

Reader's page

Some kids dare the train drivers

I have just read the articles on David Ward (The Times, Sept. 19, 1979). I sympathize with David's family, but don't agree with his father that "His death may save others."

I am a school bus driver and my route takes me over both Lorne Park and Clarkson railway crossings twice a day.

I can't count the numerous times that I have seen kids go past the barriers even when a train can be seen approaching. They will stand so close to the track, just daring the train driver to hit them.

People want to put up pedestrian barriers, but I'm sure even that won't stop the kids getting killed.

What's needed is education of the kids in the schools. But on a regular basis not just once in a while, especially at schools where children have to cross railway tracks to get to school.

How about you parents, too. Drivers who see your child fooling around by the railway crossing can tell them to be careful, but do you really think they'll listen to us. I can tell you they don't. Some of us have tried it.

My sympathy also goes to that driver of the train. He'll never forget Monday morning.

Mrs. Elke Tracy
Barvada Dr.

The Concorde? Preposterous

Malton is suffering from several shortcomings of traffic congestion, such as cars, trucks, trains and airplanes; noise, lack of services, such as hospitals, employment and immigration services, passport offices and facilities for the youth. They are due to the lack of planning by the authorities.

The problem of the Four Corners traffic congestion is as yet unresolved, even after protests by the public. And now a new problem has been created in the east, by the closing of the Goreway Drive exit to the new 427.

While the Malton public is complaining of the airport noise, the City of Mississauga Council has un-

animously agreed to petition British Airways and the Federal Government to start a Concorde Air Service to the Malton Airport (The Times, Sept. 12, 1979), which is going to add further noise pollution, on a proposal of the Malton councillor. This shows clearly that the Ward 5 councillor has lost touch with the Malton public.

I recommend that the City Council should withhold such a petition, until consulting the community, who would suffer by this preposterous proposition.

I sincerely hope the Mayor will ask the Council for its reconsideration on this issue.

Jhalman S. Gosal
Kittridge Dr.

Blenkarn to the rescue?

Recently, Mr. Don Blenkarn, MP for Mississauga South, made the suggestion that Canada withdraw from the UN sponsored trade boycotts against Rhodesia and South Africa. As things now stand, Canada has been and is siding with the murderous terrorists who shoot down unarmed civilian aircraft and murder approximately 1,000 people each month, mostly blacks. American Opinion (April 79), informs, "The atrocities are indescribable. Terrorists pry the eyes of their victims out with bayonets; males are emasculated, limbs are severed, and victims are often disemboweled. Sometimes wives are forced at gunpoint to consume some part of the flesh of their slaughtered husbands. These are today facts of life in Rhodesia."

The only ones to gain from a revolution in Rhodesia and South Africa are the communists. They do not back the terrorists for nothing.

Fortunately, the major Western news media has not been able to suppress these facts from Canadians and Americans. It strongly appears that the great majority of Canadians also find it hypocritical to penalize two countries for allegedly restrictive voting practices while no communist country, nor most other governments in Africa has ever had a free election at all!

Will Joe Clark and Flora MacDonald continue the shameful Liberal policy of pro-communism (foreign aid to Cuba, Algeria; sanctions against South Africa and Rhodesia)? Or will responsible Conservatives like Don Blenkarn succeed in effecting a change from Liberal insanity?

Ken Wilson
Monica Dr.

QE overpass isn't safe

I would refer to an article which appeared in your September 26, 1979 publication on page 15 headed "QE Overpass Safe says MTC." The article was introduced by the following sentence

"It would be safe for young children from Westacres Public School to use the pedestrian crosswalk over the Queen Elizabeth Way says the Ontario Ministry of Transportation and Communications."

It is unfortunate that the wording of the article is misleading. Granted Mr. Dan Collins of the MTC confirmed that the Pedestrian Overpass is "structurally sound." But there is a great difference between being "structurally sound" and being safe.

