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# Editorials

## Violations abound at dump

Shredded car parts used to cover garbage at the York Sanitation landfill site on Highway 48 is just another series of violations the company has perpetrated against the regulations which govern garbage dumps.

The company has consistently violated provincial regulations, yet every consideration is being given for them to increase the dumping at the site to an incredible 1,500 tons per day.

The use of the shredded car parts, which are mainly interior vinyl and foam parts shredded, instead of earth show flagrant disregard for property techniques of burying garbage.

It is just this apparent disregard for provincial regulations that shows why the dump should be closed once and for all. The

glib oratory of the company's lawyer, Murray Chusid, cannot gloss over these violations.

It is hoped that the Environmental Hearing Board will expedite the decision and that the board will then agree that the dump should be closed. By refusing the York Sanitation request for increased dumping, the board will guarantee that the dump will be closed.

It is not economically feasible to operate a dump and make a profit on the 300 tons per day level to which the company is presently supposed to adhere. The company must expand to justify the operation.

By limiting dumping, the provincial government will effectively cause the dump to be gradually phased out. Let us hope the Minister of Environment has the foresight and determination to do just that.

## Titanic struggle rages

There is a titanic struggle going on within the top echelons of the York County Board of Education. The trustees are trying to wrestle control of the board away from the administration staff. The man who has effectively been running the board since its formation in 1968 is Education Director Sam Chapman.

Mr. Chapman has been the driving force behind all major decisions made by the board up until this year. The elections last year installed some new trustees who are dissatisfied with the weak control by the trustees over the administration.

This is coming out more clearly week by week as the staff apparently resists efforts by the trustees to trim the 1975 budget.

Whitchurch-Stouffville Trustee Colin Barrett has been the moving force behind this attempt to return control to the trustees. He

almost single-handedly, has forced the creation of a standing committee system (later recommended by a consultants report).

As chairman of the finance committee he has been singularly hard-nosed in insisting that the budget be cut to manageable proportions. In effect he has been trying to cut the budget in areas that will not hurt the classroom teaching situation in order to allow certain flexibility in being able to negotiate with the teachers.

The struggle is not over, but Mr. Barrett and some of the more "radical" members of the board have come along way in making the board a more democratic institution.

