



The Tribune

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Editorials

Hallowe'en --out of control

Stouffville, for the most part, is a law-abiding community. Monday morning's police blotter says so. Some weeks, in fact, there's no crime of any kind — a clean slate.

But on Hallowe'en, our record's the worst in the Region. It has been for the last half-dozen years and Oct. 31, 1979 was no exception.

Silent observers were seen shaking their heads in dismay at the mob scene on Main Street. Those unwilling to venture downtown that evening, viewed the results Thursday morning. The stench was sickening.

What is the cause? What is the effect? These are questions that must be faced by persons in authority before alterations of even more serious nature occur.

What is the cause? Obviously, there's a group of people here who will seize any opportunity to thumb their noses at the law. Hallowe'en provides them the occasion. It's always more fun, of course, to "grandstand" in front of a crowd. With the Main Street as a stage and several hundred spectators looking

on, the 'actors' have it made. Their self-esteem is raised from honkies to heroes and they play the role to the full. The greater the force used by police to quell the disturbers, the better they like it. For this elevates their self-importance even more.

Not wishing to be conned by this hoodlum element, the Law played it smart. They watched from a distance, then moved in when the situation showed signs of getting out of hand. Despite their numbers, officers found themselves at a distinct disadvantage. Only through restraint, were innocent people protected. However, justice would have been better served if the curious had stayed at home.

And that, in our opinion, is the only solution to an unacceptable situation. The Council must declare Stouffville's downtown "off limits" to everyone on Hallowe'en from 7 p.m. through to midnight. A harsh measure, perhaps, but necessary. Last year was bad. This year was worse. Conduct of this kind cannot continue. If it does, physical injury will result.

Dog problem-no easy answer

Dog control, as exercised by Kennel Inn at Aurora, will be terminated as of April 30, 1980, in Whitchurch-Stouffville.

The decision would seem strange in that the municipality has made no definite arrangement as to a successor. Some service, we suggest, is better than no service at all.

Regardless, the Town is obligated to do something. As much as Council may dislike paying out over \$20,000 a year (a terrible waste of taxpayers' money), the Municipal Act leaves no alternative. It's a necessary evil.

In order to cut costs, members may even consider the Town taking over this chore. We hope not. For problems experienced by a

private operator will increase ten-fold under municipal management. And so will the expense.

The truth is, there's no easy solution. Delinquent dogs (or delinquent dog-owners), have been a thorn in the side of towns and township for years. And will continue to be, regardless of who does the job.

It is our hope that Jim Ryan of Ryan's Canine Control on the Stouffville-Gormley Road, will be given serious consideration. In our opinion, his is as close to a perfect operation as one will find. What's more, Jim is a public relations expert, a man conditioned to handling people as well as pets. Cooperation from one without the other, leads to problems.

Truck noise is disturbing

For years, the intersection of the Bloomington Road and Ninth Line North posed a hazard. Lives were lost and scores injured at this corner. Then, after repeated urgings from area residents and this newspaper, traffic signals were installed last summer.

This, sad to say, has created another problem—noise.

While physical discomfort in the form of roaring truck motors at six o'clock in the

morning, will generate little sympathy, we can vouch for the seriousness of the situation. For we have visited the Checkmate Estates Subdivision between 6 and 7 a.m., and experienced the cause of home-owners' complaints.

While rows of trees, an embankment or a combination of both may indeed help, we doubt it will help enough. The only solution as we see it is a permanent noise barrier of wood or cement similar to what's been erected along sections of Hwy. 401.

