

Editor's Mail

Too few

It's with the greatest respect I write this letter. It was printed in your newspaper of Oct. 26 that a Remembrance Day service is to be held in the Legion Hall (Stouffville), Nov. 6. In my opinion, this form of remembrance should be discontinued. There are far too few who want to remember and those who do are also growing fewer in number.

Very impressive ceremonies are held in many of our local schools. I believe the Legion should be represented at these assemblies. At least there, the numbers are sufficient to make the remembrance worthwhile.

Gordon Brady,
Ninth Line, Stouffville

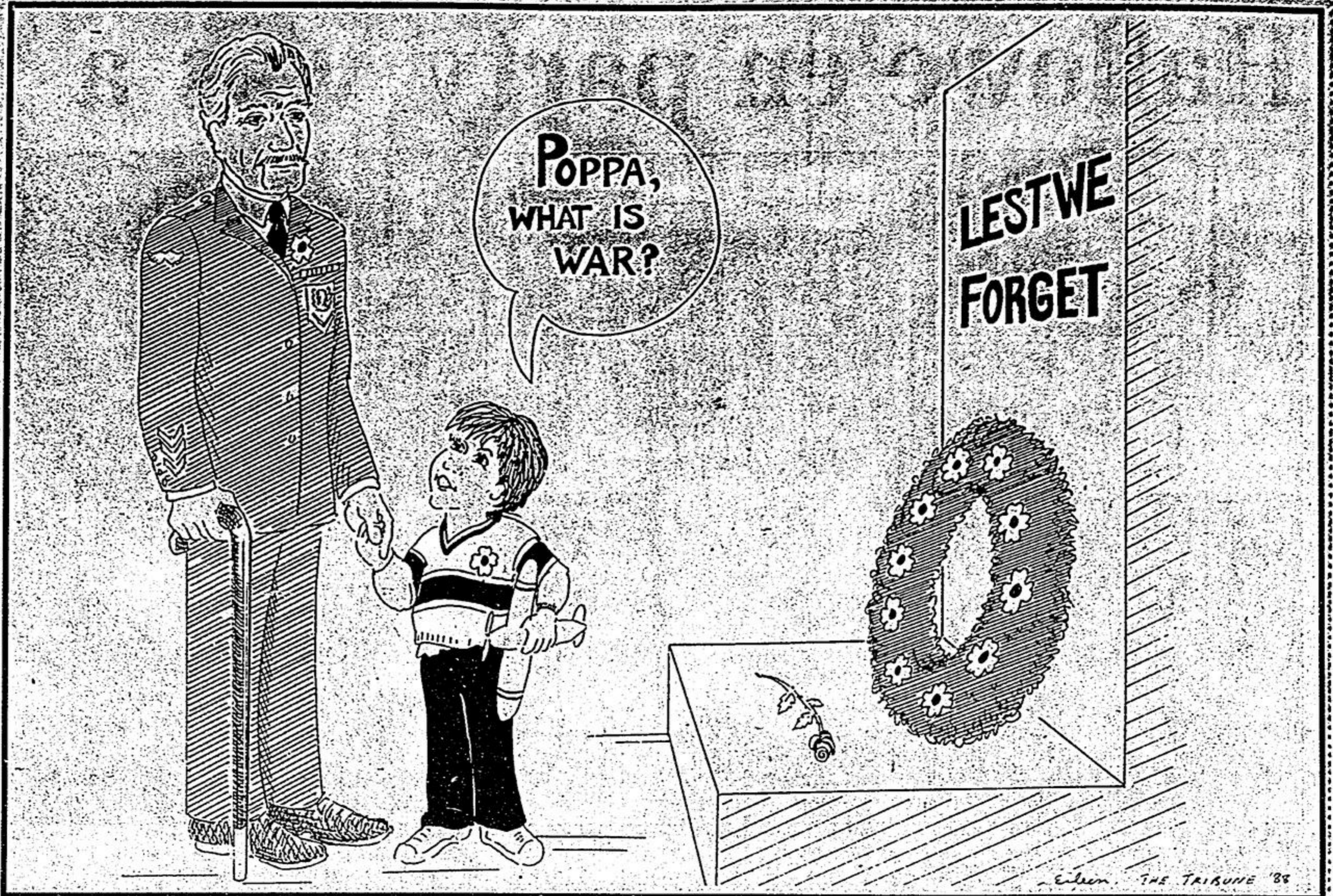
Unfair

Although now a couple of months past, I would suggest many of your readers did not understand what was behind the protest lodged by Ron Elliott of Gormley re the division of the 'triangle' property west of Woodbine Avenue.