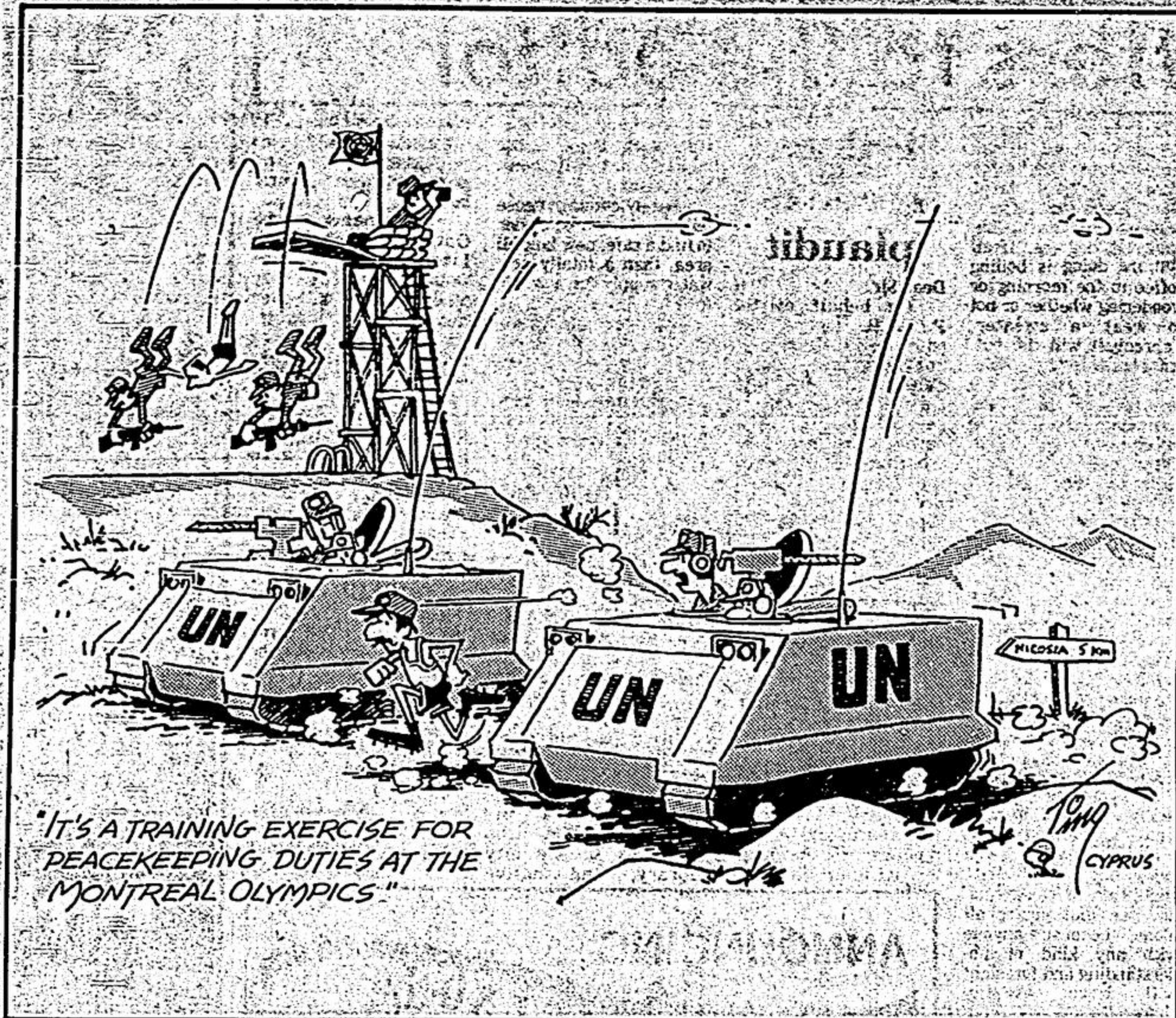
## New court house badly needed

The provincial government is preparing preliminary sketch plans for a new court house in Newmarket. It will be located on Yonge St., near York Manor.

The sketch plans are to be turned over to architects in July for detailed plans to be drawn up. The construction of the new facility has not been announced, but we urge the government to proceed with it as expeditiously as possible.

The present location makes a mockery of justice. Not only are the green-playwood appointments horrendous, but the trials that go on are forever being disrupted by trucks passing by outside and various other loud noises on Newmarket's Main St.

The new court facility is badly needed and we urge the government to get on with it.



"IT'S A TRAINING EXERCISE FOR PEACEKEEPING DUTIES AT THE MONTREAL OLYMPICS."



## SUGAR AND SPICE

### 'Stoneface' has reason to smile

By BILL SMILEY

Did you ever go around feeling good all the time, and have to stop and wonder why? That's been happening to me all week. I find myself whistling, tossing cheery salutes to colleagues and generally feeling as though I'd just won a lottery.

"Settle down, boy. This isn't like you," I admonish me. I am not normally a gloom-pot, but neither do I go around grinning like an idiot. My wife, early in our acquaintance, nicknamed me "Stoneface." My average expression could probably be described as saturnine.

That's why I was a little alarmed to find myself breaking into broad smiles this week. When I actually found myself being jolly with the boss, I knew it was time to stop and pull myself together.

"Look, Bill," I said to myself, "you have not been drinking, you are not senile, nobody has left you a large sum of money. Pull yourself together. Why are you going around all hummy inside like a little old hummingbird?"

And then it struck me. Pokey is in town. Pokey, if you came in late, is Nicov Chen Siever, my grandbabby, all rosy, satin cheeks and huge brown eyes and golden hair and little white teeth and twenty-two pounds of hellery of him.

