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Editorials

We should be participating

A series of winter and summer games are planned for the Region of York. A number of municipalities have agreed to serve as hosts and a budget of \$15,000 has been set aside to take care of certain expenses.

For some strange reason, Whitchurch-Stouffville will not be a participant in this program, even though (over Mayor King's negative vote), we'll still be paying our share of the subsidy.

While agreed, some of the proposed events (dart tournaments and the like) are trivial, we feel it's a move deserving of local support. For, hopefully, these games will tend to break down the impervious barriers that

have loomed so large ever since the Region was formed. By playing host to some type of activity, folks in Georgina, East Gwillimbury and King might come to know that living, breathing people reside here in Whitchurch-Stouffville too.

While Mayor King was something less than enthusiastic when the proposal was first introduced, local organizations were equally lukewarm. In fact, we can't recall a single group showing any interest whatsoever. We question this kind of attitude.

Whitchurch-Stouffville it's true, may be the smallest frog in the regional puddle, but that doesn't mean we shouldn't muster sufficient strength to croak.

Practical instruction vital

In a well thought-out letter published in the Jan. 8 edition of this newspaper, Judy Small of Stouffville, takes the Durham Board of Education to task over a new sex education program that's geared for introduction in elementary and secondary schools this year. Mrs. Small, with children attending high school in Uxbridge, invited others to air their views, either for or against the scheme.

We accept this challenge and we'll make it brief.

The writer, in her appeal, deals almost

entirely with the moral aspect of sexual instruction. However, in a portion of one paragraph, she makes this statement that we consider very important: "Granted," she says, "many young people are already experimenting, so let's at least try and give them some help in the right direction".

For the sexually active, Mrs. Small's idea of "right direction" and ours differ greatly. In our opinion, this is the dividing line between moral sex education and practical sex education. Both, we feel, have a place but not in the same package.

Still eat better for less

While it may be true that as Canadians we are paying some ten per cent more for food this year than last, we suggest that it's a long way from indigestion time yet. Looking around the world it's easy to see that our normal food basket is still far below the price being paid in most other countries.

For a shocking example we see that steak which could sell here for \$4 will set one back \$40 in Tokyo and pork chops sell for \$10 a pound in Stockholm. Likewise our \$1.50 bacon will cost you \$9 in Paris.

Out of fifteen world capitals, food prices in Ottawa are third from the bottom of the list and Ottawa prices can be reasonably compared to our local situation. The normal \$60 food basket in Canada, is \$85 in England, \$109

in France, \$115 in Switzerland, \$135 in Sweden and \$151 in Japan.

In addition, to buy this food, the Canadian worker contributes much fewer hours; eight hours here compared to 18 in France, 30 in Brazil, and 13 in England.

Iron Curtain countries can get such an item as potatoes cheaper but will line up for hours to get meat, fruit and dairy products and even then may come away empty-handed.

