



# The Tribune



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## Editorials

### Ombudsman inquiry in dump

Opponents of the York Sanitation dump will be heartened this week to learn that Ontario Ombudsman Arthur Maloney is going to conduct an investigation into the controversial site.

The investigation is not to inquire into the actions of York Sanitation so much as to examine the conduct of the Ministry of the Environment and the Environmental Hearing Board in approving a five year expansion of the dump.

This newspaper has long held the view that the extensive hearings were little more than an expensive farce. The results of the hearing, we are convinced, were a foregone conclusion before the first meeting was held.

The testimony by both professionals and concerned residents was given short shift by the board members who seemed barely interested in the potential environmental hazards.

The dump is situated on the Oak Ridges Moraine. This landform is recognized by all levels of government as an environmentally sensitive area and growth on it is being stringently controlled for every type of development except the Highway 48 dump.

For their part the ministry supported the York Sanitation application from the very beginning. Ministry staff didn't even bother to conduct independent studies of the site but instead used the material put together by Hydrology Consultants Ltd. This company was hired by York Sanitation, not to carry out an independent examination of the site, but to argue that an expansion was perfectly harmless.

From the beginning of the hearings it became obvious the dump representatives, ministry officials and hearing board members were on one side and the town and residents on the other.

Board Chairman David Caverly sat contentedly by and watched as town witnesses suffered character assassination at the hands of York Sanitation's legal counsel.

Time after time bias was shown as town witnesses, in the interests of "expediency" were cut short while York's professional

witnesses were allowed to rebut ad infinitum.

The so-called Environmental Hearing Board (now Environmental Assessment Board) had not one single member with any environmental background or apparently any sympathy for environmental causes.

Their main concern was not the protection of the environment from pollution but the disposal of industrial waste.

The ministry and the board, we feel, have displayed considerable corruption in placing the needs of industry and business over the safety of the people of this community. The board chairman continually harped on 'public acceptability' yet there was no mention of it in the final report.

The ministry's track record in this province is not likely to give anybody great confidence in their commitment to preserving a clean environment.

It is only recently that the extent of the pollution in our lakes and rivers has begun to come to light. Now every month the ministry, rather than acting to prevent the mess, prints bulletins telling us what quantities of what fish are safe to eat and what fish shouldn't be eaten at all by pregnant women.

The chemical culprits are often the same ones Fred Monroe, a witness at the hearings, warned the board about. His testimony was given little credence and the board allowed him to be baited and antagonized to the point where he could no longer participate in the hearings.

We admit Mr. Monroe tended to be slightly hysterical but the board sat back and smiled as this tendency was exploited by the opposition.

The actions of the ministry and the board have left residents feeling cheated and resentful. Whether the Ombudsman unearths anything to change the present situation remains to be seen but regardless of the outcome his investigation should leave the community satisfied that there was a fair hearing.

Mr. Maloney has proved himself enough of a thorn in the side of the government that his independence and integrity can be trusted.

### Editors mail

### Reader appalled by adults

Dear Sir,

I recently worked on the gate at a tournament held in Claremont Park where young boys, 13, 14 and 15 years of age were playing baseball, not only for their own pleasure, but for the pleasure of their parents and any other baseball fans. It was a two day affair with 10 games on Saturday, eight on Sunday. The cost to see all these games was \$1 per adult, 50 cents for high school students per day, and no cost for all other children, ball players and coaches. In other words people had the chance to see 18 good baseball games for only \$2.

I was absolutely appalled at the adults who complained about the cost. Some even asked for their money back as they had driven players all the way from Oshawa and thought they should be compensated for same. I even saw some Claremont adults walk around to the west gate to avoid paying.

The team followers that are in our own vicinity were the biggest complainers. Whereas the ones from Belleville, Ayr, Sudbury, and Binbrook who, not only had the cost of driving, but also the cost of accommodation to stay over, never uttered a complaint.

To the cheap people I would like to say not one cent was made by the Claremont Sports Association, which is the sole source of all baseball in Claremont Park with no help from the township or any other organization, as is the case in other parks. The umpire fees were over \$300, which they definitely earned, the cost of trophies, baseballs and crests came to more than was taken in on entry fees and gate

receipts. Each player of the 11 teams received a crest for their efforts.

