



# The Tribune

JAMES THOMAS  
Editor-in-Chief

Established 1888  
CHARLES H. NOLAN  
Publisher

BARRE BEACOCK  
Advertising Manager

EDITORIAL DEPT: Ed Schroeter, Jim Holt  
DISPLAY ADVERTISING DEPT: Lois Wideman, Marie Emmerson  
BUSINESS OFFICE: Joan Marshman, Doreen Deacon, Eileen Glover

Published every Thursday at 54 Main St., Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 640-2101; Toronto phone 361-1680. Single copies 20 c, subscriptions \$10.00 per year in Canada, \$26.00 elsewhere. Member of Canadian Community Newspapers Association and Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Second class mail registration number 0896.

The Tribune is one of the Inland Publishing Co. Limited group of suburban newspapers, which includes the Ajax/Whitby/Pickering News Advertiser, Brampton Guardian, Burlington Post, Etobicoke Gazette, Markham Economist and Sun, Newmarket/Aurora Era, Oakville Beaver, Oshawa This Week, Mississauga News, Oshawa This Weekend, Acton Free Press, Milton Canadian Champion and The Georgetown Independent.

640-2100

361-1680

## Editorials

### Menace of pin-ball machines

Pin-ball machine operations (sometimes under the guise of all-encompassing arcades), have politicians (and police) caught up in a vacuum as to who should impose (and enforce) controls, the municipality or the province.

If it is the municipality, then Whitchurch-Stouffville for example, has (other than through zoning), no controls at all. The Town's wide-ranging Amusement Bylaw, is extremely loose.

If it is the province, then enforcement of whatever rules are applicable, would appear to be nil.

Authorities at one level or the other, (possibly both), should take a fresh look at this type of "recreation". As far as we're concerned, it's "bad news" at any location where young people, "with nothing to do", tend to congregate.

Fortunately, this Town isn't plagued by too many pin-ball "hang-outs". However, in our opinion, "too many" is one. An application

for another is now being considered by Council.

It should be rejected. Going by what we've seen, legislators don't seem to understand the far-reaching consequences such "amusements" can cause. It's a disease that prompts young people, ten, twelve, fourteen years of age to cheat, steal and gamble. For what? Merely to win "free" games that further encourages more cheating, more stealing and more gambling.

On top of all this, someone's reaping a fortune out of thousands of misguided kids, kids so caught up in this money-grubbing toy, they're "hooked". They can't let go.

We say, tighten and enforce legislation on all pin-ball operations or ban them completely.

If law-makers cannot appreciate the seriousness of the situation, we suggest they contact the police or, better still, some of the thousands of concerned parents. They know; so do we.

### The Town's 'Golden Mile'

Over the years, this newspaper has been critical of outmoded planning policies in the townships of Whitchurch and Markham, that permitted the westend entrance to Stouffville to be 'pot-marked' by everything from private residences to service stations. This hodge-podge of days past will prove costly to repair. It can be accomplished only through the outright purchase of properties, most at prices far and above their actual worth.

Town planners, it seems, have come to appreciate the "show-window" value of this

one-mile strip. They're determined that past errors will not be repeated.

While their goal to obtain new industry comparable to McNeil Laboratories and Cable Tech may seem like so much "pie in the sky", we feel the municipality has every right to expect, even demand nothing less.

In some instances, it's too late to remedy the damage already done. In others, it's not. We hope that, irrespective of criticism, Whitchurch-Stouffville sticks by its guns and makes 'estate' industrial and commercial development a top priority.

