



The Tribune

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Editorials

Markham Fair: It was great

Markham Mayor Tony Roman described it as "The Best Little Fair In Ontario." Had he been speaking Sunday rather than Saturday, he might have wanted to alter one word in that assessment: Change 'little' to 'big'; at least in terms of attendance.

We doubt any town Markham's size could match it. For it was truly a Fair that had everything, including four days of shirt-sleeve weather, something of a record in itself.

While different people are interested in different things, everyone retains a liking for children, whether they be participants or spectators. So the theme, "Year of the Child" was appropriate, and carried through into almost every aspect of the show.

The crowd, Saturday, was estimated at close to 60,000, giving fair officials a good idea on the suitability of the site. Undoubtedly, they were pleased. The former grounds (Hwys. 7 and 48), would have been 'bursting at the seams' under that kind of pressure, not to speak of the parking — an intolerable situation. But not so now.

While some sort of inter-fair transportation system is needed to get people (especially the elderly) to and from their

cars, this a thing the directors will no doubt be considering in the months ahead.

With extra interior space available, all exhibits were beautifully displayed, particularly the needlecraft, the quilts and bedspreads, the baking, the flowers and plants and "Christmas In September." The Eighteen and Under Class was given "a new lease on life" this year thanks to the capable management of Jennie Thorpe and Mary Webster. Like the fair itself, this category broke all previous records.

While Markham Fair is looked on "as ours" by the municipality where it's located, some members of the Board are anxious to dispel this theory. And they're obviously succeeding for participation was very much in evidence from such outlying areas as Whitchurch-Stouffville, Richmond Hill, Uxbridge, Aurora and Newmarket.

The Fair's success, like the site itself, was very much a personal thing with President Mac Cosburn. Four years ago, he engineered its construction. This year, he headed the show — the greatest single attraction in the Region of York.

And so, echoing the unanimous acclaim of 160,000 Fair-goers, we say-congratulations.

A fair can be educational

Children attending public schools in the Markham, Unionville and Thornhill areas of York Region, were given a 'holiday' Friday, to attend the Fair.

Children from schools in Scarborough arrived by the busloads, Thursday. But none (by permission) from Whitchurch-Stouffville!

Why should this be?

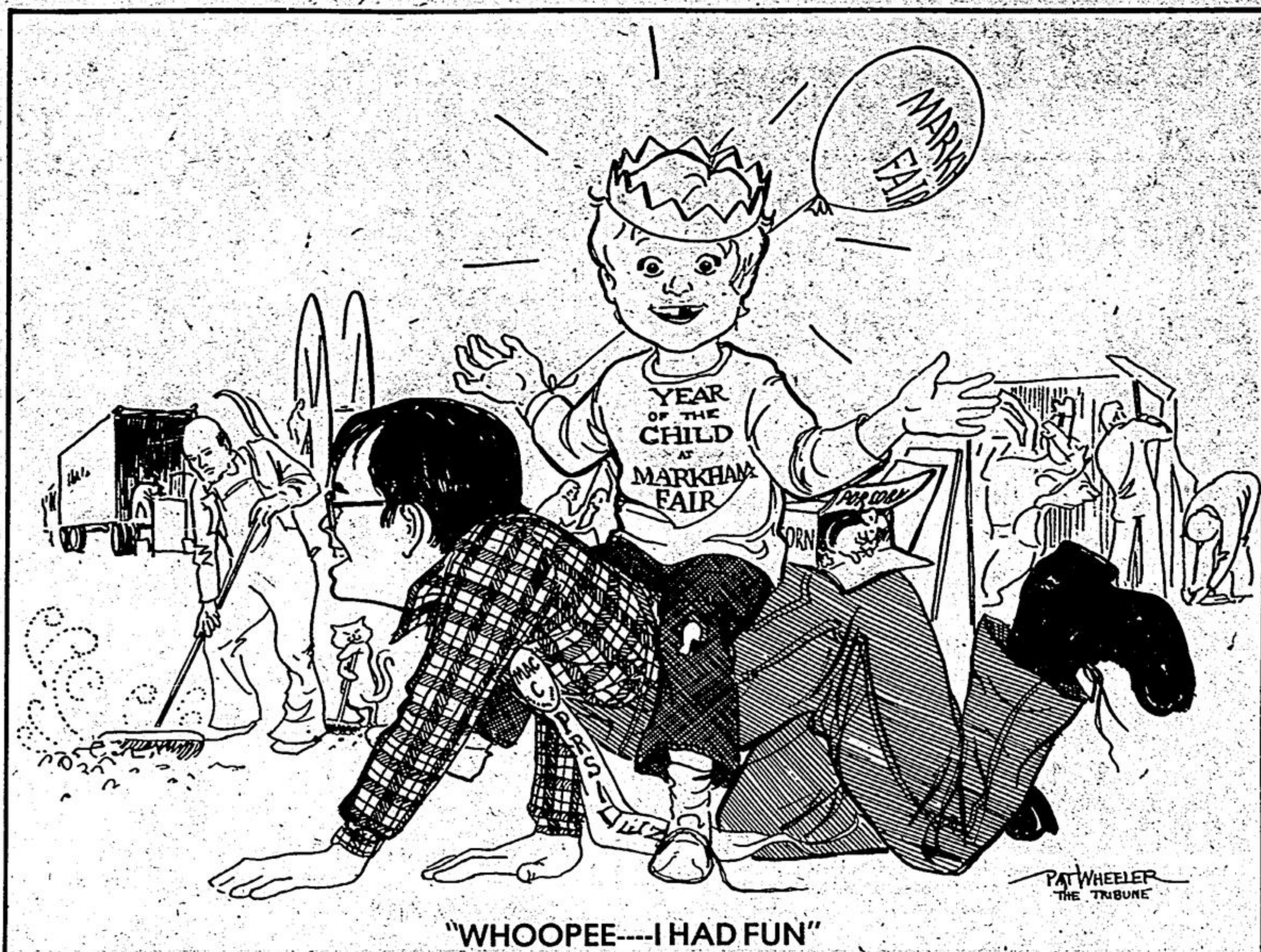
If the Fair is considered a form of education for pupils at Franklin (Markham); Parkview (Unionville) and E.J. Sand (Thornhill); is it not equally educational for students at Summitview, Orchard Park and Whitchurch-Highlands?

