

Editor's Mail

Go easy

Dear Editor:
I do not consider our home as 'historical'.
While it's close to 100 years old, it falls short, I believe, of historical designation.
Others might think differently, however.
I consider it grossly unfair that any residence should be so designated unless the owner submits a request. When strings are attached to a property, re-sale often becomes difficult.
I believe historical designation should occur only on application. Any other method is unfair and undemocratic. The Town would be well advised to tread softly on this one.

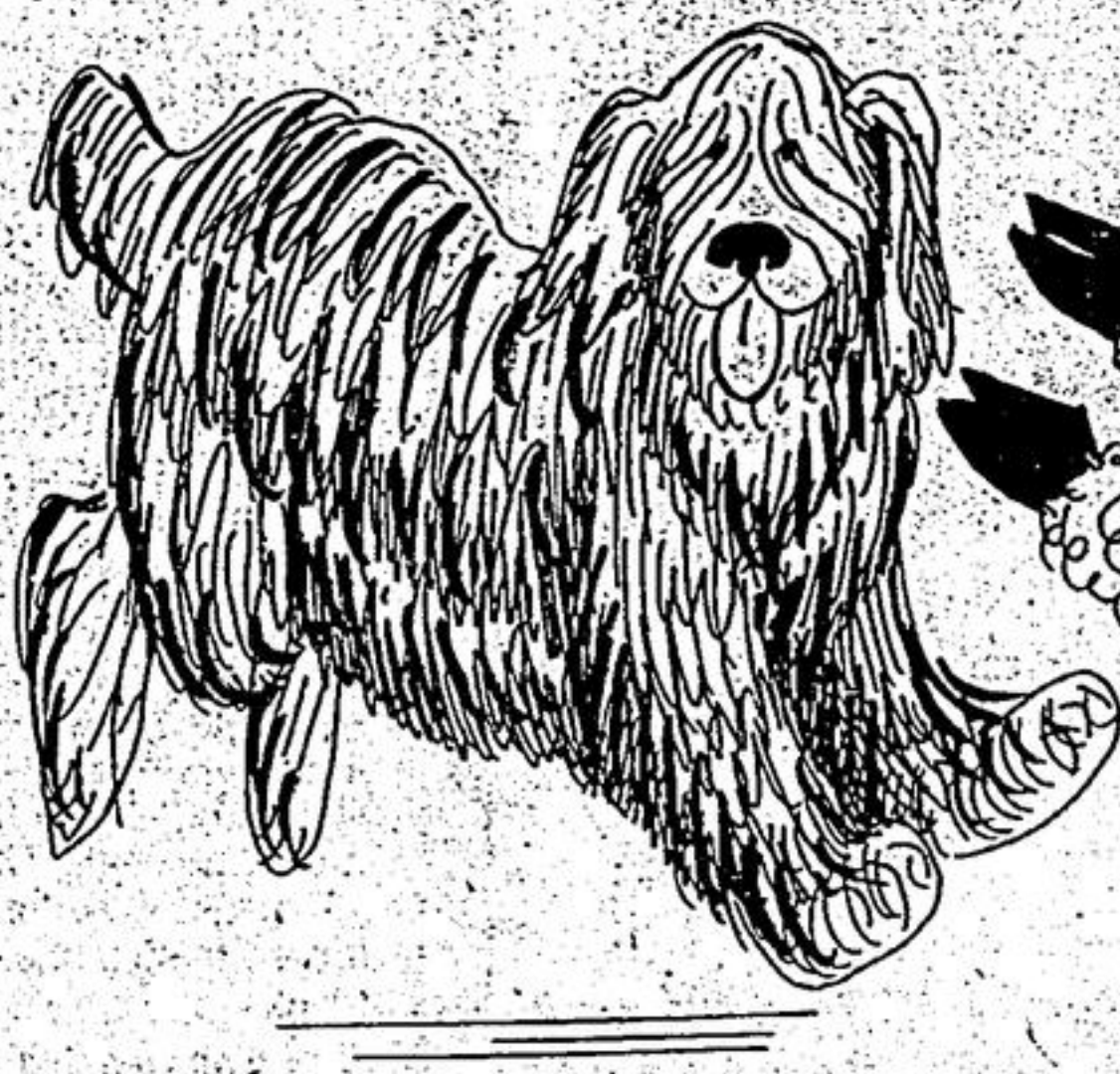
Bryan Perkins, Stouffville

Fortunate

Dear Editor:
I was pleased to see the excellent article and photos related to Dagmar Ski Resort, published in The Tribune's Jan. 4 edition.
Residents of Stouffville, (Markham, Clarendon and Uxbridge too), are indeed fortunate to have such a facility so close at hand.
Within minutes, we can travel to this winter paradise, a location that offers everything we want and need.
Through your story and pictures, I hope others will take advantage of Ski Dagmar as we have done. There's no place we'd rather be.

(Mrs.) Edythe Fagan, Alderwood Street, Stouffville

"DIANE ALWAYS DID ENJOY A CHALLENGE!"



