

Real Estate MARKETPLACE

Wednesday, April 4, 1979.

Surface water is twp. concern

By Doris Fines
Bruce Creamer of the Cambridge office of the Ministry of Environment, was invited to Erin Township council meeting on Monday to talk about garbage disposal and land fill sites. He suggested the Ministry may have money to help municipalities to improve their sites, such as building fences, gates and roads. The main problem now with the township one is surface water. Deputy reeve Reid said that could be caused by a plugged culvert. He also said when this site was finished it will be covered with top soil and trees planted, and will look better than it did before.

Opinions were flexible on the life of the present site, ranging from 3 to 8 years, but Mr. Creamer said it is not too soon to start looking. The minimum acreage of requirement is 100 acres. An option on the land should be taken out first, then testing done to see if it is suitable. Clay type land is better than sand or gravel, he said, to protect against seepage. Another alternative is to share costs with another municipality and truck the garbage somewhere else.

A motion was passed to pay Pat Patterson \$3.75 per hour, from \$3.25, for maintenance on the disposal site, and also to extend the Mountainview subdivision contract to Pat's Disposal for one year, at an increase of \$15. per month.

Erin Township has agreed to prime surface a portion of the town line between Erin and East Garafraxa township.

Ken Graham has resigned as representative from Erin township to the Wellington County Farm and Home Safety Council, and a replacement will be sought.

The road men were out working on Sunday to alleviate the flooding which occurred in Glendevon subdivision in three major locations. The hydro went off when the water came up, because the connections had been placed too low. Council is withholding payment to hydro until the work is satisfactorily accomplished.

ACRO (Association of County Regions of Ontario) are holding a seminar on Urban Rural Relations, on April 27, at Bristol Place, Toronto, at \$20 a delegate.

Klem Moffatt is asking for a zone change to operate a small blacksmith shop in Ospringe, to repair wagons, wheels, sleighs and buggies. The

building inspector was requested to look into it and bring his report to next meeting.

Mr. McGowan complained to council that the snowplow cut his mail box in half, and was directed to talk to the road superintendent who was present. He also made a request to council to hard top a portion of road leading to Acton Meadows Golf Course, as the road was always dusty, but allocations have already been made for this year's road improvements, council said.

Roadside cleanup and culvert cleaning, were the suggestions to be sent to the Credit Valley Conservation Authority, that is outlining a program to supply employment for students.

Road accounts were presented by Ed Barden. Council will petition the MTC for \$10,000 over and above the normal subsidy for roads, which has raised this year from \$260,000 to \$280,000. This \$10,000 is for the new tandem truck. The total road budget is \$426,000 of which \$279,275 is MTC subsidy.

A truck driver laborer is needed for the road crew, and will be advertised.

John Salmon reported he has been accepted to attend the Building Inspectors School, to be held April 22 to 27. He also wishes the public to be aware that he is only at the Municipal office on Mondays and Tuesdays of each week.

Frank and Ivan Gray attended council meeting. Their farm on lot 15, concession 10 is zoned agriculture but is designated as potential gravel extractive in the official plan. Situated too close to the village to ever be extracted, they wish to take away any obstacle against future subdivision in the township of Erin village, and asked for an amendment to the official plan to remove the extractive designation. They suggested this would be a buffer zone between Erin Village and Telephone Gravel. John Reid will talk to the county planner to get his ideas, then report back to them.

A motion was passed to request the Minister of Treasury and Economics to amend the Municipal Act to allow councils to charge more than 1 per cent per month on unpaid taxes, and recommend 6 per cent per annum over the bank prime interest rate, and that Jack Johnston be notified of this request.

FEATURE HOME OF THE WEEK



OPEN HOUSE

1-4 p.m. Sunday, April 8, 1979

Go west on 17 side road from Trafalgar Rd. to corner of 5th line, follow Open House signs.

Beautifully decorated 3 bedroom country home with Franklin fireplace in large farm kitchen with den, living room, dining room, and laundry on main level. Inground heated pool on lot with mature trees and steam bordering the property. Asking price \$115,500. Stephen P. Saxe Limited, Realtor. Call Eleanor Langdon for more information or directions. 877-2219.

