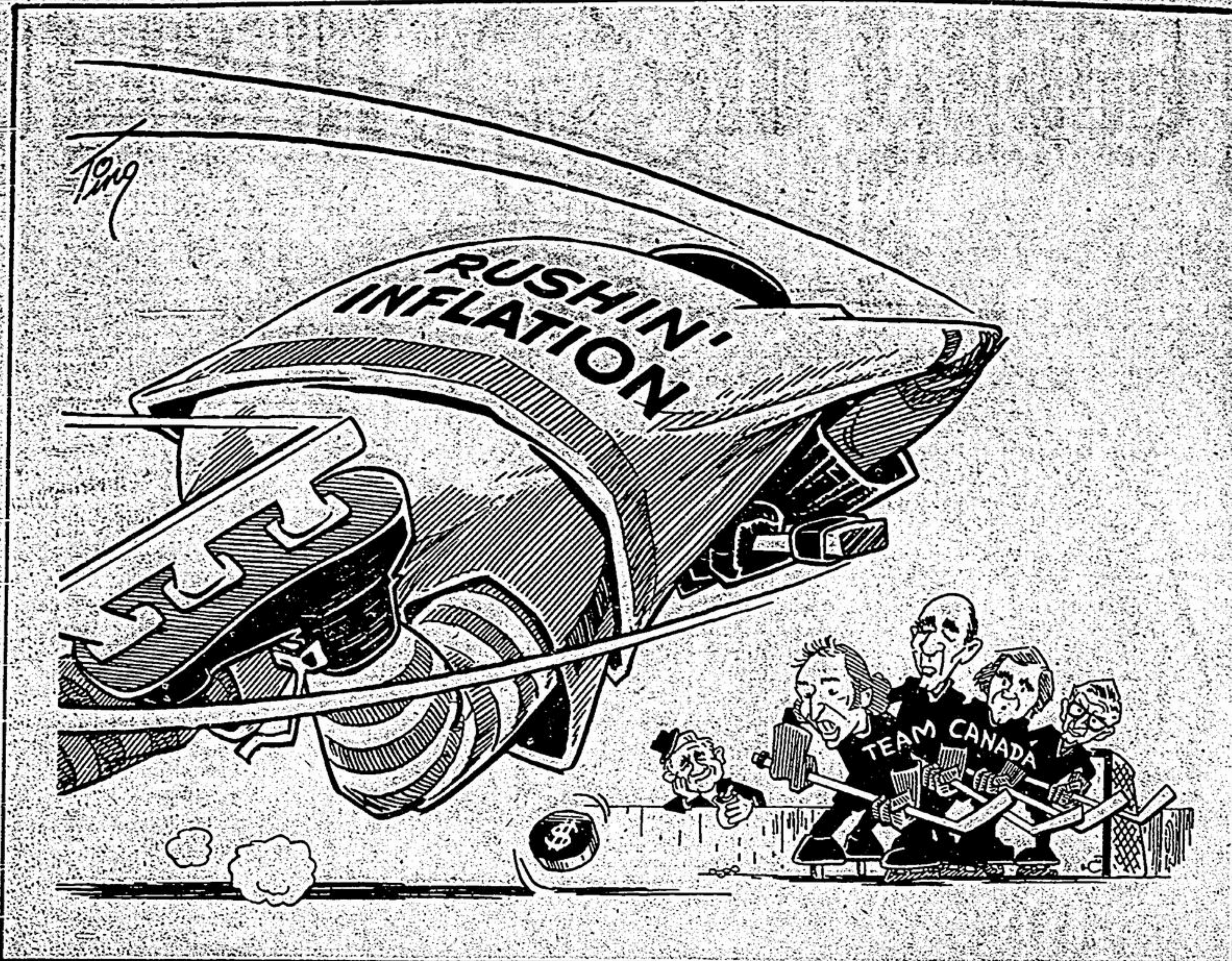


The Tribune
 Established 1888
 CHARLES H. NOLAN, Publisher
 DON BERNARD, Editor
 BARRE BEACOCK, Advertising Manager

Published every Thursday by Inland Publishing Co. Limited at 54 Main St.,
 Stouffville, Ont. Tel: 640-2101. Toronto phone 361-1680. Single copies 15c, sub-
 scriptions \$7.00 per year in Canada, \$16.00 elsewhere. Member of Audit Bureau of
 Circulation, Canadian Community Newspapers Association and Ontario Weekly
 Newspapers Association. Second class mail registration number 0896.



