



The Tribune

JAMES THOMAS
Editor-in-Chief

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CHARLES H. NOLAN
Publisher

BARRE BEACOCK
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Editorials

Five exciting days in town

It's Canada's Day and Whitchurch-Stouffville's Week.

The event(s), organized by the Chamber of Commerce, begin on Friday (to-morrow) and extend through Tuesday, July 1. There'll be something for everyone.

The celebration, hopefully an annual event here, has involved total community co-operation. The leader once again has been Ged Stonehouse, a local businessman who possesses the personality and ability that "brings people together". With many lending a helping hand, the workload has been

lightened. Furthermore, the program's assured of success.

We've said this before but it bears repeating, the town, thanks to the Chamber of Commerce and its chairman, is moving ahead. The signs are everywhere. What's so amazing is the fact we're doing it with little or no increase in population — building on what we have rather than sitting back and letting things happen automatically.

Quite an accomplishment. And so are the five days just ahead — an accomplishment, a program organized by people for people. Be a part of it.

Witnesses shabbily treated

At long last, the regrettable treatment of witnesses (and victims), in Newmarket Court, has been publicized across York Region.

Thanks to Margaret Britnell, Mayor of King and Anne Sproule, a reporter for The Tribune and two other Inland newspapers, the shabby and shocking manner in which innocent persons are inconvenienced, has been laid bare. It's about time.

The case involved six people, all accused in one way or another, of break, entry and theft of several homes in the region. The loss of goods, including many personal possessions, was said to have totalled many thousands of dollars. Police investigators had spent several weeks gathering evidence.

So what happened? First, the case, scheduled for 10 a.m. (a figment of someone's imagination), wasn't called until 11:30. At that point, the Crown

Attorney implemented what is commonly referred to in court circles as "plea bargaining". Rather than take the case to trial, the accused entered pleas of guilty. Four were slapped with trivial fines. One of the group got a day in jail. Two received suspended sentences and were placed on probation. No wonder they laughed. It was some kind of joke.

Not amused by the outcome, one of the home-owners said the amount of 'loot' stolen (and sold), would bring a return higher than the amount of the fines.

"If this is justice, then there's certainly something sadly wrong with our legal system," commented another.

Mrs. Britnell said the experience had given her a first-hand insight into the reason why so many citizens have spoken out so bitterly in the past. Trouble is, their protests have fallen on deaf ears. This time, there was someone present who listened.

Our misdirected priorities

People often question certain priorities man sets for himself. And rightly so.

They wonder at the millions spent on travel into space while funds are badly needed for research into cancer.

They question the millions spent on arms while starving children lie dying in the streets.

They wonder about the catchy liquor advertisements while accidents due to 'drink' snuff out young lives.

They question the waste of government

funds while families struggle to make ends meet.

And this one. The Canada Post Office has introduced a system whereby satellite-transmitted mail can be exchanged within minutes between Toronto and London, England.

Marvellous. And yet it takes a copy of this newspaper two weeks (and sometimes longer), to go from Stouffville to Agincourt.

We wonder.



Whitchurch-Stouffville Canada Day celebrations June 27 to July 1

Roaming Around Another backyard "quackery"

By Jim Thomas

With profound apologies to Noah Webster, we've established a "quackery" at our house.

No, not in the living room or even our bedroom — not yet. The closest they've come to complete domesticity is the garage, and that's for protection during the night. The rest of the time they're outside, in a specially constructed pen that's serving the purpose just fine.

The two ducks, like the last pair, came from the Sales Barn. They represent a kind of compromise between a goat and a sheep or a rabbit and a cat.

One's called "Donald". The other's "Daffy". They belong to Neil and Mary-Lynn.

While hesitant to agree to anything that would transform the backyard into a farmyard, we've discovered by experience that ducks are the simplest to raise; even more so than a dog. Give them lots to eat, plenty to drink and a place to waddle and you're all set. They make very little noise (except when separated); create a minimum of mess (except when picked up); and are economical to maintain (if the enclosure's located in long grass over an ant hill).

Our greatest problem at the moment is

concern for their safety. It seems like every cat on the street has taken a personal interest in the new arrivals and while we'd hate to suggest ulterior motives, we sense they could be entertaining unkind thoughts as they pause and peer into the pen. For this reason, the kids put them inside before dark, at least until they're a little older and better able to fend for themselves. During the day, "Prince" serves as an excellent watchdog. He kicks up a terrible fuss if even a squirrel scampers near, let alone a cat.

The little guys (we're still not sure of their gender), have adjusted well to their new environment. True, they might do better on a farm with a large pond and lots of space, but to date, we've observed no retardation as far as growth is concerned; quite the opposite. They're growing by leaps and bounds.

While we as a family have travelled the duck route before, we still have a lot to learn, little things that professional duck-raisers probably take for granted. For example, will a female duck lay eggs in captivity and if so, how many? What are the chances of them raising any young and again, how many? Is water for swimming an absolute necessity

and is there danger of them drowning when they're small? Should they eat at regular intervals or do you keep food in front of them all the time? What kind of food is best? Can mature ducks survive in the winter or do their feet freeze in low temperatures. Can a duck be house-trained? If so, how and at what age?

