

The Tribune
Established 1888

C. H. NOLAN, Publisher
JIM THOMAS, Editor

Published every Thursday by Inland Publishing Co. Limited at 54 Main St., Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 6402101. Single copies 15c, subscriptions \$5.00 per year in Canada, \$9.00 elsewhere. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation, Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association and Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Second class mail registration number 0896.

Editorial

A new predator

By Alec Smith, Extension Biologist, Dept. of Lands and Forests

In recent weeks there has been a flurry of deaths and injuries resulting from what appears to be the careless use of snowmobiles. Wildlife that shares its home with these mechanical wonders is also suffering death and injury and this will increase as the long, cold winter months continue.

We would like to remind the public that Sec. 19 (2) The Game and Fish Act 1961-62 reads - "No person shall use a vehicle or vessel for the purpose of chasing, pursuing, worrying, molesting, killing, injuring or destroying any animal or bird."

Regardless of this section some snowmobilers insist on molesting wildlife. The jack rabbit or European hare in its open country habitat and his speed has recently been pitted against the stability and speed of these machines.

The loser is all too often the hare. Perhaps some of these snowmobilers could be placed on a railway track with a coast to coast dayliner bearing down on them, then be asked to build up speed and move ahead of the train. As the locomotive passes over one the engineer could look back and say "Ah, he'll be alright, his fur's just ruffled a little."

To those who insist on driving deer out of their wintering areas or "yards" just to get a better or closer look - look hard! If the deer after years of such harassment suddenly disappear or vanish you could be partly to blame. You'll need that closer look to be able to tell your grandchildren exactly what these animals looked like.

We again beg snowmobilers to enjoy the recreational opportunity these machines provide but do not abuse our deer, pheasants, rabbits or "wildlife" in general. You may regret it!

What age - responsibility ?

A judge's distaste for registering a conviction against a 20 year old youth on a charge of drinking while under age, was clearly pointed out in Provincial Court at Richmond Hill, recently.

And no wonder. The young man was old enough to hold a driver's licence. He was old enough to serve in any branch of the Canadian Armed Forces. He was married.

For all these capabilities, in the eyes of present liquor laws, he was still too young to consume any quantity of alcohol whatsoever.

Ridiculous.

If 21 is considered the age of responsibility, then perhaps other laws should conform accordingly - like 21 to drive, 21 to marry and 21 to vote.

But no, this is 1971, and while many laws have updated in step with the times, Ontario's liquor laws have not.

And they're being flouted every day of every week - now to the point where even the conscience of our courts has begun to waver.

In our opinion, a man is a man at 18. And this, in more ways than merely marking a ballot or raising a family.

Unfair tactics

On Saturday morning, a car was parked at the highway entrance to the Stouffville Shopping Plaza. On the windshield was placed a sign that read in bold, black print - On Strike, Shop Elsewhere. Below, in smaller print was the name of the Union Branch and the location of its complaint.

The success of the strike is presently subject to debate, but it goes without

saying that if A. & P. business is reduced, so likewise is business in other adjacent stores.

But to placard the very entrance to the Centre and suggest the public 'shop elsewhere' is, in our opinion, going a step too far. And the other merchants, innocent victims in this squabble, are 'soft' if they allow this kind of practice to continue.

Editor's Mail

Dear Sir:

The content of your recent editorial entitled 'The Snowmobile Monster', brings reaction from me. With the number of machines and their speed and power increasing year by year, some sort of control over their operation must be imposed if they are not to become a so-called menace to society.

Let the snowmobiler have his fun - but in the proper locations.

Adam Johnstone, R.R.1, Stouffville.

In my opinion, they should now be banned from all roads. I am impressed by statistics with regard to the number of deaths each winter - not only impressed, but depressed.

Dear Sir:

Regarding the mention of Siloam in a recent Tribune editorial.

A great deal of damage is done to fields and parks by uncontrolled use of snowmobiles; young trees and saplings are broken down; wildlife is frightened by the noise and the compacting of the snow into ice interferes with spring growth and creates unnatural, run-off and unnecessary erosion.

