

Editor's Mail

Concerned

Dear Mr Thomas:
The observation by the Centennial College teacher re the missing apostrophe in Card's Hardware sign was both interesting, educational and amusing.
I too noticed the mistake but since proper use of the apostrophe was always a problem of mine in school, I didn't want to pass comment without being absolutely sure. The teacher is to be commended for her above-board approach and Graydon Card is to be congratulated on his willingness to cooperate.
A less understanding businessman could well have said "who cares?" However, some people DO CARE. As a parent, Sandie Barnard is the kind of instructor I'd like to have teaching my children.
Sincerely,
Reta Bell,
Gormley, R.R. 1.

Important

Dear Editor:
Sandie Barnard of Centennial College is obviously a sign-watcher. Many of us are. It's amazing the things one sees when driving through the countryside—and the spelling! One can't help but wonder if we're a nation of illiterates.
Here are a few examples of misspelled signs I can remember: For Sale-Four Rabbits; Available-Room and Bored; Guilt-Edged Investments; Auction Sale of Holstein Cows; Rode Island Red Hens For Sale; Work Wanted-Will Do Anything and For Sale-Baled Hey.
There are hundreds more. One sees them everywhere.
There's concern among parents about schools turning out a generation of poor spellers. Obviously, many of us don't set very good examples.
Sincerely,
Irma Booth,
R.R. 3, Stouffville.



ROAMING AROUND

An eagle-just a hawk

BY JIM THOMAS



This winter's been a bird-watcher's paradise, at least for me.
We've never had so many birds in our backyard, and such variety.
I'm continually kidding Jean the reason it takes her so long to do the dishes is she spends too much time staring out the window at the menagerie of feathered friends vying for position on our feeder.
She could retaliate, (but never does), that I spend more time peering at the sparrows than playing with the kids, which is true. I find everything 'alive' in winter very fascinating, even sparrows.
Back in early December, when the cold and snow arrived with a vengeance, I made myself a promise the birds would not go hungry, even if I had to mortgage the house to buy a hundred pounds of seed.
So far, I've kept my word and the investment has paid off like you wouldn't believe. It helps too that our immediate neighbor, Vic and Gertrude Little, enjoy a similar past-time. The birds travel in flocks from one feeding station to the other.
While we've yet to see anything rare, I mean really rare, even a pair of cardinals is enough to bring the entire family to the viewing stand.
Because the perch on our tree feeder is small, the larger birds, like mourning doves and blue jays have difficulty hanging on. So I've used our bird bath to good advantage. The flat surface allows them to stop and eat to their hearts' content. Snow presents a problem here, however, so I hold back on hand-outs until after the weatherman has sounded the 'all-clear'.
Being a bit of a nature 'nut', I sometimes get the idea that we (and our neighbor), are the only ones helping the birds span the starvation period between fall and spring. But we're not. A trip around town reveals feeders everywhere, back yards, front yards, side yards, every place possible. Stouffville has always been noted for its generosity and this obviously includes birds. The whole community's a veritable sanctuary all winter long.
While I'm not a 'birder' to the extent I keep a count of every specimen I see, it's no secret that something different would send me soaring into an aura of feathered ecstasy. I can't understand how some folk can attract so many winter rarities while I must be satisfied with basic birds common to everybody on the block. Just once, I plead, let something special visit our humble abode that will send me scurrying for my Audubon book to discover its identity.
On occasions, I've come close to realizing this dream. However, close doesn't count with the Professional Bird Watchers' Society. Nothing less than the real thing will do.
But last Thursday, I came close. I mean really close. I was driving north of the High School towards 'Doc' Petrie's place and there it was—a bird with the largest wingspan I'd ever seen. At first, I thought I was dreaming, but no, it wasn't an illusion. This was for real. I stopped the car, wound down the window and stared.
This majestic bird hovered about forty feet above the ground, then alighted atop a nearby spruce. An eagle, I said to myself, a bald eagle; but who will believe it? The truth—no one, not even my own family.
"An eagle in Stouffville?" they joked, "it can't be." And that's pretty much the response from others. The most sympathetic to my premature elation was noted bird-watcher and wildlife photographer, Betty Pegg of R.R. 2, Claremont. She described it as "possible, but not probable". And, much as I hate to admit it, she's probably right. Only once in recent years, has a bald eagle been sighted in this area, she said.
Okay, so what was it?
In all probability, a rough-legged hawk, Betty said. Her color description matched what I had seen.
So I spotted a rough-legged hawk in Stouffville on Thursday, Feb. 2, 1984. No one seems to care. A bald eagle sounds much more impressive.
But I'm not discouraged. I'll go on waiting and watching—and feeding, even if the end result is nothing more than hordes of house sparrows.

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Editorials

Start in the schools

Whitchurch-Stouffville's an Anglo-Saxon community, not entirely, but close to ninety per cent.
This cannot be said of areas like Milliken Mills, Thornhill, Unionville and the former town of Markham. They are now multi-cultural communities, predominantly so those districts bordering Metro Toronto.
This can and should be a learning experience—a pleasant learning experience. However, an adjustment is often required and this adjustment must begin in our schools. Fortunately, children adjust more easily than adults. In fact, in this regard, we oldsters have a lot to learn from our kids.
To make for better understanding between races, colors and creeds, the principal and staff at Dickson's Hill School is

planning a novel program. On the evening of Feb. 23, the school is holding a Multi-Cultural Night. They're calling it "Caravan". At this event, (open to the public), the students will display something of their cultural backgrounds through music, dances, dress; whatever means they chose. It should prove an enlightening and entertaining evening.
More than 60 per cent of the enrollment at Dickson's Hill School comes from Markham. This makes for a multi-cultural environment because Markham is a multi-cultural town. To promote a better understanding of the gifts each has to offer, the boys and girls are being encouraged to display their multi-cultural talents in public. We trust the program will prompt a positive response.