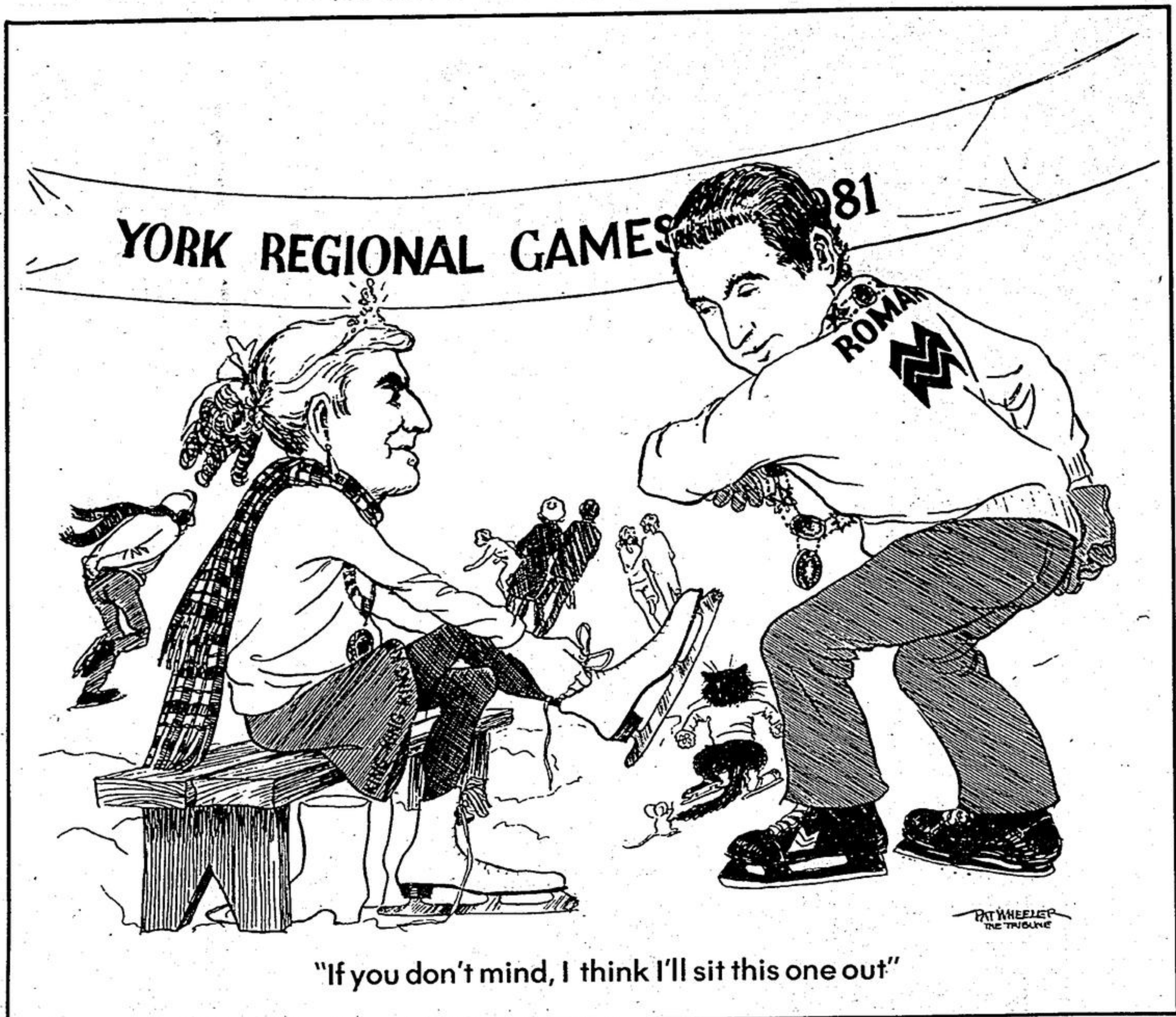
Food prices here are constantly on the rise but it is easily seen that we still have a long, long way to go to even come close to other countries. It would still appear that we eat better for less than practically everybody else in the world.



SAVED!

George will do it. The three year old, 210 pound St. Bernard, always accompanies Tribune Sports Editor Jim Holt on cross-country skiing jaunts. And for

good reason. Should his owner experience difficulty, it's George to the rescue. So far, his services in this regard, haven't been required.



Roaming Around

Little Susie's off to school

By Jim Thomas



Pups are a lot like children. They're carefree—and careless. "Susie", our six month old beagle (and dear knows what else), is no exception. She likes nothing better than frolicking around in the great outdoors, unmindful of dangers on every side.

Ever since her unexpected arrival (a five dollar purchase at the Sales Barn), we've been attempting to impress on her silly little dog mind, the dangers of racing out the front door and across the road; without success.

She thinks it's some kind of game. The louder we call and the harder we chase, the faster she runs. One of these days, she sure to run out of luck. Then, it'll be game over!

But what to do about it, that is the question. Short of tying her to the bed post, we've tried everything.

The main problem at the moment is she won't lead. On the end of a leash, she simply "brakes" her four feet and slides. Apart from a fractured family-pet relationship, a partisan spectator could file a complaint with the Humane Society. What a Page 1 story that would make.

It's my honest opinion, she's still too young to understand what we're trying to do. I only hope she lives long enough to realize we have her best interests at heart.

However, to accomplish something, we've enrolled "Susie" in Night School. No, she doesn't know it yet, but Dog Obedience Classes start this week; in fact, by the time she does "her thing" on the centre spread of the immediate edition, she'll have gone

through her indoctrination at S.D.S.S.

The place may never be the same.

To my knowledge, it's the first time such a course has been offered, and while too late for "Rolf" and "Prince", it may be just the thing Susie needs to set her straight.

Anyway, for fifteen dollars, I figured it worth a try.

On Jan. 7, Neil, Mary-Lynn and I drove over to Stouffville High for a pre-enrollment briefing. There, we met Don Rintoul, a very personable gentleman who, in less than five minutes, filled us in on all the details.

Susie, he said, was sufficiently mature to qualify, but just barely, since six months is a minimum. She was short on one vaccination shot, but this has already been looked after. He appeared to wince a little when we identified the breed. Beagles, I'm beginning to think, aren't the most manageable dogs in the world.

