


The Tribune
Established 1888



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Editorial

Seeing is believing - to most

The Bremner Company disposal site is front page news - again.

The suggestion, that the Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville should seriously consider this location for future deposits of dry garbage, has aroused bitter controversy, involving not only members of municipal council, but some ratepayers.

Those in favor of such an agreement, point up the fact that the Area in question is already providing a valuable service to hundreds of residents in the former Twp. of Whitchurch. They say, that as garbage dumps go, this one is as good as any and better than most.

Those opposed, allege that liquid waste, is still being deposited there and that regulations recommended earlier, have not been fulfilled.

Considerable time had elapsed since we last visited the site, making it difficult to properly assess what improvements, if any, had been completed.

On Thursday afternoon we viewed the premises - unannounced. But we didn't enter via the back door or look over the property from the other side of a line

fence. We called at the office, like anyone could, and should, and received the full co-operation of the manager in charge.

Admittedly, the Bremner Dump, as it is commonly called, is no 'Garden of Eden'. Few dumps are. But neither is it the giant cesspool that some critics would have us believe. And this, we feel, is important.

We are not opposed to dry garbage from Whitchurch-Stouffville going there.

We are opposed to liquid waste, from Whitchurch-Stouffville or any other municipality, being deposited there.

The manager emphatically denies that such a practice is continuing, in fact, he says, the firm is attempting to get rid of the liquid deposits that remain, as quickly as it can.

During our inspection, we saw no evidence that would brand him a liar.

Our suggestion is - don't take our word for it. Go see for yourself, then arrive at your own conclusions. But enter the premises properly. Trespassers are not appreciated - by anyone.

Something in the wind

In past years, this newspaper has consistently endeavored to excite a little interest in pending municipal elections - sometimes with success and sometimes not.

The interest must be created by not only a concerned press, but also by concerned candidates. When this is so, strong ratepayer reaction is certain to follow.

Usually, little election excitement is generated until at most, one month prior to Nominations. Often, the decision-making is delayed to the eleventh hour.

Such, we predict, will not be the case in 1972. At least not in the Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville. Already, there's

something in the wind.

We predict Mayor Ken Laushway will run again. We suggest, his only opponent will be Councillor Merlyn Baker.

We feel Eldred King will content himself with a councillor's post, in spite of his near miss for the mayoralty in 1970. Ward 6 is a likelihood, councillor Tom Lonergan's stamping grounds.

We further predict an election for every Ward post, with the exception of No. 4 where councillor Gord Ratcliff appears firmly entrenched.

Too early for such prognostications, you say?

Yes, usually, but not for 1972.

The hand writing's on the wall.

Editor's Mail

Dear Mr. Editor:

Thank you most sincerely for your kind editorial "Communication Channels Needed" which appeared in the 16th December, 1971 issue of the Tribune. I have at all times at Regional Council tried to express what I felt was the majority opinion of the citizens of Aurora and what to me was in the best interests of the citizens of the area and the region. It is always pleasant when someone agrees with your thoughts.

Very often it is difficult to obtain the opinion of the citizens of the area so that you can better represent them. For this reason, the weekly papers of the Region of York are to be commended for their informative news reporting, and the feedback that they present.

All Best Wishes to you and the staff of the Tribune for 1972.

Richard A. Illingworth,
Mayor, Town of Aurora.

Dear Editor:

As a resident of Stouffville for the past 23 years, and having used the services of the P. U. C. during an ice storm last winter, also the Fire Department and Town maintenance men, I would like to express my personal appreciation for their prompt and courteous attention in times of need.

Jean Middleton,
Burkholder Street.

Dear Sir:

In The Tribune issue of Dec. 16, a picture was published in regard to the historic elm tree at Mongolia, and later

(Dec. 30), a photo of the same tree, after it had been cut down.

I'd like to know more of this story. Was it used by the rebels? Was it used as a flagstaff? Was it used by Peter Matthews as a rallying point before the ill-fated march to Montgomery's Hotel on Yonge Street? Is there an historical item about this or is it a handed-down tale from old-timers to present-day people?

I'm a bit of a 'nut' on the rebellion period, but had never heard of Mongolia's part in it.