So the next time you are tempted to complain about the cost of entertainment at any ball game, keep some of these statistics in your head, and don't lose your head over a measly buck. I'm sure in everyone's lifetime they have spent much more money than a dollar or two on frivolous things and did not receive the enjoyment and fun that went on in Claremont Park over the weekend.

In my opinion it was a well organized tournament with Oshawa the winners and West Shore the consolation winners. Most valuable player award went to Don Anderson of Binbrook.

Sincerely,  
RENE RENNIE  
R.R.3. Claremont.



Heel boy, heel!

Everything is chewable to a young puppy, and "Sage" a three month old collie owned by the John Doner family starts right in on a shapely heel. There are some who might

argue that he shows remarkable good taste in the selection of targets for his tiny milk teeth.

Annegret Lamure



RON OSBORNE

"BUSINESS AS USUAL, IN PICKERING WARD THREE BY-ELECTION!"

### SUGAR AND SPICE

### Wedding preparations frenzied time

By BILL SMILEY



Weddings are for women. During the entire ritual, as practised in our society, men are inarticulate, inept, and in the way.

This was my conclusion after attending the recent wedding of a niece. Not that it wasn't a lovely wedding. It was. She's a grand and beautiful girl, Lynn Buell of Brockville, and with the aid of her young sister Pam, her remarkably calm mother, and her fairly distraught father, she came through the ceremony with flying colors.

She even "did fairly well for herself," as we used to say. She hooked a doctor. Well, at any rate, a medical student. All she has to do is support him for three or four years, and they'll be rolling in medicare.

He seems like a decent, inoffensive chap, like all the other males at the wedding. At least he had on a shirt and tie, and didn't want to get married in jeans and beads and a caftan, like so many young punks these days. He doesn't even have a beard, so he may be OK.

But he was practically unnoticed, there was such a craning of necks among the women, to see what and why each other was wearing.

Please don't get the idea that I'm down on weddings. I think they are fine, and I'll go down to the church on a nice summer day with the best of them, and get a prickling at the nape of my neck, and reach over and hold the old lady's hand when the parson intones, "for better and for worse, in sickness and in health, for richer and for poorer," and all that stuff that makes your hair stand on end with hindsight.

And I don't mind the two or three hundred dollars it cost me to attend. Not at all. The last wedding I was at — my daughter's — cost five times that, and all I've got out of it is two grandbabies and the establishment of the Bill Smiley Benevolent Fund which caters to indigent daughters, their husbands, and any offspring they may have.

Nor did it bother me in the slightest that I had to drive 600 miles, round trip, to see my niece given away. There was a torrential rain all the way there, and heat and a hangover from a magnificent reception all the way home, but that goes with the territory.

What I did mind, just slightly, now, was the frenzy of preparation during the three weeks before the wedding.

Right from the beginning, I was aware that I was going to be stuck for a wedding dress, one of those creations that women can wear once and never again, unless they have some sense, which most women don't have when it comes to a wedding.

However, I just shrugged this off. You can't take it with you, not matter what route you choose to go.

But little did I realize that my wife was going to do three things simultaneously: create her own costume for the wedding; lose 10 pounds; and get a tan. Just try it, ladies.

She is one of those people who don't know their own limitations, demand perfection, and drive everyone around them straight out of his skull.

Since she started sewing a year or so ago, she thinks she can tackle anything in the haute couture line. I granted that she could whip out a golf skirt or pair of smashing slacks in a day, and knock off T-shirts for the midgets in the family while the dishes were soaking, but I was leery about her tangling with a wedding dress.

First week was sheer hell. I told her to knock out a "little, white dress" for the wedding, and she came up with some old wives' tale that you can't wear white to a wedding — that's reserved for the bride.

In addition, the sun didn't shine for tanning, and the diet seemed a dead loss.

Second week was a repeat. But she did make a panic trip to the city to buy material, the sun shone for one day, and she lost a pound and a half.

Third week. The material she chose was raw Indian silk. Great stuff to work with. Look at it sideways and it resembles a newspaper that's been left out in the rain.

But the sun shone. She stole a half-hour a day from her 10-hour sewing stint for sunbathing. And suddenly the scales began to work, instead of sticking, as they had been for two weeks.

Not only did she finish a real zappo of a skirt with a matching vest, but a polka-dot blouse to go under it. New shoes, of course, a tan, and — believe it or not — a brand new figure with almost 15 pounds vanished into thin air. She was a knock-out.

