

### Editor's Mail Please help

Dear Jim:

As you have so kindly done in the past, we'd appreciate you giving us a helping hand by publishing the following information in The Tribune.

In a recent article in the Toronto Star, under the heading "Metro Food Agencies Worried as Supplies for Poor Running Low", the Rev. Dennis Drainville, executive director of STOP 103, reports they anticipate 1,100 people a month to come to them for food this summer, compared to 730 a month in 1984.

According to Don Paterson, executive director of the Toronto City Mission, "quite often we have to apologize because we just can't give out as much as we used to. All we can do is share what we've got."

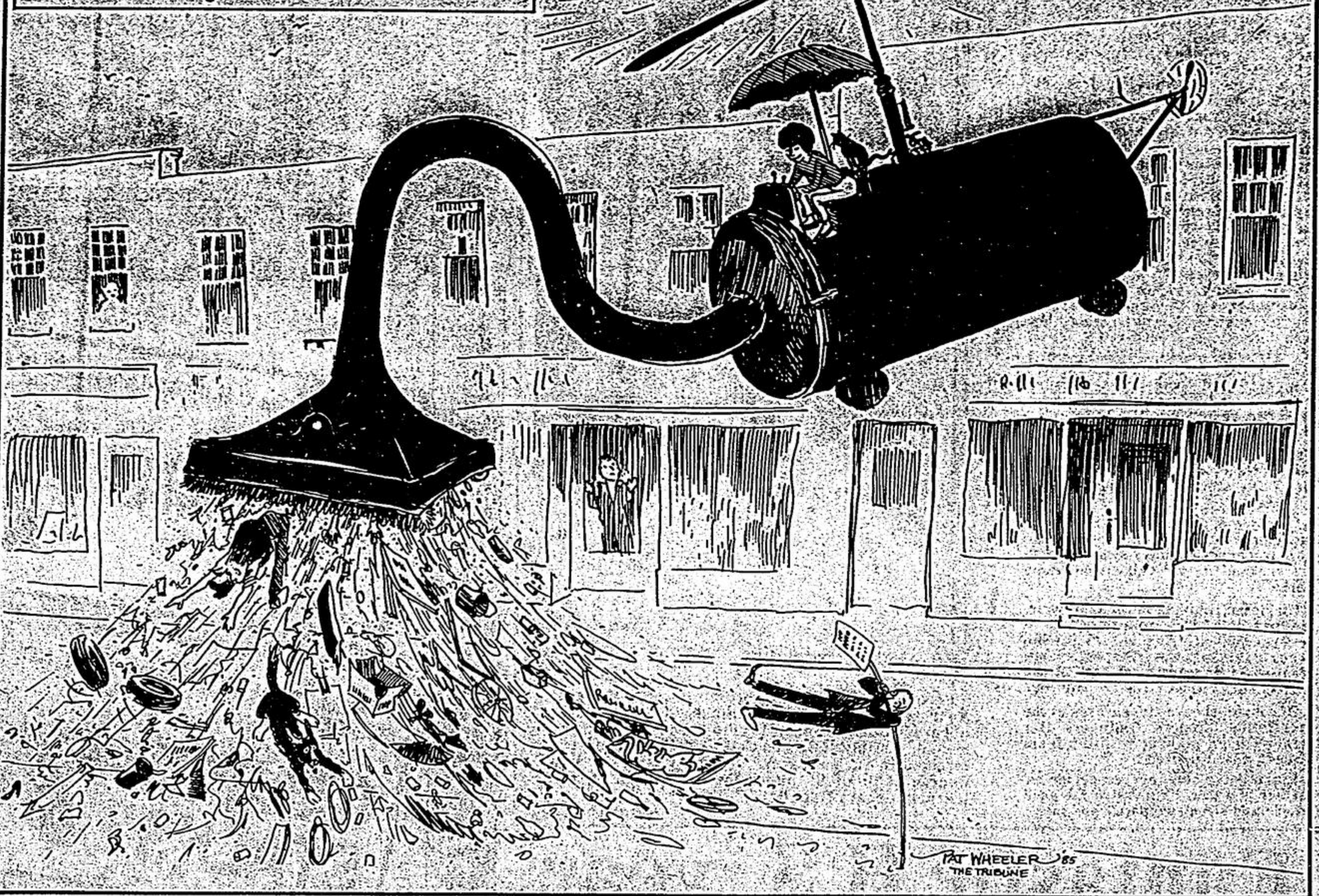
"Share what we've got" is something we residents of Stouffville can easily do by placing some items of food in the box or basket at the I.G.A. and the A & P. Volunteers from the Ecumenical Outreach Committee will then see that the food is delivered to various agencies in Toronto. Food and men's clothing may also be left at Christ Church Anglican, 254 Sunset Boulevard, Monday to Friday from 9 a.m. to 12 noon.

