

**Editor's Mail**

**Thankyou**

Dear Editor:  
On behalf of the board of directors of the Markham and East York Agricultural Society, I wish to express my thanks to the community for its generous support.

A fall fair requires assistance from many people. Many people in Whitchurch-Stouffville have made it their business over the years to be strong supporters of Markham Fair. These include civic officials, businessmen, private individuals as well as service club members, exhibitors and fair-goers alike.

To each, a very warm thankyou. Your support means more than words can convey.

William F. Walker,  
President, Markham  
and East York  
Agricultural Society.

Dear Mr. Thomas:  
Linda Townsend is quoted in the Sept. 22 edition of The Tribune, as stating that a local club for dirt-bike owners is required and that she had approached Town officials in an effort to find a suitable club site.

Surely this lady does not expect the taxpayers of Whitchurch-Stouffville to pay for such a property! What about the parents who allow their children to have these monstrosities?

I agree, the York Regional Forest is no place for these bikes. As an employee at the Forest, I am aware of the many complaints from Forest users about the abuse meted out by these bikers when they are reminded that motorized vehicles are not allowed in the area.

As a property owner in the district since 1955, I am also aware that these bike-owners have no respect for private property. They race around our premises 24 hours-a-day, seven days-a-week. Not one has ever had the common decency to ask permission. This week, when I told two young lads on an unlicensed bike to get it off our property, they promptly called me an "old..."

The people in this area worked very hard to buy property and build homes, without government grants, etc., which today's young couples obtain. We raised our children without allowing them to destroy property belonging to other people. We should not now have to put up with the noise and erosion caused by these bikers night and day.

I would suggest to Mrs. Townsend that parents of bike-owners get together and buy 100 acres so their children can destroy their own property, not other people's.

Mrs. W. T. McAdam,  
R.R. 3, Newmarket.



PAT WHEELER  
THE TRIBUNE

DON'T TELL MOM I'M DONATING ALL THIS STUFF. MRS. SAINSBURY... BUT EVERY TIME I GET ALL THIS STUFF ON... I'M TOO TIRED TO PLAY HOCKEY!

**The Tribune**  
Established 1888

JAMES THOMAS  
Editor-in-Chief

BARRY W. WALLACE  
Publisher

ANDREW P. COOK  
Advertising Manager

EDITORIAL DEPT: Jim Holt, Jim Irving  
DISPLAY ADVERTISING DEPT: Rod Spicer, Bryan Armstrong  
CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING-CIRCULATION: Joan Marshman  
OFFICE MANAGER: Doreen Deacon  
BUSINESS OFFICE: Eileen Glover  
NATIONAL SALES REPRESENTATIVE: Metroland Corporate Sales 493-1300

Published every Wednesday at 54 Main St. Stouffville, Ont. tel. 640-2101. Single copies 25¢, subscriptions \$13.00 per year in Canada, \$35.00 elsewhere. Member of Canadian Community Newspapers Association, Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association, Ontario Press Council and Suburban Newspaper of America. Second class mail registration number 0896.

The Stouffville Tribune is one of the Metroland Printing & Publishing Ltd. group of suburban newspapers which includes Ajax/Whitby/Pickering News Advertiser, Aurora Banner/Newmarket Era, The Bolton Enterprise, Brampton Guardian, The Burlington Post, The Burlington Weekend Post, The Etobicoke Advertiser Guardian, The Georgetown Independent/Acton Free Press, Markham/Thornhill Economist, Milton Champion, The Mississauga News, The Mississauga News Weekend Edition, The North York Mirror, Oakville Beaver, Oakville Friday Beaver, Oshawa This Week, Oshawa This Weekend, The Richmond Hill/Thornhill Liberal, The Scarborough Mirror, The Woodbridge & Vaughan News.

640-2100

ROAMING AROUND  
**'Hazel' called 28 years ago**  
By JIM THOMAS



Where were you when the lights went out? That's become a common expression ever since the black-out of several years ago that totally darkened much of southern Ontario and a large portion of New York State.

