



Service Corner
By Mahlon W. Shantz

Help!

The project known as "Home Support Services," has many intangibles, which cannot be shown in columns of figures, or evaluated in terms of dollars and cents. Nevertheless, the records of all activities, so carefully prepared by co-ordinator Betty Savage, are a good indication of what happens from time to time. I will attempt to review the history of its work in Stouffville.

The focus of interest is on the needs of people over 60. Until recently, very few people lived more than 75 years, and in many countries, 50 is the upper limit. With modern medicine and health care we now have a large percentage of our population in the "over 60" group.

The people of Stouffville have a tradition of grandparents living in comfort and security, as part of the extended family. With this background of social concern, it is quite natural for people to offer help to those beyond their own family, as individuals, or in co-operation with others.

Homes for the aged, nursing homes and private hospitals, have been one answer to the needs of the aged. But there are many seniors living in their own rooms, who are generally able to cope with the day-to-day work involved in keeping house — except for something like transportation to the doctor, and for shopping, etc.

Or, they may need periodic help with house-cleaning, or reading and writing letters. There are some who should have daily contact via a phone call.

I was asked by the board to write a column for The Tribune to provide information and a challenge for the people of Stouffville on the social needs of the day.

I have written 20 articles in which I explained in detail the various forms of service the board is offering to the community. In every writing, I ended with a challenge, and frequently a strong plea to share some time as a volunteer.

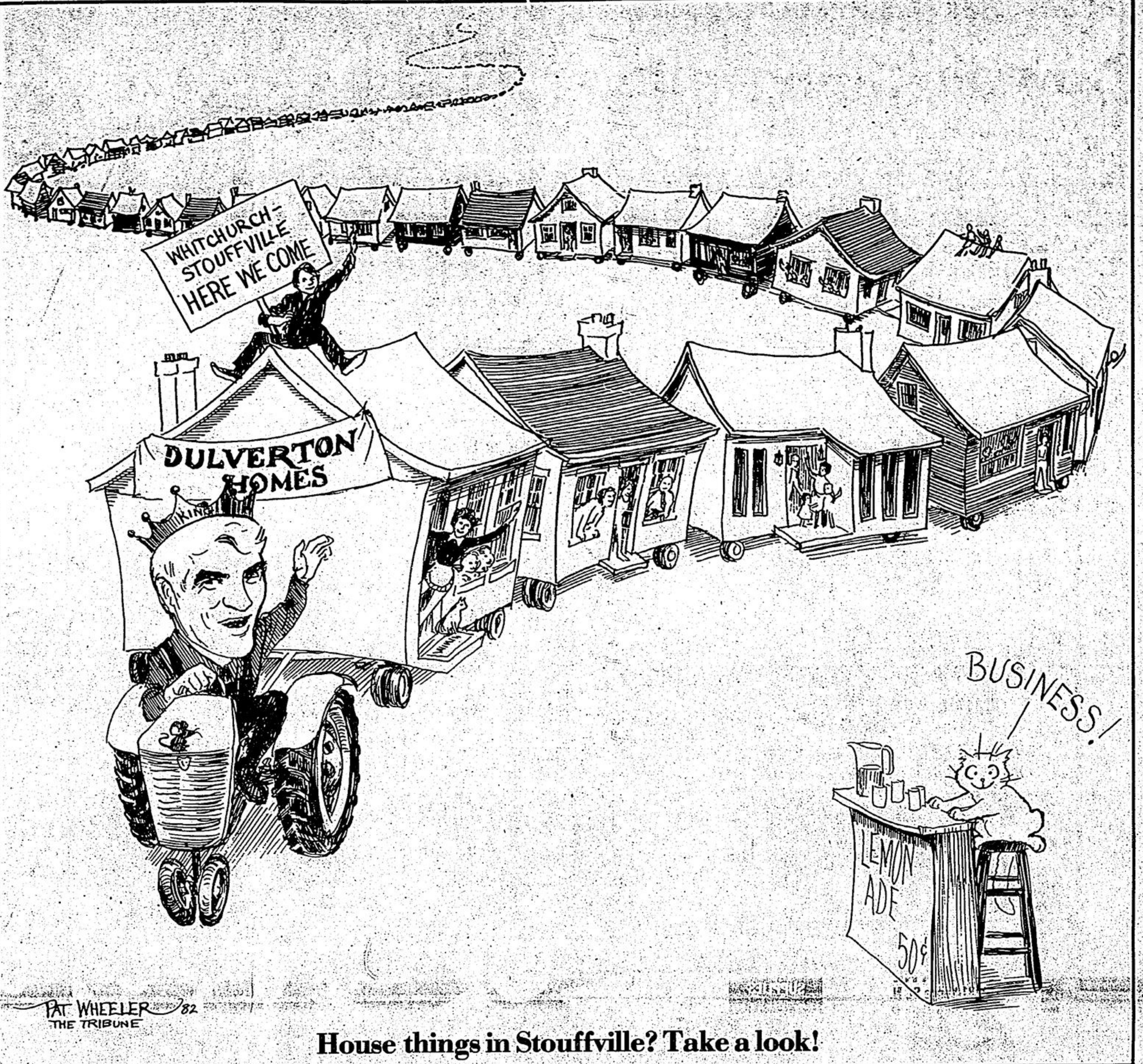
I have failed to communicate so utterly, that not one person has registered as a volunteer in 1981.

