

**Editor's Mail**

**Visitors should be welcomed**

Dear Mr Thomas:

Ever since we moved to Stouffville (from Elmira), we've heard nothing but complaints concerning traffic travelling to and from the Stouffville Flea Market.

We find it all very amusing. Every morning, commuters line up bumper-to-bumper on Hwys. 401 and 404. They line up on Fleet Street on their way to a Blue Jay game. They line up on Jarvis Street going to see the Maple Leafs play. Undoubtedly, some have lined up, getting to the Farmers' Market in Kitchener.

I'm beginning to wonder if it's inconvenience or jealousy. People in Stouffville should be pleased the Market is doing so well and should roll out the welcome mat to 'guests' from the city. Can you imagine what Stouffville would be like on weekends without the Market?

If residents want to live in a cemetery, that's fine. We enjoy the activity the Sales Barn creates. We'll experience the cemetery environment soon enough.

Sincerely,  
Theresa Arnold,  
Ivy Crescent,  
Stouffville



A bridge into Claremont's past



**The Tribune**

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**WINDOW ON WILDLIFE**



**Barnyard patrols**

BY ART BRIGGS-JUDE

In our move to the country, we never envisioned we would have to bear arms to protect our property and livestock.

Despite the fact I had been brought up in a hunting and trapping environment and spent a good portion of my youth on a farm, wild animals were never a serious problem in the Niagara Peninsula.

In that fruit belt area the bountiful pheasant population during those years likely provided the predators with ample food, so that poultry raiding was the exception rather than the rule. Apart from some early spring crow and groundhog shooting, our hunting then was confined to the cooler weather months.

You can well imagine our surprise and disbelief when we found ourselves competing in many ways with the furry creatures. Skunks digging up the seed beds, groundhogs nipping off the greens, porcupines crunching everything from garden fare to barn beams and as a sideline trying to convert our dogs and cattle's noses into instant pin cushions.

Then too the chipmunks especially liked our tomatoes and melons, and the raccoons seemed to have advanced notice as to the ripening corn.

To add to our summer fun, the coyotes and foxes liked our brand of chicken and turkey so well, we had to increase our quota just to meet their demands. But while we never knew for sure how many of our domestic birds the coyotes got, the foxes came boldly into the barnyard to choose their chicken to go.

Despite our watchful patrols, we lost seven gobblers last fall to these brush-tailed predators. At 14 pounds apiece, it was no small loss. Add to this total, chickens guinea fowl and the odd duck and you begin to grasp the magnitude of our dilemma.

The frustrating part of all this was that all the poultry were closed in at night and these big tom attacks took place in broad daylight. Sure, we could have locked every last feather bearer in pens and cages round the clock, but then they would turn out like all the rest of the flavor-forced fowl you buy.

Finally as we mentioned in this corner last fall we were compelled to place several radios in strategic locations to discourage the beasts.

However, there's nothing quite like a blaring radio in the quiet confines of the country to put you off your rural bliss. How can you appreciate the soft warble of a bluebird when some guy is telling everyone from here to the next concession that 'he's got cheatin' on his mind'.

So this spring, because at the new house we have a more commanding view, we decided to impress on these four-legged pluckers a few facts of life.

The first was that while chicken may be king, these furred critters had better go back to basics if they wanted to remain healthy. Consequently when the first fox appeared on the premises after the snow melted, we fired off a couple of warning shots.

Unfortunately this particular animal was a slow learner and paying us little heed returned a couple of hours later to make off with a large rooster.

We tightened up our vigilance and several days later observed him charging into our flock of guinea fowl. Though he missed on his first attempt, he soon singled out one of the scattered birds and pounced on it. This called for more drastic action on our part.

With increased numbers of such confrontations, it was decided what was needed was a definite plan of action, a sort of 'Fox Alert'.

What followed was Kim the hunting dog was locked in the bathroom to keep her quiet. Wendy would grab her trusty Win-

chester 22 and run for the barn, and I would head for the old house bearing the heavier .303 Enfield.

That way we could cover all the known routes. Since we adopted this fight pilot-like scramble, we've knocked off two long-haired varmints and saved countless domestics.

The only problem is that strangers don't always understand our motives. Last week for example, when one of the local charity canvassers approached us for a donation, she wasn't quite sure why we came towards her car from two directions armed like a couple of Latin American rebels.

Probably the pinnacle of our embarrassment however occurred last Friday afternoon when a couple of naturalists arrived for the weekend.

While we still renewing old acquaintances, and before we had time to explain, Wendy yelled, "There's one beside the barn."

In the ensuing confusion of passing out the rifles, getting the dog into the bathroom and racing out of the house, we left these bewildered folks sitting at the table shaking their heads and wondering if we had been sipping a little heavy on the mountain dew.

Equally startling was the occasion wherein we had a neighbor staying overnight in our house trailer. He was just about to finish the last of a nice leisurely meal, when I opened up at a fox with the heavy gun.

He came out of his abode in such a rapid manner, it was a bit questionable as to which one of us had the most egg on our face.

**Editorial**

**It's time to settle ambulance strike**

The strike by ambulance workers in Stouffville and Uxbridge has already lasted 1 1/2 weeks too long.