Mr. Elliott, as I understand it, felt the people of Gormley shouldn't be bound by a bylaw that was initiated with respect to land division at Ballantrae.

And I agree. The two areas are as different as night and day.

Alex Lieberman,
Gormley



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ROAMING AROUND

Computer nightmare

BY JIM THOMAS



Over the past 40 years, I've experienced many highs and lows in the field of weekly journalism.

The lowest of the lows occurred Monday evening, Oct. 24.

Indeed, if The Tribune Office had been located on the 25th floor of the Sun Life Tower, I'd have surely thrown myself through the plate glass window onto the street.

Ended everything, then and there. I kid you not.

Strange as it may seem, for a Monday, things had gone unusually well. I fully expected to be home by midnight or 1 a.m. at the latest.

"Jean'll never believe this," I said to myself, "she'll think I'm sick or something."

Certainly, the fact I worked both Saturday and Sunday nights had something to do with it. However, for some unexplained reason, everything had gone together well. It was 10:45 p.m., and I had only three pages to go.

"Midnight should be a cinch," the inaudible conversation continued, "I can't believe it."

Nor should I have believed it.

For at precisely 10:55 p.m., the phone rang.

I answered promptly.

"I don't know how to tell you this," the voice at the other end drawled hesitatingly, "but I have bad news — very bad news."

"And what's that?" I responded, gripping the arm of my Office chair for support.

"It's just that (pause), (pause), all your stories are gone." He then proceeded to explain the mechanics of the catastrophe.

I listened but, in actual fact, I wasn't hearing anything. The magnitude of the

faux pas was far too great to comprehend.

"Gone!" is all I remember replying, followed by "I can't believe it."

"It's true," came the unassuring response, "I only wish it wasn't."

At this point, my head was spinning at a million miles a second. I grimaced an uncomplimentary goodbye and slammed the receiver down; with such force, the phone fell on the floor.

Then I collapsed, both physically and mentally. The whole world that minutes before was a veritable bowl of cherries, had come crashing down on my cranium with bone-crushing force.

And I went limp, burying my head in my hands. And I cried; great tears of agony flowed across my defaulted log book and onto my desk.

No, I don't expect you the reader to understand the depth of my despair. It's just that one errant flick of a master switch can, in a matter of seconds, erase everything that's taken hours, even days to write.

That's what happened — at Markham, where all The Tribune's computerized stories are channeled. Unfortunately, there's no bypass line to the printing plant to serve as back-up. When the wipe-out occurs, it's complete. There's no resurrecting that which doesn't exist.

After the shock waves of suicidal proportions had passed, I began to assess the tremendous work load lying ahead.

"Where do I start?" I wondered.

"From scratch," my subconscious replied.

Trouble is, in this weird and sometimes bewildering world of journalism, much of what's written comes from the writer's head. It's not just a case of copying what's already been put

on paper. No such luck.

While all earlier items had been saved, I had to re-think each of my Page 1 stories plus whatever others time would allow.

A monumental task to say the least.

Wife Jean offered to help. So did son Barry. A sympathetic Bruce Stapley, the paper's dependable assignment reporter even wanted to 'lend a hand' but there was nothing anyone could do.

Supported by three bananas, two apples, a large-size Coke, a slab of cheese and a bottle of No-Nod pills, I went to work.

Three o'clock, four o'clock, five o'clock — the early-morning hours ticked away.

And my fingers flicked away.

By six, there was a glimmer of light at the end of the tunnel. Maybe, just maybe, I mumbled to myself, I'll make the courier's call at eight.

