

## Union official says Farm wives slave labor

A National Farmers' Union official has charged that women, in many instances, are being used as "slave labor" on Canadian farms.

Cindy Murray, the women's vice-president, has revealed plans for a national survey that, she hopes, will elevate women farm workers from their present status as under-paid and under-valued labor.

"Women often do equal work on the farm but don't get paid for it," Murray said, "they drive the tractor, clean stables, herd cows, sloop hogs—you name it." In addition, she said, they look after the garden, the house and the children.

Due to present economic conditions, it's not unusual, she said, for a housewife on the farm to hold down another job as well, quite apart from the farm operation.

Purpose of the survey, Murray said, is to determine what contributions Canadian farm women make to agriculture and the economy in general. There's a move, she said, to approach the federal government for financial benefits for women farm workers. High on the priority list are pensions, properties shared in marriage and rural day-care centres.

Murray claimed one of the reasons so many children are killed and injured on farms is "because there's nowhere else for them to be."

Susan Koski, researcher for the project, expressed amazement at the lack of benefits of any kind for women farm workers compared to the urban business woman.

"The farm woman is there all the time," she said, "she's never away from the stress of the business."

According to vice-president Murray, the availability of women farm workers is one of the reasons Canada enjoys reasonably priced food.



But Jim, after a few weeks you'll love it!

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## ROAMING AROUND



### Echoes from out of the past

By JIM THOMAS

Nothing gives me greater personal satisfaction than attending a "different" church on a Sunday morning. This is made possible because the service in St. James Presbyterian, begins at ten with Sunday School immediately following at 11:15. Usually, then, I have enough time to visit another denomination, then return and pick up my family around 12:30. If I'm late, they seem to understand. More often than not it's way past one when I get back, but they seldom complain. More serious is when our own worship goes past the allotted hour. When this happens, as it did last Sunday, I must decide whether to cut short the handshakes as I fly out the front or omit the socialities completely as I slip out the back. On Sunday, I opted for the latter, hoping no one would notice.

The object of my hasty "escape" was a desire to attend the 105th anniversary service at Heise Hill, south of Gormley. A gathering, such as this, is always interesting, because folks tend to reminisce; to recall the days that used to be. I find such recollections intriguing. However, there was more to my desire for being there than that. I observed in The Tribune's Heise Hill Church-announcement that the Heise Hill Quartet was to provide the special music. But I'd never heard of this singing

group. How could this be? Evelyn Milsted, the paper's industrious Gormley correspondent, shed more light on the question. She inserted the word "original" which according to Webster, means "first". While I hardly expected to see four gentlemen approaching the ripe old age of 105, I wasn't anticipating four gentlemen so young (looking) either.

Harold and Lewis Heise (brothers), John Reesor, (a brother-in-law) and Melvin Henderson began harmonizing 35 years ago. They were single at the time and living only a few miles apart.

Native Gormleyites still recall the joy and blessing these men provided—at anniversary and memorial services; at funerals; wherever they were asked to sing. It is said that every church north of the Stouffville-Gormley Road in the former County of York was honored by their presence at least once. They always sang unaccompanied.

Harold, the lead, retains wonderful memories of pleasant times spent together. Practices were held either in one another's homes or at the church, he said. The sanctuary at Heise Hill was different "back then" in that two entr-

ances came in from the east and the congregation (the men on one side and the women on the other), faced the west. The "amen corner" was to the north-west.

There have been changes in the rank and file of the quartet also since Harold's teen years. He remembers the late George Kelly; the late Fred Lebeck; Rev. Allan Heise now of Welland and Rev. Jess Steckley, a resident of Parkview Home, Stouffville. However, their mission, then as on Sunday, was the same.

Is there a chance you'll continue, I asked.

Harold paused as if wanting to reply in the affirmative.

"If we lived closer together, yes," he responded. The distance factor between Victoria Square, where he lives; R.R. 2, Gormley, where Melvin resides and Magnetawan where Lewis and John now live, makes this next to impossible.

However, for one brief hour, Sunday, the re-kindled Heise Male Quartet brought joy to the hearts of all; you could see it on each face; you could tell by the response. Memories revived. I counted it a privilege to be part of it—the present, if not the past.

## A display of mistrust

Mistrust is in evidence by the people towards all levels of government, from the lowest to the highest—municipal, provincial and federal. While one can understand this attitude in part, with respect to provincial and federal bureaucracies, it would now seem to have seeped into the governing "grass roots" as well, and it's sad. For what else is left?

This lack of faith has come to light in connection with, of all things, a Co-operative fertilizer plant in the Cedar Valley area of Whitechurch-Stouffville. The majority of residents want no part of it and any assurances by Town control under a site plan agreement has fallen on deaf ears.