Some of you will remember an old song that went: "Sugar in the morning, sugar in the evening, sugar at supper time." Those ancient, spavined ladies who were once the fabulous Andrews Sisters made it hit!

Well, that's what it is like when my grandbabby is around. It's sugar first thing in the morning, when I get down for breakfast.

The sugar consists of a little jig of glee, two big eyes, a tiny white grin, and two wee arms thrust up, demanding a pickup, a dozen or so kisses, a dandle, a song, a little soft-shoe shuffle, and anything else that the old man can muster for the early service.

Of course, it's all a plot. Reason tells me this. The kid has been trained from birth to know who has the money in the family, who is the softest touch, the biggest sucker.

But reason is washed away by the floods of emotion when the downy head snuggles into one's neck, or the tiny finger goes into the air pointing at a sun-reflection on the wall, or the sturdy little body, proceeding like a bishop on roller skates, marches to the fire-irons, picks up the poker, and gravely hands it to one, ignoring everyone else in the room.

So. The hell with reason. I'm making a new will. My wife has practically everything else tied up, but the kid is getting my rubber waders and fishing rod, my golf clubs, my 25 shares of mining stocks, and the beautiful foot-stool that his great-grandfather, on his father's side, fashioned with his own hands. That's all I own, but it should set him up pretty well for life.

And that may be only a start. We took him to see his other great-grandad on the weekend. It was quite a symbolic, touching meeting, their first.

There was a little more than eighty years between them, but they were close buddies from the start.

Great-Grandad was waiting, arms open. Great-Grandbabby stuck out his arms. Great-Grandad's eyes got all red around the edges. Great-Grandbabby grinned. It was as simple as that.

For the rest of the weekend, there really wasn't anybody else around of much account. There was only one cock-of-the-walk, all 15 months of him. This despite, or because of the fact that Great-Grandbabby had no less than the following heeding his every wish: one great-great-aunt, two great-aunts, two great-uncles, one gran, one grandad, one mother and four assorted cousins, young enough to be his brothers and sisters. Talk about a spoiled-rotten kid!

To mind, this is the way a baby should be brought up, amidst a veritable horde of people who love him because he is a beautiful baby, and love him even more because he is theirs, with all that fine blood in him.

This still happens among a few primitive tribes, but has almost vanished from our vaunted western society, where even grannies and grandads, let alone the "greats," are neatly tucked away into nursing homes where they are lucky to get a perfunctory visit once a month from their own children, let alone ever have a chance to cuddle and kiss the tiny ones, who bear their blood and bones and spirit.

No child in this world has ever been spoiled by a surfeit of love. And who has more time and love to give than the "grands" and the "greats"?

At any rate, as I told my daughter after she had come in from pacing off her grandfather's land, "That boy obviously knows which side his bread is buttered on. You have trained him well. He has his great-grandfather hooked. If he plays his cards right, he might wind up as a member of the landed gentry, as well as the owner of a 15-year-old pair of hip-waders."

## Hearing result foregone conclusion

BY JOHN MONTGOMERY

After covering the leadup to the dump hearings for six months, the actual hearing for another six months, filling five stenographers notepads with for the most part illegible scrawls, and writing enough newspaper copy to line a bird-cage for the average parakeet's lifespan I feel I should at least make some comment on the whole ugly mess.

This is a very difficult thing to do and for the very reasons I listed above when explaining why I feel compelled to say something.

One thing I feel goes to the heart of the matter is that the names Environmental Hearing Board and Ministry of the Environment are extremely misleading, if not outright lies. Those names being nothing more than a public relations stroke of genius concocted by some government flack. The proper names should be Board and Ministry of Sewers and Refuse.

The main function of those organizations is not to protect the environment but to control the orderly growth of sewer lines and garbage dumps. There are environmental considerations but they are of minor importance compared to more pragmatic considerations.

