

## EDITORIAL PAGE.

Dear Readers,

As I was returning from work one afternoon last week, my attention was caught by a substantial column of smoke rising on the horizon. As I drove on mile after mile, the smoke continued to loom ahead but I didn't seem to be getting much closer. As the road wound its way along, the smoke appeared on my left and then on my right and so on making it somewhat difficult to place its source. When I reached the village I had still not come upon the fire.

I expected that I would shortly be advised of a major inferno in the neighbourhood, but on hearing nothing I began to question the available bodies with respect to the smoke. I was soon informed that on inspection earlier in the day the dump was ablaze and that this was in all probability the source of the smoke. This pronouncement was made casually without any hint that there was anything amiss. The dump's on fire and all's well with the world!

I didn't ask which dump was on fire. They all seem to burn at one time or another, while the wind wafts the smoke and the stench across the countryside. When the sun shines, the rodents and the insects gather for a banquet. When the rain falls, water percolates through layers of trash carrying extract of dump to our streams and lakes. It's not just the fires. Dumps rarely look or act their best.

I approach the subject of dumps with some trepidation for two reasons: firstly, because I'm a regular contributor to the dump, and, secondly, because I don't know what else to do with my garbage. I suspect it comes back to haunt me in the air that I breathe and in the water I drink and swim in.

Is there not a better way? In some places I see landfill taking place and keeping exposed garbage to a minimum. In others I see a straight-forward accumulation of trash. Obviously none of us have the resources of larger centres. We won't have a TRI-CIL type operation offered to us in the near future. Perhaps we can look forward to some type of recovery system in the distant future. But, for the present the establishment of well-situated and well-managed disposal sites would be a great leap forward. I concede to you that this is a case easier said than done, however, we have all contributed to the problem for years and the time is overdue for some contributions to the solution.

### DEADLINE

All material and advertisements should be submitted by the Friday preceding the fourth Tuesday of the month.



## MORTON CHURCH

by A.Y. JACKSON

A former resident of Forfar has uncovered a link between Morton and one of Canada's greatest landscape artists. Dr. Bruce Stone, son of Talmage Stone of Forfar, as well as being a professor at the Ontario College of Agriculture in Guelph, is an enthusiastic art collector. He has been eager to acquire a painting by A.Y. Jackson, one of the Group of Seven, best known for their paintings of northern Ontario's rugged scenery. His chance came in early June when he was notified that a Jackson painting was available from the Walter Klinkoff Gallery in Montreal.

On inquiring further, Dr. Stone found the painting might be even more than he had hoped for. The gallery had identified it by the title "Church at Merton, Ontario". "Bruce could hardly sleep the night before the painting was due to arrive," said Mrs. Stone. He hoped it would be Morton and that he would like it." It proved to be a good example of Jackson's work, a small oil painting about 11 x 14 inches, showing a whitewashed church viewed from an angle looking toward the front and side wall, set against a dark grey-blue sky.

Within a week the Stones were on the road to Morton where they stopped at the site of the United Church, now converted into a residence. Although the steeple and arched windows were gone and an addition had been built onto the back of the former church, the Stones thought they recognized a definite similarity between the building and their newly acquired painting.

A little more detective work provided the final proof. Douglas Roantree of Morton discovered an old photograph of the original church taken in 1946, only three years before Jackson painted his church. The buildings were identical. In fact, it seems the photographer and Jackson had stood almost on the same spot to 'line up' their pictures since the photograph and artist's drawing are taken from identical angles. There are differences. A fence in the foreground of the painting and stooks of wheat in an adjacent field do not appear in the photograph. The fence may have been built after the photograph was taken, the stooks appearing at the appropriate season, or they may have been created purposely by the artist to improve on nature.

Dr. Stone later found out from art books and biographies of A.Y. Jackson that he had painted other scenes in eastern Ontario, especially around Ottawa, while on visits to relatives in the area. He was presumably attracted to the church on his way through Morton and stopped to sketch it. The church is a memory but the painting that commemorates it is a proud possession in Dr. Stone's Household, doubly so because it is a reminder of Leeds County home.

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