

Editorials

Tribune

Biased attitude

The attempt of John Heamen, Department of Waste Management for the Ontario Government, to whitewash the dangerous situation at the Bremner dump site, drew the ire of the capacity crowd of ratepayers who attended the public meeting on the subject in the high school last week — and rightly so.

That any government representative should show such disregard for the welfare of five thousand citizens is unbelievable. Mr. Heamen expressed his biased attitude on CBC television shortly before the meeting began. He indicated he had been pressured by a handful of industrial firms to keep the dump going.

He antagonized the huge gathering immediately by suggesting that if the dump was closed several thousand people might be out of work. This statement was quickly challenged by Reeve Laushway who said that these people out of work (if such would ever be the case) was nothing compared with the

poisoning of the municipal water supply for the entire population of Stouffville and some of Whitchurch Township.

Mr. Heamen's parting shot which drew rounds of boos from the audience came when he had the audacity to suggest we were not being good neighbors by refusing to accept this industrial waste material from Toronto.

His contempt for the danger to our water system is astonishing. His clear indication that he was much more concerned with the operation of a few money-making industrial plants than the contamination of a public water supply has made him the prime target of the wrath of the local citizens.

Stouffville's public water system which has been in operation for more than sixty years, has been the envy of many Ontario municipalities and to have its very existence threatened in such a flagrant manner is certainly a black mark for Queen's Park.

Something more serious

A cloud of suspicion hangs over the clerical staff and department heads within the municipal office, Township of Whitchurch.

The whispering campaign, while louder now following the fire Friday, has been going on for several months — since election night, to be exact.

It was at that time that deputy-reeve Lawrence Hennessey 'blew the whistle' on an alleged tax fund shortage within the municipal coffers.

Later, it was somewhat reluctantly revealed that the delinquent account was about \$900. Some insist it is much more.

It is our opinion that the council of 1969 handled this matter badly — and this

includes the then deputy-reeve, who was as much aware of the alleged discrepancy as anyone.

Because Mr. Hennessey chose to 'break' the news when he did, after his election defeat, few people took him seriously. Many called it 'sour grapes'.

As we write this, (Sunday), the reeve has called a special meeting for Monday morning. Some statement, with regard to the fire is anticipated.

Whatever the result, it should be obvious to all members, both past and present, that incidents of such major significance cannot be concealed in some back room closet. In Whitchurch at least, the 'skeletons' keep right on rattling.

Too many fouls

As a lad of nine or ten, we can recall playing softball in the schoolyard at old S.S.19, Markham.

There was one boy who had a mania for hitting fouls. The practice would continue, strike after strike until most players, out of sheer frustration, finally quit.

Then one day, in desperation, the team held a meeting and drew up a new set of rules. Johnny didn't like it and protested loud and long without success. Peace was restored to the diamond and everyone profited by the decision.

In the Township of Uxbridge, a new set of restrictions on gravel mining, passed by Council and approved by the Ontario Municipal Board has incurred the wrath of Crawford Reid, president of the Aggregate Producers' Association of Ontario. He claims — quote "The township is trying to change the rules in the middle of the game, leaving operators facing losses of capital in-

vestment in plants and equipment'.

Mr. Reid's complaint will not likely be denied by council.

The truth of the matter is, that like little Johnny, the majority of gravel firms in Uxbridge committed so many 'fouls', a rules' change was felt necessary to keep the municipality intact.

By Mr. Reid's own admission, gravel operators did not live up to expectations with regard to rehabilitation of open pit sites. Why not? Because as long as they could tear the guts out of the township without fear of bylaw enforcement, they did. The result of this mass mutilation is plainly visible.

In a kind of eleventh-hour plea for mercy, Mr. Reid states that operators are 'fully prepared to do what is right and reasonable for the protection of citizens affected by such operations'.

To this, we reply — 'it's too little and too late'.

Editor's mail

To the Editor:

We, the students of Grade Six, Summitview Public School, together with Mr. Bowdway, Mrs. Lewis and Mr. Drolet, wish to express our sincerest thanks and appreciation to the people of Stouffville for your overwhelming response to our Noon Buffet, April 29.

We also wish to give a great deal of credit and our heartfelt thanks to Mrs. Joan Davidson who co-ordinated the luncheon and to the many mothers who gave so generously and willingly of their time.