Prior to the first class, I fully expected he'd want an interview a kind of canine-teacher confrontation to establish who's boss. But he didn't request it and neither did we. However, Mr. Rintoul may be in for a bit of a surprise when Susie leaves her 'calling card' without as much as lifting a leg.

Our 'gal' could be a class disturber too. Like so many ladies, she continually speaks out even when the subject's none of her business. And her shrill mezzo soprano bark is enough to waken the dead.

Because of the mystery surrounding her origin (she looks like a cross between a hound and a hyena), she may exit from class with an

inferiority complex. Especially, could this occur if she's grouped in with a bunch of high-brow blue-bloods from the other side of town. Unfortunately, like in any public system, this is a chance we'll have to take. However, if she sneaks in the front door with her tail between her legs the first night, we'll consider a transfer.

Actually, we'd all have been greatly relieved if her teacher had requested an I.Q. test prior to acceptance. Heck, what do we know? Her father could have been a wolf and her mother, a road-runner, who's to say? We have no credentials to prove otherwise.

And her age; perhaps we made a mistake by enrolling her too soon. Being mature physically doesn't really mean a thing. Maybe we should have waited another year. By flunking the course, she could be scarred for life. Only time will tell.

However, what's really bothering us most is having our little Susie thrust into a dog-eat-dog world, far removed from the protected home environment she's known almost since birth. With absolutely no advice from any of her eight mistresses and masters, she may be confused, unable to cope. And that's when even good dogs go bad.

For let's face it, Susie's as cute as they come. From the twitch of her nose to the thump of her tail, she's bound to attract attention of every kid in class—from the tiniest Pekinese to the largest Collie.

I sure hope a little sex education's included in the course. As custodians of her virginity, we can only do so much.

Window on Wildlife



Winter weather real challenge

By Art Briggs-Jude

The recent cold spells, and there have been at least three really frigid periods since Christmas, makes you sometimes realize just how frail we are against the harshness of old man winter. Stalled and stranded cars, frozen pipes, and frost bitten ears all serve to point up rather drastically the effects extreme cold temperatures can have on our daily lives. And when these bitter conditions occur as they often do away from the confines of our warm and cosy homes, they could in fact put our very lives in jeopardy. You may for example be stuck in your car only a few hundred yards from a warm home, but on a windswept country road you'll be lucky to see the telephone poles beside the vanished roadway.

Survival then really begins at home. Common sense preparations that could spell the difference between an uncomfortable experience or an untimely demise. Those light socks and footwear for example may feel alright in a warm plant or office, but won't give much protection once the heater of your car is shut off. Much better you should put a pair of wool socks and thermal boots in your trunk or back seat. Add to these items such gear as a sleeping bag or blankets, heavy mitts (not gloves) and a wool toque or balaclava. Also several chocolate bars, a flashlight, and a couple of candles with matches will do much to aid your situation till the weather clears or help arrives. And a container of sand and a shovel will sometimes aid in getting you mobile. Just remember if you are stuck in deep snow, make sure you leave a window slightly open when the motor is running.

Of course, people who engage in outdoor activities during such inclement weather must have an even greater respect for winter's harshness. A snowmobiler miles from base, with a mechanical breakdown for instance, is in a very precarious position unless he carries snow shoes and some other emergency items. The basic knowledge of how to stay alive in the woods should, in fact, be learned by cross-country skiers, hunters, and snow shoe enthusiasts as well. Better by far to know how to sit tight till the storm subsides, rather than to flounder about in unfamiliar country in a futile and often exhausting effort.

A compass, knife, waterproof matches and a compact foil sheet take up little space in your pockets. If these items are accompanied by a few emergency rations, they will tide you over for the night at least.

Appreciated

Dear Editor:

I am a senior citizen in my 80's who enjoys the independence of my own home.

On a recent morning, I was all set to shovel off the walk in front of my place when lo and behold, a Town workman came by and did it all for me.

I want to say thankyou. It was much appreciated.

Jeanne Langelle,
Main Street,
Stouffville.

Break off enough cedar or hemlock boughs to form a mat to sit on and fasten your foil sheet as a reflector or a wind break. Try to keep in mind the forest around you has the where-with-all to help or hinder you depending on how you act and utilize it. And don't think for one moment that you'll never be put in the circumstances to find out. Why only last week while snow shoeing through some low lying tag alders in -40 celsius weather, my left foot lunged into a snow-covered creek. With a hefty pull I got it free but the slush that came up with the web began to freeze making my snowshoe a useless lump of hinderance in the deep snow. It was time to quickly unlace the harness and beat the forming ice from the frame and webbing by shaking and tapping it against nearby saplings. In a few moments I was on my way again swishing along as before. But not knowing what to do, and not acting immediately could have made a pleasant outing, a horrible experience.