

**The Tribune**  
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# Editorial

## Slow to action

After months of protest, scores of meetings and almost a public uprising, the Ontario Government closed the infamous Whitchurch dump to industrial waste, since it posed a potential threat to Stouffville's municipal water supply.

Those who are battling to stop the scourge of gravel pit blight on the landscape of nearby townships, have not been quite so fortunate. While the municipalities at the outset were slow themselves to do something about this ravaging of the countryside, the Mines Department did little or nothing to help them. They refused even to testify in support of the townships once the pit operators were brought before a Hearing.

Then, the Government embarked on the same old route, it established

a committee which was anything but representative and certainly not impartial.

A 'freezing' order is now in affect, to be re-considered by the Ontario Municipal Board at Vandorf in Whitchurch, August 24. A similar Hearing will follow in Uxbridge later this year. It is to be hoped-and expected that present restrictions will be continued.

As with the Bremner dump, Whitchurch and Uxbridge have been given the run-around on the gravel issue and public confidence in the government has again been severely shaken.

Immediate and permanent legislation is required. Let it be the first piece of business on the Queen's Park agenda this fall.

## Speak — and they'll listen

For members of Markham Township Planning Board to suggest they have no say in the question of re-routing Don Mills Road around the hamlet of Victoria Square is pure folly.

A strong stand by the Board and Township Council in favor of a bypass would carry considerable weight at the County level if the two bodies were so agreed. We don't think they are. And we're not so sure the majority of community residents are either.

Road routes, in our opinion, are a part of planning. Therefore, the Planning Board should take a

definite stand-for the bypass or against it. To sidestep the issue because Don Mills comes under County jurisdiction is merely a way of passing the buck.

While no engineer, it is obvious that a community bypass would be costly. Certainly far in excess of widening the present route. Would it therefore be practical? This is a point the residents themselves must prove.

We would agree with councillor Jim Jongeneel that a meeting be called in the Victoria Square Hall to discuss the issue in full. If the people speak with one mind, the township will listen-and the County too.

## Editor's mail

Dear Mr Thomas:

I have just read the July 30th, 1970 edition of your newspaper and felt compelled to write this letter. Your front page article "Runaway Boat Scatters Bathers at Cedar Beach" is just another in what seems an endless series of quotes from the soothsayer of Musselman's Lake, the resort operator, Vern Davies. To quote your article, "How much longer must we wait? Someone could have been killed." Could Mr. Davies tell me exactly how many people have been killed by motor boats on Musselman's Lake as compared to the number of people that have drowned on his overcrowded weekend beach?

The boat, eyewitnesses said, came in from the west, catching thousands of swimmers by complete surprise. "Thousands of swimmers!!! You, Mr. Thomas, probably know better than I that the City of Toronto does not consider its swimming pools safe unless they have at least one lifeguard on duty for every 25-30 people in the pool, say it's as high as 50. Could you tell me how many lifeguards were on duty at Cedar Beach for these thousands of swimmers?"

Another point, Mr. Davies with his trailer and camp sites has caused a considerable population explosion on Musselman's Lake. Now these campers (some, not all) bring along power boats with them and have thereby increased the boat traffic on the Lake considerably. If Mr. Davies is so interested in safety (and not just interested in increasing his rowboat and canoe rental concession, as I suspect) why doesn't he include in his campsite rental agreement that no camper shall launch a power boat on the Lake? Of course this might affect his business as people may object to this as an infringement on their civil rights; however, Mr. Davies seems to think nothing of infringing on the boating cottagers' civil rights with his appeal to Council to: "PROHIBIT THE USE OF ALL MOTOR BOATS ON THE LAKE". It would seem

feasible to me that you would not need a total ban, but by limiting the number of boats launched on the Lake on weekends, the amount of boat traffic could be effectively controlled without infringing on the civil liberties of the taxpaying cottager.

Getting back to your paper, I must say that in the past I have enjoyed your paper immensely because of its non-partisan, down-to-earth type of reporting. Lately, however your articles, especially on Musselman's Lake, have become very slanted—with the slant pointing straight to Cedar Beach. Your special edition on Musselman's Lake was nothing but a cover-to-cover advertisement for Vern Davies and Cedar Beach, so much so that it would lead one to suspect that either Vern Davies is the reporter, or you, your reporter and Mr. Davies sleep in the same bed.