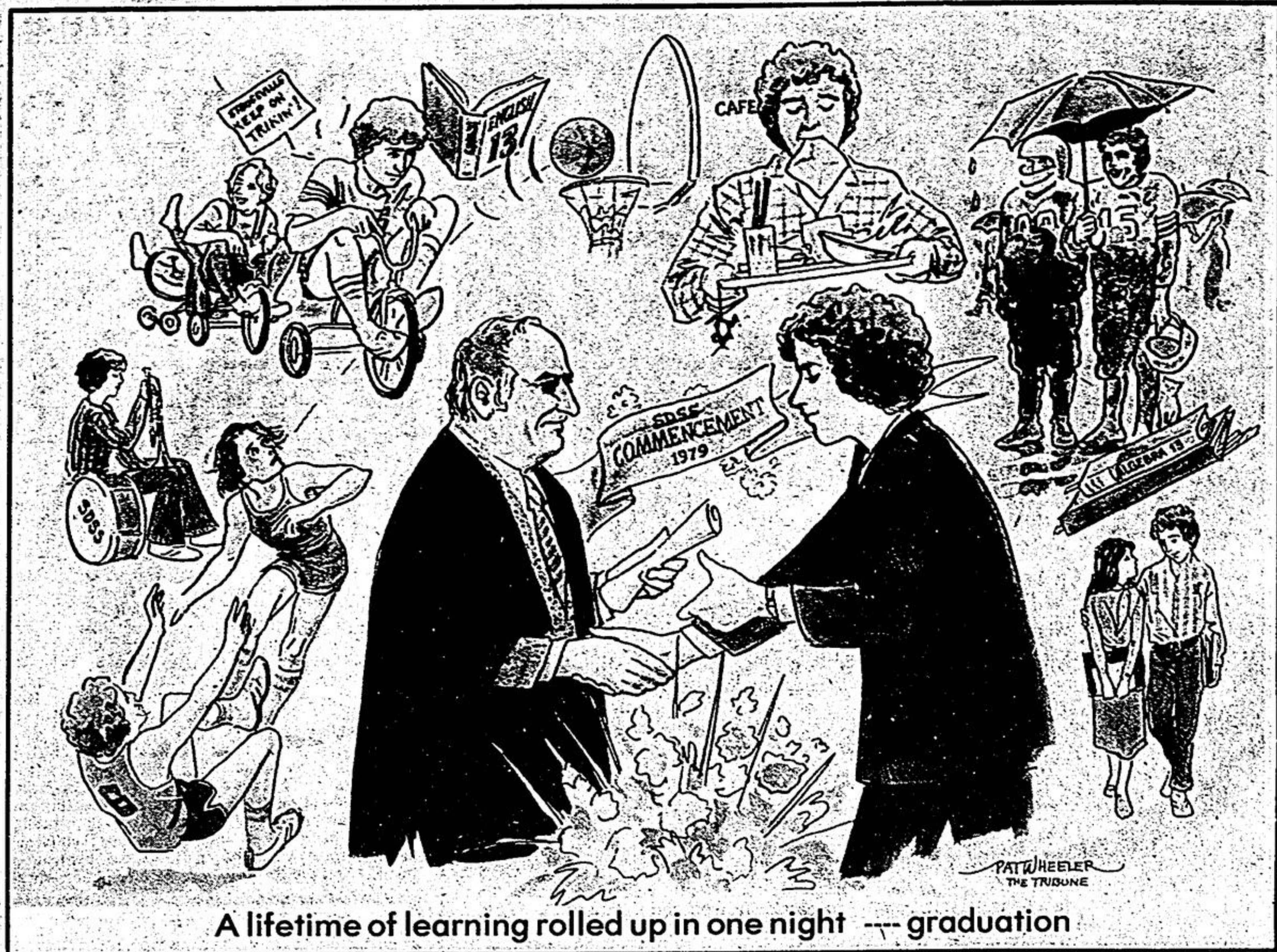


A Legion member remembers

On Sunday, Stouffville branch members of the Royal Canadian Legion, paid their respects to comrades of two world wars, in a pre-service ceremony at the cemetery. Here, Walter Smith, Rose Avenue, places a poppy at the graveside of

Mr. Del Jennings, a veteran with the 127th Battalion. In past years, Mr. Jennings had placed the wreath at the cenotaph on behalf of the Legion, sharing this honor with Bert Lickorish.

Jim Thomas



A lifetime of learning rolled up in one night --- graduation

Sugar and Spice

Glorious October--forget it!