As the summer progresses, there may be some residents who have garden produce to share. If so, perhaps a phone call could be made to any one of the following to see when the next shipment is being taken into the city—Joyce Nailer, (640-4479); Ursula O'Connor, (640-1331); Barb Schell, (640-2624) or Kathleen Glazin, (640-3840), as we'd appreciate it if perishable items NOT be left in the boxes or at the church.

Contributions to this local program are down considerably from last year. We feel the reason for this is that people forget, and not because they are disinterested in helping others. We hope this article will jog their memory.

Sincerely,  
Ecumenical Outreach Committee

### NEWS ITEM-Clean-Up Campaign very successful



PAT WHEELER  
THE TRIBUNE

### ROAMING AROUND



## I've lost my 'eyes'

BY JIM THOMAS

Losing an appendage must be a traumatic experience.

Can you imagine what it's like to have only one arm or one leg? Can you imagine what it's like to have no arms or no legs?

Can you imagine what it's like to have no arms AND no legs?

I can't. I'm not even sure I could cope physically or mentally. Yet there are people who do, and extremely well.

I think it might be good for all of us to be forced into such situations. We might better appreciate the capabilities we do enjoy and the challenges others face who don't.

Honestly, how many of us count our blessings? I don't. We take so much for granted. I do. But I'm learning; ever so slowly, I'm learning.

No I didn't lose an arm or a leg. I still have five fingers and a thumb on each hand and my hearing's relatively good for someone past the half-way mark to one hundred. But something happened to me Friday that's extremely frustrating. I lost my glasses!

This is not the first occurrence of such a tragedy. It's happened umpteen times before. But on each occasion, they've turned up. This time, I'm afraid they're gone for good.

I've searched everywhere, even had others searching for me, to no avail. Since Saturday morning, when I first noticed them missing, I've retraced every inch of my travels. No luck.

I know I had them at the Town Library for the Toller Cranston Show, Friday. I put them on to sign the guest book. And that's the last place I had them out of my pocket; that I can recall.

The Library receptionist was helpful. Unlike most folks, she didn't laugh when I explained my plight. She didn't even smile. Instead, she searched high up and low down, displaying more patience than I under similar circumstances. She even promised to give me a call should the lost be found. So far, no good.

During the weekend, I housecleaned the house and ransacked the office so many times, I hardly know either place. Even if they're there, I'll never find

them now. Everything's been shifted around so much.

While I'm not exactly 'blind as a bat', as the saying goes, I need something approaching the power of a telescope to read the dictionary and the phone book. And those are two things I use the most.

But I'm running into other barriers as well. For example, at church, Sunday, I stood for the hymns like a dummy; even attempted to lip-read the choir, without success.

Scanning Sunday's obituary column was hopeless. I wouldn't have recognized my own.

While I can't bear the thought, it seems certain I'll have to invest in a new pair. Then maybe I'll be able to find the one's I lost!

In the meantime, I'm getting by with a set of bifocals someone found on the sidewalk two months ago. They're not good but they're better than nothing. However, if 'grandma' Jones on Montreal Street comes in and claims her property, I'm sunk.

## The Tribune

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JAMES THOMAS Editor  
BRUCE ANNAN Publisher  
PAT PAPPAS Advertising Manager

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## Editorials

### Horse-owners warned

Unless urban-rural residents bury the hatchet (other than in each other's heads), the Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville will have to introduce legislation controlling the keeping of horses (and other livestock) on small lots.

This, we feel would be ridiculous; but it will come unless feuding neighbors can solve their problems.

In our opinion, there's no reason why horse-owners and none-horse-owners can't live in harmony. The responsibility for keeping the peace, however, rests with the keepers of animals. Common sense must prevail.

A five-acre property, abutting other residential properties, does not constitute a farm. The owners should stop playing make-believe when it comes to this role. But whether the property size is ten, fifteen or twenty acres, the likelihood of hard-feelings is always present.

Therefore, the animal-keeper must do his best to minimize potential problems before they start. If he refuses, the municipality will have no alternative but to act. And when this occurs, many innocent victims will suffer.

The Ministry of Agriculture and the Federation of Agriculture are well aware of the conflicts between urban and rural residents. They have fought, with some success, the creation of residential subdivisions in farming areas. This is on the large scale.

Now we know the reason why. If people with one horse on five acres cannot co-exist, think of the chances when the scale is many times this size.

So horse-lovers beware. Let it never be said you weren't warned.

there are those anxious to make amends. But we believe in giving credit where credit is due. People are more pollution conscience today than they used to be. It's been a long, slow education process, but the lesson's finally sinking in. Still, we have a long way to go. One hundred and seventy bags full of garbage within a relatively small area indicates attitudes of laziness and carelessness.

But now that our town's spring house-cleaning's complete, let's keep it this way. Here again, co-operation's the key.

Council. If you don't like it, call your ward representative.

Second, too many people have too many dogs. One pet per family is sufficient and the cost, we feel, is reasonable. If residents insist in accommodating more, then they're forced to pay the price.