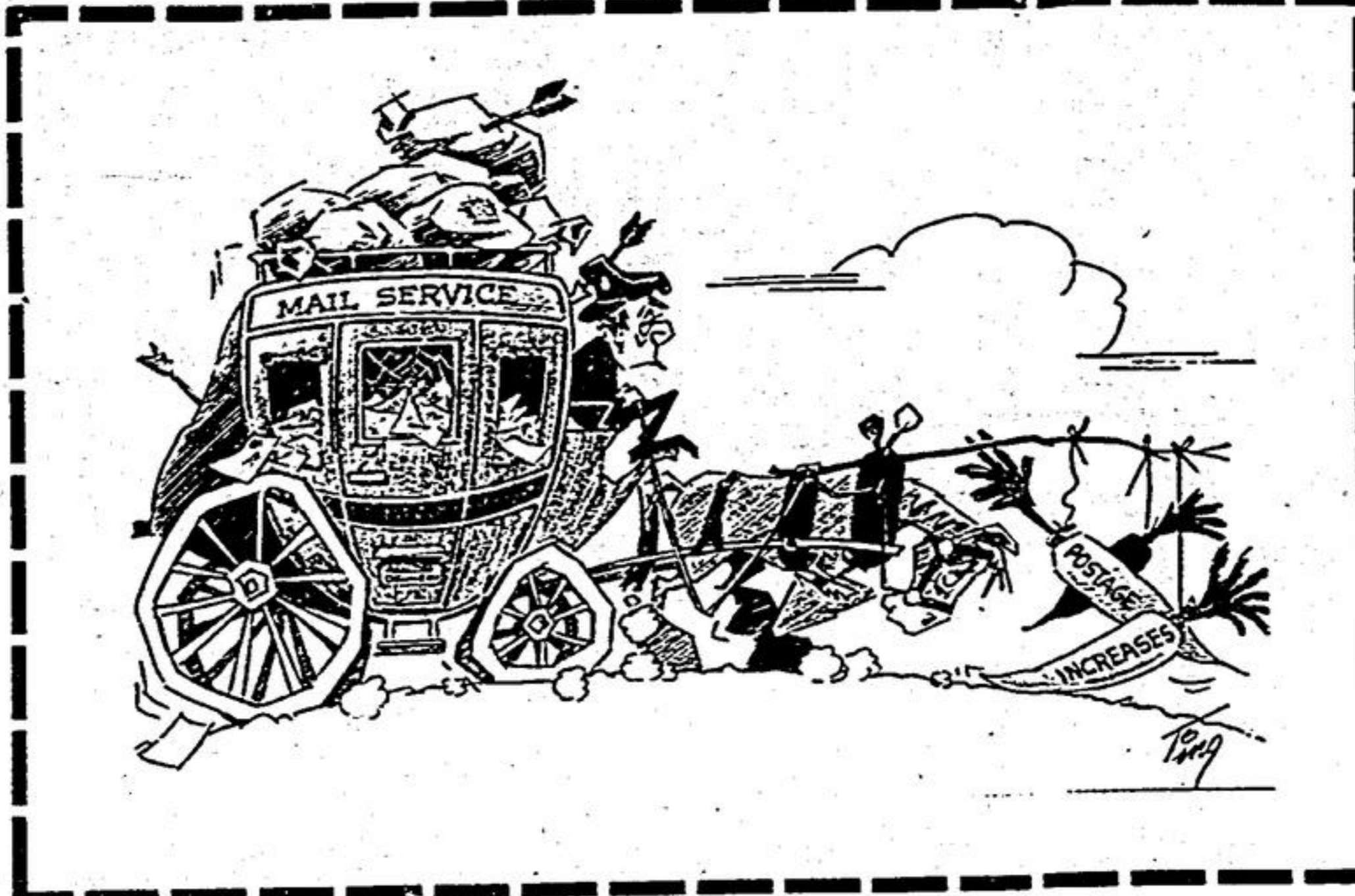
Any information available in this connection would be appreciated.

Donald G. Gibbings,
Brougham, Ont.

Editor's Note: Unfortunately, there is no available documentation of stories in this regard. The information, as we have it today, has been handed down through several generations. John Lunau, Markham's noted historian points out that a Mr. Selby, now deceased, had a scrapbook that contained items of interest on this particular event, but it cannot be found. The elm, according to John, was the last of a first-growth tree in Markham, thus dating it back to 1837. In the battle at Montgomery's Tavern (Hogg's Hollow), Phillip Wideman of Ringwood, fighting on the side of the rebels, was killed. He is buried at Dickson's Hill cemetery.

No age limit

Miss Elizabeth Williamson, formerly of Peach's and now living in Toronto, is 90 years young. Recently, she was treated to a rollicking snowmobile ride on the farm of Archie Little, R.R.1, Markham. Following the cross-country trip, she had only one request: "I'd like to drive it", she said.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Predictions for 1972

By BILL SMILEY

This is the time when pundits across the land speculate in type about what the coming year will bring forth. If there is one thing we don't need more of in this country, it is pundits.

We have political pundits, economic pundits, sports pundits. Most of them spend most of their verbiage disagreeing with other pundits in the same field.

What is a pundit? It is a person who knows a little more about practically nothing than we non-pundits.

Having unburdened myself of those sour sentiments, I now propose to leap into some punditry (Pundineering?) concerning 1972. Read carefully, now, so that you'll have a clear picture of what we shall face this year.