The 16 ones we have, were recruited personally. Only five live in town; several are slaves to the work; shamefully overloaded, because there is no one to help.

I have the feeling that everyone is interested and sympathetic to this work — at a safe distance — and are sure there are a number of good people responding to each call.

Let me tell you, my friends, that is not the case. Rather it is the solemn truth that the success of this project — yes, the very future of "People Helping People," — depends, not on what you think or say about the matter, but what you do about it.

It's up to you!



PAT WHEELER '82
THE TRIBUNE

House things in Stouffville? Take a look!

Viewpoint

Happy New Year, One and All

By Jim Irving



"I enjoyed your column the other week, Jim," the man said to me as I walked down the street.

"Oh, thank you very much," I said, trying to look suitably modest in the process.

"Yes, Mr. Sanders," he continued, "it's good to see you fellows in there describing the political scene."

"Good of you to recognize me without my beard," I replied, stumbling off through one of those miniature ski jumps a town grader had left in the middle of the sidewalk, losing both rubbers and the shine off my new \$9.95 shoes, as I did so.

"Great way to start the New Year," I mused; "wonder who else he'll cheer up before the day's over."

"I started across the street, just as a guy in a black pin stripe, driving a 1936 Packard, braked to a stop beside me, sending a gigantic spray of mixed sand, slush and salt over me, causing the top two buttons on my coat and the capping on my right incisor to immediately start rusting."

"Where can a guy get a drink in this town?" he blared.

"Try the town well," I said, removing some slush from my ear lobe and stepping around the back of his car.

I needed a helicopter to get over the snow at the curb, but, luckily a lady watching from the Silver Jubilee Club across the way, saw my plight and rushed out to help me.

"I'm used to doing this with my grandchildren," she said. "The little tykes always run out to play on the sidewalk after the snowplow comes by, but those big mounds are often too much for them. But they triumph eventually. The oldest learned to ski on one."

"Thank you very much," I said for the second time that day to a complete stranger. "That was very considerate of you. I usually have my St. Bernard with me," I added, trying to be flip.

"Don't mention it," she said. "Drop in and have tea with us some time at the club — if you ever make it across to the other side again."

"See you in the spring," I mumbled.

At the restaurant, the juke box was playing something that would have made good background music at a landfill site; its two rapt listeners dressed accordingly. I moved farther down the room, where the only noise was the occasional cry from the kitchen as the cook grabbed a hot pan handle, or got some juice in his eye from a hot sausage, after inadvertently pricking it with a fork.

