

Editor's Mail Pollution

Dear Mr. Thomas:
I don't pretend to be an environmental expert, but it's a safe bet the problems at Musselman's Lake are being caused by a combination of many things—road salt, seagulls, septic systems plus a low rate of discharge.

Regardless of what the Health Department says, I feel faulty septic systems are the main culprits. The solution could cost thousands, maybe millions. Perhaps this is the reason authorities are hesitant to point the finger. I can't believe that with all the modern testing methods available today, the source of contamination can't be found.

George Caplan,
R.R. 2, Stouffville

'Sit on it'

Dear Mr. Thomas:
A brief note concerning your association with the Aloe Vera plant.

This home remedy is not new, in fact, I believe it goes back to my great-grandmother's day.

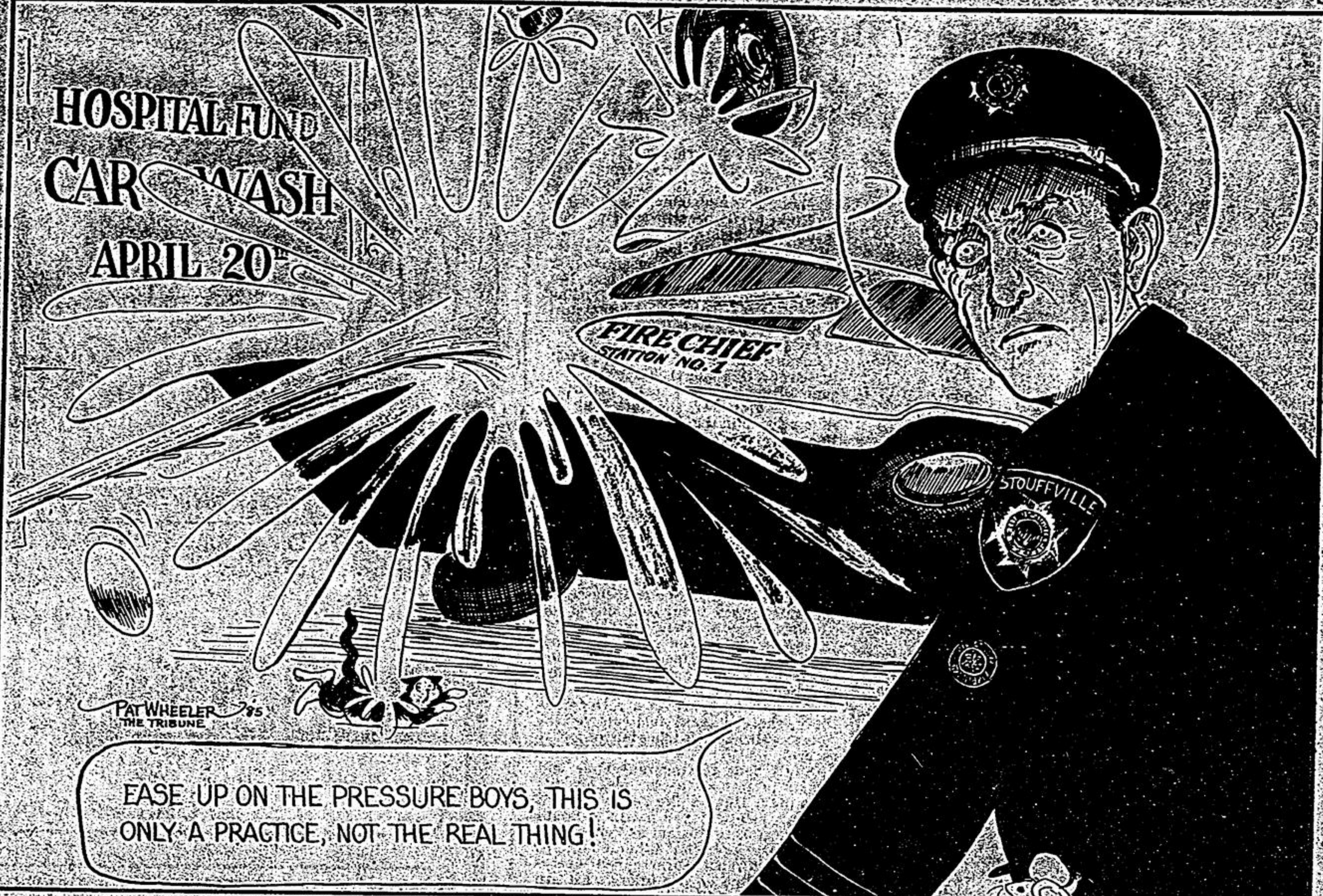
As to its healing qualities, I'm of mixed opinions. In certain instances, I feel the fluid has helped. Other times, it hasn't helped at all.

