


The Tribune

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Editorials

Our 'Citizen of the Year'

For a first time, the Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville will honor a "Citizen of the Year". The event, sponsored by this newspaper, will honor an individual who, in the opinion of a committee, made an outstanding contribution to the betterment of this municipality during 1979.

While the final decision will rest on the shoulders of three people, The Tribune wants as many as possible to play a part.

This week and in the weeks ahead, the paper is publishing a coupon that residents may use to write their replies, giving the names, addresses of people they feel are worthy of recognition. They should also give reasons to support each choice.

This is not a contest. The coupon will serve only as a guide and make the committee's task a little bit easier.

The deadline date for submissions is Jan. 31, 1980. They may be delivered personally to The Tribune at 54-56 Main Street West or mailed to "Citizen of the Year", c/o The Tribune, Post Office Box 40, Stouffville, Ont.

A privilege to play a part

Stouffville's first refugee family arrived Nov. 31 and are very quickly settling into their new surroundings, a residential apartment on 18th Avenue in the community of Cashel.

We had an opportunity to meet them Saturday evening when they attended a Sunday School Christmas Party in St. James Presbyterian Church. And we were impressed—impressed with their friendliness, their politeness and their swiftness at adapting to an all new way of life.

Although here only a week, they have already picked up many English words. The two couples are attending a night class at Stouffville Dist. Secondary School. The eleven year old is enrolled at Dickson's Hill.

This community should consider itself privileged to be a part of this worthwhile refugee program for, believe it or not, there's much we can learn from them.

Better late than never

A series of public meetings are being held this month (Dec. 1 to 16), in the Macdonald Block, Queen's Park, organized by the Ministry of Natural Resources.

The subject of these discussions is "Moose Management". The reason back of these discussions is "to explain causes for the decline in Ontario's moose herds and to arrive at alternatives for reversing this trend".

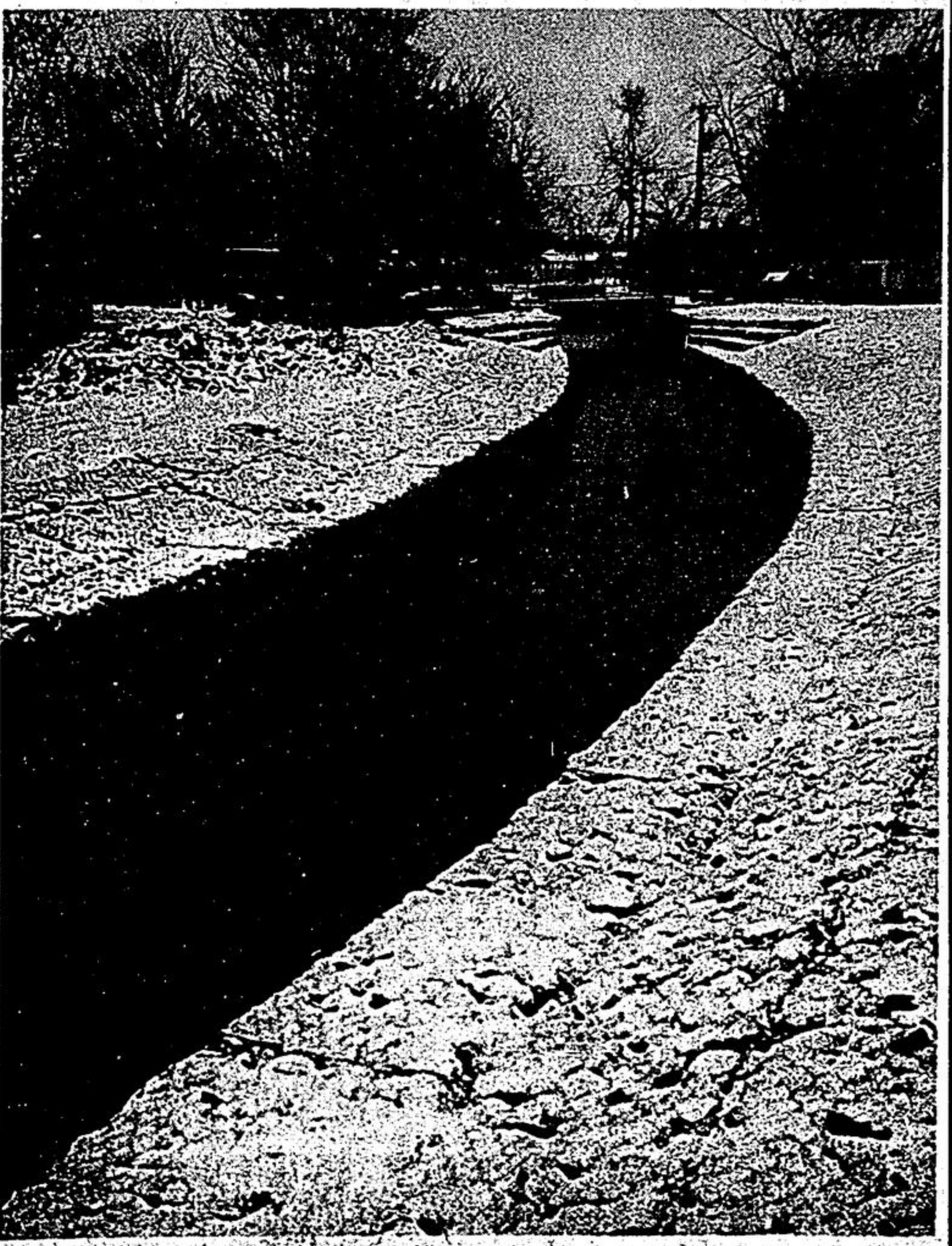
The Ministry goes on to point out that since 1968, just over ten years, the moose population in this province has declined from 125,000 to 80,000 animals. Over-harvesting or in plainer english, "killing off under the guise of sport", is the first of three contributing factors cited by the Department.