Both the ministry and the board are constituted of career bureaucrats, career politicians and political appointees who, to say the least, are hardly raving environmentalists.

It would be ridiculous to say they are immune to political and economic considerations. The Ontario government is very growth and progress oriented and their pussyfooting around about the Pickering airport demonstrates this quite amply.

They very pragmatically feel that to ensure the orderly running of commerce in

the Metro area the dump must continue to operate.

This is not idle speculation but fact, all clearly outlined in the brief submitted by the ministry. Of course you say the board, although made up of not quite objective members, is still an independent body.

That is true but the fact still remains the board has no legislative powers but can only make recommendations to the ministry; the very ministry that has already said they approve of, not only the continued operation, but in fact the expansion of the dump.

The ministry in their brief called for more testing of the site and that is more than likely what the board will recommend. I doubt that the people of Whitchurch-Stouffville can seriously expect much more than that.

The tonnage may not be allowed to go to 1500 tons daily and the site may not be permitted to operate for the full 11 years requested but is an accepted bargaining practice for developers, budget writers and dump operators to ask for considerably more than they can reasonably expect to get. It is nothing more than a standard procedure to reduce any request of this nature.

This recommendation will be made regardless of any environmental considerations. Board Chairman David Caverly on more than one occasion said the board is more interested in public acceptability of the site than in technical considerations.

This remark can be interpreted two ways. The first way is to assume he meant how the site is accepted by those who have to live with it. Since this group is very small in numbers and virtually powerless this interpretation is unrealistic given the board's preconceptions and political orientation.

Until proven wrong I will believe that

"public acceptability" is meant in a broader political sense. I am sure things would have been quite different if, like the Toronto lead hearings, there was a great hue and cry with banner headlines in The Globe, CBC documentaries, and charges and counter charges flying across the legislature between Stephen Lewis and Bill Newman.

Unfortunately, for those opposed to the dump, the affair was too long drawn out and excruciatingly complicated to become a media cause celebre.

York Sanitation's lawyer, Murray Chusid, repeatedly harped on the argument, obviously damning in his eyes, that town council had voted to close the dump before the hearing even started. Time and time again he waxed eloquent about how disrespectful this was to the board. Yet nobody even suggested it was disrespectful for the ministry to publish a document, also before the hearing, approving the site.

Could it be that the town's and resident's lawyers weren't quite bright enough to pick up on this? I find this hardly credible for, although they lacked Mr. Chusid's snake-oil salesman charm, they are all competent attorneys. The other possibility is that they realized it would do them no good to outrage the board members by throwing up the board's impotence in their faces.

This brings one to the question, "Why bother holding a hearing at all then?" The answer to that is that it has a nice look about it. Nobody can claim he was denied due process. They had a hearing, didn't they? Everybody and his dog got to say his piece, didn't they? The lawyers, although it is doubtful they expected much from the board, were more or less locked into the thing.