Some parents were so incensed over the Board's segregative attitude, they took their children out of school anyway. Good for them!

Markham Fair or any fair for that matter, is a type of instruction far exceeding the benefits of a single day's learning in a classroom; if the event is properly organized. With the pupils from schools we saw (and talked with), it was. Each boy and girl had a questionnaire to complete. It's surprising (and sad), how little they know about things we take for granted. The same goes for some of their teachers.

When Markham Fair rolls around next year, we hope trustees will see fit to authorize a Professional Activity Day in Area 2. Our community may still be considered 'rural' but there's a lot about agriculture our kids don't know.

Such an occasion, happening right on our doorstep, would be a good place to find it out.



Sugar and Spice

Anniversaries can be fatal

By Bill Smiley



Me and the old lady had another wedding anniversary last week. Holey ole Moley, how the years fly by!

Usually, we remember our anniversary a week or ten days after it has gone by, and laugh about it. We don't believe much in anniversaries, as do some people who squabble all year, then go out to dinner with wine and roses, and are back pounding on each other within two days.

One year I actually remembered and brought home eighteen yellow roses. She fainted dead away with shock, and when she came to, gave me the devil for wasting all that money.

This year, I thought about it away back in August, and filed it away in my memory bank, determined to surprise her this year. Show her, by George, that there was some fire, or at least a few embers, underneath that wisp of smoke.

My first thought was to sneak off with her engagement ring and have it re-set in 24-carat gold. I had to dismiss this idea as impractical for two reasons. First, I'd have to remove her finger to get the ring to the jeweller. Secondly, the price of gold went up so fast it made my eyes water when I read the financial page.

Then I thought of a mink coat. But again there were two obstacles. One was the price of mink coats, which have soared almost as high as gold. The other was a conviction I've long held, that the only creature on this earth who needs a mink coat is a mink.

Well, I worked my way down through an emerald brooch, for her Irish ancestry, a pearl necklace, diamond earrings. It was all disappointing. I knew I'd be ripped off with

emeralds, she likes gold necklaces, not pearl, and she's always losing one earring, like every other woman. What is as useless as one diamond earring? I'd kill her if she lost one.

That's one reason I got little cone through August and part of September — worrying about the present for this one anniversary I would have remembered.

I considered giving her a new car. But I can't even afford one for the two of us, let alone one for her.

One after another I discarded seemingly brilliant inspirations. I even went to the lengths of planning to sneak out in the middle of the night and painting the back stoop, which she'd been trying to get me to do all summer. But I shuddered at the thought of painting out there all alone in the cold and dark.

Finally, it hit me like a thunderbolt, and a tidal wave of relief swept over me. I had it.

