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Editorials

Inquiry into York dump by ombudsman a good proposal

Preserve Our Water Resources (POWR) are asking council to take the dispute over the York Sanitation dump, and the possibility that it may be polluting the local water supply, to Ontario Ombudsman Arthur Maloney.

Summitview school a complicated issue

The question of getting Summitview School renovations underway has become a complicated one. York County Board of Education last week sent in to the Ministry of Education a list of building priorities for regional projects. As per the Ministry guidelines, accommodation for new housing was placed at the top of the list, with Summitview appearing number five, leading the "renovations" category.

After examining the list, apparently, the ministry will approve funds for "X" number of projects. One hope for Summitview may be that the ministry may be changing somewhat its stated priorities, to emphasize fire safety over accommodating new housing. Another possibility is that when the funds finally are approved, that money designated for other projects could be diverted to Summitview.

Through the whole process of drawing up a priority list by the Board, Whitchurch-Stouffville Trustee Harry Bowes has been working on the problem with an untiring dedication. He travelled over 4,000 miles in an attempt to fairly assess the needs of all schools in the region, and as the best informed trustee on the subject, other trustees often had to take his word on what needs are most urgent.

Maintaining his credibility with other board members, while still representing the interests of Whitchurch-Stouffville has not been an easy task for Mr. Bowes. We commend his efforts, and now can only hope for the best with regard to renovations at Summitview School.

Editor's Mail

Not right time for Orange Parade

Dear sir,
 I object to the Orange Parade (held at Goodwood Saturday) because of its biased overtones.

Parades are great and I'm all for them, but to my mind this isn't the time for anti-Catholic or anti-Protestant parades of any kind.

With all the trouble going on in Ireland this is the time for us to show we don't condone this kind of attitude.

I don't think it should be allowed.
 Yours truly,
 EILEEN GLOVER,
 R. R. 3, Stouffville

has checked with Mr. Maloney's office and they have said they will investigate if they receive a request from the municipality.

In spite of the repeated denials of the Environmental Hearing Board members we still are suspicious that the lengthy hearings on the dump were little more than a whitewash.

There was a feeling throughout that the board was more receptive to the arguments of the dump's proponents and the Ministry of the Environment had decided in favor of the dump before the hearings even began.

The whole issue has never been delved into in an impartial manner. The anti-dump faction and the town were, naturally enough, extremely biased against the operation.

Mr. Maloney's personal reputation for integrity would add considerable weight to any report from the ombudsman's office and we feel sure the community would be content to abide by whatever conclusions that office came to.

Hopefully his report would generate enough publicity that the ministry would think twice before ignoring it.

To date we have seen very little that would give us any confidence in either the ministry or the hearing board.

30 years ago this week

Excerpts from The Tribune from July 25, 1946. Hollywood north

The big main building on the Markham fair grounds may be used for taking moving pictures during the off period when it is not required by the fair board, if anything develops from an offer read before the fair board Tuesday night.

A Canadian picture company wanted to enter into negotiations for rental of the building and grounds or part of the grounds for taking purely typical Canadian scenes. The company is now said to be operating in Quebec, but would use Markham building when they operate in this area. It was understood that the concern is comparatively new.

The grounds committee was delegated to deal with the matter, and individually members present indicated that all things being satisfactory, the fair board would not be adverse to the proposal.

Five-cent cigar
 The cigar smoker is going to find life a little more difficult. In the good old days the five-cent cigar was the common man's pleasant luxury, the ten-center the label of the well-to-do, and the 15-center belonged to the positive plutocrat.

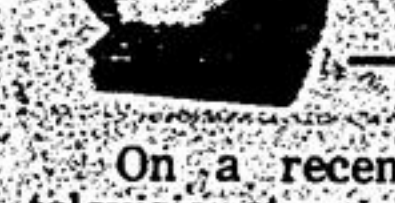
Then came the war and the five-center became a six-center. That wasn't so bad, but they slipped in quality quite a bit and were difficult to obtain. Now the Government has made tax changes, while tobacco, labor and wrapping cost more and the lowly five-cent cigar of other days is to become a two-for-15 cent proposition.



Our resident expert has been unable to identify this house. The pencil sketch, produced by SDSS student Joanne Croft, R.R. 2 Markham, was taken from a historical photograph of an early Stouffville home. We have not managed to learn if the building is still standing, or for that matter, where it stood. Any information in this regard would be greatly appreciated. The sketch is a submission for the planned Centennial sketchbook.

SUGAR AND SPICE

A great country in spite of whiners



By BILL SMILEY

On a recent evening, I watched on television two elderly gentlemen being interviewed. In both cases, the result was an excellent testimony to the human spirit. And in both cases, the old-timers echoed something I've believed for years — that Canada is the greatest country in the world in which to live.

First of these indomitable elders was Conn Smythe, widely known for years in this country as the irascible, out-spoken manager of the Toronto Maple Leafs, when that hockey team was a by-word in Canada.

Smythe is 81, and he hasn't lost much of the tough, blunt attitude that made him respected by many, hated by some, and almost revered by others.

He detests whiners and layabouts, as most of us do, but he doesn't mind saying so in public. He doesn't like a lot of the things that are going on in this country, and makes no bones about it.

But when he was asked whether he thought Canada, as such, would endure, he just laughed, and said, in effect, that of course it would. It was too great a country, and we had too many fine people (although there are

a lot of "skunks") for it to disintegrate or disappear.

What a refreshing change from the purveyors of woe who fill so many columns of our newspapers and magazines, and so much air time, snivelling about Canada's loss of identity, or search for it, or attempt to retain it, or something.