Most parts of Canada will have lots of snow. I hope nobody will give me an argument on that one.

The population, taxes, and your fuel bill will increase. This statement is not based on fact but on pure intuition. Especially the part about taxes. According to some of the rosy statements in the new tax reform bill hustled through parliament, I will pay less taxes this year, about enough less to buy an overcoat from the Salvation Army.

But they can't fool an old taxpayer like me. I know with sickening clarity that if one level of government hands me a few bucks, some other level will be digging three times as much out of my back pocket.

The wage-price spiral will continue, though perhaps not as rapidly. The reason? We're all greedy as pigs at a trough.

There will be a federal election, and whoever wins, there will be promises galore.

The churches will continue to be one-third filled and scrambling for enough money to stay alive.

Thousands who are now merely a gleam in somebody's eye will be born. And good luck to them when they enter a mighty complex world. Thousands will die, and let's just hope you and I are not among them.

Thousands of kids will experiment with drugs and some of them will end up tragic figures, shattered human beings. But thousands of others will ignore the chance of becoming vegetables, and will lead happy, healthy, useful lives, loving and learning, sad and happy.

Unemployment will continue to be a fairly desparate situation. And the schools will again be jammed to the rafters with students who shouldn't be there and don't want to be there, but for whom there is nothing else to do.

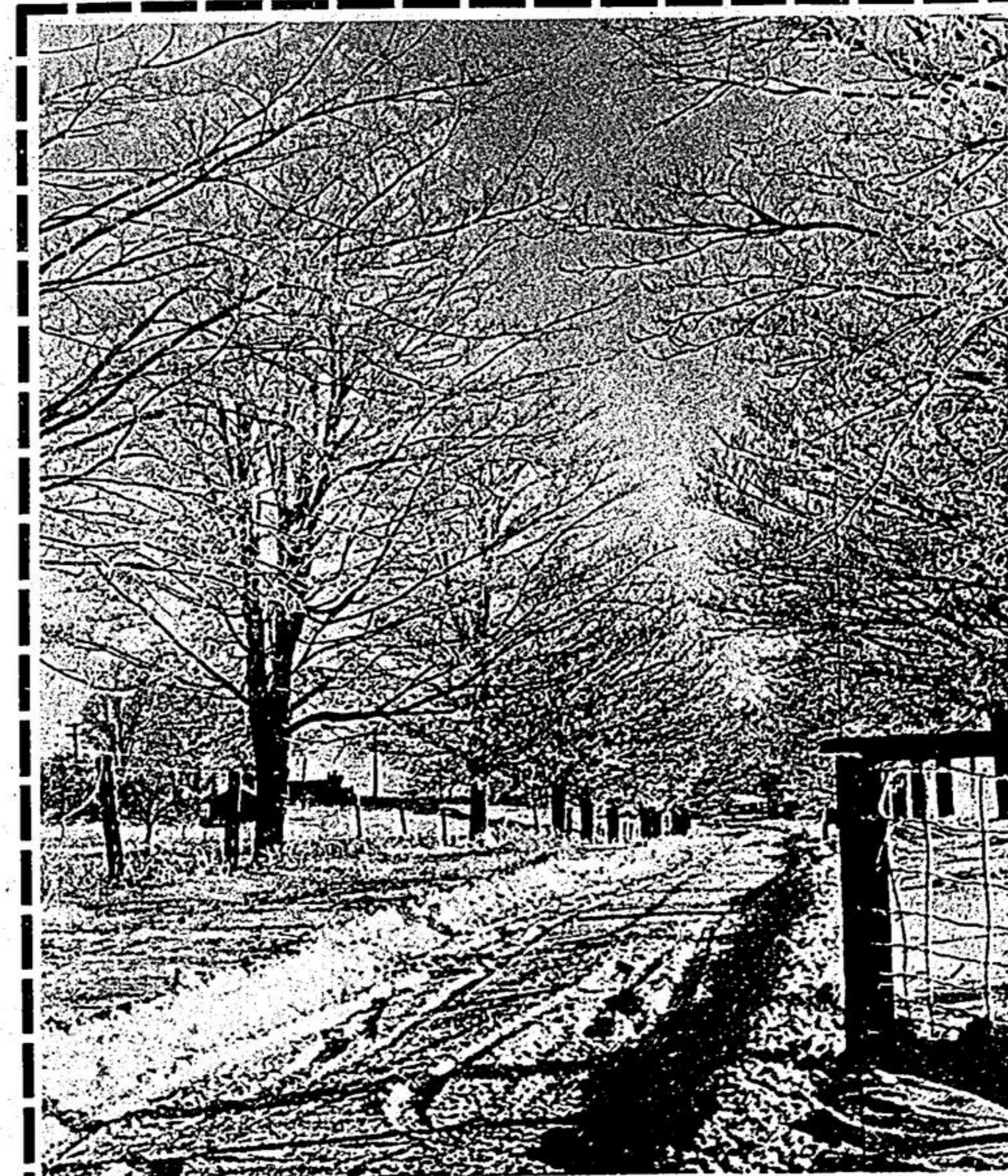
There will be thousands of broken homes and marriages turned to dust. But there will be thousands of dreamy-eyed brides and proud young grooms, positive that nothing could ever happen to their love, which is something special.