Something to suggest her Mother Earth qualities. Something in green and gold, her favorite colors. Something that would suggest her sweetness, juiciness, tenderness. Something she could get her teeth into, instead of junk like rings, necklaces, fur coats. Thirty-three cobs of corn!

With the decision made, I relaxed, and promptly forgot all about our anniversary.

She didn't, for once. On the fateful day, I arrived home from work, tossed out a few jollities, read her some interesting bits from the paper, asked what kind of day she'd had. All I got in return was cold shoulder and hot tongue.

She was in a bad mood. Not because I'd

forgotten our anniversary. Just one of those rotten tempers women get into once in awhile because they've had to deal with the plumber and TV repairman, the vacuum cleaner went on the blink, all the woodwork in the house is "filthy", and they've scrubbed the kitchen floor and have a sore back.

In the old days, I used to pet her and pat her and promise her, and she'd gradually come around. But I gave that up years ago. It was too hard on me.

Nowadays, I fire right back. "What the hell's biting you? Cut out the self-pity. I work too, you know. Aw, go soak your head, crab." And so on. We usually have a good verbal set-to, sulk a little, and the air is cleared.

But this time she spared me, right in the middle of one of my finest perorations. "Did you know this was our anniversary?" Talk about hitting below the belt.

I was stricken with remorse, shame and guilt. No details, but we kissed and made up, and I did the dishes.

Must say we've weathered the storm pretty well. I was five years older than she when we were wed. I now look like an elder statesman of about sixty-five. She looks about thirty-four. My hair is white, hers is black. Her teeth are white, mine are black.

It's a little disconcerting when you go to a reception or some other function, the host reads your name-tag, and burbles, "Well, Bill Smiley, I've heard of you. And you've brought your daughter along. How nice."

But I wouldn't trade the old battleaxe for a new one, even though she's laid a pretty good collection of scars on me, physically and otherwise.

Speaking of Sports

Life begins at 60 on a Honda

By Jim Holt



My wife calls it middle-age madness. A sure sign of senility, says my son. The only one in the family who's happy is my thirteen year old daughter. She wants to jump on the back and go for a spin.

No, it's not a refurbished Model "A" with a rumble-seat. It's a 1978 Honda — a motorcycle, truly the greatest invention in high-speed, low-cost transportation since the horse.

After twenty years, I'm back in the saddle again. And regardless what others call it, I call it fun.

It all started a couple of months ago when I spent a few days in the Catskill Mountains with an old friend. He was kind enough to lend me his brand new Honda 500 twin, complete with shaft drive. After a single trip, I returned rejuvenated.

I climbed mountains and swooped through valleys, travelling faster and faster. On a couple occasions, I got so carried away, they nearly carried me away. There's a limit to how far you can 'push' a bike, even an import from Japan. Despite several close calls, the experience opened up visions of a new-found freedom, however short, far removed from that claustrophobic 'box on wheels' and twenty dollars a time to fill the tank.

Most folks, I must admit, appeared more than a little surprised when I enquired concerning the motorcycle for sale in the paper. "It's a bit heavy, you know," was a common reply.

The weight I could contend with, but things (little things) had changed in the last two decades. I couldn't find any of the controls — no air lever, no advance ignition system, no kick starter. Even the gear shift pedal's on the 'wrong' side.

But the electric starter, what joy. God bless the land of the rising sun. No more broken ankles or bruised shin bones.

"Best offer," the ad read. "Sixteen hundred and fifty dollars," I said.

"I'll let you know," he said. All weekend, I couldn't sleep — four cylinders, 10,000 kilometers, crash bars, a

back rest and the acceleration of a Porsche 911 — too much to hope for, I thought.

The deal came off on the Monday. I came off on the Tuesday, terribly sore. But the end result is a full-fledged, licenced, insured, clothed and broke new addition to the ranks of motorcycling.

I've even submitted an application to a club. It's called the "Re-treads."

Pet subjects

Tied dogs may bite

By Karen McEwen

Does tying a dog make him fiercer? Not necessarily, for even when loose, a dog will defend his property. However, if untied, he is capable of retreating if the need arises.

If a dog is a 'fear biter,' you will be able to go quite close to him before being bitten. Unable to escape, he bites friend and stranger alike when cornered.

Some dogs display a fierce face and a

wagging tail. He may be alright but if the chain should break, there is more of a chance of him lunging at you than licking your face.

The best advice I can offer is "don't go near a dog that is tied or penned." If, for some reason, you should come in contact with a dog that has snapped his chain, don't run. This will only arouse his hunting instinct. Anything that moves is prey enough to chase.