The Old Year wasn't ending too well. I opened my book of Wintario tickets and started checking the numbers against the winners in a morning paper someone had conveniently left on the table.

"Hey, I won a book," I yelled, waking up the waiter, who was dozing in the corner, and causing the dish washer to crumble the paper cup he was drying.

"Hey, I won another one," I shouted, just after my second triple check, moving the waiter into action.

"You hokay?" he asked, handing me something like the 34th carbon of the day's menu.

"Am I ever," I replied. "I just won two books."

"We gotta a nice New Year's special, today," he said, ignoring my jubilation; "fish and chips, with turkey onna side. You liketa try?"

"Sure," I said. "Why not? I've just had two good omens for the future. It's going to be a great New Year."

"Besides," I went on, "I like fish and chips — with turkey on the side."

HAPPY NEW YEAR, EVERYBODY.

Editor's Mail

Activated charcoal for water?

Dear Sir:

From news reports and from reports of students who are studying the issue, it is clear that Stouffville residents are worried, and understandably so, about contamination of their water supply due to a nearby waste disposal operation.

Placing of liquids of any description in a landfill site is not a disposal method and should not be allowed. Placing of liquids in a landfill site is a contradiction in terms and makes no sense. Placing of solids that are very soluble in water in a landfill site is just as bad.

If the site near Stouffville has received liquids there is little point in arguing at length over testing, which wells were tested, and the significance of the test results. The intelligent thing is to assume that the underground water

is contaminated. No more liquids or soluble solids should be placed on the site, and a piped water supply should be arranged. The piped water supply system should be paid for by the factories which generated the liquid wastes which were placed in the site.

In the meantime each citizen can protect his or her own health to some extent by treating well water at home with activated charcoal. It is well known and well-accepted that activated charcoal will remove chemicals, and especially organic chemicals, from water. However improper use of activated charcoal can cause problems as well.

There I recommend that water be treated as follows. In a half-gallon bottle with a wide mouth, place a teaspoon of activated charcoal, fill with water, and stir. Place the bottle of water in the refrigerator. The charcoal will

settle out to the bottom and water can be poured from the bottle for drinking and cooking. When the bottle is nearly empty, discard the activated charcoal, rinse the bottle, and start over again.

Activated charcoal can be obtained from laboratory supply houses such as Fisher Scientific, 184 Rainside Road, Toronto, catalogue no. 5-690A for a 1 pound can.

Prior to moving to Waterloo, I lived in a town where the water was not very good and I followed the above procedure myself for several years.

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Editorials

Highway sign omen of good things to come

As the news story in The Tribune, last week stated in its opening paragraph: "Honk twice if you're glad our sign is back."

The reference was to the notice board at Lloyd Britton's Auto Sales, Main St. W., which Mr. Britton rents for his use.

The portable unit, whose happy messages have made many a moody motorist move out of his rut for a kilometre or two, has been missing of late.

Not because Britton had run out of things to say, or that there had been complaints about the sign being two-faced, but because it was on the wrong side of the tracks, as it were.

The municipality, being a bit more progressive in these matters, rightly considers such notice boards to be signs of the times, and sanctions their existence.

The Ministry of Transportation and Communications, however, feels such units have their limits; the townline, in this case. As a result, it allows their use for only four months a year, a span that can be consecutive

or spread out.

A call to the Ministry to see just why this should be, brought only the endless repetition of a recorded announcement on highway conditions in Ontario. Whether it stops after four months is not known, but it certainly can't compete with Britton's messages for style and humor.

There's no doubt about it, the government moves in ulterior ways, its blunders to perform. It is especially forbidding when it comes across anything that smacks of fun.

By rights, it should be grateful for all those merry moments designed to catch the motorists' passing fancy; if nothing else, the board's cheeky countenance helps keep one's mind off all its overspending.

So, it's great to see it back in its customary place. It's always been a sign of good things to come. And, with its present message extolling us all "... to pray for Marjorie and Courtney," it's obviously back just in time.