



# The Tribune

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## Editorials

### Thumbing nose at the law

York Sanitation Company Limited has entered guilty pleas to 42 counts under the Environmental Protection Act. All are related to the infamous waste disposal site east of Hwy. 48 in Whitchurch-Stouffville.

Eleven charges are for dumping excess tonnage at this location. And this is bad enough. Worse still, in our opinion, is the fact the firm made thirty-one false declarations as to tonnage weights.

An inexcusable admission. The last time York Sanitation appeared in court, they were convicted and fined \$14,400. That was in 1977, little more than a year ago. Now they're back again, linked with a situation even more serious than before.

The truth is, they're thumbing their nose at our Town, the Province and the law.

Mrs. McCaffrey, solicitor for the

Ministry, in describing the false declarations on tonnage, called it "deliberate systematic defiant concealment". We couldn't have said it better.

Further, she pointed out that earlier fines did not work. She suggested doubling the penalty or, and get this, "move for an injunction to close the site".

That's what Whitchurch-Stouffville Council wants. But that's not what they'll get — not yet. For Queen's Park is caught in a bind. They know such a site is required, even though it's costing them thousands to police and monitor it. They've got a tiger by the tail.

However, all tricks aside, the time has come for a showdown. York Sanitation's been found guilty not once, but twice. We say, three times and out.

### Cancel Variety Show '78

Stouffville Dist. Secondary School will not stage its annual Variety Show next month.

The cancellation, for whatever reason(s), is regrettable, not only for the students who undoubtedly enjoyed putting the program on but for the parents and the community as a whole. It was always well attended, second only to Music Mania for town-wide appeal.

The first show was held back in December, 1971. It boosted local spirits when they needed boosting most for it followed by about six weeks the disastrous fire that wiped out a business block on Main Street. The entire proceeds were turned over to a Stouffville Fire Fund.

That was seven years ago.

Since then, thousands of dollars have been raised and donated to organizations and projects. Apart from this, it gave townsfolk an insight into the wealth of talent at S.D.S.S., talent that previously had been recognized mainly along academic lines at Commencements.

While we don't wish to be unfair, Variety Show '78 should not have failed. We can't accept the excuse that, out of close to fifty staff teachers and eight hundred students, there was insufficient personnel to take over the reins where others left off.

Where there's a will, there's a way.

### Guidelines based on need

Another take-out food service operator is preparing to "set up shop" in Stouffville. For what reason (other than to starve out the ones already here) no one knows. Certainly, it's not required.

In our opinion, Town Planning Committee must discourage this sort of thing, even to the point of refusing the applicant a permit.

A slow-growth community like Whit-

church-Stouffville, hasn't the population to support such a duplication of services. For one to live, another must die, hardly the kind of security established businesses deserve.

If would-be owners refuse to utilize some commonsense in this regard, then the Town must take the initiative and create guidelines based on need.



PAT WHEELER

"No, no Sanders, committee meetings are closed. Come back in January"

### Roaming Around



### I can't boil water without burning it

By Jim Thomas

When it comes to a test of culinary skills, I'm a failure, in fact, I rate an "E" on anything: surpassing the making of peanut-butter sandwiches.

I admit it and my wife knows it. That's why, except for a quick lick of the cake-icing dish, the kitchen's out of bounds. And I'm glad. I don't particularly like the place anyway. Too small, especially with six kids continually lined up for a taste of whatever-it-is before it reaches the table.

Still, there are occasions when, like it or not, a husband's called upon to perform such tasks. Like last Sunday. It was 'our' turn to make the tea and coffee for the fellowship hour that follows the morning service. But my wife couldn't be there; not in time. So it was my fate to go it alone.

How was I to know you never fill a kettle with hot water and put it on to boil. I thought it would speed things up. Besides, it seemed kinda dumb to heat up cold water when the hot's just as handy. So that's what I did. However, an hour later, when I prepared the brew, the raw water came out just as brown as the finished product.

If it tasted as terrible as it looked, the membership will drop by twenty people. Fortunately, none succumbed on the spot. With that little misfortune, I've completely lost all confidence. Seems I can't even boil water without burning it.

Anyway, I'm going to give myself another chance. This Friday is our church's Adult Fellowship Night and we've planned what is called a "Progressive Dinner". That's where the group travels from house to house, con-

suming whatever the hostess decides to dish up. Ours is the main course and my wife, risking excommunication has agreed I can take charge.

Quite a challenge. At first, I considered something simple like bacon and beans, but that seemed almost too ordinary for such an auspicious occasion. So I started digging through the recipe books for something unique. Even borrowed a Dr. Chase's edition (1902-1908) from my neighbor to obtain a few ideas.

So far, I've come up with the following: Rabbit Cutlets — Cut out the different limbs including the shoulders, the legs, pieces of the back and half the head. Have ready some bread crumbs and the yolk of an egg beat up. Drop each cutlet into the egg and then into the bread crumbs. Fry them a nice brown and cover with rich gravy which may be flavored with tomato sauce.

Potted Beef Tongue — Boil a tongue which has been salted but not smoked. Remove the skin from the tongue and chop it finely with one pound of veal. Pound it nicely with a steak pounder, adding 3 or 4 tablespoons of butter, a little cayenne, mace, nutmeg and cloves finally ground. Mix thoroughly and press into small jars. Four melted butter over the top. That helps in its keeping. May be eaten cold or fried.

Broiled Pigs' Feet — When old and young feet are boiled together for 2½ hours, the old ones are tough and worthless. If boiled 3½ hours, the young feet will burst. The secret is to wrap each foot in a cotton bandage well corded with twine. Broil four hours. The skin

will hold together while being cooked and when you eat them, you will find them all tender and delicate as possible.