Editor's Mail

Advice often wrong

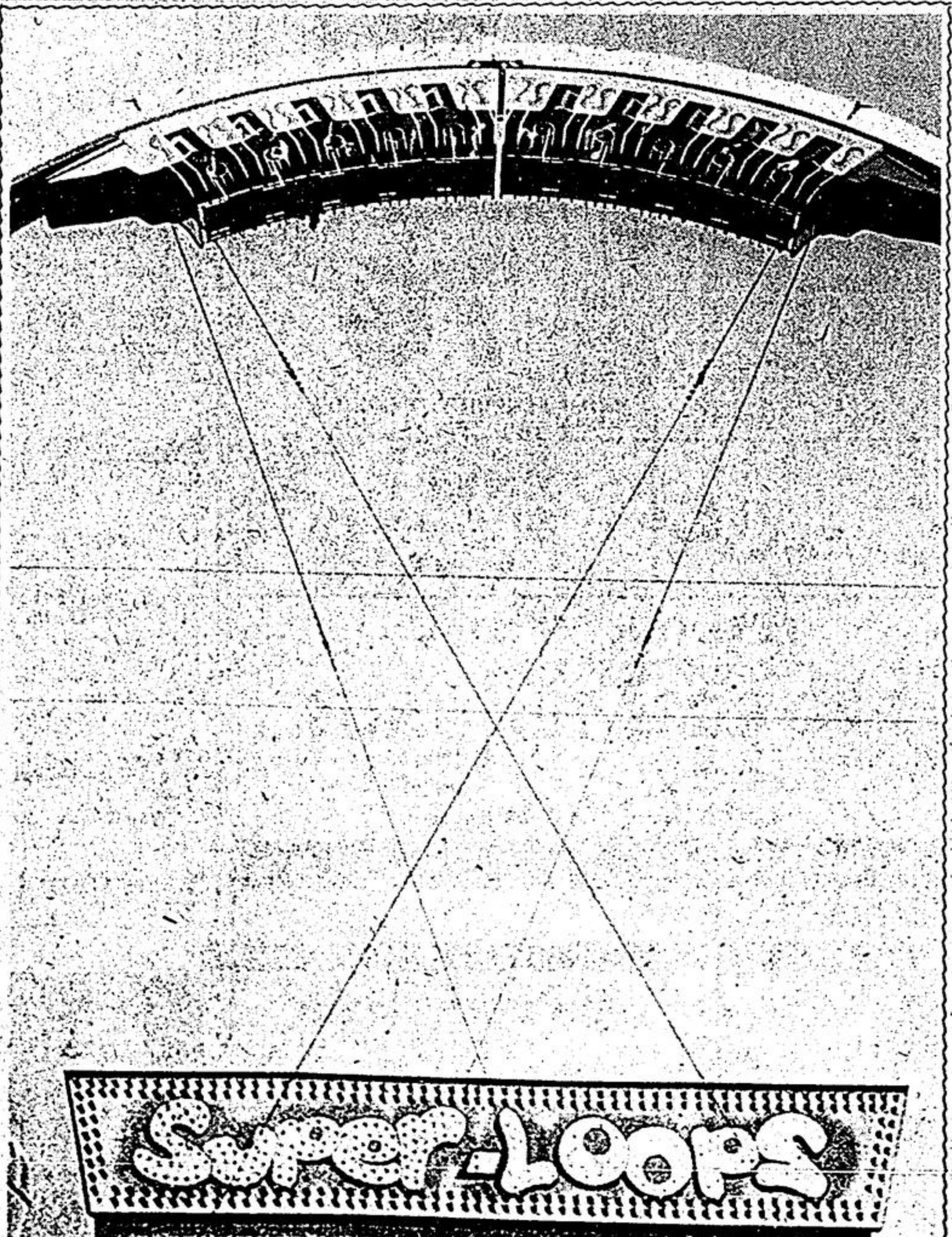
Dear Mr. Thomas:

In your paper's lead editorial, last week, under the heading, "A 500 million dollar mistake", you stated "civil servants are the government!"

I couldn't agree more. Civil servants run

the government and, in doing so, run the country. Ministers' decisions are based on their advice — sometimes right; too often wrong. It's just another instance of the tail wagging the dog.

Leslie Miller, Stouffville R.R. 3



The midway ride that turned Markham upside down

This is the ride that turned Markham upside down. It was called "The Super Loops", featured in the midway at Markham Fair for a first time. For twelve

seconds, it remained stationary at the top, literally standing people on their heads.

Jim Thomas