While many scoff at my using it, I do feel it's good for burns and other similar irritations. As for growing hair and easing arthritis, I have my doubts.

Also, with respect to piles, I wish only to quote The Fonz of TV's Happy Days' fame when I suggest you'll have to "sit on it!"

Cecilia Jackson,
Booth Drive,
Stouffville

HOSPITAL FUND
CAR WASH
APRIL 20



EASE UP ON THE PRESSURE BOYS, THIS IS ONLY A PRACTICE, NOT THE REAL THING!

PAT WHEELER vs THE TRIBUNE

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ROAMING AROUND



An unfamiliar fragrance

BY JIM THOMAS

Whew!
That's the kind of response my presence aroused everywhere I went. It happens every spring, the last Saturday in March to be exact.

The event is the Ontario Bull Sale at Markham Fairgrounds. I brushed buttocks with some of the beefiest, male bovines in the business, or they brushed buttocks with me. Believe it or not, but I did my best to avoid personal contact. However, that's like venturing outside in a rainstorm and not getting wet, practically impossible. I was surrounded by them, bulls in front of me, bulls behind me, bulls both sides of me and their calling cards under foot. It was the under foot stuff that set me apart from all my friends. No, they didn't know what it was; only a flavor they didn't much like. I never saw folks scatter so fast in all my life.

Strange isn't it how city people think of the country only in terms of green grass, trickling streams and fresh air. But hit 'em between the nostrils with something slightly foreign and they head back to the asphalt jungle with great haste.

I guess it's all part of becoming accustomed to what rural living's all about. Some can accept it and some can't.

It helps, however, if you've been raised in a country climate. You appreciate it for what it is and accept it for what it's not. The benefits far outweigh the drawbacks.

When I attended the Beef Bull Sale, I knew the risks involved. I also attempted to eliminate the hazards as much as possible. However, easier said than done. Walking a tight-rope over Niagara Falls is far simpler. For, try as I might, I continually stepped into one plopper after another, and so did everyone else. The difference was, following the auction, my country cohorts headed home. But I had to travel into Toronto. Believe me, the corner of Queen and Bay is a far cry from Conc. 7 and Sideline 18, R.R. 2, Markham.

My first stop was the giant Sears

building on Jarvis Street. I fully expected it to be closed, and I'm sure if Mr. Sears had been warned in advance of my coming, he'd have given the staff the afternoon off. However, I caught everyone by surprise, including the uniformed guard posted just inside the door. He hoisted the white flag and beat a quick retreat before I'd reached the top step. But the young man at the reception desk was less fortunate. He was trapped.

I quickly explained my reason for being there—personal delivery of a photo that had appeared our newspaper, as requested by a gal in Public Relations.

"You didn't have to drive all the way into Toronto for that," he said, his nose twitching like a beagle on the trail of a slow-moving skunk.

"Oh, but I did," I answered assuredly, "she wanted it yesterday."

The receptionist explained that the girl I was seeking, (fortunately), wasn't in. He promised to pass the picture on to her first thing Monday morning. As he spoke, he stood up and stared at the ceiling, undoubtedly wondering what had suddenly happened to the air conditioning.

"Kinda stale in her to-day, don't you think?" he asked.

"Much nicer outside," I replied, and left.

En route home, I spotted a hitch-hiker at the corner of Woodbine Avenue and Hwy. 7. Nothing alarms me more than this sort of thing. Daylight or dark, girls take terrible chances, and this was a girl, no mistake about that, maybe sixteen or seventeen. I switched on my turn signal and pulled sharply to the right.

"She climbed in without hesitation."

"How far are you going?" I asked.

"Wooten Way in Markham," she replied.

"That's fine," I said, which it really wasn't. I'd intended turning north on McCowan, my usual route to Stouffville, but didn't have the heart to say:

"She talked a lot, about school, about

work and about the weather. However, as we stopped for the lights at Unionville, she suddenly became silent. One glance told me she wasn't well. Her face was pale and she held her hand to her nose. I wanted to enquire if something serious was wrong, but didn't, figuring if she was sick, she'd say so.

