



The Tribune

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Editorials

Speed kills - for police too

We seldom criticize any authority whose job it is to protect those who abide by the law from those who don't. Police, of course, are most prominent in this respect. We have them because we need them and when we need them, we want them in a hurry.

There are times, however, when an individual officer can bring discredit on himself and his department by reacting to a situation in an extremely foolish and irrational manner. An example of this occurred here Friday night.

A York Regional constable, in attempting to catch a kid on a motorbike, missed the turn at the east end of Town, vaulted the cruiser over a ditch, smashed down a sign, a post and a section of fence and finally came to a stop in a nearby field.

The property damage, even to the car was negligible by comparison with the loss of someone's life which, only by a miracle did not occur. There were other vehicles approaching the intersection at the time.

Children were playing in a driveway entrance only a few feet to the south.

Witnesses to the crash claim the officer was hitting a speed close to 100 miles per hour when the 'dead-end' loomed ahead. This may be an exaggeration but tire marks, extending far back on the pavement, would tend to support what they said. Regardless, he was undoubtedly travelling too fast, endangering not only his own life, but the lives of others.

For what? To catch a boy on a motorcycle? Let's not be ridiculous.

For years now, we've argued against chases involving police. They may yet pose some kind of challenge, but they're not worth the risk. Neither are they necessary, not with the latest in radio communication at each officer's fingertips.

So let's have no more of this foolishness. Excessive speed to save a life is sometimes a necessity. Excessive speed that takes a life, is stupidity. Only by sheer luck are we not saying this following someone's funeral.

Parents - have your say

Now that noted psychologist, Dr. Blair Shaw and outspoken evangelist, Dr. Ken Campbell have had their say concerning the non-involvement of schools in sex education, perhaps it's high time we heard from the people who really count, the parents and, yes, the young people themselves.

What is your feeling on this very important issue?

In Whitchurch-Stouffville, adults are normally quite outspoken on these kinds of subjects, and yet, to date, we haven't heard a word.

The Town Ministerial, to our knowledge, hasn't taken a stand and teachers too are strangely silent.

We say the time has come to make your opinions known, one way or another, speak up and be heard.

In the Region of Durham, there's been strong reaction against Dr. Campbell's recommendations. The back-lash has taken the form of requests from all sides for an organized program at both the elementary and secondary levels. We trust this support will put the Board back on its original tracks.

It is our hope that here in York, trustees will not be so timid as to take Dr. Campbell too seriously. Sex education should be a part of the health program. It's just as important as most other subjects already included in the curriculum.

As we said before, Dr. Campbell is right in many areas and we respect him for laying it on the line. In this issue, however, he's dead wrong.

No bonus for efficiency

The Police Association in the Region of Durham has voiced dissatisfaction with the arbitration award handed down recently by provincial arbitrator J.W. Samuels.

In it, a first class constable receives \$23,363.

Is it too much or too little? Who's to say. If comparisons count for anything, it's about \$95 less than an officer of comparable rank is earning in York and \$667 less than in Metro as of Aug. 1.

One of the complaints voiced by the association in Durham has to do with the department's efficiency rate. President Dale Allan seems to feel the force should receive some kind of 'bonus' for doing such an excellent job.

That's ridiculous. The officers, we hope, did their jobs well because that's what they were hired to do, not with the expectation they'd pull out a plum the next time around.

Every crime committed is a case to be solved - with no salary strings attached.



Sugar and Spice



Being apart mends marriages

By Bill Smiley

IT'S bewildering when you think of the number of things that can break up a marriage that began in heaven and ends up in the other place.

Sexual or emotional incompatibility, disparity of interests, rotten kids, desertion, booze, insanity, to name just a few of the serious ones.

Then there are the basic differences in genes that shatter many a case of connubial bliss. Some people are yawning until the tears spurt at 9:20 p.m., and are wedded to other people who just begin to hit on all cylinders about the time the late movies begin.

That's bad enough. But the former are the type who leap out of bed at six a.m., carolling: "Here hath been dawning another new day; think, wilt thou let it slip uselessly away?" And the latter have to be dragged out of bed at the crack of noon with a block and tackle. Not much chance for them.

Then there are the poor devils who put on a pound just by reading a menu, and bitterly resent their mates, who can shovel in the chocolates, pastry, whipped cream and beer, and go around remarking blithely, and smugly, "I have to eat like a horse to stay 'ven." Grounds for a hatchet murder.

Some people, mostly men, look forty when they are married; and still look forty when they are sixty. Others, mostly women, look sixteen when they are married, and sixty when they are forty. This can lead to a certain amount of savagery.

And there is plain old body temperature. Some like it hot; some like it cool. Thus we find running battles as bedroom windows are thrown wide or slammed down; as the thermostat is viciously wrenched up to 80, and the

moment the back is turned, is triumphantly twisted back to 60.

Another of the fractious items in the constant domestic skirmishing is the question of who does the most work. A man, let's say a barber, bleats that he's been on his feet all day, and they're killing him. His erstwhile soul-mate retorts that she's been on her knees all day, and she'll kill him if he doesn't get out and mow the lawn.

In the same vein, an executive will reel in from work, collapse in a chair after mixing a triple martini, and go into a recitation about the overwhelming stress he's under: a fight with the boss; a client lost; inefficient underlings.