And I did; more luck than good management. Somehow, (I don't know how), I managed to stay awake. And somehow, (I don't know how), I staggered back into work at nine.

But nothing had changed — not really.

"You look terrible," commented one of the compositors at the printing plant.

"I always look terrible Tuesdays," I answered wearily.

"How come you didn't catch that glaring spelling mistake on Page 1?" asked a reader Wednesday.

"Which one?" I replied despondently.

What happened to the story about our bazaar?" enquired a lady somewhat aggitated.

"It was annihilated," I answered dejectedly.

The stories behind those replies?

I didn't have the heart to explain or the strength.

But to the Library, Latham Gallery, the schools, the churches, the clubs, all the volunteers who look to the newspaper for much-deserved publicity, my apologies. Your stories were there — once! But they disappeared, gone to dead story land, never to return. I almost didn't either.

Editorials

Future of Town in hands of a few

The much publicized All-Candidates Forum at Stouffville Dist. Secondary School, Friday, resulted in an interesting exchange of opinions.

As is usually the case in such exercises, statements by both would-be office holders and incumbents were low key. Only Councillor Margot Marshall, (Ward 1), added a little spice to the 'fray' when she took on both the York Region Board of Education and the meeting's MC.

What gall! Unfortunately, Marshall's back by acclamation. Otherwise, she might have sunk her claws still deeper.

For the most part, the best was saved till last — questions from the floor. But even these were fairly tame.

We make the following observations:

A second nomination meeting notwithstanding, we consider an attendance of 200, (out of 13,555 eligible voters), disgraceful. That's 1.5 percent.

We don't anticipate any more, (if as many), at Vandorf tonight.

Affordable housing, (or lack thereof), proved a major issue. Unfortunately, no one had solutions, not as far as Whitchurch-Stouffville's concerned.

Jim Sanders, (Ward 6), relayed the ball into the Region's court which, in our opinion, is where it belongs; along with Queen's Park. Certainly, our Town can play a part but with only 77 units available on the municipal sewage system, that part is minute at best.

The Indoor Pool vs. Town Office Complex failed to raise the dust we expected. Don Bigioni, (candidate Ward 6), introduced an interesting point when he recommended it be made an addition to the High School.

Few, if any questioned, were meant to embarrass candidates, although the 'time factor' targeted towards Wilf Morley, had tinges of indictment.

We liked the honesty of all replies. On one query, Mr. Bigioni admitted simply he didn't know. For this, he gained respect.

Nick Tatone overshadowed rival Johan Aaltink, (Ward 3). Mr. Aaltink admitted to being nervous and it showed. An errant mike, through most of the Forum, didn't help his cause.