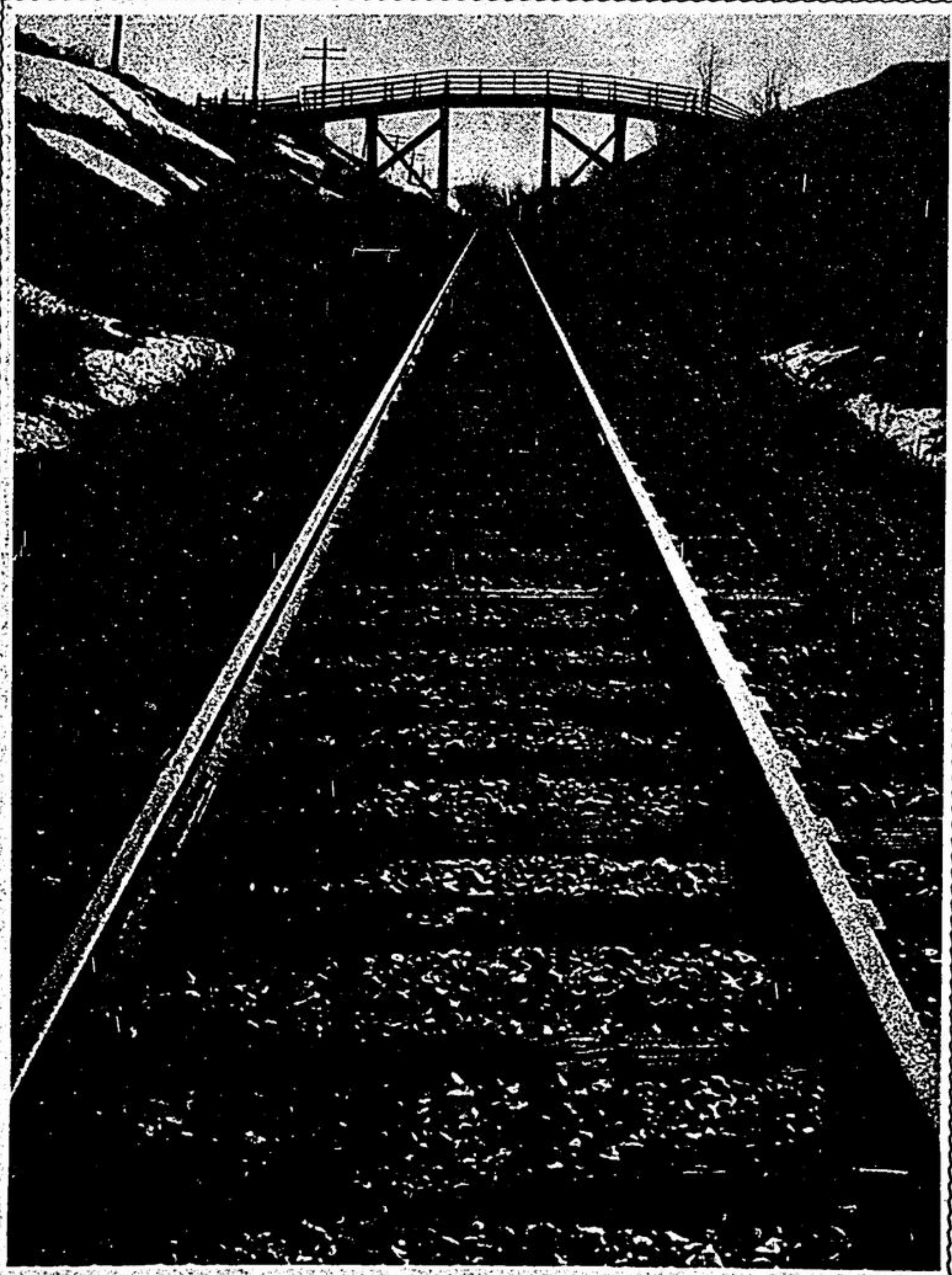
### Trapping made less cruel

Leg-hold traps are cruel. We've said it; so has the Ontario Humane Society. Without result — until now.

This week, James Auld, the Minister of Natural Resources announced the introduction of a new trapping device that, in the words of a department spokesman, holds an animal firmly without pain or injury.

The Ministry calls it "a significant improvement".