By Bill Smiley



Remember that column I wrote last week about the glories of October? Forget it. I must have been in an euphoric mood. Reality has returned.

Caught one of those deep and heavy colds that make you cough up stuff that gourmets pay for and call oysters. Had to take two days off work, first time in two years, and went back far from well, but driven from the house by my wife's solicitude.

Had the turn signals and the heating fixed on my car, reached into my pocket to pay the bill — maybe thirty-five dollars — took a look at it, and had to be helped into the front seat. One hundred and one dollars, plus change. Approximately 30 per cent of the auto's value. You could buy a pretty good jalopy for that sum, not so long ago.

This morning, when I looked out the window, I nearly keeled over. I can see six roofs from the bathroom, and every one of them was white. Snow, on the day after Thanksgiving.

Today, when I got home from work, it was hailing. And I'd forgotten to put the garbage out.

Thought I'd give my wife a treat and cook the Thanksgiving dinner. She wasn't keen on a bird, as there were only the two of us. But you have to keep up traditions, like the British dressing for dinner in the jungle.

And that's just what it was like. Dressing for dinner in the jungle. On the Saturday, I picked up a nice roasted chicken, about four and a half pounds. Didn't pay much attention, as it was in a plastic bag, and felt fat and juicy.

Got up a bit late on Thanksgiving Day, and the stuffing was made. I usually do this,

because I love experimenting with seasonings. A shot of this, a dash of that, a soupcon of something else. It usually turns out to be either pretty exotic, or inedible.

Anyway, she'd beaten me to it, not wanting to feel beholden. Feeling beholden is when your mate does one of your jobs, and reminds you about it for the next three years.

Well, I didn't mind. But that's the easy part — the stuffing. The tough part is getting it in, and wrestling with the bird, and trussing it. You usually wind up with a mixture of butter and dressing all over you, up to the elbows and down to the knees, and a bad temper. Often you have to scrub the kitchen floor, there's so much goop on it, once you've got the beast in the oven.

But I didn't mind. I've been through this sweaty struggle before, and know well the sense of triumph when the slippery monster is finally in the oven, basted in butter, and ready to start sending out that ineluctible odor of roasting fowl.

This time, however, I was rather shaken when I pulled the bird out of the plastic bag and prepared for battle.

It looked as though it had just come through Grade 1 of Butcher's School. All the skin was missing from the left side. It had one leg, one, stuck up at an obscene angle. The neck looked as though Jack the Ripper had been at it on one of his bad nights. And all the liver, gizzard and heart, had been stolen. These, along with the neck, are what I make my magnificent gravy from. The neck was there, all right, and as tough as a vulture.

Did you ever try to truss a one-legged chicken, semi-skinned, and make it come out like the usual work of art? Don't. Your heart won't be in it.

I was so disturbed that I had to resort to a preprandial nerve relaxer, and this led to further disaster: the pot with the vegetables burned black, because I can't smell smoke, and my wife was upstairs, staying away from the blue air that often fills the kitchen when I'm cooking. It was doubly blue this time. It will take a week of scrubbing to get the carbon off the inside of that pot.

To further the jollity of the occasion, we got a call from my daughter who is teaching a thousand miles away, in the north. It was a bit like getting a call from Hades. She had a wracking cough, and had been off work for a week. Her students are "hard as nails", and there were dark rumours of wild-dog packs that will attack if you slip and fall on the ice, and wild-dog kids who will do the same. She was so lonely she could scarce hang up the phone.

She has to walk a mile and a half, in windy weather, to get anti-biotics from the doctor. She is horrified that she gets only a little more than half her pay cheque, when all the deductions are made. Hah! After years of being a student, living on loans and grants (and handouts from us) she has entered the chill world of capitalism and income tax.

But it wasn't all black. That one-legged chicken didn't taste bad, if you'd had enough pre-dinner tranquilizer to destroy your taste buds.

We did find that the damper on our fireplace works, after twenty years, and we got it closed to save heat dollars pouring up the chimney.