Fried Frogs — The only legitimate way to cook a frog is to fry him brown in sweet table butter. As a preliminary, he must be dipped in a batter of cracker dust which should adhere closely when cooked.

Roast Pigeons — Dress, wash and wipe dry. Truss them secure the wings and legs to the body by skewers or twine. Mix salt and pepper together and rub them well on the inside. Put a piece of butter in each. Lay upon sticks in the dripping pan. Put in hot water and butter to baste with; place in a quick oven and cover with brown paper to prevent burning.

Oatmeal Mush — Put in sufficient water to make the right quantity and bring to a boil. Add a little salt, then stir in course oatmeal until it is as thick as you wish to eat it. Slip back on the stove and simmer slowly till done. May be eaten with meat or served with milk and sugar.

Other delicacies I'm considering include — stuffed lamb shoulder, English steak and kidney pie, sauerkraut stew, sauteed brains and red flannel hash. My wife, forever a lifesaver when I go beyond my depth, has suggested a recipe on page 24 of "The Good Cook's Book" published by the Zion-Wexford United Church Woman's Association of Scarborough. It's called simply "The Nut Loaf".

Perhaps, in her own subtle way, she's trying to tell me something.

### Window on Wildlife



### Where have all the Whitetails gone

By Art Briggs-Jude

After another unsuccessful hunting trip to the highlands of Haliburton, I'm beginning to wonder if the deer hunting will ever again resemble the status it held in the past. And if you think this is just a six quart of sour grapes, you're probably right in part. But along with this basket of vinegared fruit, are some clear, cold, facts. Ontario's northernmost deer herd is in trouble. Since the mid-60's success rates among hunters has generally declined to the point where in some sections it's all but nil. And while such results may bring smiles to anti-hunting groups, it may well be time to temper these grins with some additional information.

For when the whitetail deer population was high, a drive through Ontario's forested areas would often result in sightings along the highway. Especially was this so in Algonquin Park, where tourists' cars often lined the roadway, while the excited occupants fed and photo'd the graceful animals. Yet a summer drive in this same park today will yield no pictures, and rarely if ever any sightings. And all this in an area where no hunting was allowed. There's got to be other reasons then for the decline, and to find the answers you have to go and look for them.

You have to read your early history books of this province. In them you'll discover the whitetail deer range was never much north of a line running from the southern tip of Georgian Bay to Kingston, and thence northwards to Ottawa. The clearing of the mature pine and thick stands of maple and birch opened up the forest canopy creating unexcelled deer habitat. The whitetails continued to move northward in the wake of this heavy lumbering industry, till by 1880 they had reached Manitoulin Island. They appeared in Sault Ste. Marie seven years later.

With the decline of the massive land clearing and logging operations over the years, the forest in many areas has matured to the point where browse is now no longer available to support large numbers of deer.

To furnish more answers as to where did all the whitetails go, you have to get up off your butt and go into the woods. You have to spend a lot of time over a span of many years at all seasons to try and piece the puzzle together. In such surroundings you'll see first hand the changing scene of our Ontario landscape. If like most hunters you go to the same area for many years, you'll see these changes develop. And while Nature's transformations are somewhat gradual, man's alterations are usually quite abrupt. The first sighting of some beaver cuttings along the Burnt River for example was quite a novelty. In the seasons that followed though, you saw these gnawings continue to grow until eventually massive dams backed the neighboring streams into huge ponds covering hundreds of acres. The lower grassy areas, and slight hummocks covered with thick cedars and tag alders were now flooded. With such bedding and fawning habitat lost, the deer were forced up to the more vulnerable higher slopes. And as if this loss of feed and cover was not enough, a new problem arose.

Again the first moose track noted in the area was an eyebrow raising discovery. The ponds the beaver had created were ideal moose habitat and these larger animals moved into these drowned areas in the mid-50's. But alas the moose couldn't confine their feeding to aquatic vegetation. A walk through these same woods in the white of winter revealed the waters all frozen, and the moose nibbling on twigs and bark along the higher ground. Consequently the browse line went up

in many places and the deer couldn't reach the new growth.

You notice such things as you ramble around the north country over the years. You realize that although some of these changes have an adverse effect on wildlife, they do provide recreation and employment. In actual fact they are sometimes even a necessity. There is also evidence in many areas where wildlife such as whitetail deer can exist in close proximity to man. The answer again is to think before we act; singly and collectively.

For instance uncontrolled dogs running at large from rural properties place undo stress on fawning deer during the spring. Their owners either didn't give a darn or never thought about it.

Now I'm no biologist, but after poking around the Highlands of Haliburton for 33 years, I'm just mentioning these observations for what their worth. The deer are not there and some of the reasons are quite clear. Shorter seasons help, but they won't give the results habitat improvement will. Michigan proved that and while many of their ideas may not work here, at least some should be given a try.

If it means controlling the beaver and wolves in certain areas, lets do it. If it means more cutting winter browse, lets do it. If it means cutting off the hunting for a few years, lets do it. Lets get the Natural Resources Ministry to take their deer management programme out of the drawers and put it out on the drawroads where it can be applied and they can do it. But lets take whatever steps are necessary to get the deer back in the north country where we can all enjoy them again.....naturalist, camera buff, tourist, hunter, alike. And of all ages.



The old steam train....gone but not forgotten

Steam trains, once a familiar sight on the local C.N. line, are gone but not forgotten. This particular picture was

taken a number of years ago. The location is the Bethesda Sideroad crossing, west of Hwy. 47. —Jim Thomas.