These are the same snivellers who have been with us since Confederation, warning us that the big bogey to the south is taking us over, and that we'll wind up as a banana republic, or a satellite of the U.S.

These carpers wouldn't know the Canadian identity if it sneaked up and bit them on the backside.

One of the most persistent critics of Canadian manners and mores is yours truly, but I sure don't go around worrying about, or losing any sleep over, the Canadian identity.

Nor does anyone else who really knows anything about this country, or who has fought in one of the two big wars. The Canadian identity is just as real and present, and prickly as thorns on a rose.

We're not less boisterous Americans, or less obnoxious Englishmen, or less excitable

Italians, or less phlegmatic Germans. We're Canadians, warts and all. There's nothing I'd rather be, and there's no country in which I'd rather live. And if that sounds like chauvinism, so be it.

We have our faults, and we bicker like hell among ourselves, and we may be a mongrel race, but ask 99 per cent of us if we'd like to be something else and live somewhere else, and you'd get a resounding "NO!"

Second old-timer I mentioned was Jackrabbit Johnson. So named because at nearly 100 years old, he was still cross-country skiing, living alone, proud and independent. He's a Norwegian who came to this country as a youth, and loves it deeply.

He was asked what were the most important things in life. At 100, you aren't too much worried about what people will think of your opinions. His answer was, more or less, clean air, clean water, nature, feeling good by keeping fit.

Nothing deeply original. But he added that Canada was the most wonderful country in the world. That our young people, on the whole, don't know it. That the big cities — Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver — were not Canada.

To avoid disappointment expect the worst

By John Montgomery

Having just put ourselves through the horrible ordeal of negotiating the purchase of a house, in Stouffville, my wife and I will soon face an even more unnerving trial.

We have to move into the place. Moving is always a brutal business and I'm not optimistic this one will be any better. It's not that we are now living on the fourth floor of an apartment building, sans elevator, that bothers me.

Neither, am I particularly concerned that all our furniture is old, plentiful and heavy. It doesn't bother me in the least that we are moving on a long weekend when keeping our "volunteer" helpers hard at it will require the tact and diplomacy of a southern chain gang boss.

The unexpected is what scares me. The rental truck that won't start. The person with the only key to the new residence mysteriously vanishes. A seemingly fine day degenerates into a blizzard.

The first moving calamity I can remember being involved in was when I helped my sister and brother-in-law move several years ago.

We were carrying the stove, a particularly large and clumsy one, up the stairs when we came to a turn near the top. We did the natural thing under the circumstances, we twisted, heaved and manoeuvred until, finally, we admitted defeat.

It was then we realized what we had done. We had forced it just far enough it wouldn't go up or down. This was not welcome news to my older brother who was jammed into the corner.

We pushed and pulled, cursing vehemently when we had the wind, first deciding that yes if we really put our backs into it we could force it up, and then after

frantic minutes of scrambling and losing our balance on the narrow stairs, changing our minds and determining it had to come down.

This activity was somewhat hampered, to say the least, by the fact that half the work party was separated by the bulk of the stove and with limited communication it seemed that more often than not when we were trying to ram it up they were trying, with equal determination, to get it back down, or die in the attempt.

After about three-quarters of an hour of this see-sawing back and forth the thing just seemed to float free, almost getting loose and crushing us in the stairway.

Between congratulating ourselves and staunching the flow of blood from our bleeding knuckles we chanced to look up the stairway and we saw why it had come loose so easily.

Our effort had achieved something. We had smashed the wall into a fine powdery dust, widening the stairway just enough to withdraw the stove.

There was considerable delay while my brother-in-law went out to buy a new stove and pick up an extra large box of polyfills.

I will not belabour the point with a description of the time a friend and I moved with a 1958 Volkswagen.

The last move I participated in, not my own thankfully, had to be invoked on record.

The girl moving had invited conned several people into helping her. I immediately came to the conclusion the worst thing would be the fold-out bed.

Another fellow rather reluctantly took the other end and we began to carry the heavy brute up the stairs (it was a basement apartment).

We hauled it to the head of the stairs and all that remained was a slight jog to one side and we would have been home-free.

Just then the couch decided to turn itself into a bed and it started to unfold. I told the other guy, who was busy whining and snivelling about how they should have called in a mover, to hold on while I forced the couch back together.

I was trying to balance the couch and fix it when suddenly I heard this tremendously loud cracking noise. I looked up to see the floor to ceiling plate glass window, that the other guy was standing in front of, splinter and shatter. There was a hail of great long splintery pieces of glass falling around the complainer.

Suddenly the hall was filled with gawking onlookers and I could hardly hear the complainer's "I think I'm cut" over the superintendent's bellow of "What the hell's going on here?"

As it turned out one of the shards of glass had caught the complainer's nether cheek and somewhere in the neighborhood of 15 stitches were required.

While he was rushed off to hospital the super decided to give us a hand, to get us out before we destroyed the building, I suspect.

He suggested we take the thing through the window hole as it was now conveniently empty of glass. This would have worked fine if we had taken into consideration the fire extinguisher.

We didn't and before we knew what was going on it had broken free and was gally rolling along the length of the couch, spraying foam in every direction and into my face. Finally we wrestled it into submission.

I don't think I'll ever forget the look on the super's face as he stood in the hall, among the broken glass, blood and foam as we pulled away in the truck.

Looking at the bright side, I can honestly say I've never been on a dull move.



This crest is affixed to the side of an antique Waterloo steam engine owned by Ivan McLaughlin of Churchill. The steam engine is used to power an equally ancient saw mill. A rather distinctive trademark compared to the generally bland labels attached to modern products.
 —John Montgomery