One of the Ministry's recommendations is "better control of the harvest" or the imposition of tighter controls over the shooting of moose.

Strange isn't it, how it's taken conservationists all this time to arrive at such a conclusion; a conclusion that laymen, like ourselves, have been advocating all along.

In our opinion, hunting laws have been far too liberal in Ontario. It's only after ten years of research and cold hard facts that officials have been prompted to act.

Funny, but it seems like only yesterday that conservationists were suggesting a deer hunt be held in Whitchurch-Stouffville. Funny, but sad.



New course for mid-town stream

For a first time, Monday, water flowed down the new man-made stream bed in Stouffville. The re-channelization project extends from a point opposite the Public Library to the sewage disposal plant. While the target date for completion was mid-December, work is now expected to extend into the new year. Sodding along the river bank will be done in the spring.

Jim Thomas



"Like you said, Martha, where there's a will there's a way"



Roaming Around

Our mice outwit mousetraps

By Jim Thomas

Several weeks ago, I mentioned the fact our house was being overrun by mice and how I, the great lover and protector of nature, was all for ignoring the pesky little creatures in the hope they might soon disappear.

They haven't. Rather, their numbers have increased, to such an extent, they sound like herds of miniature elephants racing back and forth between the partitions. What's more, they're even conversing with one another, squeaky sounds, plainly audible day and night.

And visible too. Previously, the pitter-patter of little feet was confined to after-hours when most (of us) were asleep. But not any more. They're now emerging in broad daylight, scurrying around the rooms like they owned the place.

While unsure of what the gestation period is for an expectant mother mouse, it's obvious their numbers are increasing at an amazing rate. What started out as only a pair (that crept in out of the cold) last October, has expanded into children and grandchildren.

If they'd keep to themselves, none of us (including my wife) would worry. However, they insist on getting together for family reunions, a kind of ruckus revelry that begins in early evening and lasts through til the wee small hours.

And talk about a time. We docile humans could never have so much fun.

The amazing thing about all this is the fact "Prince", the family beagle, doesn't as much as twitch a whisker at all the goings on. How different outside. If a squirrel or a rabbit ventures within twenty feet of his backyard domain, he lets out a howl that would wake the dead. But inside, he couldn't care less. If I didn't know better, I'd say there was some kind of conspiracy afoot; that he's collaborating with the enemy.

While he may be, my wife isn't. She's had it; right up to you know where; and said so, just last week. I had to choose; it was the mice or her. If they didn't go, she would.

The choice, of course, was simple. What mouse could sew on buttons, take out the garbage, make the meals, wash and iron, put on storm windows, fix the sink, wipe runny noses, walk the dog and help with homework, all in one ordinary day?

The solution, however isn't so simple. For these furry little creatures are craftier than most folks think. Their ingenuity has far exceeded man's ability to build a better mousetrap. They've advanced into a highly sensitive age, far beyond the mechanics of cheese and springs and things.

They're laughing at us.