Special thanks go to Mr. Ken Wagg, who sliced the meat, to the Board of Stewards of the United Church for the use of facilities, and to the A. and P. Store for their generous contributions.

give extra thought to the suffering and loss of productive capability which result from Mental Illness, yet so much of this can be prevented through appropriate programs of education, social action and early counselling.

Your York County Branch of the Canadian Mental Health Association has an ambitious program for 1970 and need your support. Our annual fund raising drive will take place June 1 to June 7. Please think about it during the next month and help with whatever you can when our canvasser calls.

Mrs. Faye O'Callaghan  
Secretary-Treasurer

Canadian police week

The Canadian Association of Chiefs of Police with the endorsement of the Government of Canada and the Attorneys-General of the ten Provinces has announced the establishment of a



**SUGAR AND SPICE**  
**Life in the San**  
By BILL SMILEY

Went for a chest X-ray to-day and had quite a reminiscence with the doctor who examined me. It turned out that he was the second-in-command at a sanatorium where I spent one of the most dreary years of my life.

He's retired now and does this work as a part-time thing. He told me I wouldn't believe what has happened to the San. When I was there, it held about 1,500 patients. It now has 300. Average length of stay then was 18 months. To-day it is three months.

T.B. wasn't a comparatively simple thing when I was there. Three people died in three months in one ward I was in, because their lungs were so rotten they couldn't breathe. Two of them were in their 20s.

The tensions, frustrations and monotony of life in a sanatorium have been described often enough. It was like being in jail, except you couldn't walk around. And always, hovering in the air,

Canadian Police Week from May 10 to May 16.

In respect to this announcement, it is my pleasure to extend an invitation to the public to visit the facilities of their Ontario Provincial Police Force during that week.

Our members will be pleased to welcome visitors in the more than 190 Ontario Provincial Police offices throughout the Province.

Eric Silk Commissioner

like a couple of vultures, were two things: Surgery and your 'culture'.

Surgery meant hacking out most of your ribs on one side, to collapse a lung that was too far gone, or removal of the lung.

If your 'culture', a sputum test, broke down within 12 weeks, you had another three or six months added to your sentence.

I was lucky. All I had was a shadow on my lung. I felt fine. I never had a 'positive' result from tests, and I couldn't even muster enough sputum for a culture. But it still wasn't much fun.

Perhaps I acclimatized better than most. I'd had a year in prison camp, not too long before - good training for life in the San. I had learned that time does pass, however snail-like, in such circumstances.

But I was dreadfully lonely at first, and pretty resentful toward the gods. I had been married six weeks when the shadow on the lung was discovered. About a week later, something else was discovered. My wife was pregnant. We were about 200 miles apart, with no money for train trips to visit. This was the worst period.

How times change. Nowadays my wife thinks nothing of spending \$10 on a long-distance call to one of the kids, for no particular reason. In those days, I was on full pension. I think it was \$55 a month, and the government kept back

Speak your mind

Are you satisfied with the new system of education under the York County Board?

Whether your answer is yes or no, all parents will have an opportunity to discuss the pros and cons of the new program when Mr. Arthur Starr addresses a meeting of the Stouffville Home and School Association, Wednesday, May 13, at 8:30 p.m. in the multipurpose room at Orchard Park. Mr. Starr is the trustee representative for both Stouffville and Whitchurch. He also serves as the Board's vice-chairman.

At the conclusion, refreshments will be served.

Your attendance is requested.  
Mrs. M. Lynde,  
Secretary.

History in glass

There's a beautiful stained glass window in the front of the Claremont United Church. It was donated to the congregation by Helen Netta Michell. The inscription reads: In loving memory of my father and mother, W.J. Michell, died July 17, 1924; Mary Story, died March 20, 1932; my two sisters, Jennett I., died Oct. 24, 1947 and M. Agnes, died Feb. 6, 1936. Minister's secretary for 10 years. A bronze plaque below reads: In 1832, Wm. Henry Michell came over on the sailing vessel 'Esther', which took 12 weeks to reach Canada. He took up land, but was by profession a lawyer and was for a number of years, the only lawyer around Claremont. John Michell started a general store south of the village. Wm. Henry Michell gave Claremont its name. I am his youngest granddaughter living — 1966. Helen Netta Michell.

\$15 of it to help pay for my keep.

