

The Tribune
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Editorials

That dump must be closed

People who drive by the York Sanitation Dump on Highway 48, north of Bloomington Rd. may be surprised to see a huge mountain of garbage growing there. It is supposed to be 45 feet high and it appears to be growing steadily as more and more garbage is thrown in the pile.

It is disturbing on two counts. Firstly, nothing has been done by the Ministry of the Environment to limit dumping there. In fact weigh-scales ordered by the minister, Bill Newman, in May have still not been installed. Nobody knows for sure how much garbage is being dumped there. The evidence suggests that the dumping is considerably above the

300 tons per day limit imposed by the minister earlier this year. It appears that York Sanitation is willfully ignoring the minister's order and has not been prosecuted at all.

The other point involves the seriousness of the problem with the garbage itself. It appears that York Sanitation will fill up the dumpsite before anything can be done about it, then go somewhere else and dump. The problem of pollution of Stouffville's water supply may be five years away, long after the dump is closed, and is turned into a ski hill.

It may take that long for the chemical pollutants to seep into the underground water and then move south to the wells that supply the town. The threat is a serious one, and even threatens future generations of Stouffville residents.

A group has been organized in Whitchurch-Stouffville called Preserve Our Water Resources (POWR), with the express purpose of closing the dump. A meeting last week was held to organize the group to hold a mass meeting in Stouffville, to confront Mr. Newman with the urgency of closing the dump.

We feel that the minister has a responsibility to future generations of Stouffville residents, to order at least a temporary closure of the dump site until the actual pollution threat can be determined. The minister has the power to do this if the public good is at stake.

The Tribune feels that all those concerned about the quality of life in the Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville should come out to the meeting and express their concern over the threat created by the dump. Only with large turnout will the politicians, who depend on ordinary people to get elected, see that they can no longer turn their backs on the problem.

Plowman

Stouffville area people have been bringing fame to the region in a number of different fields of endeavor recently. A few weeks ago, three ladies won a Canadian lawn bowling championship and recently Carl Timbers placed second in World Plowing Match in Helsinki, Finland.

The accomplishment was all the more astounding when the other Canadian, Edwin Mills of Prince Edward Island placed 27th in the events. Mr. Mills nosed out Mr. Timbers for the Canadian title last year.

Hours of practising to perfect the furrows, careful attention to straightness and depth have propelled Carl Timbers into the forefront of world plowmen. It is the best showing by a Canadian plowmen in many years.

The Tribune offers its congratulations for a job well done.

No excuse for long delay

There is much talk about the impersonal nature of the York County School Board and how it is insensitive to local situations and problems. This talk was especially prevalent during the teachers strike earlier this year. But such charges do not apply in every circumstance.

In the case of the proposed recreation complex for Stouffville, the board acted promptly and the local council is causing the delay. The project would involve a joint effort of the town and the school board and would take the form of an addition to Stouffville Dist. Secondary School. It might include an arena and swimming pool.