The thing of it is, most of us can remember exactly where we were and what we were doing during momentous occasions in history.

For example—the shooting of U.S. President John F. Kennedy; the winning goal by Paul Henderson in the '72 Canada-Russian series; the attempted assassinations of President Ronald Reagan and Pope John Paul and so on.

Then there are more personal events that, while not news to the world, have left an indelible mark on your life—your wedding; the purchase of a new home; your first new car; the first baby; all important happenings that recall in a flash, exactly what you were doing that day.

My wife, for example, relates almost everything to the arrival of each child. She knows the year, the month, the day, the weather, even the kind of car we were driving at the time.

Perhaps this ability is common to most mothers for, after all, what occurrence could be more important than the birth of a son or daughter, especially if they arrive together.

For me, because of the nature of my work, I tend to attach more significance to current events. One such day that stands out in my mind is Thursday, Oct. 14, 1954.

Where were you and what were you doing on that date, twenty-eight years ago?

Before you start leafing through that dog-eared diary, I'll refresh your memory—it was the onslaught of Hurricane Hazel, that giant of a storm that dumped 322 million tons of water on the area; caused property damage estimated at 25 million dollars and was responsible for the deaths of 81 people.

Okay, so where were you and what were you doing? Anyone ten years or older at the time will probably remember. Indeed, how could anyone forget?

I was single and still living at home on the farm. I remember listening to the car radio as reports warned of approaching winds in excess of 100 miles per hour. But, like most, I didn't take it all that seriously, until shortly after 6 p.m., when Hazel hit with a fury and intensity, the like of which I'd never seen and hopefully will never see again.

I recall standing out on the front verandah and seeing the wooden silo on the north-east corner of the barn collapse in a shower of sparks as supporting steel rods gave way under the strain. That loss, while major to us, was minimal compared to what happened to others.

I was working for both The Tribune and The Telegram at the time. Because most phone lines were down, (ours included), neither could reach me, and just as well. The risk of venturing out was too great. The next morning,

however, I was on my way—assigned by The Tely's Harvey Currell to cover the evacuation of the Holland Marsh area near Bradford. I'll never forget the devastation. There were people clinging to rooftops, hanging out upstairs windows and holding onto anything strong enough to withstand the raging current. Rescue parties employed everything from makeshift rafts to helicopters.

While the morning-after-the-night-before was beautiful, reaching the Holland Marsh district was still a very real hazard with whole sections of Yonge Street undermined by the flood. Oddly enough, the only photo I had published, was a half-page picture of a sunken piece of pavement, with a car marooned at the bottom.

Closer to home, Charles Nolan and I covered the countryside, recording scenes of destruction beyond belief—a C.N. passenger train engine on its side north of Markham; bridges washed out at Unionville and Cedar Grove; trees uprooted at every turn and only stone foundations where once barns had been.

However, as the saying goes: "It's an ill-wind that doesn't blow someone some good". Out of the chaos of 28 years ago was born The Metropolitan Toronto and Region Conservation Authority, the benefits of which we know today through innumerable flood-control projects. Our town is one of the benefactors.

**Editorials**  
**Politics requires time**

Would-be candidates aren't exactly breaking down the doors of the Municipal Office in a mass stampede to file nomination papers. As of this date, (Oct. 11), an election is a certainty in only two wards plus board of education. This situation could well change before the 5 p.m. deadline, Oct. 18. If, for no other reason than to stir up added interest, we hope it does.

While mumblings and grumbings, (common to Canadians), are heard up and down the congestion roads as well as Main Street, we still must assume the reason so few are standing for office is the fact most are satisfied with Council's performance. Such was not the case in the fall of 1980 when, let's face it, the Town was going nowhere.

Yes, there's room for "new blood" within the present regime and, yes, we're hoping others will still step forward, but don't count on it.

The main drawback, however, to political involvement is TIME—a lack of it. Most would-be political aspirants can't spare the hours; they've told us so. We can think of a dozen persons who, in our opinion, would make excellent candidates and councillors but "there's just no time". Attending meetings and responding to complaints is a commitment few can make, regardless of what the position pays.

