



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, Dorcas Descon, Eileen Glover

Published every Thursday at 54 Main St., Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 640-2101; Toronto phone 361-1680.
Single copies 20¢; 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

Convicted by the media

Alf Stong, well-known Richmond Hill solicitor and M.P.P. for York Centre, has introduced a private member's bill in the legislature appropriately called "The Innocent Person's Protection Act."

If approved, it would become law and prohibit the publishing or broadcasting of the name of any accused person until the trial has commenced.

While Mr. Stong's bill goes a step further than the policy adopted by this newspaper (perhaps a step too far), we feel his supporting arguments make good sense.

For example: If Sam Jones is arrested and charged with theft, this information, including his name, age and address, is available to the press. If published, Sam Jones becomes a branded man, even though he may well be innocent of the crime.

In the eyes of the public, he's guilty. The courts, not known for their swiftness, may not get around to hearing the case for

several weeks, even months. In the meantime, Sam Jones, his wife and his children must face the accusing fingers and suspicious eyes of everyone they see.

Later, his name may be cleared but the stigma remains. Sam Jones, in some people's opinion, will be forever guilty of a crime he didn't commit, all because the media tended to jump the gun.

What's even worse, an accused may have his case heard in a court with no press in attendance. When this happens, the innocent party, unless he or his lawyer complains, may not have a follow-up story printed. So he's accused but not cleared, a despicable situation.

The Tribune's policy is that no names be published until the accused person appears in court. Alf Stong contends that even this is too severe. He feels names should be withheld until the start of the trial.

And perhaps he's right. Certainly, he's in a position to know.

Shows worthy of support

Two community shows in a single month, one just over and one about to start.

The one just concluded is Ice Revue '79, sponsored by the Stouffville Figure Skating Club.

The one soon to begin is Music Mania '79, hosted by the United Church Couples Club. Both are good for the town and deserving of town support.

Through the years, both types of events have been common in most areas. Unfortunately, for one reason or another, they don't last. Admittedly, it's a tremendous amount of work, work that too often falls on

the shoulders of too few. When they quit, the show folds.

The Skating Club has had its "off years" as far as carnivals are concerned but not in 1979. Three performances played to excellent crowds.

Music Mania, that originated way back in 1960, is a guaranteed sell-out. Dates are April 26, 27 and 28.

Why the assurance of success? Because the participants are local people, not hired professionals. And that's what "community" is all about.

Switch to NDP is unlikely

While the NDP is making loud noises over the gains they expect to achieve in the forthcoming federal election, and their leader Ed Broadbent is not without merit in his presentations, the party should not forget that the recent British experience with unions will have a dampening effect on their support.

To be leader of a party representing big unions is far from the most popular spot to be in today. The colossal damage done to Britain's economy, to say nothing of the terrible inconveniences suffered by the population is well recalled by Canadian voters.

While there is sharp debate over the country's current budget deficits, the NDP with its reputation as the "give-away" party, certainly can't be expected to improve this situation, in fact it would be most likely to do the very opposite, to raise the debt to undreamed of heights.

Canada, while having some economic problems, has so far been spared the ravages of a labor-controlled federal government, and it is unlikely the voters will wish to switch their allegiance from the Conservatives or Liberals when they are enjoying their best living in years.



Durham Board of Education agrees, we're a "skip breakfast generation"



Sugar and Spice

We're all members of the Apathy Club

By Bill Smiley

Does anyone in this country even care any more whether the federal election occurs in April, May or June? Does anyone even care any more whether there is a federal election, in which we might exchange a right-wing reform party for a right-wing party, either winner being at the mercy, in a vote, of a right-wing left-wing party?

Day after day of listening to the news, and watching the news, and reading the news, has created in me, at least, the greatest sense of apathy I've ever experienced in my life. And I have a hunch that millions of Canadians agree with me.

Does anyone care any more what Margaret Trudeau, a rather silly woman with verbal dysentery, among other ailments, has yet to reveal? Not me.

Does anyone care any more how many Christian Arabs in Beirut killed how many Muslim Arabs in Beirut? Not me.

Does anyone care that Prince Charles was seen jogging on a beach in Australia, that Pierre Berton has written another book, that Canadian writers and artists and theatres and publishers all claim they need more of our tax bucks to survive? Not me. Only they.

A colleague of mine describes an organization at the university he attended. It was called the Apathy Club. It put out notices like these: "The Apathy Club will not hold its usual meeting this month." Or, "True to its convictions, the Apathy Club failed to elect a new president, when no one ran for the office, and no one showed up to vote for those who did not run."

I have a feeling that Canada is turning into one vast Apathy Club. Oh, we're not yet

quite completely lifeless. You can see this by reading the Letters-to-the-Editor columns, where all the cranks, quacks and bigots are given a chance to sound off.

But when all the news is bad news — unemployment, falling dollar, violence, threat of wars — we are inclined to tune out, and to tune in to some sort of escapist entertainment.

This apathy is reflected in all sorts of phases of our society. It's considered a big deal if there is a 60 per cent turnout for an election.

Outside the larger cities, where there is constant hype from the sports writers, sports are dying out. Small towns and cities that used to pack their arenas and baseball grandstands to watch the home boys fight off those infidels from the next town, draw only handfuls of spectators these days.

Well, what's the cause of all this apathy, you might ask. I believe it is the result of modern communication systems, which are supposed to bring the world closer together, and are, instead, making individuals harder and more self-centred, as they find themselves drowning in a flood of world-wide miseries which they feel helpless to alleviate.