As we approached the bus stop at Markville, she broke the silence. "I think I need some fresh air," she said. "If you don't mind, I'll get out here."

"I said sure, and she thanked me for the ride that far."

However, it wasn't until Sunday morning, when the kids piled into the car, that I realized the full potency of the problem.

"What reeks?" asked Mary-Lynn. "It smells awful in here."

And that's when I noticed—my bull-tainted rubbers under the heater.

That was twelve days ago and things haven't returned to normal yet. But the big blow of last Saturday sure helped. I left all the windows open. The beef bull aroma should be approaching Port Perry by now.

Editorials

Chief Administrative Officer

A shameful waste of taxpayers' money

Financial restraint is Whitchurch-Stouffville's theme song. "We just don't have the money," is a common response to program and project requests. And we believe it.

However, we find it difficult to understand how Town Council, in one breath, can bemoan hard times, and in the other, slacken the purse strings and spend \$45,000 plus benefits (per year), on a chief administrative officer—a chief administrative officer we don't need!

What waste! What total disregard for Town taxpayers and hard-earned Town tax dollars!

We can think of a dozen different ways \$45,000 could be wisely spent. Completing the upper auditorium in the new Rec. Centre Complex for one. Improved lighting on Main Street for another. The list is endless. All worthwhile projects that would prove a direct benefit to our Town. But, as a boss to boss the bosses," as Councillor Fran Sainsbury described the position? No way. A personnel committee of Council, working in close communication and co-operation with department heads, should be able to cope with internal office problems that arise and could, if given half a chance. If they can't, we'll elect councillors who can.

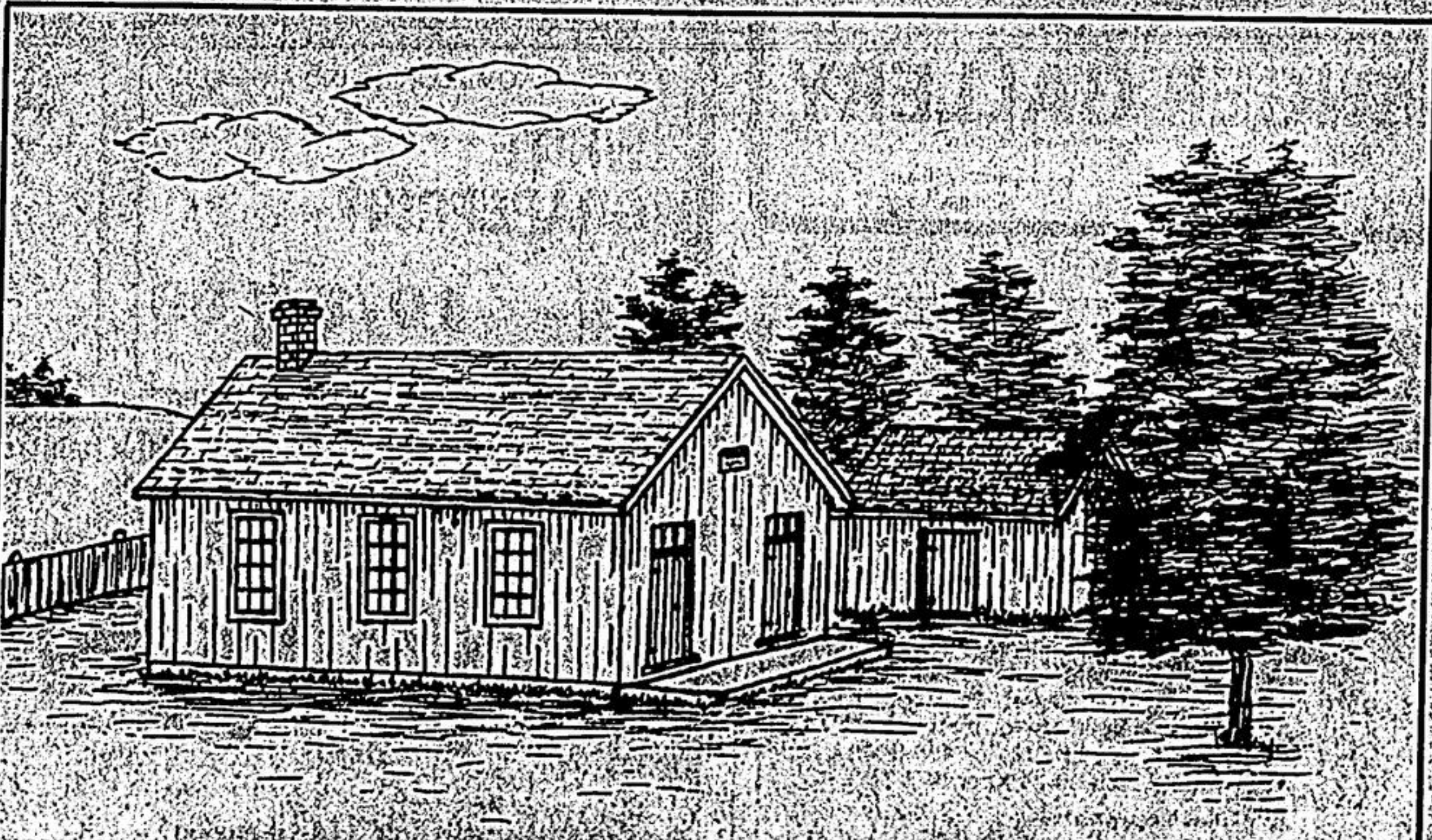
Honestly, is the operation of our Town staff in so great a state of turmoil that an administrator must be brought in to restore some semblance of order? We don't think so. In fact, other than personality clashes that will always arise from time to time, (in any office), we think the internal Office system here operates very smoothly. Certainly, no one, (to our knowledge), has been charged with assault!