Senior citizens, (probably the last to complain), receive a fifty percent discount.

We suggest that rather than chastise the seller, (young people only doing a job), better to consider it a service. For that's exactly what it is, and a very personable service at that.

### Co-operation the key

Co-operation's the key. So many (more) things can be accomplished in a community our size by people working together.

Saturday's Clean-Up Campaign was a good example.

Would you believe 140 volunteers? Would you believe 170 bags of garbage? All within the space of three hours!

While it's regrettable that we, the tenants of good old Mother Earth, insist on making her the collecting agent for much of our refuse; it's also nice to know

### A personable service

The tax collectors are making the rounds—the dog tax collectors that is.

In recent summers, several students have been hired to canvass the Town. We've always found them patient and pleasant.

Unfortunately, the same can't be said for all customers. While the majority, (we're told), are co-operative, some are downright ornery. They resent paying the fee and take their resentment out on the kids doing the collecting. This is unfair.

First, the students didn't establish the policy or the rate. This is a decision of

### WINDOW ON WILDLIFE



## Birds in aerial combat

BY ART BRIGGS-JUDE

With nesting birds hatching almost daily, the annual aerial battles have already begun. And while we usually associate these feathered clashes with conflicts between crows and blackbirds, all bird species will fly to the attack when their nest is threatened.

One way or another it seems the crows are the ones that attract our attention. These black marauders start right off following their spring arrival, looking for some unsuspecting owl to wake up and torment. Maybe there's a long-standing feud between these big birds that we often see only one side, for the owl does turn the tables when he locates a crow roost at night. Seeing a small cloud of these frenzied silhouettes streaming after a roughed-up horned owl sure makes you wonder at times how the so-called wise one ever gets away with any of his feathers left.

But after this period of boisterousness, the crows become strangely silent. Like the bluejays, their crested cousins, the nesting crows try to remain as inconspicuous as their ebony feathers will allow.

As soon as the eggs hatch, however, the crows appear again, skimming over the marshes or low shrubbery looking for food for their young. Unfortunately, the food they seek is often the eggs and nestlings of other birds. This is where some of the real aerial battles begin. Redwing blackbirds rise like a wave of fighter planes to engage a single dark and threatening opponent.

Yet the crow is not the only winged culprit of the marsh. The great blue heron is also a predating opportunist when it comes to dining and will gobble up young birds just as well as fish if the situation arises. Often, the whole bird neighborhood gets involved trying to discourage a heron as it swings in towards a rush-fringed pond.

High on this list of nearby defenders is the kingbird, a startling-sized flycatcher

with a white breast and conspicuous tail band. Its name, kingbird, was well chosen, for it will put to route any threatening bird that comes within its territory. The presence of a kingbird in an area makes it a lot safer place for goldfinches, chipping sparrows and yellow warblers.

It's amazing what a universal distress call birds have that unites them in times of danger. When I was banding birds for the Wildlife Service, oft-times a single note of alarm from the fledgling held in my hand would trigger the arrival of a whole host of other species besides the concerned parents. Even some birds that could be victimized later, come to lend their support to predator types such as shrikes or jays, when the latter are in trouble.

Probably one of the most interesting

and skillful aerial acts each spring takes place high above the trees when a soaring hawk is challenged by a flight of hostile swallows. This miniature dog-fight may begin at low level, but is soon taking place at increasing altitudes as the bigger, slower, rapture tries to evade the free-wheeling horde. So determined are the trim swallows, they actually land on the hawk's back between its shoulders, riding it like a pint-sized jockey. And while the swallow's beak may not be the strongest in the bird world, unleashing repeated pecks on the back of the hawk's head sure takes the predator's mind off his stomach. Watching these feathered clashes in the nice days ahead will not only make for interesting observations, but will provide yet another insight into what goes on in the outdoor world around us.

### To the graduates of '85

By Reg Mackay  
To the graduates of 1985  
In my lifetime, I've witnessed many wonderful things. These include the control or elimination of life-threatening diseases such as typhoid fever, diphtheria, small pox, scarlet fever, measles, mumps, polio and diabetes.

I've lived through two World Wars and a terrible Depression.

I've seen the invention of radio, television, nuclear energy and the computer.

I've witnessed the construction of better schools and the availability of improved education.

We work fewer hours with more pay. There's more leisure time; more opportunities to travel and see the world.

Here in Canada, want has almost been eliminated. Most have a place to sleep and are able to keep warm.

These are accomplishments of your parents, grandparents and great-grandparents. So what does the future hold for you?

You can find a cure for cancer. You can find a cure for diabetes. There's a need for a new source of energy, one that doesn't pollute the atmosphere. You can find a solution to the problem of garbage and toxic waste disposal.

There's much still to be done. If you can accomplish that which is equal to the accomplishments of your forefathers, this world will be a better place in which to live.