Whatever its imperfections, it's sure to be better than anything marketed before. The honorable minister and his aids are to be commended for responding to the concerns of many people and this newspaper.



A ribbon of steel

A ribbon of steel — looking east along south of Glen Major, 7th concession of the C.P.R. line from the level crossing Uxbridge Township. Jim Thomas



'This time around, it had better be right'

### Roaming Around

#### A hot time in an extra hot tub

By Jim Thomas



Newspaper editors are always receiving invitations.

Like General Motors unveiling a new line of cars. Invite the press.

Madame Burjois opening a new ladies' wear store. The media's invited.

A ribbon-cutting at the Hole-In-One donut shop. The newspaper's there — not always because it wants to be, but because it feels it should be; a community service so to speak.

But not all "You Are Invited" cards are local. On occasions, they filter in from the city, the "big city"; that is.

These, for the most part, are re-addressed into Spademan's Disposal.

There are exceptions, however. Like the one signed simply, "The Hot Tub Club", 9 Isabella Street, Toronto. The name intrigued me, not to the extent that I immediately circled the date on my calendar, but to the point that I thumb-tacked it to my n.b. bulletin board.

However, the written invitation wasn't enough. On the day of the 'event' I received a phone call. The girl, (at least I thought it was a girl), wanted to know if I'd be able to make it. I told her I could, and my intentions were good. But, as so often happens in this business, something came up; a meeting, a picture to take an assignment more important than a dunk in a tub. So I passed it up. Still, I felt obligated; a promise is a promise, I said to myself. When the time is right, I'll go. That time was Saturday.

On the pretext of keeping a "business appointment" downtown, I left my wife and the kids at Bridlewood Mall, Warden Avenue and Finch. The self-arranged 'interview' wouldn't take over two hours, I said.

From the outside, the building had all the appearances of an unused factory. In fact, except for several signs posted in the windows, I would have passed it by. How different on the inside; activity galore.

At the pay wicket, a male with a rather high-pitched voice made me welcome.

"A locker is four dollars; a room is six," he stated.

"What's the difference — besides the money?" I asked.

"The room is more private," he explained with a wry smile, "it has a bed". Considering my privacy important in a place I knew nothing about, I agreed to pay the extra. The key was an additional \$2, refundable on its return.

My room was No. 60 — go left, then right, then left again, he instructed.

The interior was a labyrinth of corridors, so dark and confusing, I kept walking in circles. En route, I bumped into several half-naked men (I think), all equally confused as I.

"Where in — is the tub?" asked one lost soul.

"Search me," I replied, "I'm still looking for my room". The fourth time around, I found it; nothing like a unit in the Holiday Inn, but adequate space needed to change one's clothes.

Like the chap before me, I too couldn't find the tub. My eyes just wouldn't adjust to the dark. So I asked and was directed to a sizeable open space at the far end. The vats were huge, shaped something like the old wooden buckets we used to hold apple butter down on the farm. Only one was occupied. Two guys sat on the edge, dangling their feet in the 'drink'.

And no wonder they dangled. It was boiling.

The water rushing in from two sides, creating a kind of whirlpool in the centre.

While the two chaps seemed to resent the 'intrusion' (I sat between them), they made no mention of me waiting until they were through. Besides, there was plenty of room for three.

Immersion to the waist was all I could stand. Even at that, I felt like a cannibal's breakfast. The other two, obviously more experienced than I, went all the way.

After ten minutes, I'd had enough. I stumbled and bumbled my way back to the room; changed into my clothes; turned back the key; and returned to the street with barely enough time to make it to Bridlewood by four.

There, my wife was waiting. My but you look chipper, she said, displaying the things she had bought.

Chipper? I replied. In "the other world" I've just come from, they use a different word. She didn't ask what and I didn't tell.