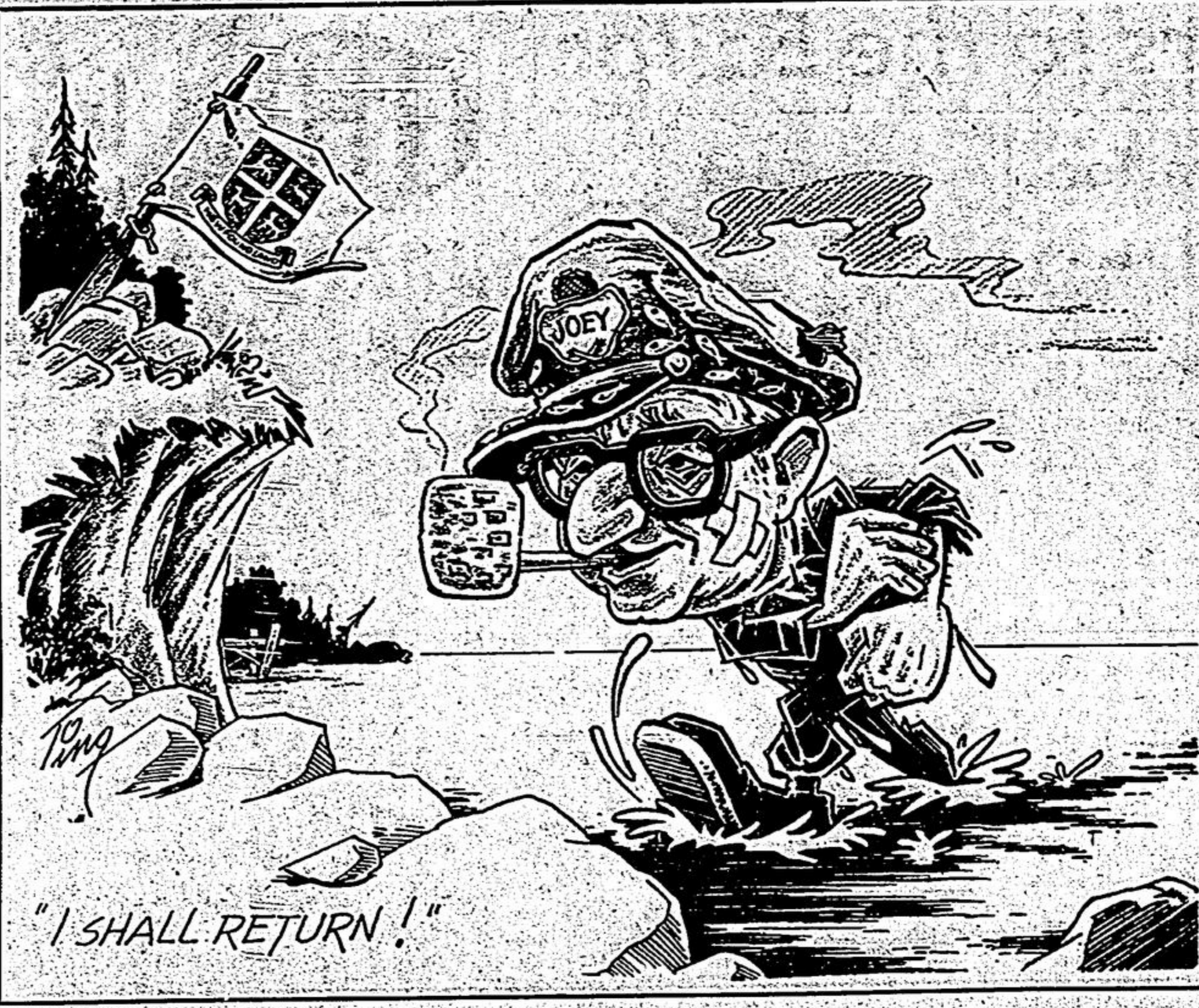
In June, the board approved the expenditure of \$1,500 to have a feasibility study done on the project. Last week council discovered they had not yet approved funds for the feasibility study. Councillor Cathy Joyce, who is on the committee studying the complex, admitted that she was unaware that

the local council was holding up the feasibility study.

The study will cost \$3,000 and the board is paying half, with the town picking up the rest. Unfortunately the council has not determined the scope the study should take, and now must examine the alternatives available to come up with guidelines for the feasibility study.

This should have all been done in June. If that had happened then the study would be underway, and the people of Whitchurch-Stouffville would be closer to having an idea of the cost of the project. We are withholding judgement on the complex until this feasibility study is completed, but we urge council to act quickly. Too much time has been wasted already.

We also offer a word of encouragement to Trustee John McMurray, who was instrumental in getting board approval for the study. This time the local council has been holding up the show. There is no excuse for it.



Bible thought for the Week



From the Living Bible
 Young men who are wise obey the law; a son who is a member of a lawless gang is a shame to his father. Income from exploiting the poor will end up in the hands of someone who pities them. God doesn't listen to the prayers of men who flout the law. A curse on those who lead astray the godly. But men who encourage the upright to do good shall be given a worthwhile reward. Rich men are conceited, but their real poverty is evident to the poor.