Editorials

Don't just close the dump

The mass meeting last week pointed up the problem that we are all going to have to face in the years to come. The desire to close the York Sanitation dump on Highway 48 must be tempered with a real determination to produce less garbage. Each of us has a responsibility to examine our lives and see how we can reduce the amount of garbage we produce.

The dump is one immediate problem. The Tribune feels that it should be closed on a

temporary basis in order to determine the pollution potential there. A full-scale study by the Ministry of the Environment should be undertaken to determine the risks of pollution at the site.

The problem of garbage disposal has grown into a crisis. There are few places where large quantities of garbage, created by a large city like Toronto, can be disposed of in a safe manner. Nobody wants a garbage dump in their backyard.

We can sit on our rural behinds and point the finger at people in Metropolitan Toronto, but until we produce less garbage per person than they do, we have no right to criticize, or stop them from finding legitimate places to dump it.

The problem is that the York Sanitation site is particularly unsuited to large-scale dumping. The Kame Moraine underneath the clay means that a threat of pollution to the wells that serve Stouffville is a very real one.

However, we must be prepared to reduce our production of garbage in order to demonstrate that we are willing to make sacrifices in order to see our environment free of pollution. That requires a commitment on our part to do something about our own garbage.

We are on very shaky ground when we insist that Metro produces too much garbage, if our production is not reduced significantly. Only long-range reduction in garbage production will eliminate the problem. Inflicting the dump on some other municipality won't solve that underlying problem.

Recycling is the only answer

Bus vandalized

The Stouffville Lions Club is an active community-oriented group that has done much to make Stouffville a better place to live. One of the things that the club has provided is a bus, to be used by various charitable and non-profit organizations in the town. No one can doubt that it is a real service to the town.

But recently the bus, parked at Neil Patrick Motors, has been vandalized in a way that must upset decent-thinking people. The list of things stolen includes — gas, an aerial, fire extinguisher, flares, an extra step, flashlight, brake fluid and anti-freeze. There were also two fires set on the floor of the bus.

The Lions club has been generous in providing it and we all deplore such wanton destruction. We hope the Lions are not deterred from keeping up this worthwhile project. An ungrateful few could ruin for all

No recycling depot yet

The long-awaited recycling depot for Stouffville has been slow in coming, and we wonder why. The advantages of such a depot are self-evident, and its establishment is a simple matter, if a suitable location can be found.

We are amazed that something has not been worked out with the town council to get the show on the road. The need for recycling garbage must be apparent to everyone as the mountain of garbage at the York Sanitation dump grows higher and higher.

It would be a token gesture to establish the recycling depot to demonstrate that the

people of Whitchurch - Stouffville are ready to deal with the problem of garbage in a realistic way.

It would not be out of line for the council to provide land for the recycling depot. They could even provide a building. In Markham the town provided the materials to build the Unionville recycling depot, and the land to put it on.

There are alternatives to sanitary land fill, and a recycling depot must be established as a start in encouraging people to change their style of living. Delay in this regard is inexcusable.

Participation is the key

Municipal elections are just around the corner. The date this year is Monday, Dec. 2. Elections for mayor and councillors and for school board trustees take place that day.

Traditionally interest in these elections runs far behind both Federal and provincial campaigns. The voter turnout is relatively light and the issues are often clouded and contradictory.

But only by active participation can the democratic process operate fully. Only by involvement can the people of Whitchurch - Stouffville choose solid, dependable people to

govern the town. We urge ratepayers to know whom the candidates are in their wards.

Plan to attend at least one all-candidates meeting to see who is running and what they have to say. People tend to ignore these elections and then complain when the council or the school board are not acting as they should.