One-known haunt was a compartment under the kitchen sink. While there was nothing really edible there, boxes of dry dog biscuits and the like, the evidence was plain. It was obviously a main 'run' up from the basement. So that's where I placed the traps. However, as fast as I set 'em, the mice would wreck 'em, and I mean destroy them completely. We're breaking the bank running to the store for replacements.

Sure, I caught a couple, the impetuous ones, looking for easy meals. But those, older and wiser, are too smart for 19th century trinkets. They have an escape formula all worked out.

While most take the cheese and leave the traps, others have taken the traps too. One I found down a cold air register in the living room. Another's gone completely; disappeared.

The unsprung traps that are left, are so badly mangled, they can't be used again; like something out of a science fiction movie.

Strange as it may seem, what began as a chore, has developed into a challenge—man against mouse. On the basis of numbers, the odds favor the mice.



The Distaff Side

Sad experiences with cars

By JoAnn Thompson

I've never had a good relationship with a car. Come to think of it, I don't get along with any vehicle.

I've had my licence going on four years now, and consider myself a capable driver, but during the past year I've gone through two automobiles and a pick-up truck. It wasn't by choice, mind you, but the fact is, they all just up and died.

It was the first car I ever owned in my life. A '69 Ford Galaxie with a back door that had to be tied to keep it from falling open when turning corners.

I bought it from someone I knew who had purchased it for \$200. Being a friend, he said he'd give me a break and since he didn't want the car anymore anyway, made the receipt out for one dollar. The government certainly didn't make any money on that deal!

I was really excited with my new set of wheels. I drove straight to Canadian Tire, and purchased green plush covers for the front, and a co-ordinating blanket for the back—finicky about matching colors.

A green garbage bucket, and air freshener, and a car wash made the old girl look superb. I was proud.

But after a month of 'bombing' about the city the transmission went. No amount of coaxing would get the pathetic clunker across the intersection. And eventually she wouldn't start in cold weather.

Finally, I had to give it up. I was sad, but when I thought about my many moments of frustration, I felt better.

But that wasn't the last of the old Ford. It really suffered a fate worse than death.

I went out shopping for another vehicle immediately and found one too good to be true, or so I thought then - a "1973 Toyota Corolla, four speed, clean, certified, \$875." It had over 73,000 miles on it, but I was blinded by the impeccable paint job, (covering the body filler, I was to find out later.)

Nevertheless, I drove it off the lot and was glad I did. For every time I took it out, I pictured myself in a rally, speeding along winding roads towards Monte Carlo.

The death of the Ford came by surprise. One day it was in the parking lot, and the next day it wasn't. Nobody told me what happened to it—I guess they thought I should have known.

It was my landlady who finally informed me. An aspiring 13-year-old delinquent had set it on fire "just for the fun of it." After numerous frustrating phone calls to Metro's finest, I gave up trying to obtain restitution and buried the "old lady" at the police scrap yard for \$20.

The new Corolla lasted three months before it had to have new pistons. Seems I over-drove it. Small cars just can't take high speeds.

Two hundred dollars later it ran like a gem—until the muffler went. During the inspection of the exhaust system, the mechanic told me the engine mounts were so rusted, the whole thing could fall out at any minute.

I began to shake. How many times had I gone down dirt roads late at night? Or sped along the highway at 70 or 80 miles per? The distance from Markham to home seemed like an eternity.

The Toyota now sits up in Gravenhurst under the care of my enterprising younger brother, who thinks he can sell it. But I'm not keen on that because I'd hate to have someone get killed driving it.

Again I was without transportation, and being in the newspaper business—let's just say that a reporter without a car, isn't. Dad came to my rescue and loaned me his Dodge, "a good truck", he said.

And I agreed, that is, until I drove back from Gormley two weeks ago. The brakes failed. All the way to Stouffville, I was glued to the wheel, eyes on the road hoping no-one would stop in a hurry.

So now, thanks to the help of The Tribune staff, I'm borrowing cars as I need them for assignments.

Meanwhile, I'm still in the market for a reliable, cheap car, if one exists. Can anyone help a damsel in distress? I really can't believe the age of chivalry is dead.

Editor's Mail

No interest in Town

Dear Editor:

Your newspaper gave considerable publicity to a public meeting in Latham Hall, supposedly to discuss "the future of Whitchurch-Stouffville". I attended (more out of curiosity), and left, two hours later, thoroughly disappointed.

The majority of people who spoke, showed no interest in the Town, but only in themselves; "Me First". If this is the trend today, I don't blame local planners for being tough.

Cecil Jackson
Stouffville, R. R. 3