Proverbs 28:7-11

SUGAR AND SPICE

A love affair with September

By BILL SMILEY

If I were a young fellow, starting all over again, I would try to finagle myself into a job where I could take my holidays in September, preferably stretching them to about the middle of October.

These are the golden months, in this country I know. I've lived here longer than I care to remember. October is bountiful, beneficent and blessed by a Higher Power. And I don't mean the Hydro.

The other so-called summer months are a pain in the arm. June is hot and humid and mosquitoes, July and August are impossible, stifling when you're trying to sleep, or raining when you're trying to camp.

November is fit only for Remembrance Day; when even the birds weep, because the overhead (clouds) is so low they can't even fly.

December is a hectic, commercialized mess, when you don't know whether you're going to have a "green" Christmas, meaning dirty and stinky and slushy, or a "white" Christmas, meaning up to your navel in snow.

January is a long, forbidding month, something like a long, forbidding school teacher, with a drip on his nose, frozen. It promises nothing, threatens much.

February is shorter, but sneakier. It snows and snows and it gets colder and colder. And you get the flu and you get sickening cards from friends who have gone south for the winter.

January and February, unmarried, spawn March, which is like something illegitimate borne by a drab in a ditch. Occasionally it turns out to be a beautiful child, but nine times out of ten, it is retarded.

April, Browning, writing from Italy, said:

"Oh to be in England, now that April's there." Maybe England. But another poet, T.S. Eliot, must have been referring to Canada when he said: "April is the cruellest month." There's not much snow left, except in the woods and shadowed corners, but that's about all you can say about it.

Then, as most of us know, comes May. Ah May, the burgeoning of Spring, the little tender shoots coming out on the trees, the sun warming up, the trout running, summer just around the corner.

Girls who have been named May must be very capricious. May can be glorious, warm, a thawing of the frozen Canadian soul, a realization that you have once again got through a Canadian winter without committing suicide.

This year, May showed her other side. I know a place not too far away where anglers, on opening day, were casting their lures onto a thin skin of ice, not water. And the trout were running, alright. Right underneath the ice. There is no evidence that any of them smashed up through the ice to snatch at a lure. This year, even the crows had a plegmy rasp in their throats when they cawed.

Well, that about takes care of the Canadian calendar. I've already dealt with the so-called "summer" months. Tourists and mosquitoes in about equal proportions. The tourists get their blood sucked, and the mosquitoes suck our blood.

If I had to choose between a tourist, who kicked sand in my face at the beach, tail-gated me on the highway, and crowded me off the golf course, and a mosquito, who merely wanted a quiet four ounces of my blood, I'd have a hard time choosing.

That leaves only September and October. No tourists, no mosquitoes, no snow. Just yellow sunshine, a bountiful larder of the harvest, warm days, cool nights when sleep is deep and sweet.

Everything is green, still, in September. I can visualize a fishing camp, good food, a chilly swim, a fire and sweaters, good conversation with good friends, a game of chess, early to bed and up early for a try at the fish, some books, no telephone, no wife, no kids. If this sounds like male chauvinism, it is.

This is perhaps one of the things the more strident feminists in our midst absorbed. Once in a while he must get away from his woman. He's not trying to prove his manhood or anything psychological like that.

He's merely trying to save his sanity. He's sick, right to the heart, of hearing what Mabel said to Marjorie and what Marjorie is going to do about Jack, who drinks too much, and what Mabel is going to do about her kid, who is smoking pot.

Maybe I'm a male chauvinist, but I'm not a pig. I've changed diapers, done dishes, scrubbed floors, fed babies, long before Women's Lib became fashionable.

But once in a while I have to get away from my woman, with the other braves, and exchange male fopperies, foolishness and far-out stories.