I was under the impression that there were two major beaches on Musselman's Lake—Cedar Beach and Glendale Beach, but to read your paper of late one would almost think Glendale Beach had slipped into the sea. What's wrong? Is Glendale such a safe beach that nothing ever happens there? Is Stu Patrick deaf and dumb so that he cannot be interviewed and give his views on various matters affecting this Lake? In short, I think it's about time your paper got back to unbiased reporting and maybe instead of tripping over the great guru's heels (Vern Davies) looking for a story, you might try a new approach and get a diversity of opinions on various matters.

R.S. Wigmore  
 Cottager on Evan's Drive  
 Musselman's Lake

Editor's Note: For the writer's information, The Tribune is publishing two 'Lake Specials' this summer, the second on August 13. It was the editor's decision to divide news coverage between the two



## SUGAR AND SPICE

### The Smiley's in action

By BILL SMILEY



What a day to write a light, breezy column. The rain is coming down so hard and steadily, for the third day in a row, that even the birds are walking. The cat had made a mess on the floor when I came down. Threw her out into the rain and saw my garbage can on its side, the contents spewed all over the lawn. Coons.

Oh, well. The sun will shine again. The cat will make a mess again. And the coons will pry off the garbage can lid again. God is, presumably, in His heaven and all's wrong with the world. But it's the only one we have.

It hasn't been all bad this week. Tuesday, a good soak in the sun at the beach, and a brisk, 12-yard swim. Wednesday, a game of golf with the only person I know who can turn me from a jovial duffer into a thin-

lipped, emotional hacker - my wife. Same old pattern. I try to give her a few tips. She gets sore and tells me to shut up and try to hit a decent ball myself. Third time she tells me, I get sore and the rest of the game is played in grim and stony silence, with only the odd sneer to break the ice. It's the same as the way we play bridge together.

By Thursday, we were speaking again, and that night went to an exhibition of modern art. The artist is a former student of mine. Now I know what he was doing while we were studying King Lear. He was doodling. Powerful doodling, to judge from his work. Gilbert Gignac, son of a very proud carpenter, and some day a famous Canadian painter.

The exhibition was in the house of another talented young artist, Hugh Niblock. Delightful evening. Punchbowl, coffee and lots of talk. The Smileys, as usual, were the last to leave, except for a draft-dodger and his very pregnant wife. They make pottery in a nearby village.



'Portraits of the past'

It was warm in Stouffville last week—approaching 90 degrees. But the heat wave couldn't compare with a period back in 1953 when on Sept. 2, it soared to 102. The sidewalk on Main Street was so hot that

Tribune publisher, C.H. Nolan (left) was able to fry an egg, witnessed here by Elmer Daniels, centre, village councillor of that day and Howard 'Pat' Malloy. That was 17 years ago. Jas. Thomas.

## A gusher!

It happened during a fastball game at Victoria Square, Thursday. A 200 pound St. Bernard, taking a between-inning stroll, sought instant relief against the wire mesh of the backstop screen, catching the umpire by complete surprise and drenching his right foot. "What are you trying to do," questioned the official, shaking his leg in the air, "turn home plate into a swamp?"

He loves Canada. Nice young chap. Quiet, gentle, honest.

We made it to the car about 3 a.m., me lugging a large painting and the old girl a big chunk of sculpture, on trial. Got home, and while I was putting the car away, the police called. Asked my wife if our car had been stolen. Slightly baffled, she replied that we'd just driven home in it. Cop asked her to check and make sure. She was about to give him an argument when I arrived and told him no. Seems they'd seen it parked, had been keeping an eye on it, and we had slipped off with it when the patrol car was going around the block. Bizarre incident. Congratulated police on their efficiency. And so to bed.

Friday, fair and fine. Good show, as we'd been invited yachting. Fair breeze, good skipper, hot sun, blue sky, hot chowder, cold drinks, and congenial company.