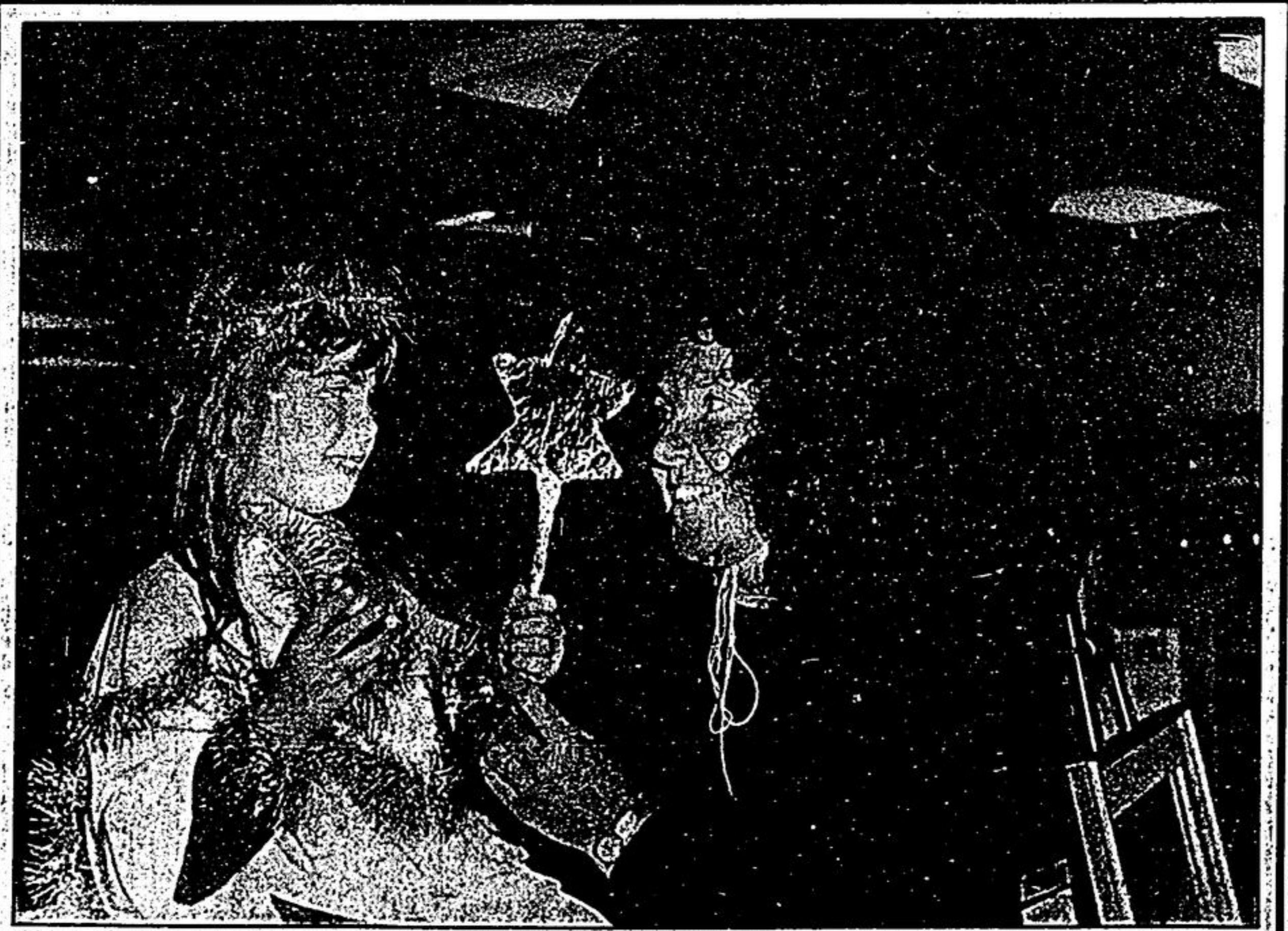
Crawford Thomson, a political freshman, (and mayoralty candidate no less), scored above-average marks on his introduction but failed miserably on the question-answer test. This was expected.

There was little to choose between Marie Adams and Doug Alles, (Ward 5); and Don Bigioni and Jim Sanders, (Ward 6).

Wilf Morley was at his best. He spoke clearly and with authority. Mayorally incumbent Fran Sainsbury dropped her defenses ever so slightly on the 'Big Pipe' issue and Morley was quick to score.

We gave him top marks over all.

However, if the interest and enthusiasm on Nov. 14 is comparable to the interest and enthusiasm of Oct. 28, God help our Town!



Wacky Witch charmed by Halloween angel

On Saturday afternoon, Whitchurch-Stouffville Public Library held its annual Halloween Hoop. Prominent among the hosts was the Wacky Witch, (alias Sheila McLeod). However, even her charms were no match for

those of a visiting angel, (alias Sara Pickering). Sara, age seven, lives on Alderwood Crescent, Stouffville.

— Jim Thomas

Editor's Mail

On own?

Dear Editor:

Parkview Village is one of the finest apartment complexes established in the Whitchurch-Stouffville area.

Seniors residing there must certainly be pleased.

If the government can subsidize this type of project, why can't the same kind of accommodation be provided folks at the other end of the age scale?

In my opinion, they're just as needy, maybe moreso.

I feel our Town's Seniors are marvellously cared for, and so they should be.

However, there's a serious lack of affordable apartments for newlyweds, and single parents who's looking after them?

It would seem they must fend for themselves.

Sincerely,

(Mrs.) Bruce Davis,

Aspen Crescent, Stouffville.