In short, what does one do with two adult ducks in the fall? This is the problem we encountered before. It was a terrible decision for us and a traumatic experience for Neil, despite the fact they're still alive and well at the Claremont Conservation Area. Eating them is out of the question, so is keeping them in the house. The garage is not much warmer than outside and the north wind blows in from the back something fierce.

But these are problems to be faced in the future, around next October. For Neil and Mary-Lynn, only today counts for anything. And they're having a ball.

"Donald" and "Daffy" will go on public display for a first time this Saturday at The Tribune-sponsored Pet Show, in Stouffville's south park. Since there's no specific category for ducks, they'll obviously be in a class by themselves.

As I See It Parents have sex hang-ups too

By Jim Irving

I was going to start this off with a highly-irreverent, if not highly-malicious quote from Mark Twain on the general grey matter of school boards.

It was very clever, and no doubt would have readily caught the readers' eye. However, it occurred to me that my fight wasn't with the school board; in fact, it wasn't really with anyone. I just wanted to look into a situation, which I wasn't too sure about how I felt.

With that, the saying of another famous writer, E.M. Forster, came to mind; a saying that seemed to catch my wandering thoughts; and that was: How do I know what I think until I see what I say?

So, let me have my say and I'll see what I think.

At this moment, both Durham Region and York County School Boards have come to the conclusion that there's more to sex than was ever schemed of in their philosophy, Horatio. As a result, they want the rest of the world to know what they've finally discovered, starting at the kindergarten age.

It is, they think, up to the schools to tell the kids what they don't know, what some too readily know, and what some aren't quite ready for, whether they want it or not.

"Take a stand"

Dear Editor: It would appear that every time something controversial occurs on the York County education front, the trustees (or a majority of them) elect to run and hide.

This would seem to be the case with respect to the film "Taking Chances" and sex education in general.

Trustees may be 'servants' of the people but not necessarily slaves. They'd be more respected if they'd take strong stands on such issues.

Gwendolyn Smith, R. R. 2, Stouffville.

They see sex education as a logical part of the curriculum, along with the three Rs, home economics and woodworking.

They have their detractor as a result. Toronto evangelist Ken Campbell, founder of Renaissance, an organization concerned about what it sees as the government usurping the role of parents in education, told a meeting in Aurora last week, that children were getting enough sex instruction, amid their daily diet of memory work.

"In my day, all we knew about sex, was how to spell it," Campbell said. Nowadays, that's the only thing about it they don't know."

The issue, anyway, as he and fellow speaker, psychologist Blair Shaw said, is one for the homes, not the schools.

While many parents might agree, they clam up when the task arises. Perhaps they think they'll come across as too unworshipful. The kids, on the other hand, would probably welcome a little humility to help balance their own fears.

The whole thing shouldn't be given such a grave mien, anyway. Sex, in case the word hasn't got around, is a natural thing. The young recognize it early and approach it that way. Later on however, as the intensity of feelings grow, just as often do inhibitions. It is then, when there is no outlet, spiritually, physically, mentally, or otherwise, that sex can become just as binding as it can be liberating.

Obviously, children must be taught, if anything, that they can discuss the subject without feeling they shall be condemned to hell in the process. At the same time, parents and or teachers, must discuss it with them without feeling they have the power to send them there.

Sex is not an academic matter - "Now, we take the member in our right hand and carefully guide" - it is an emotional one. When it becomes academic, it is no longer sex.

However, should the schools take over,

round table discussions, and or individual sessions might be more in order than stern lectures from the podium. That way, it might become less a frightening topic, up there with physics and trigonometry; and more a universal thing, not all that difficult to fathom.

And, kids, don't be shy about approaching your parents anytime; you just might help them break down some of their inhibitions, too.

Editor's Mail

Trust teachers

Dear Mr. Thomas:

At long last, the issue of sex education has come to the fore. Rev. Ken Campbell (although I don't agree with his stand), has taken the wraps off the subject and started many of us thinking and talking about it.

Trouble is, most parents will talk about it only between themselves. It will go no further.

While Mr. Campbell may have the knowledge and ability to address his children on this very personal matter, many parents, including ourselves, find it difficult. For this reason, we feel the school is the proper place to provide this information; not that we're attempting to avoid our parental responsibilities, it's just that we're "too close" to our kids and find it embarrassing.

Personally, unlike some outspoken critics, we trust our teachers or whoever the administration selects to impart "the facts of life" to our children. So let's stop haggling about it and get on with the job.

EUGENE SEAGER, R.R. 3, STOUFFVILLE.



Meals on the wing

This rather unusual picture was taken by Orville Hostettler, Albert Street South, Stouffville. It shows several gulls snatching bread crumbs out of the air during a

volunteer feeding at Island Lake, north of town. Orville comes by his skill with a camera quite naturally. He's a darkroom technician at George Ross Photography, Main Street East.