So let's say thanks to those who can. In Whitchurch-Stouffville, their numbers are few.

**Downtown is poorly lit**

We all resent criticism. Even constructive criticism puts most of us on the defensive. We tend to retaliate.

On occasions, however, it would be better to consider what is meant by certain remarks and whether there's something to be learned from them.

So it is with critics of the community and of the Town. "If you don't like it, go back where you came from," is a typical reply. But again, perhaps there's something to be learned—like Sunday evening.

A couple from the United States (the license plate read Virginia), stopped on Stouffville's Main Street to ask directions. In the brief conversation that followed, the driver commented on the top-sided illumination of the downtown core, bright on the south side and dark on the

north. "In all the places we've visited, yours is the poorest lit yet," he said.

As much as we hate to admit it, the man was undoubtedly right. Any Main Street more poorly illuminated than Stouffville's, would have no lights at all. It's a disgrace.

Initially, when the new lights were installed (at considerable expense), it was agreed that improved fixtures would hopefully soon follow to properly balance the system. Unfortunately, the Council of that day didn't specify when; in this century or the next?

Business here shouldn't make Council the scapegoat for all its economic woes but there are areas where the Town could and should provide some assistance. Main Street lighting is one. Let's make it a priority project in '83.

IN MY OPINION  
**There's no place like home**  
BY JIM HOLT



The old adage, "anticipation is sometimes better than realization," is never truer than when one returns from vacation. Once the promise has been fulfilled and the euphoria of doing something different (breaking the daily mold) has passed, a sense of anti-climax (verging on despair) sets in, and getting into the swing of things becomes twice as difficult.

It was with this sense of foreboding that I recently returned from a trip to England and Paris. The trip itself was memorable. Renewing acquaintances with people I had not seen for nearly forty years; revisiting haunts of my childhood days and, in general, having a thoroughly "sentimental journey" down memory lane.

Arriving at Gatwick airport, we were met with seventy plus temperatures and a clear blue sky that promised well for our week's stay in England. Leaping into a rented Volkswagen, my wife immediately rocketed off into the traffic as if she had never left her native shores.

Within twenty minutes she was bemoaning the fact there wasn't a coffee house in sight. "I'd even settle for Macdonalds," she moaned

as we swept through coffeeless, beautiful English country lanes. We eventually settled for a Methodist church hall where Saturday morning coffee sessions were being held. Apart from my making the social blunder of asking the resident minister what time the pubs open, we were soon refreshed and on our way.

The week passed quickly—too quickly. What seemed like an endless stream of lunches and dinners, punctuated with occasional bouts of sleep, swept us along on a wave of bonhomie and goodwill; in between which we covered nearly a thousand miles in our little Rabbit.

Before we knew it, we were on the boat train to Paris, via London which was very disappointing. Personally, I found it tacky, dirty and not at all like the elegant, charming city I once knew it to be. It was my first big let-down.

If London disappointed, Paris was everything I expected—despite a five year absence. Not only that, she was very, very inexpensive. I even came back with money.

Our hotel, which was situated in the heart of Paris, slap-bang in the middle of the Seine, could not have been more central. One could

make a daily choice of walking - oh, how we walked. I thought we were in training for the Boston Marathon - either the left or right banks of this beautiful city.

Memorable moments were; popping a champagne cork out of the window to celebrate our silver wedding anniversary; three-course dinners (including wine) at around \$10 each; singing with a traditional jazz band at a street corner on St. Germain des Pres at nearly midnight; watching all those stunning Parisienne women who, surely, must be the best dressed ladies in the world and, last but not least, arriving home at around midnight and taking a deep, deep breath. It was pure nectar, and the first time my nose had been clear in over two weeks.

Next morning, bouncing into the bedroom after her 7 a.m. jog, my wife stood by the window and remarked: "You know, despite all those beautiful paintings and historic buildings we saw when it comes to 'getting it right', Mother Nature has man beat all the way down the line. I looked out. She was right. It was Fall.