The issue is a confusing one because Council, in its handling of the application, has changed oars in mid-stream.

If our recollections are correct (the matter dates back several years), a previous Council opposed the project, but no charges were ever laid when the operation carried on. Now, a

different approach is planned that, if approved, will allow the business to expand but under guidelines as laid down by the municipality. Once burned, twice wary, the residents aren't about to bow to any such deal. They fear the storage of chemicals (ammonia) at the site and reject (verbal) promises to the contrary.

Adding more fat to the fire is the fact three Town councillors (on the advice of a lawyer) have declared a conflict of interest due to Co-op affiliation. The decision now rests in the hands of four remaining members and there's obviously division within those ranks.

So, where does this leave the opposition? Very angry and totally confused. And no wonder.

In our opinion, a site plan agreement is the only way to go. However, before it proceeds that far, a company official should declare in writing that, at no time will anhydrous ammonia be stored at this location. This assurance, the residents deserve and, in reality, that, perhaps, is all that they're asking.

## A legitimate complaint

A resident on Booth Drive in Stouffville has requested Town Council lower the speed limit on a main road, through that subdivision (Thicketwood Boulevard), from the present fifty to 40 kilometers per hour. Speeding is commonplace, she said, and she's right.

While a posted limit of 40 km/h may help, it's not the absolute answer for, in a development of this kind, even 40 is too fast.

We feel Council would be wise to pass on the complaint to York Regional Police and suggest

they patrol the area regularly. The very presence of a cruiser can serve as a deterrent to fast driving.

On the strength of the letter to Council, we spent considerable time in the subdivision on the weekend and, yes, we observed motorists proceeding at speeds that appeared excessive. However, strange as it may seem, in every instance, these drivers pulled into laneways within the development itself. One cannot conclude from this that all reside there, but most, we suspect do.

## Window on Wildlife



### Delicate beauty in the woods

By Art Briggs-Jude

One of the indelible fringe benefits of living in a rural area is the daily contact you have with Nature's world. You see it in the flash of a bluebird's wing on a newly-erected fence. You hear it in the drumming of a grouse as you check the whereabouts of your grazing cattle. You smell it in the fragrance of the wild cherry blossoms as you till your soil and you feel it in the cold waters of the creek as you cut some alder root-poles for your turkey pen.

Of course each new season arrives with its own complement of fresh senses, a sort of program to fit that particular time of year. And no time of year has more to offer than the season of spring. The colorful song birds are back; the trees are bursting into leaf and blossom, and a chorus of peepers and tree frogs fill the air. The aroma of wild flowers wafts through the moist woods. So, despite the many tasks that need doing, there comes a time when you simply lay down the hammer, hang up the hoe and head for the beckoning woodlands.

There, in all the freshness of spring, Nature's garden presents its most alluring display. But it's a changing scene and to capture

the most of this secluded presentation, you have to return several times. For, as some fragile blooms fade away, others unfold to reveal their own unique beauty.

A month ago, for example, the forest floor was host to clumps of pink and blue hepaticas, scattered groups of white bloodroot and the soft greens of rising fiddleheads. Last week, blankets of white trilliums, with an occasional red bloom among them, nodded their tri-shaped heads as I passed. And patches of squat squirrel corn hung their miniature white bloomers out as if to dry in the warming breeze.

Then, on the long weekend, accompanied by a couple of keen orchid-hunters from Goodwood and a naturalist neighbor, we trekked back to check on the herony we had discovered last year. After a somewhat circuitous route, and pausing only long enough to have lunch and photograph some showy orchis, we encountered along the way; we arrived at the nest site.

While we busied ourselves counting the increase in the large stick nests over those of last

year, one of our new-found friends drew our attention to the water's edge. There, among the drowned wood and short sedge grass, a pure white flower thrust its wide bloom beyond its broad green leaves. It was a wild calla lily and it was not alone. For a careful search of surrounding wetlands revealed at least eight more of these pristine beauties. It was another first for us in this area, in fact most of us had never set eyes on this striking bog flower before. So our cameras clicked despite the intermittent drizzle and this rare find made the whole trip worthwhile and the weather bearable.

Somewhere in one of my jacket pockets is the list we compiled of the various wildflowers we viewed in the past few days. It includes wild columbines, pussy toes, mitre wart, foam flower, partridge berry and a host of others, all delicate and alluring in their own particular way. But of all the displays Nature had to offer, none was more appreciated than the two pink moccasin flowers and the one yellow lady slipper that we found on those snow-white calla lilies in their wilderness setting.