For your information the population of greater Siloam is 58 people, 7 horses, 12 dogs, 8 cats, 4 budgies, 4 rabbits and a flock of chickens, not to mention the suburban areas. We have our own plaza, church, professional financial aid and the community centre.

The reason there has been no 'mass protest', as it was aptly referred to, is that the residents of Siloam have not been bothered - as yet. But if a situation does arise where snow scooters are driving across our lawns at 2:00 a.m., or generally cause drastic changes in our rural serenity, you may rest assured that we will raise proper?!&&

Go-karts, dragstrips and race tracks all have their special areas. Why not snowmobiles?

In closing I would like to point out that a 'mass protest' was made against the plans for a drag strip. So keep in mind that we have the capabilities, but so far lack the instigation.

Also, in my opinion, there is now a place for the snow machine in government-controlled parks or forests where the whole motive is peace and quiet.

The Mayor



Tender, loving care for snowmobilers

By Bill Smiley

Even a winter sour-puss like me cannot but be affected when we hit one of those rare and perfect winter days.

Today is one of them. Snapping twelve degrees. Sun grinning down like an old, yellow lecher as fresh snow lifts virginal, blue-white, pleading hands. Sky as cold and blue as Mr. Benson's heart.

Ugly, fallen-down fence in back yard has vanished until spring. Picnic table is a loaf of white bread rising. Big spruce by the garage holds with dignity, in sagging, blue-green arms, the big lumps of heavy white cotton.

In the country, evergreens are startling black clumps of contrast. Ancient rail fences with jaunty, snow-capped posts run their erratic charm through the bluish drifts. So do the snow-shoers.

Skiers whizz down like gulls swooping for scraps. And the damned snowmobiles grunt and bellow about like bulls in a chaste china shop.

There, I knew something would spoil it. Don't worry. I won't go into a diatribe about the stinking things. I consider them beneath my dignity. I wouldn't ban them if I had the power.

They're a wonderful machine for farmers, trappers and others who need to get places they couldn't before. Some of the kids at our school, who live on islands, 'way out in the bay, cross the ice on the things, catch the school bus, drive forty minutes to school, then make the return journey in the afternoon. You can't knock that.

And they're fine for recreation, too, if they're used with some sense. But there's the rub. As a cabinet minister remarked recently on the subject, "You can't legislate against stupidity." And some of the most stupid people I know own snowmobiles. (Not you, gentle reader, not you.)

You don't go flying solo after an hour's instruction. And you have to pass a fairly stiff test nowadays to get a car driver's license.

But it seems that any nyurp of a kid (or adult) who can get one of the THINGS

started, and not necessarily stopped, is free to go out and commit mayhem or suicide.

When I see some kid belting along at full throttle, on an icy road, or trying to pass a car on the right, I shudder. And when I see mature, middle-aged people attempting climbs and jumps and crossing thin ice that even an intelligent ape would shy at, I shake my head sadly. It seems that every third person you meet has a twisted ankle or a sprained shoulder or a bent bum.

Then there are the gangs. The only difference between a motorcycle gang and a snowmobile gang is the speed and the time of year. Both are likely to be half-stoned, and both are prone to vandalism and indifferent to the feelings of others.

There's only one thing more boring and annoying than the abuses of the things. And that is the constant conversation about them, at practically any gathering of people, anywhere, in midwinter.