And his "darling", "sugar", or "hon" of thirty years ago will come back like a tigress with her stress: the phone rang thirteen times today; she had a fight with the plumbers; and she had to take the new car to a garage because some turkey creased her, to the tune of \$300, in a parking lot.

Heck, I could go on for an hour, listing reasons that people first begin to get on each other's nerves, proceed to smoldering dislike, and end up in a glorious blaze of pure hatred. And I'm sure every one of you gentle readers could add to the list.

I'll do a thirty-thousand word thesis on it someday. But for now I'd like to add just one item to the list that is seldom mentioned by either sociology professors or Ann Landers.

This cause of fractured marriage is too much togetherness. When a married couple spend too much time together, they not only begin looking alike, but talking alike, thinking alike and all the other alikes.

As a result, they become two-headed

calfs, Siamese twins, freak vegetables with two carrots growing from one seed. Repeating the same old things, bickering about the same trivial things, chewing their cabbage twice, they lose the individuality, and become both boring and bored.

They are nearing the end when they start calling each other "Mother" and "Dad," and can spend half an hour patiently disagreeing over a third-rate TV show.

This was no great vision on the road to Damascus. It came to me when my wife went off for a few days in the city and I was alone, all, all, alone, on a sea of beautiful privacy.

Nobody saying, "Lights out, dear, you have to work tomorrow," at midnight just when I'm getting into the guts of a novel. I know I have to work tomorrow. Two nights she was away, I read until six a.m.

Nobody telling me what a day she'd had, when I'd had a worse one. And vice versa.

She thought I'd eaten the cooked ham she left me. I fed it to the squirrels and ate a lasagna that almost killed me. Dill pickles, ice cream, coffee a spoon would stand in. Unmade bed, unwashed dishes and cigarettes with no filters.

When she came home, of course, everything was spick 'n span. But she loved me so much she almost strangled me. It was mutual.

Try it. It cost me about four hundred. Worth every cent. About once a year, I do the same: take off to a convention or into the woods. She doesn't miss me, loves the solitude, and I'm delighted to be home.

Separate holidays might make that domestic cage of yours bearable. No pun intended.

Window on Wildlife



A bird's home is its castle

By Art Briggs-Jude

There are many methods by which wild birds protect their nests. Some species such as the horned owl and larger hawks present a formidable set of talons in a direct frontal attack that soon discourages any intruder. Other medium sized birds like the ruffed grouse, plover and killdeer, put on such a convincing broken wing act that it draws the attention of an enemy away from their defenceless brood.

The little ruby-throated hummingbird we notice hovering about our Wegeila bushes or garden flowers, is a bundle of determined energy when its nest is threatened. In an aerial display of unmatched manoeuvrability this tiny emerald roars to the attack. Sounding somewhat like a runaway buzz saw blade that has spun off its shaft, this courageous creature gives an enemy the impression one of those whirling teeth is about to nick it at any instant.

Our neighborhood robin kicks up an awful fuss when a cat comes too close to its nest site, but does not usually press home the attack on the culprit like bluejays. In fact a pair of nesting jays will often pin a cat down for a time on the ground, while forcing other felines to give the area a wider berth. Actually of all the birds that I have banded, including some of the largest flying predators, the bold bluejay is the only one that ever struck me and drew blood. But I have seen flickers drive

their long-pointed shafts into the face of a bird-hunting squirrel when the latter tried to enter a flicker's cavity, and that must have hurt plenty.

Once when I discovered a shrike's nest, the parent birds came pretty close to my ears with their stout snapping beaks. But these so-called butcher birds with the sinister looking black masks, were more bluff than bite when I

slipped the light metal rings on their offspring. On another occasion, a house wren that had taken up residence in one of our bluebird boxes, became more than a trifle incensed with my intrusion. This brown little fidget actually landed scolding on top of my head in a bold display of feathered protest.

If you happen near a marsh these days you will soon be greeted with at least one pair of belligerent red-winged blackbirds. The males are especially prominent in their disapproval of your presence, often perching on the nearby rushes or hovering overhead. And if a crow or hawk happens to fly into such territory by design or accident, a whole wave of blackbirds rise up to challenge like world war 11 fighters defending their home base. Often the most persistent blackbirds will pursue the invader well into the next concession before relinquishing their attack. However, the high point in my mind of a bird protecting its nest occurred this past week when a tree swallow took exception to a red-tailed hawk flying near its nest box. This graceful flyer climbed swiftly above the winged predator's flight path and diving suddenly down attached itself between the hawk's shoulders. There it remained for some time riding along and pecking the back of the big bird's head like a jockey in the home stretch applying the whip to boot home a winner.

Editor's Mail

Impressed

Sir,
A pleasant feature for a frequent visitor to Stouffville is the opportunity to view the current exhibits in the Latcham Gallery.
Not every family community has the good fortune to have a modern structure, a dedicated staff and the facilities to provide their citizens with a display of books and art providing a background of culture.
I am most impressed and appreciative of your Library and Gallery.
Leslie C. Parkinson,
Toronto



Veterans' memorial dedicated at service

A memorial, dedicated to the memory of the men and women of the Whitchurch-Stouffville area who served their country in two world wars, was unveiled Sunday afternoon at the conclusion of the annual

Decoration Day Service in the town cemetery. Shown here, following the placing of the Legion wreath are president Louis Hertle (right) and past-president, Ivan Goudie, Branch 459.

—Jim Thomas.