

Only Bishop knows the real story

Dear Editor:
Billy Bishop Goes to War (Nov. 25) was a

great editorial tribute by the Midland Times to "The kid who couldn't miss:" and surely

Response to letter

Dear Editor:

I am responding to Barbara Thiffault's letter, dated Nov. 20/87. In it she raised three good questions: 1) Did chemicals dumped at the Pauze landfill originate in the North Simcoe area? 2) Why not build a central county dump? 3) What are we supposed to do with our leaves? Briefly I will respond.

1) Companies, such as RCA dumped toxic chemicals (via private haulers) at the Pauze site. This was licensed.

2) Building a central county dump would increase transport costs for municipalities. It would take 10 years at least to establish. And finally garbage is a local problem and

should be dealt where it started.

3) Leaves should be collected and composted. I am told by Resources Integrated Systems that leaves can be composted at a cost of \$10 to \$25 per ton (depending on the method). The compost could be used by local farmers for soil improvement. Does this not make more sense than landfilling leaves at \$40 per ton, or ignoring that they exist?

Thank You
Pete Stubbins
Chairperson:
Georgian Shores
Waste Reduction Group

no one could take joy in denigrating such a national hero as this great war ace. And yet I wonder.

In World War 11, Bishop was re-activated, given the prestigious title of an honorary Air Marshal of the RCAF and taken about the country to raise morale by showing himself in a public relations role. I never had the good fortune of seeing this great hero during my time at RCAF Dartmouth for on several scheduled visits, we were told that he was "indisposed," a euphemism which applied to anyone of lesser accomplishments would have termed them as an alcoholic.

Service "Scuttlebut" had it that this was all too often the situation but, if it had been true that might well suggest a serious weakness

in the man's character and he might after all, have had feet of clay. Under the terrible stress of shooting down so many enemy planes, if there was one major flaw, there could have been another and it might have manifested itself in other ways such as making some kill claims which were later unsubstantiated.

Nevertheless he was still an heroic Canadian, but that does not necessarily have to shield his memory from any criticism. Only Billy Bishop could have known how his record was achieved and there may have been times of great strain when even he could have been unsure. Those of us who never had our courage put to the final test can thank our lucky stars for it and sympathise with the agony of those who were.

Stanley R. Redman

Getting tough with hoods

One of the better things about small town life is that there are fewer rules and regulations than the city.

Well, that's not always a good idea.

Rules should only be as restrained at a town's worst elements are responsible.

The decision by Penetanguishene Council to pass a sweeping bylaw is evidence of its resolve to run an efficient, well-managed municipality.

The bylaw has set the rules for behavior in the parks and waterways of Penetanguishene.

Now the resources aren't extensive here. It is true that our police force, as good a unit as it may be, cannot always do everything which is required of them.

There seems to be a fondness around here for taking the All Terrain Vehicle to the beach or park and then proceeding to drive over any obstacle in the way.

Not only does this cause ecological harm it has the potential for real tragedy: the loss of human life if people don't get out of the way in time.

If you're in the park and behave like an animal, then you belong in the zoo.

This bylaw is meant for you.

RIP, Little Lake

Dear Editor:

Goodbye Little Lake, it's been nice knowing you. We've enjoyed swimming, fishing, boating in your waters, but you'll soon be dead.

Midland Town Council is soon going to be draining storm water, loaded with winter salt, dog droppings, fertilizers from gardens, and God knows what else into your lake from Hugel Avenue and part of the Mid-Tay Subdivision.

Prior councils had agreed no more storm water would enter you, unless it was treated first. Why this has changed, no one seems to know.

Prior Councils had also agreed there would be no further development around your shores unless there were provisions to collect storm water runoff. Now we have developments on both sides of King Street, with large paved areas, that drain into you, untreated.

Your water has been suspect from some time, caused from the Yonge Street runoff, the new plaza's storm water draining into you, and of course, the geese.

I am sure you have enjoyed the school children that arrived in bus loads to enjoy what you had to offer, along with the people whose fond memories are of you.

In a few years with all the polluted storm water which you will have, you will be dead, and possibly you will be the next dump site for the area.

Rest in Peace, Little Lake, We'll miss you.

Ian Ross
Midland, Ontario

Lest we forget

Dear Editor:

On behalf of the Royal Canadian Legion, Branch 80, Midland, I would like to extend our sincere thanks to all the businesses and individuals who purchased wreaths or donated to our 1987 Poppy Campaign.

Through your generosity, we can continue to support needy veterans and their dependents, as in the past.

Thank you for helping to make our 1987 Poppy Campaign a success.

LEST WE FORGET

Yours truly,
Arnold Burgher,
1987 Poppy Chairman,
Branch 80,
Midland.

by David Krayden

As I See It

Nice guys who drink and drive



Holiday time is approaching.

Let's be honest: three-quarters of the people reading this column are going to drink this Christmas. Many of those are going to drink too much.

Fine. Stay home. Walk. Take a taxi. But don't drive.

One of the worst dichotomies of the year is when the Christmas Season with its languid emphasis on family, fires and food can also be such a tragic season for so many. People are not getting the message.

Let's admit for a change that there are two worlds. First there's the official world which the politicians, lawyers and statisticians talk about. That's vaguely referred to as the "direction which society is moving in," in equally ambiguous terminology.

Well, what this really means is the direction which the conception of society is moving in.

It's not a real picture.

I cannot believe that attitudes towards drinking and driving have changed all that much in rural areas.

What people will tell you in public and private conversation are two different matters.

Publically, very few would encourage anyone to drink and drive.

Privately, quite a number would.

You can still be a good guy in a small town and drive home half-tanked every night.

You'll be a good guy until you happen to kill some other good guy's son or daughter.

But that's what makes the drunk driver so inventive in his mendacity. He'll always be everyone's pal, sharing the jokes and guzzling the beer. He's not the irresponsible maniac who strikes down innocent children, drives his car into buildings or smashes head-on into oncoming traffic because he was driv-

ing on the wrong side of the road.

No it's not him. Not yet anyway.

Go into one of the courts in the Huronia area some week. Just sit there for an hour or two and watch the astonishing number of impaired driving cases line up.

They don't look like monsters.

In fact they might look an awful lot like you.

Most of the them are middle class folks. Yet these people have to stand in front of a judge, shaking and obviously afraid and listen while that judge tells them that they are criminals.

Even your first offense is a criminal one. You'll lose your licence for a year. Your second offense means a jail term.

That's a frightening thing for people who might never been near a courthouse, police station or jail before.

Think of even losing your driver's licence. In the area where we live, public transit is

either nonexistent or inadequate.

Try to get to work without a car.

But that just doesn't seem to sink into a lot of dunderheaded folks who think that they're somehow special. Won't happen to me.

Nonsense.

A car is a machine. Did you know that in the days of the carriage, horses refused to cart around a soured rider?

A car will never do that. It merely responds to the whims of its owner. Tell it to do something stupid and it will.

Your car is a dangerous weapon at any time of the day or night. It becomes a lethal weapon when you are unable to properly manage the controls.

If you're one of these people who can be ever so pious at public meetings but consumes six beers after the meeting is over and then drives home, please take note.

You're the potential killer with the smile on your face.

Letters

The Penetanguishene Citizen welcomes Letters to the Editor. They must be legible, signed (by hand), and carry the writer's address and telephone number for verification. Pen names are not allowed and anonymous letters will not be published. Letters published by this newspaper do not necessarily reflect the opinion of this newspaper, its publisher or editor.

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