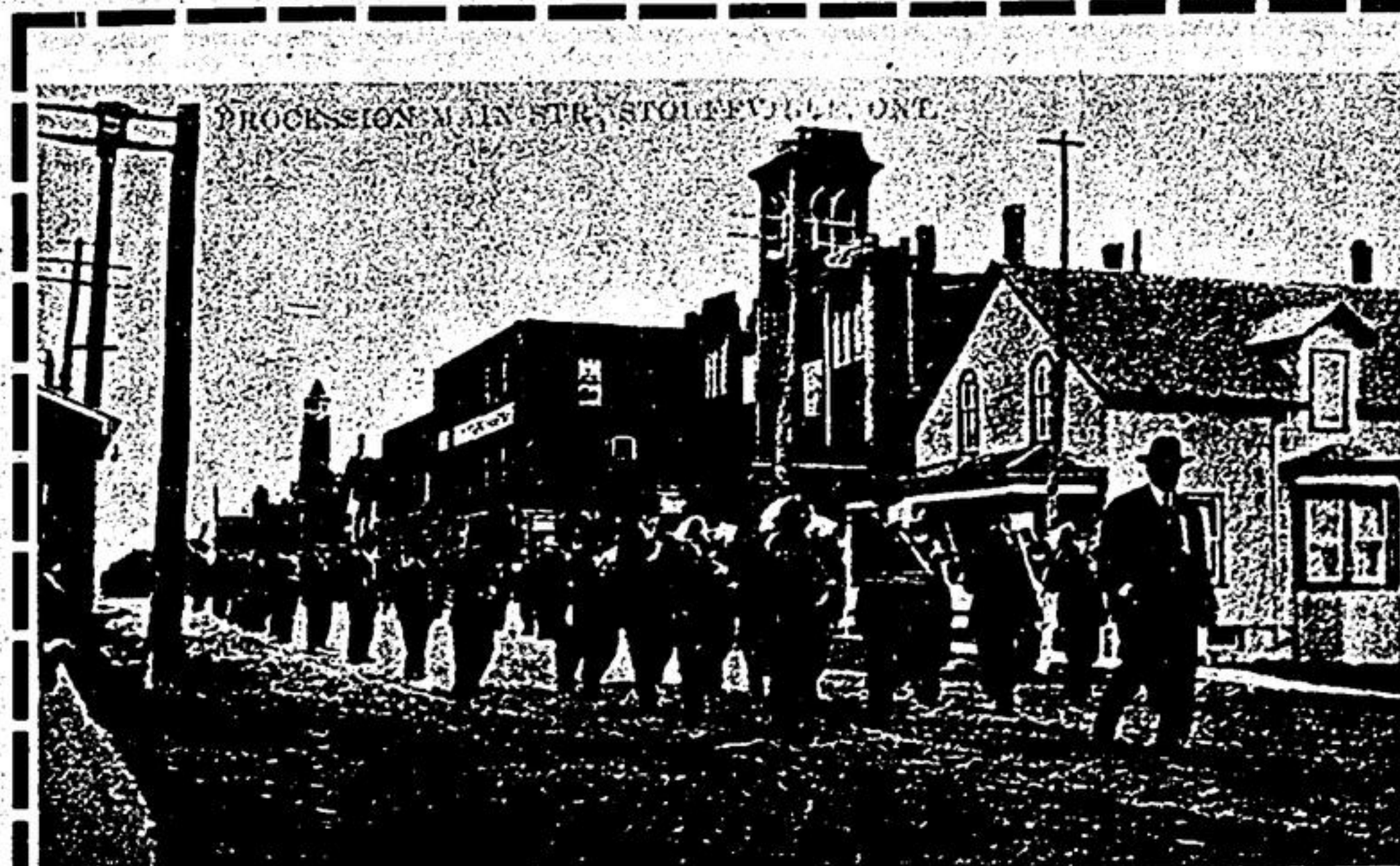
Boring? It's enough to make the mind boggle. One used to go to a party and have a party. One used to curl and sit around afterwards discussing the game. One used to sit in the teacher's staff room with a group of fairly intelligent people and talk about cabbages and kings and sealing wax and things.

Now, all you hear is a melange of carburetors and tracks and horse-powers and feats of derring-do, most of the latter gaining in each interminable repetition.

I know they wonder why I don't eat lunch in the staff-room any more. But I'd rather sit in the cafeteria with 400 noisy students than sit in the staff-room with twelve or fourteen snowmobilers bellowing at each other, each trying to top the other's story.