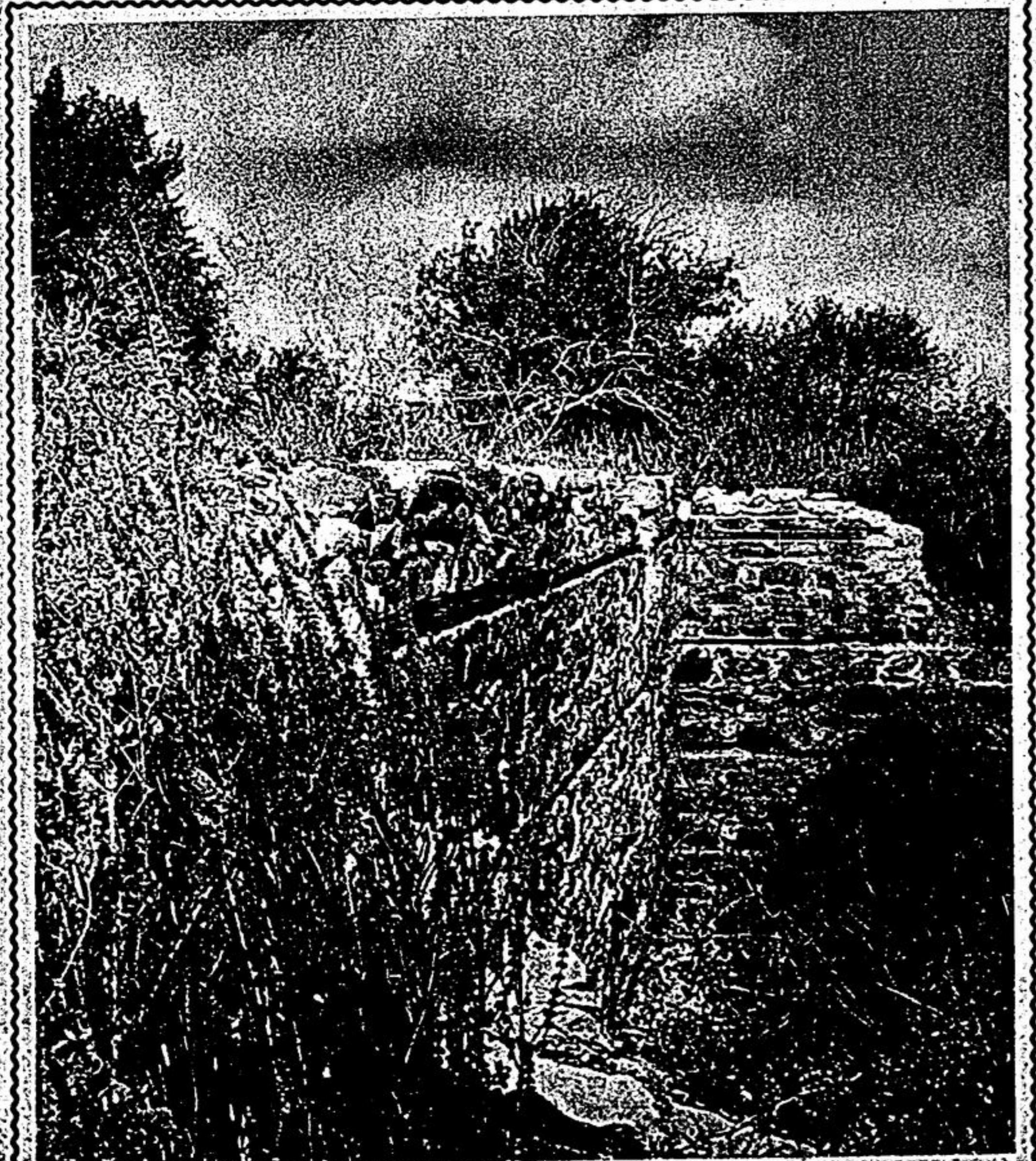
Today we take a sauna bath. I'll bet that a hundred years ago, Bull-With-The-Buffalo's Bum and Sneaky-With-The-Beaver took off for a month's hunting and fishing when they could no longer stand Myrtle White-Father, and Mary Six-Babies gossiping about their babies.

And I'll bet they took it in September.

VIEWPOINT

The odds were against us

By DON BERNARD



The burned out shell of an old farmhouse is mute testimony to the fleeting nature of life and the weeds growing over the foundation seem to say that time marches on. This house is on the Bloomington Rd., west of Highway 48.