While no serious injuries have occurred in the area since the ambulance personnel went on strike Aug. 19, the risk is there — every minute of every day.

At word of the walkout, the Ministry of Health reverted to its old system of directing this area's ambulance calls to Ministry units in Markham, Newmarket or Richmond Hill.

How long can we depend on this old system? If someone's life is lost because of precious minutes wasted waiting for an ambulance from Markham, the guilt will hang heavy on everyone involved.

The drivers claim that response time under the current circumstances is about 10 or 11 minutes, almost three times longer than normal.

There can be no winner in a strike situation. However, there are thousands of losers, namely the residents of Whitchurch-Stouffville and Uxbridge.

It's time to end this walkout and get back to work as the drivers say they want to do.

If a contract settlement can't be reached, work out the differences while on the job. If worse comes to worse, call in an arbitrator.

One thing's for sure, the public's safety can no longer be used as a bargaining tool.

**Editor's Mail**

**Legislation required**

Dear Editor:

Margot Marshall and members of Town Council are asking for responses re horses being kept on small properties within the municipality. I have a definite opinion about this.

I have no problem with the 'legitimate' farmer. The trouble lies with ex-city people who move out to the country and pretend to be farmers. They don't appreciate the problems that can later occur. Also, once the novelty wears off, they tend to neglect their animals. At one hobby

farm I know of, the horses stand in a field for weeks on end. No one bothers about them except to see they have hay to eat and water to drink.

If our Council thinks this matter can be self-regulated, members are badly mistaken. Like in almost everything else, legislation is needed, otherwise the problem will continue.

Sincerely,  
Howard McNaughton,  
Vivian Road,  
Whitchurch-Stouffville

**Horse owners here first**

Dear Editor:

Whitchurch-Stouffville is 'horse country'.

We moved from Scarborough to our 'Garden of Eden' 12 years ago. There was no one living even close to us at that time.

Slowly but surely, properties around us were purchased and people moved in. For awhile no one said anything, but we were well aware it was only the lull before the storm. Our neighbors, that we looked on as 'friends', began making nasty comments about our animals.

We feel we didn't create the problem, they did — by moving next door.

It's much like people complaining about the noise of Pearson International Airport after they've bought a home under the flight path.

I ask, why should we be penalized? We were here first.

Sincerely,  
Melissa Scott,  
Vandorf Road,  
Whitchurch-Stouffville

**That's all for today**

Dear Editor:

In recent issues of The Tribune, I've noticed some very interesting letters, (some humorous and some not), concerning personal problems encountered by individuals.

This happened to me about a month ago. Please don't reveal my name.

There was an ad in one of the daily papers related to a masseuse parlor in downtown Toronto. I made a note of the address and dropped in one evening when I had a few hours to kill while attending a convention.

The rather lovely looking attendant directed me to a room; requested a fee of \$40 and said she'd be back after I took a shower.

Following the rub-down, that lasted about 20 minutes, (\$2 a minute), she enquired "will that be all?" I guess I appeared kind of stupid, because she repeated, "will there be anything else?"

Not knowing quite what to say, I replied, "what else do you have in mind?" With that, she related the various services provided and the cost of each.

I answered "no thank you, not today". She looked a bit surprised and responded with "men usually ask me instead of me asking them."

I guess that's big-city life; anything goes.

Sincerely,  
A Country Boy



**GUEST COLUMN**

BY

BRENDA LITTLE

**Summer challenge**

Working as a summer reporter on a small-town weekly newspaper has proven a challenging opportunity.

As I think of my fellow journalism students packing crates at factories or answering phones in office buildings, I feel fortunate. I am one of the few second-year students able to take the knowledge gained at school, out of cold storage, and put it to practical use. Writing skills are like anything else, "use them or lose them."

Where you use them doesn't really matter. Many of my cohorts at Ryerson believe a big daily newspaper like The Star or The Globe is the only place to be. I tend to differ. The old saying, "you have to work your way to the top" doesn't exclude the writing profession.

At a small-town weekly like The Tribune, a student writer has the benefit of extensive personal attention. I doubt a daily newspaper editor would take the time to teach me the various tricks of the trade I have picked up from my editor and co-workers at The Tribune.

Each day on the job, I learn something new. I came to The Tribune at the beginning of July, a fledgling journalist, with no experience other than the writing I did within the confines of

Ryerson's newsroom. Since then, I have learned to use a video display terminal and edit my own copy. Through talking to different people, I have also been able to improve my interviewing skills.

What I like most about working on a small-town paper is the editorial focus. Everyone knows that a weekly concentrates more on 'ordinary' people than does a large daily. I prefer this approach. Talking to the residents of Whitchurch-Stouffville and discovering what they have to offer their community has proven personally rewarding.

Like anything, however, working at a small-town paper has its disadvantages. In my case, the pitfalls come from being an out-of-towner. As a resident of Scarborough, I don't know the area or its people too well. With a little help, however, I'm learning quickly. By the end of the summer, I hope to know Whitchurch-Stouffville like I know Scarborough.

Even if, come this fall, I still become lost in Stouffville, one thing's for sure, I'll never forget the opportunity the town and its paper have given me. I'll return to Ryerson one step ahead of my classmates.