The overpass was built around 1960 to provide a means for high school and senior public school students to attend schools located south of the Q.E. Even today, the overpass is the only one of its kind across the Q.E.W. It was constructed with ramps rather than stairs to provide a pedestrian crossing for bicycles, and invalids. The inclines are relatively steep, the side railings are totally open rather than enclosed and only about four feet high. It is not uncommon to see both bicycles and motorcycles being driven across the overpass instead of being walked across. The overpass is long spanning two lanes of the North Service Road, six lanes of the Q.E. and two lanes of the South Service Road.

It is completely open and exposed to all of the elements.

Certainly, at some point, a child becomes mature and responsible enough to manoeuvre such an overpass. But to make a statement that it would be safe for all "young children" (which would include primary grades and kindergarten with children of five years of age) ignores the reality of the overpass' structural design, and the normal behavior of "young children." Anyone saying that this route would be safe for all "young children" is either not familiar with the overpass or does not comprehend the meaning of the word safe "keeping away from harm or danger."

Your paper may have forgotten that several years ago the Board of Education cancelled its plans to have the grade six students from Westacres Public School transferred to Allan A. Martin Senior Public School, mainly because it was agreed that the overpass was not a safe route even for grade sixes.

Then too, you might be interested to know that at a meeting called by the Sherway Homeowners group and attended by representatives of Sherway, Orchard Heights, Applewood, and Westacres (held in August, 1979, after it was decided by the Board to close Sherway, at Sherway's initiation to discuss Sherway's alternative proposal to have Westacres close and its students sent to Neil C. Matheson) the Sherway representatives OPENLY AGREED THAT THEIR ALTERNATIVE WOULD ONLY BE VIABLE, IF THE OVERPASS COULD BE MADE SAFE! They agreed that it would be necessary to do something with the ramps, raise and enclose the railings, and construct some type of roof covering to protect against icing and treacherous winter conditions.

On behalf of the Westacres Parent Teacher Association, I would ask that you print this letter so that any of your readers who are not familiar with the crossover located at the south west corner of the Applewood Plaza will know that the terminology in the article "safe for young children" should have been qualified.

David J. Chornomud,
President, Westacres
Parent Teacher Association

We accept Applewood decision

I am writing today to confirm the position taken by the North Applewood Homeowners Association in regards to the consolidation decisions in our family of schools.

Our association and community at large wholly support the Peel Board of Education's decision to close Applewood Public School in June of 1980. Our community and association also support the Peel Board of Education in their decision to retain West Acres Public School, and support their proposal to have all the Applewood Public School student population attend West Acres in the fall of 1980.

There is no question that we are sensitive to the closure of the school in the Sherway community, but as you are well aware, we too have had to sacrifice a school. The Applewood Community has been faced with the closure of Applewood Public School for over five years, but we now accept that the Board has made the correct decision for our students. Mr. Bill Kent, all trustees and administrators thoroughly examined all alternatives that had merit and made their decision accordingly.

I am looking forward to working with Mr. Leo Cahill in the near future to ensure that the students from Applewood Public School as well as the students from Sherway Public School make the smooth transition to West Acres Public School. Also, I would like to offer my support to the Sherway community to ensure that the alternative use of the site is in accordance with the needs and wishes of their homeowners. I would also like to ask for their help in finding alternative compatible use for the Applewood Public School site.

John F. Walmark
President
North Applewood Homeowners
Association

Florence has peanut butter breath

By DAVID KINGSMILL

The woman was sitting at the dining room table studying the cards in her hand like a tourist reading a road map in a foreign country on a bumpy road. The rotund bald man in an undershirt on the other side of the mahogany veneer was staring at her and moaning at one minute intervals. After the fourth moan he placed his cards face down on the table.

"Come on, Rose, play it. Play the card, Rose. I know you can do it, kiddo, just slap that old card down on the table. Come on, Rose, let me hear that slapping sound. I've got faith in you, old girl, slap it down there."