Refuse gas gimmicks

The oil giants of North America are strongly opposed to gas wars. Not that they're the losers on cut-backs of this kind but, like the flea on the elephant's trunk, it can become irritating after awhile.
So now they're into the give-away game, wholesale handouts of everything from tumblers to hamburgers. Who needs it?
In a province where the automobile remains the most practical means of travelling from point 'A' to point 'B' and where point 'A' and point 'B' are often hundreds of miles apart, the cost of oper-

ating a car (or truck) is excessive. Gas wars, brief as they were, provided some temporary relief. Now, it's a case of pay the price or else!
To promote these give-away gimmicks, several firms have embarked on huge advertising campaigns, campaigns costing thousands, maybe millions. This, companies can seemingly afford to do; yet they can't give the motorist a price break at the pumps.
We're not 'buying' this latest deal. We'll bypass every station that flaunts such offers and we urge other motorists to do the same.

Plan celebrity auction

To reach a goal of \$200,000, the Whitchurch-Stouffville Rec. Centre Fund-Raising Co-ordination Committee requires the co-operation of the entire community.
To date, the campaign has been very successful. We're close to the half-way point. However, the second half will be the most difficult. We must all work together to put this project over the top.
The Tribune, as its contribution to this worthwhile venture, is sponsoring a Celebrity Auction. The date is Friday, May 11. On this evening, items from VIP's, (Very Important People), will be sold by public auction. The father and son team of Norm and Phil Faulkner

have already agreed to attend. Others will be contacted. In addition, the Cam Fella film will be shown for a first time here and Bob Davies will sing his now famous Cam Fella song.
Over the next few months, The Tribune will be in touch with many people, both locally and from afar, concerning donations of personal and unusual articles. Already, we have a final edition of the old Toronto Telegram, dated Oct. 30, 1971. It's a collectors' item. Other 'valuables' hopefully will follow.
We ask you to circle the date of May 11 and make this night, YOUR night. It should be a lot of fun.

KAMPS' KORNER

Two columns scrapped

BY BILL KAMPS



I wrote two columns this week that will never see the light of day. The first concerned the future of Town Council had Mayor Eldred King been appointed York Regional Chairman.
It was brilliant in its prose, and had no match in its political analysis of the potential candidates for Mayor of Whitchurch-Stouffville. Since we still have our mayor, (thank God), both The Tribune and my lawyer heaved a sigh of relief. My column won't see print.
Later, I penned a second epistle replying to points made by a fellow columnist on the Sports Page of The Tribune last week. Again, mine was a literary gem. The words that flowed from my quill literally scorched the paper. (I finally turned on a small fan to blow the smoke away.) Phrases such as "The Pen is Mightier Than The Sword" and "The Abuse of the Freedom of the Press" made my eyes fill with tears. (Come to think of it, maybe it was all that smoke.) I described my column to Scoop and he flatly refused to publish it. Personally, I don't blame him—I doubt The Tribune's fire insurance is all that great.
The only remaining subject that I'm still steamed about is the forecasters who keep sending us the deplorable weather I wrote about two weeks ago.
During World War II, I was amazed at the accuracy of the weather forecasters in England—which is one of the toughest countries in the world to predict the weather. This is due to all the water surrounding it and the straight pipeline to

the Arctic storms. Still, you could practically set your watch when they announced: "The fog will lift at 11 a.m. and you will be able to fly." Sure enough, at 11 a.m. away went the pea-souper and you were flying. These predictions were made by people who only had access to weather information from half the globe because the other half was the enemy. It was also done with very primitive equipment.
Today, we have weather satellites around the world; thousands of ground stations; all nations co-operating in the exchange of meteorological information, and vast banks of computers that collate all this data and then draw maps for the weathermen: Has this improved the accuracy of the forecasts we receive? It has not. Can the average viewer even understand what all those blotches on the satellite map have to do with whether or not it's going to snow tomorrow? I doubt it.
I may be attacking the meteorologists unfairly because it is, after all, those TV types who give us the final word. Now there's a sterling bunch. If you watch carefully, you'll notice even the news and sports folk try to pretend they're not there. Those weather forecasters don't give you the weather—they give you as many gimmicks as possible to conceal the fact that they haven't got the faintest idea what they're talking about. Flip around the dial and you'll see a whose succession of them, teeth gleaming and hair neatly sprayed, who don't know

enough to come in out of the rain. There's one in particular that was surely hired for his boarding-house reach—he can cover the whole of North America in one sweep.
Some of the rural stations provide young ladies with crayons to mark up the map. This is an improvement as it gives you something to look at besides long lists of numbers that tell you how cold it was in Newfoundland and Moose Jaw yesterday. We also have the fellows with their button-on-a-cord and the marvelous kindergarten drawings of Toronto that appear on the TV screen. And finally, we have the prince of the TV weathermen, the fellow who wields two crayons at the same time—I hear he's working on three, but there are technical problems. There is one mystifying feature of this man's satellite graphics. Everytime he shows a lot of snow coming in from the West, it's colored yellow. Now I know the West doesn't like the East, but they wouldn't do that to our snow, would they? And have you noticed on the Buffalo stations, the temperatures are always higher on their side of the lake than on ours? I suppose all those fires they have over there must be affecting the climate.
Where is Percy Saltzman with his brushtut; his piece of chalk and his cold, hard, non-nonsense weather reports? When he was finished, I knew if I needed toe-rubbers or boots and whether to raise or lower the flap on my long-johns. Now, I just go out every morning, lick my finger and hold it up in the wind.