Election time is the one time every two years when we have our say. Don't abdicate that responsibility.

SUGAR AND SPICE

Hidden light shines forth at last

By BILL SMILEY



This week I'm going to make two predictions. For too long, I've been hiding my light under a bushel, when it comes to forecasting, and it's time to come out from under the bushel and reveal that I am somewhat of a seer when it comes to the future.

Years ago, I came out against capital punishment. It was done away with. I said we should let Red China into the U.N. It was done. I said the trout were disappearing from our streams because of pollution. They did. I suggested I would never be rich. I'm not.

But nobody paid any attention. Only within the family did anyone realize that I had the gift of prophecy. I told my son, "If you don't stop goofing around, you're going to flunk out of college." He did. I told my wife, "If you don't stop worrying so much about everything, you'll be a nervous wreck." She is. I told my daughter, "If you pick that baby up every time he utters a whimper, he'll be spoiled silly." He is.

You see, even my own family didn't put much faith in me, even though I'm always right. I'm somewhat like Cassandra, the lady from ancient Troy, who was given the gift of foreseeing the future, and, at the same time, the curse that nobody would ever believe her.

O.K. It's time to go public. If I'm right, I'll have politicians, and poets, actors and authors beating a path to my door. Will I win? Will I be famous? Will I wow them? Will I write the great Canadian novel?

I've decided to take on an assistant, though it's only to keep his mother from starving in a cockroach-ridden apartment.

He will be Nikov Chen, my granddaddy. He's half fey Irish and half romantic German and half blunt Canadian. That makes him 150 percent A-natural. If he chortles, I'll tell my whining clients "Yes". If his face wrinkles and he starts to whimper, as he does, I'll give my customers a blunt, "No." We should make a million. With the new child labour laws, I'll probably have to give him ten per cent.

Well, here's my first prediction. This is being written after the first half of the Canada-Russia series. They are all tied up.

With that group of lottery old men, who have given a great account of themselves, and those unknown young players, make up the WHL team, it takes a lot of courage to come out with a blunt forecast of the final result.

But here it is. I predict — and if I'm not right on the nose, I'll drink a bottle of vodka on the town hall steps — that 2,400 of the 2,500 Canadians going to Russia for the games there will be drunk sixty per cent of the time, and hung over the other forty per cent.

As for the series itself, what does it matter who wins? It's only a game, though a rather enthralling combination of ballet and mayhem.

Besides, Canadians are the biggest sports cry-babies in the world. If we lose, we were robbed. If we win, it's a victory of free enterprise over authoritarianism. This is a

nation of Monday morning quarterbacks and late Saturday night referees.

We're a nation of experts, especially in hockey. After all, for several generations, all that the world knew Canada was any good at was producing maple syrup, rye whiskey and hockey players.

I've heard women who wouldn't know a shift from a nylon slip castigating the Canadian players for all sorts of sins.

I've heard mature men, who couldn't even skate on their ankles when they were kids, shouting obscenities at our players because they're not hitting enough fergawake.

I've heard teenagers of both sexes cheer when some Canadian ape rammed his stick into a Russian's teeth.

Well, that's my first prediction. The second is that I'm going to win Major Drapov's lottery. First prize. A cool million tax free.

That prediction is based on a combination of prophecy and logic, not just a wild hunch. Look. In the past two years, I've broken my toe, my nose, two ribs, and the law. I'm not saying that the Lord is picking on me. I just don't think he's been keeping an eye on this little sparrow when he falls.

It's time for a different kind of break, and the law of averages suggests to the occult side of me, that it's going to be the Big Million.

VIEWPOINT

Driving isn't what it used to be

By DON BERNARD



Driving isn't what it used to be. In fact, highway driving has become something of a nightmare for me. Some recent experiences have managed to show me the Jackel and Hyde nature of human beings when they get behind the wheel of a car.