I told you I wasn't going to write a diatribe. And I won't. The car started this morning. Classes went well. My wife's in a decent mood. And my daughter got 88 and 90 on two essays.

And it was a beautiful day, before that silver lining turned into a black cloud.



Portraits of the past

Everybody loves a parade. They do now and they did in the year 1910. This procession is on Main Street in Stouffville although the occasion is not known. On the

immediate right is the present Tribune Office, next to Daley's Hall, now the Post Office.

ROAMING AROUND

'Sunshine' across the counter

By Jim Thomas

The other day, a chap came in to pay a bill, something like \$1.50 for a classified ad. Instead of stopping at the front counter, he stomped right through to where I was working - or trying to work. Mind you, this is nothing new. The truth is, my so-called 'office' is, Monday through Friday, very much like Grand Central Station.

While pedestrian traffic can be a bit distracting at times, I really don't care. After all, what good is any weekly newspaper editor if he can't spare a minute to speak to his friends.

But this particular gentleman caught me completely by surprise. I looked up from the keyboard and there he was - just standing there. His introductory remarks also threw me a little. "Got troubles," he said, "you look kinda sour."

I assured him that every Tuesday is problem day, particularly when you're doing stories that should have been completed on Monday. I didn't tell him that four of the five kids were home sick with the flu; that the fifth had pierced his hockey stick through the rec room ceiling and 'Brownie', the children's pet rabbit had just torn the last of the protective tinfoil material from the bottom of the basement water heater. What's the use, I thought to myself, the guy's probably got enough problems of his own without wanting to hear mine.

Later, that same afternoon, while on the way home, I had occasion to stop off at Walker's Cleaners in the Stouffville Plaza. Almost like magic, my Tuesday burden of troubles disappeared. For across the counter was the sunniest face I had ever seen. Her radiance lit up the entire room. "It was obvious," she didn't know my name, but I was determined to learn hers. That night (with my wife's permission), I made enquiries and on Saturday, I gave her a call.

At first she was hesitant, taking me, I suppose, for some philanderer with ulterior motives. I was successful in assuring her that such was not the case.

'Miss Sunshine', by way of a less formal introduction, is Linda Hill. She's 20, single and resides at Tenth Line North in Stouffville.

Born in Toronto, one of a family of six, she has no desire to either work or live in the 'big city'. "It's too cold," she said, meaning the people there were hard to get to know.

For a time, Linda worked at Lehman's Shoes on Main Street and then one afternoon, tragedy struck. She was involved in a serious accident while tobogganing on a hill near Island Lake and suffered a broken back. She was confined to bed for several weeks, but now is completely well.

Linda is typical of most teen and twenty girls. She enjoys sewing, skating, and dancing. But there's a difference. The 'glow' she displays on the outside is by no means shallow or superficial. It comes right from her heart. For Linda is a dedicated Jehovah's Witness. She's proud of it. She loves to talk about it. She radiates it.

Linda spends much of her spare time on the local mission field, talking with as many people as possible. She terms it a 'fulfillment of prophecy'. While the personal approach may irritate some folk, Linda claims the reception in Stouffville is much more friendly than in Toronto. On occasions, she said, if the weather is cold, she's often been invited in for a cup of coffee. Last year, she attended the Jehovah's Witness convention at Woodbine and was one of 57,000 at the International Assembly in Atlanta, Georgia.

The door-to-door campaign is carried out on a strictly voluntary basis, referred to by Linda as 'a way of life'.

Her ultimate goal is to gain recognition as a 'Pioneer'. This means completing one hundred calls per month. Talk about ambition.

Admittedly, I was impressed. Impressed with what I saw. Impressed with what I heard - a living example of religion, far removed from the four walls of a church. Sunshine across the counter.

And while I'm still not quite prepared to relinquish my firm Presbyterian faith, one thing's for sure, I've got the best pressed pants in town.