And thanks to the town work crew, who cut down one of our maples, the boy next door, and a double sawback, I have my winter's fireplace wood in the cellar. And I know my daughter, tough stuff, will whip those kids into shape.

Window on Wildlife

Chipmunks earn their rest

By Art Briggs-Jude



Take a good look at that little striped chipmunk that's been scurrying around backwoods and backwoods all summer and fall, for it's about to disappear. Any day now it will yield to its lethargical instincts and succumb to the inner desire to rest. In an underground chamber, curled into a relaxed and motionless ball, it will slow down its breathing, quiet its heartbeat, and enter into that torpid state called hibernation. For five months this small member of the squirrel family, unlike its larger cousins the red and gray, will remain at rest. Only when the last traces of snow are melting and the spring sun is nudging life into the barren landscape, will the little chipmunk emerge again.

In some ways it almost seems necessary for these little furbearers to have such a long sleep, for their warm weather world appears to be one of animated action. If they are not fleeing an enemy, they're scolding another, and if they are not stuffing their pouches, they're stuffing their pantries. Except for brief periods of inclement weather, they seem always on the move, curiously investigating nearby nooks and crannies or cautiously searching for new food supplies. And while most of their meals consist of seeds, nuts, insects, and berries, small nestlings and eggs are also eaten. Primarily living on or below the ground, chipmunks will climb low trees for fruits and buds. I've seen them stripping the heads of Sumac in the mountains of British Columbia, and in eastern Ontario they are into the Hazelnut trees almost as soon as the kernels are formed.

But apart from these forays into the upper foliage, chipmunks seem more at home on the landscape floor. Scurrying along fallen logs, perched on a low stump, or scampering in and out of rocky places, these striped bundles of energy draw attention wherever they appear. Often they seem to vanish before your watchful eyes without the least sign of a hole or crevice. The chipmunk, however, is a master at underground construction. His burrow is his very lifeline and he uses it for everything from storing food to escaping enemies, and sleeping away the winter. It's little wonder the entrance hole is well concealed and very often hard to discover.

Somewhere off the beaten path, beneath the shelter of a rock or log, he tunnels into the earth pushing this loose excavated material behind. For the first foot or so the two inch diameter hole is made straight down, then it slants gradually for several yards until it is below the frost level. Now the little furred miner tunnels laterally for several more yards where he begins to excavate store rooms and sleeping quarters.

When these are constructed to his peculiar requirements, he continues to tunnel gradually upwards until the surface is reached once more. The fact that this hole has been dug from below, leaves no accumulation of earth around it so there are no visible signs of a burrow at all. To further camouflage his digging and to complete the scene, the cunning little chipmunk returns to the start of his workings. Here using the earth from the original excavation, he fills in the entrance to the first hole, scatters any surplus soil to eliminate any signs of disturbance, and

covers the disturbed area with old leaves, grass and other such debris.

Thus the clever little nuthopper ends up with a single inconspicuous entrance that was the original exit and this soon becomes overgrown with weeds and grasses. To further add to the concealment of this entrance hole, he digs several auxiliary burrows nearby returning to the main chamber by a different route each time to prevent a well worn path being formed. Several weeks ago while digging a rural waterline, I was somewhat concerned as to how deep the frost would penetrate in that area. As I trenched along at a depth of about four feet, a little cavity appeared on the side of one wall a foot or so from the bottom. Closer investigation revealed a horde of over 40 acorns cached there, with an adjoining chamber lined with soft dried grass. Inadvertently I had cut through the end of a chipmunk's burrow, and while there was some remorse on my part for disrupting its underground workings, I knew my waterpipe would be frost free below his sleeping quarters.

Gathering up some of the fallen acorns, I began to replace them in the corridor cupboard prior to back-filling the trench. These wild nuts were from an old oak tree less than fifty yards away, yet somehow they seemed different than the acorns that had fallen there. A closer examination revealed the little sharp ends had been nipped off to prevent discomfort or injury when the little animal stuffed them in its cheeks for transporting. Often in Nature, a simple discovery such as unearthing by accident a chipmunk's burrow opens a whole cross section of new interest and learning.