The decision-making process, in this instance, was, in itself, extremely strange. Council acquired the services of an outside firm, (again at taxpayers' expense), to advertise for and interview applicants. This was done, even before members were agreed the Town required such an employee in the first place. In fact, at least three members of Council appeared strongly opposed. Later, out of four finalists, the position became available and an individual to fill it was hired. Talk about putting the cart before the horse!

We have no complaint concerning the

individual selected. He is undoubtedly clever and well-qualified. But so was his predecessor, and we all know what happened to him. He eventually resigned in favor of a position with a municipality that could use, (and afford), his kind of high-profile person. The Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville hasn't yet reached this status, nor should it, for many years down the road.

Most people here pay THEIR taxes willingly, even cheerfully. They trust Council to spend THEIR money wisely. And Council does. Past records show members extremely tight-fisted in this regard. However, there is an instance of waste! Waste that should not and cannot be tolerated.



Garibaldi Public School, destroyed by fire in 1934

There are no known photos available of the original Garibaldi Public School at S.S. No. 9, Uxbridge Township. This sketch was completed by Ted Kidd of Goodwood as the building was described to him by

Bruce Taylor, a former pupil, (1924-29), now living in Port Perry. The frame structure was destroyed by fire in 1934. Former teachers and students will gather for a reunion, May 11 in the Goodwood Community Centre.

Editor's Mail Protection

Dear Mr. Thomas:
The attempted burglary at the Becker's Store in Success Square, is something the clerk there will never forget.

While such stores provide a service, I'm wondering if an earlier lock-up time is necessary.

Such places are easy marks for would-be thieves. Staying open until midnight is an invitation to robberies.

If earlier closing isn't feasible, every store should be protected by a guard dog. This might make shady customers more wary and provide defenceless staff with some protection.

Sincerely,
Rod MacInnes,
Main Street,
Stouffville

No change

Dear Editor:
As an avid spectator, sportsman, I enjoyed the feature story, (and accompanying photograph), on Stouffville's own, Keith Acton, published in the March 27 Tribune. Apart from his skills on skates, the thing I like most about this fine athlete is his ability to be himself. Not all professional hockey ball and soccer players are this way. Fame and fortune often go to their heads. They're not small town any more.

This can never be said of Keith. During the summer, I see him on the street corners and down in the park, talking to kids as he would have ten years ago, before hitting the big league.

The likelihood of this town having a local son in the N.H.L., may not happen again in this century. When Keith Acton has long retired and hung up his gear, he can honestly look at himself and say, "I did Stouffville proud."

Sincerely,
Henry Ballentine,
R.R. 4, Stouffville