



## Service Corner

By Mahlon W. Shantz

### Hand in Hand

Their happy faces and warm enthusiasm as they answered my questions and told me about their project was an experience to be long remembered. The little group of Grade 12 students at S.D.S.S. had stayed after classes to tell me about their experiences with Senior Citizens in an activity called "Hand in Hand". The name does not mean exactly what might come to mind when reading about co-education. These students are really excited about what happens when they help someone from the senior community. Frequently it is literally a hand in hand experience when they work together, the youth and the aged at some household or outdoor job or go shopping etc. There is opportunity to share memories and ideas which enrich the lives of the young while the older ones have the company and comradeship they seldom enjoy. They also serve as a group, in activities like birthday parties, discussion and recording sessions to gather historical data. There have been "Blanket Visiting" when every resident in a Home for the Aged was personally reached by one of the company.

Jim Rehill is no stranger in Stouffville, nor have his achievements gone unnoticed but recognition of this particular interest might well be in order in this writing. Having had a more than casual interest in older people since his youth, he naturally increased his knowledge wherever he could and attended study sessions and workshops when possible. In 1976 he used a Sabbatical year to study the subject of the aging process in people. As a teacher he has had the necessary contact with young people and has used the opportunity to involve them by creating a field project for them in the physical education and health course. He has 22 students who have chosen this option from among more than twenty. They are his "Company of Volunteers" who work "Hand in Hand" with senior citizens.

The response of the people being helped has been very gratifying to the students, and everyone associated with the work, including Mrs. Courage, the coordinator for Home Support Services who receives many of the "Thank-you" calls. This kind of response is heart-warming, and sometimes amusing when the dear old lady insists that "a certain young man" be sent to take her to the medical centre.



"Thanks Lord--and Bill--and Pat--and Eleanor--and!"

PAT WHEELER  
THE TRIBUNE

## The Tribune

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## Roaming Around

# Dog diapers for little Susie

By Jim Thomas

I readily admit to being somewhat apprehensive when we enrolled little 'Susie' in night school. After all, she was only six months old; never been toilet-trained and barely able to bark. Added to this was the fact she'd led a very protected life and appeared emotionally insecure. One word would send her scurrying for a cardboard box under the kitchen table, her tail tucked between her legs.

Except for an occasional romp with the dog next door, she had no friends, her closest companions being a couple of backyard squirrels, a relationship we knew would never last.

Due to so little contact with her own kind, we felt sure the peer pressure would be more than she could stand. This would give her an inferiority complex and prompt all sorts of problems including maybe an early-leaving recommend after the first class. What an embarrassment. She'd never live it down and neither would we.

If we'd known something of Susie's background, it might have helped; who her father was, even something about her mother. But no, we have nothing. Mind you, for five dollars, we weren't expecting a pedigreed show-stopper but even average intelligence can prove a benefit. Admittedly, no teacher has time to waste on a dog that just can't learn, particularly when other canines require (and deserve) his attention.

Anyway, all we asked was that Susie be given a fair chance. If she flunked her first test, we consented to withdraw her from the course, no refund needed, no questions asked. At least we could say we honestly tried.

That was back in January, nine lessons ago, and the transformation is nothing short of a miracle.

Instructor Don Rintoul, we admit, has been extremely patient, and so has Neil, her handler. Between the two of them, their patience has paid off. Susie's ninety per cent better behaved now than before.

But it hasn't been easy. The second night, for example, she did "her thing" in the centre of the gymnasium floor—in full view of everyone. The fourth night, on command to "sit", she rolled over. Excited I guess. Both times.

Except for these minor mistakes, she's been an A-plus pupil, far exceeding our expectations. At one point in last week's lesson, the instructor placed a milk bone within sniffing distance of her nose and she never moved a muscle. She even disregarded the admiring glances of a samoyed, two collies, a black lab, three german shepherds and a spaniel just to please her master.

The leash, once hated to the point of her taking a convulsion, is second nature to her now. She leads beautifully, starting and stopping on command. She'll even stay in the yard if someone stays with her, something she'd never do before.

But she's still not toilet-trained, the only minus mark on a near-perfect record; in fact, her bathroom habits are atrocious. Try as we might, she still prefers her own comfort to our convenience.

With only one session to go, we doubt she's about to change. This being the case, Neil's requesting a box of dog diapers instead of a diploma. For Susie can't read and quite obviously her sniffer's not too sensitive either.

## Editorials

### Hodgson wins but —

# P.C.'s must anticipate Member's retirement soon

We don't consider ourselves 'professional' when it comes to selecting winning candidates. However, in the Riding of York North (provincial), and York Peel (federal), the task is relatively easy. Incumbents Bill Hodgson and Sinclair Stevens are hard men to beat.