In an analysis of my new found fear of driving, I had to think back some 12 years when I first learned to drive. It seems to me that my driving habits have gone through distinct phases. There was a cautious time, then a reckless stage, followed by a saner period. Presently, I am in the defensive driving stage. Self-preservation is my main concern.

When I was 16, the one important thing was to get my license. My parents were cooperative and dad taught me how to drive. We had two old cars at that time. For me driving was adventure and was also a means to more personal freedom. Any danger connected with driving was dismissed as small compared to the obvious benefits of hitting the open road.

At first, I was quite cautious. For the first couple of years, in fact, my driving was strictly by the book. I liked to go fast on the highway, but for the most part, I stayed within the speed limit. That was a temporary thing however.

The change began when I took a summer job with a rent-a-car company, jockeying cars. Most of the car jockeys were young, like myself, and squealing tires and excessive speed were common occurrences. Speed was important, and many of the cars had big engines, quite an enticement to young men looking for adventure.

Gradually my driving habits changed too. Over the summer, I took on the habits of those around me. Fast starts, pushing the cars to their highest speed on curves and fast stops

replaced the cautious, considerate, easy style that my father had taught me.

The unfortunate thing was that after leaving that job, I kept the bad habits. I was also more impatient in traffic and more prone to high speeds in 30 mph zones. I was in university by this time, and did not own a car. In my last year, I picked up a 10-year-old English car. That was my first car. It was considerably past its prime when I got my hands on it. Luckily it could not go faster than 55 mph without rattling to pieces.

That car soon gave out and a year in teachers college meant no money to keep a car. Then a stint in an area where there were no cars meant a further delay in owning a car.

Finally I bought my first new car. It was a small German car that provided economy, along with some sense of adventure. It was about that time that I entered newspaper work. Somehow the job generated a kind of pressure that helped to accelerate my already deteriorating trend toward recklessness.

The time came when I would get my rude awakening. I was driving somebody else's car on the Don Valley Parkway when I slammed into the back end of another car. I had been busy talking at the time and did not see the traffic stop until it was too late. I was thankful that no one was hurt and the car was only damaged to the tune of a few hundred dollars.

But the accident caused me to re-examine my way of driving and my attitude towards it. One alternative suggested itself — my whole way of driving had to change. And that's exactly what happened. I made up my mind to take plenty of time going somewhere. Always drive the speed limit, and never go over 60 on the highway.

It was a whole new experience. Driving became fun again, but in a different way. I could enjoy driving because I was not uptight

about being late or staying behind a slow driver. I had become a slow driver myself. I had gotten three tickets within a year up to the time of the accident. Since then, I have not had a ticket. Call it old age if you like, or just maturing, or becoming conservative, but my driving did a real about face.

The upshot is that lately I have begun to see that the danger on the road is not me, but the other guy. Some recent experiences have reinforced that conclusion.

I was driving to Newmarket on Wednesday morning, tooting along at my usual 55 mph on Highway 48 when a car came up fast behind me. The speed limit is 60 along there and I felt that at 55, I was not causing any particular holdup. A middle aged woman sped past me going up the incline toward the Bloomington Rd. Just as she got back into her own lane a tractor/trailer came over the hill. She had missed certain death by barely seconds.

I eventually passed her at a stoplight near Aurora. She had risked her life for no reason. A short time after that I was heading south on Highway 58 when I rounded a curve and was confronted by a car coming toward me in the wrong lane. I braked hard and she squeezed back into the northbound lane. Another driver who risked his life to save five or 10 minutes.

The middle aged lady was probably somebody's grandmother and the driver of the other car was in all likelihood a husband and a father, yet they were willing to take a chance. Somehow cautious people become raving maniacs when they are behind the wheel of a car going somewhere in a hurry.

I am thankful that a minor accident showed me the foolishness of that kind of attitude. I just pray that others may see the light. There would be fewer accidents and fewer fatalities on our roads.



Fall is the time of brilliantly changing colors that dot the landscape, but it is also quiet streams and the last few days of warm weather before the onslaught of winter. Too

quickly over and upon us before we know it. Fall is that brief glow before the rigors of winter.

John Montgomery