### Window on Wildlife

#### Woodchuck - sentry of the fields

By Ari Briggs-Jude



Apart from the arrival of the long-tailed blackbirds and the cheer-up song of the friendly robin, a sure sign of spring is the appearance in the fields of the woodchuck. This chunky, cat-sized mammal, with a short tail, can be seen these days scurrying across patches of melting snow or foraging for food on the sunny slopes of last summer's pasture. And forage they must at this season, for the grass and plant shoots on which they thrive, do not always appear at the same time as these impatient animals. And while this emergence from hibernation is supposedly connected with a shadow sighting on Feb. 2, in our part of the continent at least, these groundhogs are still asleep on that date.

Actually, it's the male woodchucks that come out first. (We saw one March 3) and they immediately begin searching for a mate and a meal. But with the lack of tall grass cover and leafless shrubs and trees, they are especially vulnerable. Many chucks end up in the jaws of a sly fox or a crafty coyote, while others fall victim to the hazards of the highway.

A woodchuck hole is a long passage extending from 20 to 40 feet underground. It has the customary pile of loose dirt around the main entrance, but no earth is visible in the area, of their second opening, a well concealed emergency exit. When woodchucks go into hibernation in October, they forego their usual summer haunts choosing instead a burrow in a neighbouring woodlot. Often when such holes are deserted by these animals, they are taken over at various seasons by others. Cottontail rabbits and skunks find them ideal havens, while foxes often enlarge them for use as a nursery den.

When a woodchuck digs a burrow he chooses the sight wisely. Usually it is the

highest section of the meadow, or on the slope of a hill. Crop fields adjacent to wooded areas are favorite den sights, for here the groundhogs have the best of two worlds for feeding. But whether it's a winter burrow or summer hollow, you can rest assured it will be situated in an area that is dry and normally not subject to flooding. There are exceptions. Last spring for instance while out looking for early migrants, I spotted what I thought was a raccoon perched on an old section of rail fence above a flooded field. A closer look with the binoculars, however, showed a very concerned woodchuck waiting for the water to subside.

During the long hibernation period, woodchucks live off the layers of fat they build up in late summer and early autumn. And while a male may weigh in the neighborhood of 10 pounds when he goes into his deep sleep, the same animal weighs little over 6 pounds when he emerges in the late winter. A month from now, or about the time the dandelions and coltsfoot are showing their yellow heads, four or more young will be born in the depths of the burrow. At first, the tiny offspring are like little bears, naked and weighing only an ounce or so. They grow rapidly, however, and soon are moving about. In order to keep them confined to the natal chamber before weaning, Nature keeps their eyes closed for the first four weeks.

At five weeks of age, however, the young woodchucks can be seen romping around the entrance hole, where a sharp warning whistle from the mother sends them scurrying below. For like many other animals and birds, the father is seldom seen nearby after the young are born. The youngsters stay with their mother till about mid-summer, when they

must fend for themselves and find a new territory. In the lush greenery of the summer landscape, such an undertaking is not too difficult, although the daily bid for survival against predators often is.

Where woodchucks are very numerous, especially in closely cultivated farmland, they do create problems. Here their burrows present a potential danger to the legs of horses and cattle, while their stripping of corn and other grain causes some crop loss. Their dependence on young garden vegetables are well known to most of us who put a spade in the soil. In fact in some places a fine chicken wire fence is needed to save the local bean and lettuce.

But controlling and reducing its numbers does not mean its total elimination. For how less interesting would our landscape be without the brown form of a squat woodchuck sitting sentry-like beside his mounded fox-hole.

### Editor's Mail

Dear Editor:  
One thing is sure, our mayor, Eldred King will never be accused of wasting taxpayers' money. It's obvious, from his comments, he 'guards' our tax dollars like they were his own. And this is fine.

However, by pinching pennies, he can strangle the Town; by this, I mean, nothing is accomplished without spearheading certain projects. This, in my opinion, is what community spirit is all about.

Daniel Ryan,  
Tenth Line South  
Stouffville.