On Thursday, riding the crest of a Davis tide, Bill Hodgson coasted to a one-sided victory and deservedly so. But not on Bill Davis' coat-tails but by virtue of tending to business here at home. Hodgson has been an able representative in this riding.

However, while local P.C. organizers and supporters feast on the fruits of their labors, it's time to give some thought to a successor. Bill Hodgson should not follow in the footsteps

of the late Lex Mackenzie and carry on solely on an established tradition. For time takes its toll and age must some day bow to energy. That energy, as far as the P.C.'s are concerned, should come in the form of Bill Hodgson's successor.

Hodgson, we're told, was somewhat reluctant to carry the Conservative banner this time. However, there was no one on the horizon to take his place so he agreed to continue on. He cannot continue on forever.

While this newspaper hasn't contacted the party personally, we see a likely replacement close at hand in Bob Forhan, Chairman of the Region of York. Forhan is young, energetic, knowledgeable and close to the people he represents; an obvious choice.

# Can't support taxi here

A black market in taxi licenses? It would seem so.

Hardly a week goes by that some firm (always from outside Town), isn't requesting a permit. We've never seen such enthusiasm to serve yet so little visible service. The council has every right to be wary.

Taxi companies now serving Richmond Hill and Markham, know the market in Whitchurch-Stouffville. A one-car operator would starve to death, depending on business here. Some have tried but none have stayed. Only when a firm will gamble to the extent it's willing to establish a station here, should the application be given serious consideration. For, despite the promise of "instant response" from outside points, patrons will not utilize long-distance service. To be viable, a taxi must be visible. This Town's a long way from either.

At a recent meeting, Council agreed to postpone action on the latest submission, leaving in obedience seven licenses in all. We feel members acted wisely. The situation's becoming more ridiculous with each passing week.

## Window on Wildlife

# Try nest hunting

By Art Briggs-Jude

These coming weekends are a good time to shake the wraps of winter and go looking for early spring birds. This ramble to observe our recently arrived migrants may also be used as a lesson to discover the where's and how's of nest-making. For soon the swelling buds will burst, and the leaves like millions of giant moth wings unfolding in the sun, will cover all these inner secrets for yet another season.

Of course all species of birds don't build their nests in the branches of trees. And some that do, like the hawks and owls, place them so high that close observation is often difficult and at times dangerous. A good number of our common species, however, construct their cradles within a few feet of the ground, and if we look for these, we will add much to our knowledge of bird life and habits.

Pause as you pass along that thorny hedgerow. Notice the fairly large nest just below eye level? Made of course twigs, leaves and stems, it's lined with fine rootlets and last summer was the nursery for a brood of brown thrashers. This bird as you will note, prefers to build it's nest in the thickest part of the shrubbery and although exposed to the elements for almost a year, it has weathered extremely well.

In a scrub oak further along towards the corner of a field, you discover another old nest about the same size as the previous one. It too is made of sticks, but here the similarity ends. There are no leaves in it's makeup, the inner liner being formed of grass with an occasional piece of soft twine used. The pair of bluejays that constructed this chamber decided a 10 foot elevation was high enough and a crotch close to the main trunk was a desirable location.

Moving through a patch of scattered hawthorn, you're mildly surprised by the number and variety of old nests they contain. Bend a tall branch down on a nearby bush and examine the solidly built cradle it supports. Long strips of fine bark and thin stems of grass are intermingled with plant down to form a lasting cup-like structure. Notice how skillfully the Yellow Warblers fastened it to three evenly spaced upright twigs. These little nests are so well made they remain intact for a good many seasons.

Remember the type of terrain and the surroundings when you locate an unusual nest. Although the birds won't use these last year's models, chances are they will return to the same general area this spring, enabling you to make a sighting. Thus it's time well spent in more ways than one examining old abandoned nests. Often, for example, you will find unexpected articles woven into them that tell a tale all of their own.

Short lengths of wire, strips of colored plastic and pieces of cellophane are just some of the materials I've found. In fact, I'm still wondering who smoked the White Owl cigar, the band from which, turned up in a crested flycatchers nest last season.

### 'My support'

Dear Editor:

Being a new resident in the York North Riding, I was at a loss to know which candidate to support. What convinced me was the fact Bill Hodgson thought enough of the area to open up a campaign headquarters in Stouffville. That at least showed he knows our town exists. Maybe, other parties should follow his lead.

Sincerely,  
John Mallet,  
Stouffville, R.R. 2