Why don't women put all this creativity and will power into something besides a wedding?

### WINDOW ON WILDLIFE

### Beech key to wild life

By ART BRIGGS JUDE



Whenever I'm rambling around the rural parts of this province and come upon a grove of beech trees, my curiosity is quickly aroused. For beech trees, especially the mature ones, are often the key to a whole cross-section of wildlife. To really appreciate this distinctive woodland species though, one has to take the time to examine it closely. And it is only after such studies you begin to realize what a unique contribution beech trees impart to that particular area. Even the inexperienced eye will notice a certain character about a good-sized beech, that its neighbours do not possess. The fact that the sizeable trunk is often knurled and knotted gives some insight into these factors. Knots it seems frequently mean holes and these openings lead to cavities. The big silver-gray beech tree then, with its inevitable hollowed sections, needs no avian carpenter to become a shelter for wildlife.

It's probably safe to say that limb for limb, a beech contains more nooks, crannies, and crevices than any other forest monarch. Quite often the larger trunks have a big hole close to the ground, sometimes even down amongst the root system. What these cavities contain only adds to your field trip, especially if investigation leads to a discovery. When such a hole appears, I usually pick up a solid stick and by tapping, try to ascertain the length of the hollow. There are occasions when this procedure produces unexpected results.

A number of years ago, while checking on some mockingbird sightings along the escarpment near Vineland, I came across a big beech. This old woodland warrior hung out almost horizontal to the rocky outcropping, defying the elements as it had for scores of seasons. While using it as a resting place during my steep climb, I noticed a large hollow where the trunk joined the rock. With one free hand I began tapping with my thumbstick on the cracked bark near this hole. I had almost tapped out about as far as I could reach, when with a spit and a growl an old raccoon appeared from another hole behind a protruding stub. And while I had a good vantage point to view the ring-tailed furbearer, I certainly was in no position to joust with it on the same log. So keeping one eye on that belligerent masked face, I con-

tinued my climb leaving well enough alone.

But beech trees are the haven of many other creatures besides raccoons. Sometimes this tapping on their smooth trunks will unleash a whole family of flying squirrels to perform a dazzling aerial display. Then too, there are instances when a groundhog will seek temporary shelter in a large caverned section. At such times you may be treated to the stirring whistle of this aroused woodchuck, a sound of nature that oddly enough, many people have never heard.

Still another tactic I sometimes use to advantage when looking over tree cavities is the old hunters trick, used to poke a rabbit out of a pipe or hollow log. Simply thread the thin end of a willow whip or other flexible twig into the trunk-hole. More than once this manoeuvre has seen the quick exit of a startled gray squirrel or the sudden departure of a big-eyed bunny. Last Sunday in a little wooded ravine near Gormley, some pecan-sized pellets on the ground caught my eye. There was no doubt they were owl pellets, but I was anxious to identify the nocturnal flyer. Probing the lower hole of a nearby beech, I was rewarded to see a small screech owl scramble out of an upper crevice.

Besides owls, there are a whole host of other birds that find beech trees to their liking. Everything from wood ducks to woodpeckers, and from tiny wrens to tree swallows will at times be found nesting in them. Add to this list such woodland species as chickadees and nuthatches and you begin to realize the worth of these cavernous old hardwoods. Suffice to say the trees' nesting-potential alone make them a decided forest asset, however beech trees have even more than this to offer.

In the early autumn, when their prickly burs split, they shower the forest floor with the small traditional beech-nuts. These highly nutritious and edible nuts are much sought after by many of the creatures that take up residence in the same tree. There are others too. White-tailed deer for instance, fox, pheasants, and grouse, also make their rounds to the nearby beech groves in the fall. Further to the north, Black bears help themselves through hibernation by grubbing up all the available three-sided kernels.

### Family pleased with celebration

Dear Sir,

As recent additions to the Stouffville area our family would like to express our delight in both the parade which was excellently staged and presented and with the fair.

We thoroughly enjoyed the memorabilia of the past in Latham Hall and wish to express thanks to the many people who must have worked extremely hard and diligently to achieve perfection.

To the planners of the Centennial weekend, congratulations on a job very well done.

Sincerely,  
Pat and Jack Beesley and family  
R. R. 2, Stouffville.