It wouldn't be hard to get hooked on sailing. It's virtually voluptuous, spanking along at about six knots, sails taut, and none of the stink and noise of a motor-boat. It was like gliding into another world, out among the green, silent islands, seeing it all as Etienne Brule or Sam Champlain might have over 300 years ago.

The only nautical terms I'm sure of are: "The sun's over the yardarm," and "time to splice the mainbrace." But I would surely admire to have a boat like that.

You should have seen that poor girl scrambling around, luffing the jib and raising the mainsail and struggling with the anchor. Her knees were red raw from kneeling on the deck while she hauled away at something or other.

We slid into a cove as silent and secret as it was 500 years ago. Then came the storm. Thunder, lightning, bath-tubs of rain. Very pleasant to be a landlubber, sit in the cabin drinking coffee and watch through the hatch skipper and wife, in oilskins, hoisting anchor and getting under way. Fine trip home, 40 miles of sailing behind, and only three people scared out of six.

Daughter Kim home Saturday, sick of squalid job in squalid city, lip curled when she saw the art-work and heard of the boat trip, snapped: "So you've joined the jet set, have you?" Jealous.

Not exactly. We haven't enough fuel for jets. It's back to clipping the hedge tomorrow. But it's nice to fly once in a while in this world of infinite variety.

# ROAMING AROUND

## Shades of Yorkville

By Jim Thomas

It was Saturday evening—almost midnight. I was walking west on Main, returning to work with a creamed-down cup of coffee, my third and last for the evening.

At the Mill Street corner, I could feel I was not alone. And I wasn't. For seated in a darkened area and in the centre of the sidewalk was a girl, or at least it looked like a girl, a wide headband holding back longish blond locks that fell down past her shoulders.

Naturally, I was a bit startled by it all and while similar sights are not uncommon in Yorkville-in Stouffville, well, it's supposed to be different out here.

While I stood and watched, two motorists were also attracted to the spot. Both stopped—looked and then drove on.

Something strange going on here, I said to myself, perhaps she's sick, better call the police. Constable Tom Wauchope responded.

To my surprise, the sidewalk-sitter was not a girl at all, but a boy. And she, now a he was not on a 'a trip' as the saying goes today, but only waiting for a 'a ride'. When the officer left, so did she—I mean he.

While I was momentarily shocked by the sudden change in sex, I shouldn't have been. For we've got more than our share of weirdos here, who they are, where they come from and where they're going, no one seems to know or care.

But I do, for I fear the image adopted by these creepy-looking characters is fast becoming a way of life for too many of today's youth. It's infectious—a kind of contagious disease with no known cure. It's revolting.

Now I know very well what many a teen lad is saying—and perhaps some parents too. You're calling me prejudiced, anti-youth and all those convenient, over-worked descriptive 'niceties'.

Well, I'm not. I could care less if some guy wants to look like his flat-chested sister or an unshorn Cotswold sheep, as long as his mop-top is kept reasonably neat and clean. Now I ask you—is that too much for 'the establishment' to expect? Apparently, for many, it is.

And the sidewalk slouchers, another off-shoot of the Yorkville crowd, is now making the Stouffville scene. It's obviously all part and parcel of the same kind of person.

For example, just the other evening, four of these 'louts' were spread out in the pedestrian right-of-way at Market and Main, forcing local shoppers to either walk over them or around them. Real gentlemanly chaps!

Bitter, you say. You're right.

For a time, I had hoped Toronto could have kept all its 'queers' cooped up in their rat holes, only to emerge on special occasions to lead protest parades, hurl rocks through embassy windows and toss insults at police. But no, Stouffville and Metro are now too close. The bridge between urban and rural can be crossed quite handily. We're forced to take the bad with the good.

But how do parents cope with this pending problem? That's the question thousands of Mothers and Dads keep asking themselves across the country. My only reply is: Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it. But even this contains no hard and fast guarantee.

Perhaps, just perhaps, by the time my seven year old has reached thirteen, the style trend will have gone the complete cycle-back to brush cuts and knickers. Who knows, the kids of to-morrow may even consider it a favor to help old ladies across the street. There's no harm in hoping.

## A bit premature

A 'Now Renting' sign has been erected on the site of the new Ponderosa apartment, although work on the ground floor is just nicely underway. All weather air conditioning is an unwritten guarantee.