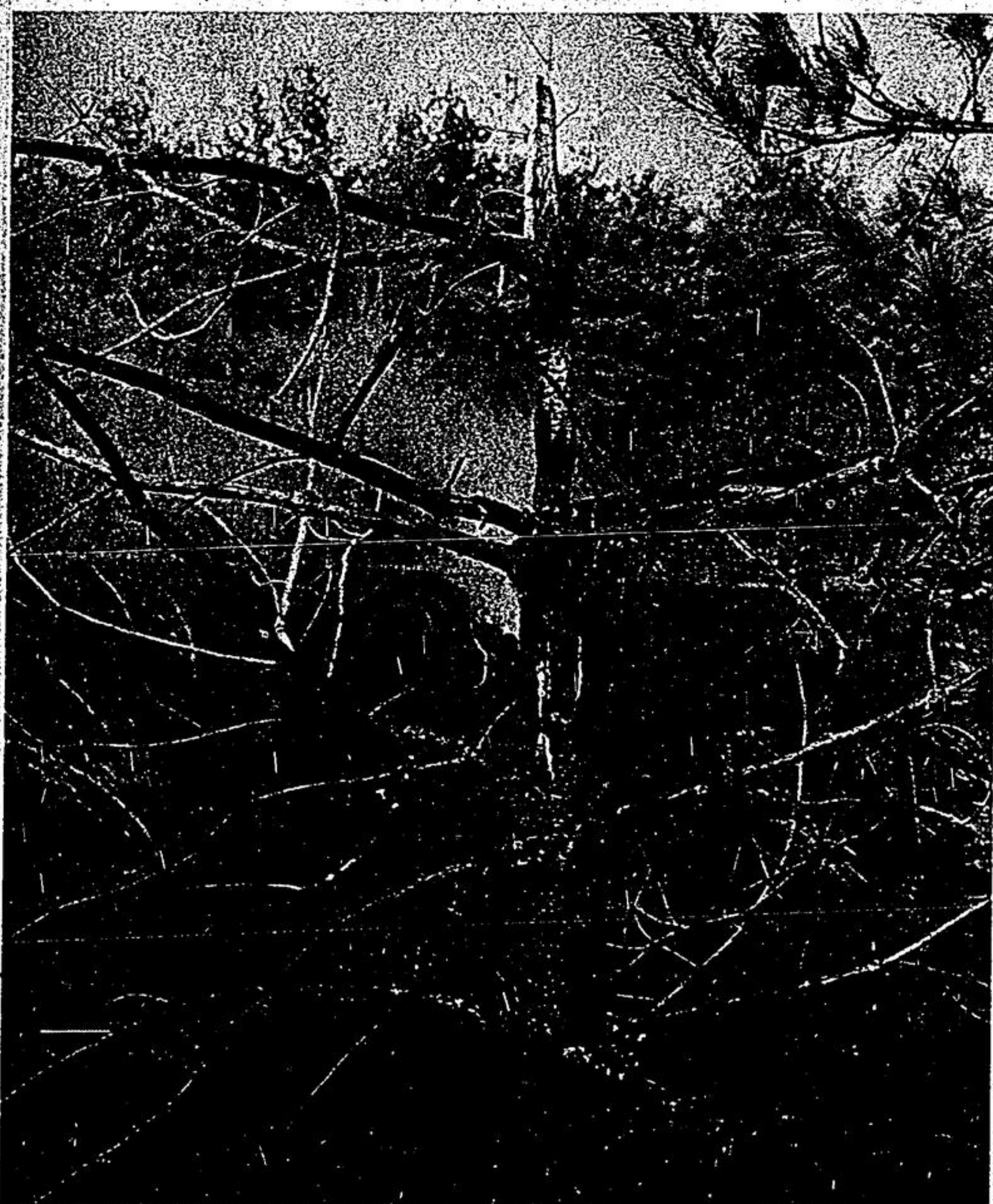
After all it was the only game in town.

## Thirty years ago this week

**Good Kids**  
When the children at Lions' Head arrived at school some mornings ago they found the building a heap of smouldering ruins for it burned unnoticed during the night. Instead of throwing their hats in the air, those youngsters wept up on the Bruce Peninsula actually wept. Good kids. You say.

**Dog Laws**  
Too many people are persisting in breaking the dog law so that the council is soon going to be forced to engage a dog catcher who will make it his business to pick up dogs running at large and place them in pound where it will cost the owners one or two dollars to recover the canine within a given number of days or hours, after which it may be destroyed.

**Restrictions off**  
Welcome news for farmers comes in the announcement that all restrictions on import and manufacture of repair parts for farm machinery will be lifted July 1. It is announced also, that production quotas of new equipment will remain steady.



Forest fires can be tragic with once beautiful trees scarred and blackened by the ravages of fire. It pays to be careful in the forest with cigarette butts or camp fires. Every year, valuable trees are destroyed by carelessness. —John Montgomery