Does anyone really care about the killing of baby seals except those directly involved: the Newfie hunters (trying to supplement a meagre living); the protestors who enjoy the publicity they get; and a number of old ladies of both sexes who compose ferocious letters to the editor condemning the hunt, while downing a few slices of spring lamb and mint jelly?

Not me. My sympathies are completely on the side of the sealers. It's hard, dirty work

they do, and they don't do it because they are sadists, any more than the killers in a slaughter-house enjoy knocking sweet little calves over the head, so that you can have your veal and your calf-skin gloves. When it is proved to me that the harp seal is an endangered species, I'll join the protestors. Not before.

Where were all these silly twits when it was not baby seals that were being slaughtered, but baby brothers, and uncles and cousins and fathers, during the Great Wars? I don't remember too many letters to the editors in those days. The same sort of people who write protesting letters today about the seals, are probably the spiritual descendants of those nasty old women (of both sexes) who went around pinning white feathers on guys in civilian clothes during W.W.I. And gave you surly service and short measure in W.W.II., always accompanied by the snarl, "Don't you know there's a war on?" This to guys in uniforms.

Ah, dear, it's an age when some people seek to swell out of their little selves, to engorge themselves on publicity. If it were not for the ubiquitous media, ever seeking to touch the lowest of emotions, there would be no problems about the seal hunt. The Newfies would run a few protestors off the edge of an ice flow, and that would be that.

How did I get away over here in Newfoundland, if I'm so apathetic? Well, maybe I'm not. And that's a good sign. Apathy leads to constipation. Constipation leads to hemorrhoids. And the next thing you know, my daughter will be saying to her kids, "Don't worry, boys. We never seem to have a cent. But Grandad has piles."

Window on Wildlife



Unexplained miracle of bird migration

By Art Briggs-Jude

Although the peak migration period of most birds will not be noticed until about the middle of May, many waterfowl and thrush-sized songsters have already arrived while many more are on the move to the south of us.

Up from South America, the West Indies, and Mexico come the shorebirds and the swallows, the orioles and the warblers, the hummingbirds and hosts of other species. Each, in its appointed time and season, swings across the Gulf of Mexico or through Central America and into the southern United States. Then pushing hard on the heels of winter weather, they work their way in our direction.

Most of the migrant birds that winter in the southern United States have already left these areas by the time their more tropical travelling relatives have arrived. And so for the next month and a half there is a general mass movement of feathered life northward across two continents.

The miracle of migration never fails to stir the imagination of anyone who welcomes the first robin in the spring, or gazes in wonder at the wedge-shaped flocks of wildfowl winging overhead. For the more interested and involved one gets with birdlife, the greater the appreciation becomes towards these avian travellers and their uncanny homing abilities.

Pause a moment longer this spring when you harken to the bubbling song of your neighbourhood house wren (due here the first week in May). For this tiny bundle of energy, weighing less than an ounce and measuring between four and five inches from bill to tail,

has just completed another herculean effort. With a heart, that would make a pea look large in comparison, beating rapidly inside its minute frame, this friendly little fellow has found his way from the shores of the Gulf to the shade of your backyard. When we think of the hundreds of miles he has covered since leaving that little stick-filled birdhouse last fall until he reappears in our vicinity, we wouldn't be blamed if we shook our head in disbelief.

However, his performance is only one of a multitude of such journeys, some of which even take similar-sized birds two and three times the house wren's distance.

Because of its brown color combination, the wren probably passes along its migratory route less noticed than a great number of the other brightly-plumaged species. How flashing and conspicuous, for instance, are the warblers, orioles, and tanagers? And how the eyes of the predators must be attracted in their direction. Little wonder then that most small birds and a good many larger ones migrate by night.

But cats and hawks are only two of the hazards encountered by birds during migration. Sudden storms often sweep in when the birds are over large bodies of water, forcing many into a watery grave. Then too, late icing conditions in the spring will cut off the exhausted birds' food supply. Sometimes the birds' arrival in a certain area coincides with the use of fertilizing chemicals and large numbers are killed, as happened recently in New York State.

And if these and other causes do not

decimate the winged creatures enough, mankind is continually coming up with more lethal devices to add to the birds' woes. Lighthouses have always proved to be hazardous to night-flying migrants, and tall buildings take an annual toll, but the erection of T.V. transmitting towers is a major cause in the death of many additional songbirds. Stations at Barrie, London, and Agincourt have produced high casualty rates at times, as have transmitters in Wisconsin, Michigan, and New York.

Of course, weather conditions contribute greatly to the death rate. In a foggy night, up to 20,000 birds have been picked up beneath a single one of these structures. Thankfully, the installation of new types of lighting devices are helping to reduce this annual toll in some situations.

As with most aspects of migration, there are many theories put forth as to why. One belief that birds move south in winter for food is only partially true, for the birds are heading north again when insects abound in their southern range. Scientists have recently found that the lengthening daylight hours trigger an inner force that brings the birds into breeding condition. When such changes occur, the birds seek out their northern ancestral nesting grounds that were imprinted in them as nestlings.

For the cardinal, this may be a relatively short flight from the winter feeding area to a neighboring brushy ravine, but for the barn swallow wintering in Southern Patagonia, it is upwards to 9000 miles to the cabin rafter in Alaska.



A mixed up month

Last week, The Tribune featured a boy on a swing — and then it snowed. This week, we're featuring snow on a slide, so

maybe we'll all be mowing our lawns by Saturday. With all the mixed up weather we've been having lately, who's to say... —Ed Schroeter.