the Great Carrot War (or WW3) at lunchtime.

There was a kid that laughed like a seal.

I will remember our short teacher when he took off his platform shoes and then his socks to play volleyball.



Mayor and councillors tempt fate on Kinsmen dunk tank for Canada Day

# Ker-splash - it's Canada Day



By John Montgomery

I dread admitting it but the cartoon directly above this space is (Oh, the shame) factually inaccurate.

The mayor, Gordon Ratcliff, did perch himself atop the dunk tank but he did not go down. In spite of the best efforts of a considerable number of the local electorate, not to mention a few feeble efforts made by yours truly and surprisingly enough even by the mayor's wife Sadie, His Worship stayed high and dry, purposely I'll bet, just to foul up our cartoon.

I really can't squawk too much though because I did have a good time terrorizing Gordon earlier in the day. I warned him that when I passed by the dunk tank that morning I had spotted a ruthless band of killer kinsmen stealthily plopping big chunks of ice into the water barrel.

"Geez," I told Gord, "That'll be like slipping onto an iceberg."

Then I really started twisting the knife by enthusiastically relating to Gord how we had lined up a former hardball pitcher who could knock the spots off a lady-bug at 30 paces.

Gord's eyelids squinched a little closer together as I airily informed him The Tribune had budgeted \$50 to drop him. At six balls for a buck there's a lot of chances for a big splash.

I was lying of course, but by the time I finished my fabrications Gordon was shaking in his flashy white swimming trunks. Then again though it might have been from suppressed mirth.

Councillor Eldred King, Whitchurch-Stouffville's own master of malpropism, also took up a position on the glory seat and finally after a long stint he was put down by way of a grudge match.

Actually, it would have been mighty suspicious if neither of our elected reps bit the dust, so to speak, and such an occurrence could easily have led to charges that the politicians

had paid off the kinsmen to rig a fall-proof tank. Boy, what an opportunity that would have been for some muckraking journalism. Why it positively makes my typing digits tingle.

There'd have been big headlines in the papers, then an inquiry would have convened. They'd sit (and I mean sit) for six to eight months at a cost ranging between \$200,000 and \$800,000, hear opposing 'expert' witnesses who with the same basic training and evidence would come up with totally opposing viewpoints (depending on which side they were working for) and in the end, the decision would have come down that there is no evidence to prove anything, not even the existence of God.

In Uxbridge it was a different story entirely. With the Uxbridge tank everybody went down. The mayor took a dive and they even potted the editor of some obscure publication from up that way.

Really I'm disappointed I didn't volunteer for the tank myself. If I'd known Stouffville's tank was going to be one of the highest and driest on record I would have gone up there without the slightest hesitation.

I mean fifteen minutes of trailing your toes in the water on a hot June afternoon is quite pleasant and with the added fillip of being able to yell sly taunts and blatant insults at the would-be marksman who are knocking

themselves out and dislocating their shoulders in a vain and expensive effort to see me plunge, would make the experience delightful in the extreme.

I'd probably be a fair money maker anyway, not as good as a local politician but there are a few people out there who have been stung from time to time by my acid wit (or a reasonable facsimile thereof), who have suffered the excruciating pain of having their sacrosanct words of wisdom ruthlessly edited or have been inflicted with the indignity of seeing their publication of their wedding announcement so lengthily delayed it appears in the paper concurrent with their first birth announcement, who would joyously shell out their hard earned cash to drop me in a vat.

As long as there is no real danger of getting wet I'm just as good a sport as the next guy.

Actually dunking politicians on Canada Day could and should become a national tradition, a summer rite like spraying dandelions.

In fact I would even go further and say the mandatory dunking of all politicians should be encoded in law and enforced rigorously. Every Canada Day all politicians, from every level of government, should have to act as dunk tank targets. They'd probably make enough money we could drop the income tax. Fat chance.

## WINDOW ON WILDLIFE

# All about eggs

By ART BRIGGS-JUDE



Although millions of eggs are devoured each morning at the breakfast tables of North America, few people give any thought to the importance of this shelled embryo in the world around us.

Eggs are that very important step in the reproduction of all bird life, whether they be domestic fowl feeding mankind, tick birds taking the parasites off African cattle, or swallows helping to keep down the mosquito population. All in all, every single species of bird that swims, walks, or flies was once an egg of some description. And the description and variation in the size and shape of eggs is a study in itself.

Apart from the huge extinct elephant bird, whose eggs weighed about 27 pounds, the largest egg laid by a bird today is that of the ostrich, which incidentally tips the scales around three pounds. At the opposite end of the pendulum is the tiny bean-like effort of the South American bee hummingbird, whose petite egg weighs in the neighbourhood of five thousandths of an ounce. Between these two extremes there are eggs of all shapes and sizes, incorporating a vast array of colour patterns ranging from pure white to solid black. Some, like the beautiful eggs of the Baltimore oriole (now called simply, Northern Oriole) rival the imagination of the artist's brush. Others such as those of the nighthawk, blend so well with their pebbly surroundings, they are almost impossible to see.

Odd as it may seem, not all birds that nest in cavities, lay white eggs. While the woodpeckers, kingfishers, and three swallows do lay clutches of white eggs, those of the bluebird are blue, and the eggs of the house wren are dull and heavily spotted. It would seem an aid to a songbird flying from bright sunlight into a darkened hole to have the eggs white, thus lessening the chance of stepping on them with the resultant breakage. On the other hand, open nesting species like warblers and song sparrows, have speckled eggs, are afforded some measure of camouflaged protection, when left alone.

Most ground-nesting birds such as meadowlarks, and gamebirds like pheasants and ducks, have dull coloured eggs for the same reason. Pity the poor mourning dove, whose flimsy, see-through platform can

hardly be called a nest, and clearly discloses the two white eggs when the parent birds are absent.

Contrary to most thought, all eggs are not the so-called uniform shape of the average domestic hen's egg. The Kiwi of New Zealand is a good example, for its elongated shape allows the female to lay an egg of much larger proportions than would be expected from a bird this size. The white pelican, on the other hand, although twice as big as the kiwi, lays a conventional shaped egg about half the size of the New Zealand bird. Sea birds that nest on narrow ledges often lay eggs that are sharply tapered at one end. This feature causes the eggs to turn in tight circles if they are touched, and often prevents them from rolling off the high cliffs into the sea. Owls eggs by the way, are the closest to being perfectly round, while those of the loon and some gamebirds are nearly oval in shape.

The incubation periods for this vast array of egg variations, ranges from just under two weeks for small songbirds, to over two and half months for large soaring albatrosses. And while most birds use their body heat to incubate their eggs, the mallee fowl of Australia builds a vast mound of decaying vegetation to accomplish the same end. This link with its prehistoric past gives us an insight into the development of birds from reptiles. For like the lowly turtle, who never knows its own offspring, the mallee fowl has no recognition of its self-supporting chick.

TINDER'N EMBERS—Ringbilled gulls were behaving much like huge swallows this past week as they swooped amongst the tree tops over the islands off Pointe au Baril. Their quest was the hordes of sandflies swarming up from the mostly stunted timber. Are those extra abundant maple keys trying to tell us there's a hard winter ahead? At any rate they'll make good bird feed for next year. Just dry 'em and store them in metal containers.

To keep the mosquitos from breeding in your bird bath, change the water every other day or so, the birds will appreciate the fresh water also.

Do yourself a favour and save wildlife some anxiety, leave young squirrels, raccoons, rabbits, etc. in the woods where they belong.