Canada one vast apathy club!

Does anyone in this country even care any more whether the federal election occurs in April, May or June? Does anyone even care any more whether there is a federal election, in which we might exchange a right-wing reform party for a right-wing party, either winner being at the mercy, in a vote, of a right-wing left-wing party?

Day after day of listening to the news, and watching the news, and reading the news, has created in me, at least, the greatest sense of apathy I've ever experienced in my life. And I have a hunch that millions of Canadians agree with me.

Does anyone care any more what Margaret Trudeau, a rather silly woman with verbal dysentery, among other ailments, has yet to reveal? Not me.

Does anyone care any more how many Christian Arabs in Beirut killed how many Muslim Arabs in Beirut? Not me.

Does anyone care that Prince Charles was seen jogging on a beach in Australia, that Pierre Berton has written another book, that Canadian writers and artists and theatres and publishers all claim they need more of our tax bucks to survive? Not me. Only they.

A colleague of mine describes an organization at the university he attended. It was called the Apathy Club. It put out notices like these: "The Apathy Club will not hold its usual meeting this month." Or, "True to its convictions, the Apathy Club failed to elect a new president, when no one ran for the office, and no one showed up to vote for those who did not run."

I have a feeling that Canada is turning into one vast Apathy Club. Oh, we're not yet quite completely lifeless. You can see this by reading the Letters-to-the-Editor columns, where all the cranks, quacks and bigots are given a chance to sound off.

by
Bill
Smiley



But when all the news is bad news—unemployment, falling dollar, violence, threat of wars—we are inclined to tune out, and to tune in to some sort of escapist entertainment.

This apathy is reflected in all sorts of phases of our society. It's considered a big deal if there is a 60 per cent turnout for an election.

Outside the larger cities, where there is constant hype from the sports writers, sports are dying out. Small towns and cities that used to pack their arenas and baseball grandstands to watch the home boys fight off those infidels from the next town, draw only handfuls of spectators these days.

Well, what's the cause of all this apathy, you might ask. I believe it is the result of modern communication systems, which are supposed to bring the world closer together, and are, instead, making individuals harder and more self-centred, as they find themselves drowning in a flood of world-wide miseries which they feel helpless to alleviate.

Does anyone really care about the killing of baby seals except those directly involved: the Newfie hunters trying to supplement a meagre living; the protesters who enjoy the publicity they get; and a number of old ladies of both sexes who compose ferocious letters to the editor condemning the hunt, while downing a few slices of spring lamb and mint jelly?

Not me. My sympathies are completely on the side of the sealers. It's hard, dirty work they do, and they don't do it because they are sadists, any more than the killers in a slaughter-house enjoy knocking sweet little calves over the head, so that you can have your veal and your calf-skin gloves. When it is proved to me that the harp seal is an endangered species, I'll join the protesters. Not before.

Where were all these silly twits when it was not baby seals that were being slaughtered, but baby brothers, and uncles and cousins and fathers, during the Great Wars? I don't remember too many letters to the editors in those days. The same sort of people who write protesting letters today about the seals, are probably the spiritual descendants of those nasty old women (of both sexes) who went around pinning white feathers on guys in civilian clothes during W.W.I. And gave you surly service and short measure in W.W.II, always accompanied by the snarl, "Don't you know there's a war on?" This to guys in uniforms.

Ah, dear, it's an age when some people seek to swell out of their little selves to engorge themselves, on publicity. If it were not for the ubiquitous media, ever seeking to touch the lowest of emotions, there would be no problems about the seal hunt. The Newfies would run a few protesters off the edge of an ice flow, and that would be that.

How did I get away over here in Newfoundland, if I'm so apathetic? Well, maybe I'm not. And that's a good sign. Apathy leads to constipation. Constipation leads to hemorrhoids. And the next thing you know, my daughter will be saying to her kids, "Don't worry, boys. We never seem to have a cent. But Grandad has piles."