The woman looked up at her husband with an expression of perfect noncommitment. She then glanced down at the floor. Florence was lying on her back in the middle of the room, legs spread, tongue hanging obscenely out one side. Florence looked quite dead.

"Now don't rush me, Ralph Finchley, and don't go on so much. You'll disturb Florence."

The man glanced down at the floor. Florence was drooling shamelessly on the oriental carpet. "Gin, Rose, is supposed to be a quick, snappy game played by octogenarians on cold winter nights in warm cozy rooms to while away the time between visits from the grandchildren. Gin, Rose, is not supposed to be played at a pace that promotes arthritis."

"We don't have any grandchildren,

Ralph," the woman said fingering a card in her hand with a furrowed expression on her furrowed brow.

"Don't be cruel, Rose," the man said sagging visibly.

"And besides, Ralph, this isn't just an ordinary game of Gin. Winning this game means everything to me and if you don't like it you should have thought about it before. If you weren't so stingy we wouldn't have to go through this year after year, you'd just pay the tuition fee for my psychology course and we wouldn't have to play for money." She drew a card from her hand, raised it to her brow and put it back in her hand again.

"I am not stingy, Rose. I am not stingy. I am merely going crazy. I admire your efforts to get your B.A. after all these years, even though you're 68, but why psychology, Rose? You've flunked it four years in a row and I'm sick and tired of having a giant cardboard and wire mesh maze in the bedroom running from my underwear drawer into the bathroom and you putting Florence through it at all times of the day and night. Is that an unreasonable complaint?"

"Yes, dear, and this time I'm going to win enough from you to pay the tuition and Florence's peanut butter bills."

"Florence, Rose, is a cat, and cats do not

eat peanut butter, they eat cat food — yucky, gucky, smelly cat food in cans not peanut butter in jars."

"Don't listen to him, Florence, he's just jealous of your good looks," the woman said bending histrionically close to the drooling mouth in the middle of the oriental carpet. Florence rolled over, smiled at the woman, and then directed a cynical stare at the man.

"What's a Queen look like again, Dear?" she said.

"Your son," the man moaned in a barely audible voice.

"What was that?" she said lurching forward in her seat.

"Nothing, Rose . . . A Queen is a fat lady dressed in bright colored clothes. Sometimes she's looking at you and sometimes she's looking at Florence, if anyone can look at Florence without being ill . . ."

"Oh yes, I remember . . . A Queen would certainly brighten up my hand though, it's so dull looking, see what I mean?" she said turning her hand towards her husband. He recoiled in his chair and shot his eyes to the ceiling.

"No, no, Rose. You're not supposed to show me your hand. And you're not supposed to tell me you don't have a Queen in your hand. I'm not supposed to know that you don't have a Queen, or any other card, don't you see?"

"Sorry, dear," she said extracting a card

from her hand and placing it neatly on the discard pile. Florence jumped to her feet like a cat and slunk underneath the man's chair without him seeing. He picked a card from the deck, looked at it and immediately slapped it down on the discard pile. It was a Queen.

"You see, Rose? I probably wouldn't have put that down if I didn't know you didn't have one in your hand. I probably would have . . ." the man stopped abruptly when he saw his wife grinning hideously at him. He shot a glance back at his cards, made a quick mental calculation and looked back at his wife with an expression of fear and loathing. "Don't do it, Rose, don't say it," he whimpered. Florence leapt up to his lap causing him to tip back in his chair. Florence studied the vast expanse of warm belly and chest and promptly climbed up placing her paws on either side of his neck, her mouth precariously close to his.

"All right, dear, I won't say a word, I'll just put these nice little cards on the table so you can see for yourself." She fanned a perfect Gin hand on the table, Queens on top. "I never said I didn't have any Queens, Dear. See how useful psychology is?"

Florence yawned sending wafts of peanut butter breath into the man's face. He moaned.

The writer is news editor of the Oakville Journal Record.