— John Montgomery

The odds were against us from the start. First of all it was cloudy and dark when we got up, secondly there was a four-week old baby and thirdly my mother-in-law does not speak English. These were some of the obstacles preventing us from going to Niagara Falls for the day. But somehow we were determined to go.

You see my wife's mother is visiting from Holland and the one place she really wanted to see was Niagara Falls. It was all carefully planned. I would take a day off work and we would have a picnic, thus the excursion would take up a whole day.

My wife prepared sandwiches and other goodies the night before, in anticipation of an early start. Bright an early we were up, only to be met by a dark forbidding sky. I was ready to stay in bed for the day, after recovering from the shock.

But we decided the weather was not going to stop us. We loaded up the car and packed the picnic lunch in the cooler. The baby was safely tucked into her car bed. You have to admit it takes some courage to bring a picnic lunch on a day that threatens to be very wet indeed.

Just as we left home, the rain started. That was somewhere around 9.30 a.m. The further we drove the more it rained. As we drove across Toronto the rain got heavier and it seemed that we were being mocked. Yes things looked very grim.

I decided to take the scenic route along Highway 2, past Port Credit and Streetsville and rain continued. Finally at about 11 a.m. we decided to stop for a cup of coffee, just east of Streetsville, and that seemed to be the turning point in the day. As we sat in the little restaurant the rain gradually diminished and by the time we were finished the rain had stopped. Somehow we were the day was going to be a success after all.

From there we went by Oakville and Burlington and marvelled at the lush green trees that line Highway 2 in that area. Another break in the rain and we stopped by the lakeshore to take some pictures. Over the Burlington Skyway and north on Highway 20 and then east on Highway 8.

As we drove we grew hungrier and hungrier and the baby's cry revealed that she too was hungry. After passing Grimsby and Beamsville, we started to look for a place to stop for lunch. My wife is breast-feeding little Rebekah and that is a major operation.

Finally somewhere near Beamsville we spotted a Chinese restaurant at the side of the road with some picnic tables in front. Without further adieu I pulled over, and hot-footed it into the restaurant and asked permission to use the picnic table. The rain had stopped, but the picnic table was soaking wet. A garbage bag was spread over the bench part of the table and while my wife fed the baby in the car, my mother-in-law and I sat eating our sandwiches.

It was rather comical, as Johanna (my wife) said later. Johanna was in the car and watched us the whole time. She said that she could see the two of us watching in unison the cars going by. There was kind of a strange silence as we ate, punctuated by a few words of broken Dutch that I managed to utter and some smiling nods and broken English replies from my mother-in-law.

Not only that but drivers passing by gave us some strange looks. It must have seemed rather foolish to see people having a picnic in the rain. However the rain held off and we finished lunch and headed for Niagara Falls. We had triumphed over the weather, at least psychologically.

Getting there was only half the fun, because our stay in Niagara Falls was good. We walked around for a few hours. Rebekah neatly and quietly installed in the carriage. My mother-in-law bought some souvenirs and my wife took pictures of the falls.

Some interesting gymnastics resulted when my wife attempted to change the baby in our small car. With the car bed and my wife in the back seat, there was just no room. Finally we moved the car bed and she changed the baby on the back seat, twisted around like a pretzel.

After some supper at a restaurant overlooking the falls (which required carrying the baby carriage up about 20 stairs), we headed home content. We stopped near Niagara-On-the-Lake and happened to meet some Dutch people. They heard my wife and her mother talking together and then more or less introduced themselves. It was quite a time.

After a tiring ride home, we arrived happy with our day. The start was discouraging, but the ending was triumphant. My mother-in-law had seen the Niagara Falls and we had a good outing. My holidays start today and we hope to make other day trips.

One thing I have learned however is that never accept the weather as a deterrent. That day never did become bright and sunny but the rain let-up enough to allow us to enjoy ourselves. After all my mother-in-law's first trip to Canada has to be an enjoyable one, so that she can bring back good memories with her to Holland. Hopefully future little excursions will work out well.

By the way travelling with a baby can be fun. We managed very well. The secret is a very portable carriage that can easily be folded up and put in the trunk. Perhaps I will have more experience in that regard after my upcoming holidays. As I have found, being a father is quiet a learning experience.