So it was letters, one a day. There's still a bushel basket of them in the attic, full of purple prose; what we'd call the baby, and stuff. I feel like an old fool when I read them now, and my wife weeps and wonders why I don't write poems and goody stuff to her nowadays.

But I shook down into life at the San, and as always in retrospect, remember mostly the good things, and the funny things.

I began a writing course, and won a prize. I wrote scripts for the San radio station. I played chess for hours a day with the guy in the next bed and became a tolerable, though erratic player.

Most of us were young veterans, and we had a certain esprit de corps, which meant beating the establishment. For example, the food was nourishing, but lousy, like all institution food. One chap had a wife who smuggled in bacon and eggs and onions. Every night, about an hour after the nurses had snuggled us down, and while the night nurse smoked and drank coffee, the action would begin.

Out would come the illicit hot plate, and the forbidden frying pan. The spryest, usually I, would whack up a great, reeking feed. And with one lamp, carefully screened, we'd play poker until 4 a.m. No wonder they had trouble rousing us at five for our morning wash.

If it was a special occasion, maybe a birthday, we'd chip in and buy a mickey. Oh, yes. We had a bootlegger - who was also a bookmaker - among the patients. He was tubercular and also diabetic, dying on his feet, but he staggered around the wards each day, taking bets and orders.

You'd be surprised how far a mickey goes among four T.B. cases, when they haven't had anything stronger than milk for a month. Like most of life, it wasn't all bad.

ROAMING AROUND

LIFE—Can be fun at forty-one

By Jim Thomas

Had a birthday, April 9 'Over the Hill' read a fateful sign On a comic card - but I'm feeling fine Cause life can be fun at forty-one.

A cake with candles all around Could have burned the whole house down I've gained another extra pound But life's still fun at forty-one.

A special gift - a brand new bike Pedalling morning, noon and night Traffic hazard, awkward sight Life is fun at forty-one.

Married late at twenty-nine Five arrivals since that time Wife says time to draw the line But life's still fun at forty-one.

Working on, past two or three To die in bed - that's not for me Sleeping's a waste, cause don't you see Life's too much fun at forty-one.

House enlarged, still what a fix With surprise arrival - number six! Business-pleasure just don't mix To keep life fun at forty-one.

Entertainment strictly from T.V. Late late shows are more for me Stay up often till well past three But life's still fun at forty-one.

Extra rooms, funds are laggin' Car is loaded, springs are draggin' Now shoppin' for a station wagon And life is fun at forty-one?

Church on time - something new Completely fill up one whole pew Almost drown out the soloist too Life sure is fun at forty-one.

Three in school, two to go Sure would be an awful blow If number six should join the row Cause life is fun at forty-one.

Not a grey hair yet in sight Wife's arrived in a single night Toilet exploded - what a fright Life's sure some fun at forty-one.

Water, water everywhere I could only stand and stare Soaked clean through my underwear And life is fun at forty-one?

Changing diapers, sure am slow Safety pins, a curse you know Pains clean down to my big toe Life is fun at forty-one.

Susan has piano, Brownies too Barry wants to throw a few Paul a needle - nothing new Life is fun at forty-one.

Cathy's trike in disrepair Neil's outside, completely bare A patient wife in near despair And life is fun at forty-one?

It takes a lot of self control To play the part of a father's role For years can take a heavy toll And some of the fun from forty-one.

But I'll carry on for one year more Barring the wolf from the front door Hoping the future holds in store The same kind of fun as when forty-one.

Do your part

Commencing May 10, a mass clean-up campaign has been planned for Stouffville.

The period has been unofficially authorized as 'Clean-up Stouffville Week'. We feel the project is an excellent one.

While the program will include dozens of children, there's no reason why adults shouldn't pitch in and lend a hand too.

Recently, the Grade 2 class of Orchard Park School embarked on a clean-up campaign of its own. Under the supervision of Mrs. Doreen Brown, they covered a portion of the stream that flows through town. This area, that seems to be a favorite depository for refuse, produced everything from broken bottles to car tires.

Throw-aways of this kind are a form of pollution. And while the problem is a general one, the solution can be found only if each individual — man, woman, boy and girl plays his part.



Portraits from the past  
Remember this geyser on Main Street? It occurred in November, 1960 in front of the Stouffville Post Office when a power shovel snapped a water pipe under 60 pounds of pressure.  
—Jas. Thomas

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