There will be wars that have no victories, and peace conferences that go on interminably proceeding from nowhere to nowhere.

Thousands of bright young people will emerge from college, spilling over with knowledge, and come face to face with that brutal edict: you can't get a job with no experience, and you can't get experience until you get a job.

Does this all sound sort of familiar to you? It should. Does it all sound rather depressing? It shouldn't. You'll have your downs, but you'll have your ups, too, those glorious and fleeting times when you wouldn't be anyone else or anywhere else.

Your children will change; preferably for the better, but don't count on it. The year will fly by. Make it a good one by thinking positively.



Winter presents its problems, but it also can be beautiful. The beauty aspect of the season is captured here, in this farm laneway entrance, 9th concession, Whitchurch-Stouffville.

ROAMING AROUND

I'm left off the list

By Jim Thomas
I've just finished reading the complete list, containing the names of the best-dressed of 1971.

And I'm insulted. They left me off.

It wouldn't be quite so disturbing if they'd lowered the criteria a little and selected me among the second best - a runner-up. But no, I've been utterly and totally ignored. I tell you, this social setback is more than I can stand.

Honestly now, how can I possibly look a reader straight in the eye, after he's handed me a complimentary letter addressed 'Dear Sir'.

How can I rub shoulders with mayors, police commissioners, municipal administrators, solicitors and building inspectors, without feeling like some sort of second class citizen?

It's going to be tough, I tell you, mighty tough.

But who is this Madam Concubine anyway, who does the picking and choosing every year. By what right? What authority?

And why does she circulate among the blue-bloods of society - the aristocracy? After all, what has Baron Alexis de Rede of Paris got that I haven't - besides a longer name and lots more money? And the same goes for Gianni Bulgari of Rome; Sidney Poitier of Hollywood and Mike Jagger of Liverpool.

How much do you want to bet that Madam What's-Her-Name has never ever heard of a Town called Whitchurch-Stouffville, let alone one individual in it - namely me?

It's not fair.

However, giving her the benefit of every doubt, suppose she had made an unannounced visit here, say on a Tuesday, she would certainly have seen me on Main Street, wildly side-stepping east and westbound traffic, a chunk of Sports copy in one hand; an Editorial correction in the other and a half-dozen Classifieds clenched between my teeth. As for fashion, I'd admittedly be hatless, coatless, scarfless and, with my mouth full of engagements, marriages and births - quite definitely, speechless.

If she happened by on a Sunday, she'd have observed me come 'tripping' out of church, one brown rubber on one black shoe and the other already awaiting my arrival at the bottom of the steps.

Certainly, nothing there to catch the appreciative eye of an expert fashion-fancier. But then, even Baron Alexis de Rede is vulnerable to those common little everyday kind of embarrassments, like 'throwing a shoe'.

But, although I hate to admit it, there are other irritating little things that tend to shove me well down the ladder of International fashion success.

For example - my footwear. Regardless of size, material and cost, my boots and shoes invariably turn up at the toes like pontoons. Mind you, in all fairness to the manufacturer, they aren't that way at the start, but expose them to two or three weeks of continuous use and they curl up and around like a mountain goat's horn.

Needless to say, 'rocking' instead of walking is socially unacceptable.

And my socks - sure they have a few mend marks, but this is supposed to be a personal secret, shared only between me, my wife and an over-size toe.

And what's so wrong with that anyway? Does Mrs. Nixon never mend a sock for Dick? I bet she does, using a 300 watt bulb for a base.

Of course, I never wear a hat. It makes my head ache. I left my last pair of gloves at the Arena and I think Mayor Laushway's wearing my scarf.

As for hair, I like mine short - kind of 'square' by today's standards.

The severest fashion knock of all is my suit - my wedding suit. I place too much value on it, (sentimental and otherwise), to simply cast it aside, like some old rag in the wind.

But its days are obviously numbered. The seat is shiny, the pants are tight, the legs are loose and the 'lightning' is continually shifting into reverse.

So come June 20, 1972, its thirteenth anniversary, I'll reverently retire it to its rightful resting place - the bedroom closet.

Then look out, Baron Alexis de Rede, Gianni Bulgari, Sidney Poitier and the rest of you trendy types. With a new suit, new socks, new shoes and new shirt, my rating among the style-conscious social set is bound to improve. There's just nowhere to go, but up.