Ellen THE TRIBUNE 87

The Tribune
ESTABLISHED 1888
JAMES THOMAS Editor
PATRICIA PAPPAS Publisher
DEBORAH WELLS Advertising Manager
JENNIFER HUTT Distribution Manager

RETAIL ADVERTISING: Susan Berry (Manager Charles Carving)
REAL ESTATE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING: Joan Marshman (Real Estate Manager Dorothy Young)
DISTRIBUTION: Sandy Kitley, Arlene Maddock
BUSINESS OFFICE: Manager Chris Bertram, Doreen Deacon
NATIONAL SALES REPRESENTATIVE: Metroland Corporate Sales 493-1300

The Stouffville Tribune, published every Wednesday and Saturday at 54 Main St., Stouffville, Ont., is one of the Metroland Printing, Publishing & distributing group of suburban newspapers which includes: The Action Free Press, the Pickering News Advertiser, Aurora Banner, Brampton Guardian, Burlington Post, Etobicoke Advertiser, Guardian, Georgetown Independent, Markham Economist & Sun, Milton champion, Mississauga News, Newmarket Era, Oakville Beaver, Oshawa Weekly, The Week, Richmond Hill Times, Vaughan, Livers, Scarborough Mirror, York News, Willowdale Mirror, Metroland Printing, Publishing & Distributing is a division of Harlequin Enterprises Ltd. Single copies 50¢, subscriptions \$21.00 per year in Canada, \$35.00 elsewhere. Member of Canadian Community Newspaper Association, Ontario Weekly Newspaper Association, Ontario Press Council and Suburban Newspaper of America. Second class mail registration number 0892.

640-2100 649-2292

ROAMING AROUND

Seconds from eternity

BY JIM THOMAS



Like most males, I consider myself a pretty good driver.
Except for a couple of fender-benders, one of which was not my fault, I enjoy, (touch wood), an impeccable record.
Forty years behind the wheels of 23 different cars has rolled up more than two million miles; some pretty fast miles at that. Yet, I can count the number of scrapes and scratches on one hand.
Not bad for someone who obtained his license simply by driving around the block; then ditched the car that very same night while out on a date.
But I learned my lesson, both in driving and dating. Don't do either with your eyes closed. It's sure to get you in trouble.
Bad enough that my dad's '35 Ford hit the ditch, but my love affair stalled on a dead-end street. The former survived. The latter died.
Jean doesn't possess any such confidence — in me.
She ohs and ahs all the while we're out. I swear, except for a reinforced floorboard, her feet would be pushing the pavement at every stop-light.
She claims, (and rightly so), that I drive too fast.
"Slow down, you'll get a ticket," she warns.
"Stay with the traffic flow," I argue. If the car ahead's doing 120 km. I do too, leaving sufficient space between for emergency stops.
Admittedly, speed kills! This is why, in many cases, fatal collisions occur. Everyone, myself included, is in too much of a rush.
While I'm as guilty as the next guy

when it comes to exceeding the posted limit; I do draw the line. There's a difference between driving fast and driving crazy.
"Speeding's foolish. Lane-changing's crazy. Motorist's guilty of the latter make me fume."
If my Canadian Tire ray-gun was effective at fifty paces, I'd zap all lane-changers into oblivion.
By now, you're probably aware of the reason I'm writing this column. After a hair-raising experience, Thursday, I wasn't expecting to be around to write anything.
Invariably, when I wind up my average working day, some time between eleven and midnight, I head for the Country-Style Donut Shop on Woodbine Avenue, south of Hwy. 7.
Sure; there are donut places closer, but this spot serves the best home-made soup in the land; bar none.
Yes, it's worth the trip; but not Thursday. It was the closest call to a catastrophe I've ever experienced.
At a point somewhere south of Major Mackenzie, Hwy. 404 spreads into three lanes. I was southbound in the centre strip, allowing the crazies to zip by on the left and the pokes to doddle along on the right.
Almost automatically, I glanced in my rear-view mirror and saw two cars moving up fast. The one in the lead was a Toyota Celica. The name was almost embedded on my back bumper. Suddenly, without slackening speed, he veered to the left, then back to the right, slipping in between an extremely tight space.
Unfortunately, the guy trailing, (I guess it was a guy; no girl would be so

stupid), thought he could do the same. And he almost did. But, at the last second, his grey, high-powered Corvette went out of control.
If I live to be a hundred, I'll never forget the next few moments of indescribable highway horror.
The Corvette's momentum carried it close to 1,000 feet in a horizontal skid. Burning rubber sent up a pall of smoke that obliterated everything ahead.
Presumably, this dare-devil concluded his life was over; if he was going to go, he might just as well take others with him. At the last second, he shot crossways and stopped, part of his car in one lane and part in another.
I jumped on the brakes and cut sharply to the left. Other innocent slob, with even less warning, swung right and left. The deadly crash, I fully anticipated, never materialized; truly a miracle.
While no one was killed or even injured, the effect was very visible. Traffic, on to the next interchange, moved at a snail's pace; drivers feeling lucky to be alive.
Yes, I bypassed my usual bowl of Country-Style soup. My stomach, not to speak of my nerves, was too tied up in knots. I just turned around and headed home.
But you know how they say your life passes before your eyes under such circumstances. My life didn't. It's hard to relive 59 years in five seconds. I thought only of survival and the 24 days' vacation the company still owes me from 1988.

Editorials

Planning Dept. office buying pig in a poke

At a Council meeting Jan. 10, Ward 4's Wayne Emmerson cited inflationary expenditures related to the 'temporary' Planning Department office under reconstruction in the Stouffville Park.
Before all work's completed, this project will cost the Town, (you and I), \$55,000, including \$31,000 to move it here.
Ridiculous!
While our initial concern was with location, (the Town Park should be preserved for recreation), the expense adds further fuel to the fire.

We commend Councillor Emmerson for bringing the cost figure to the fore. However, at this stage, it's too little, too late.
Surely members must have been aware of the amount of money involved before the project was approved.
We're certain the okay didn't come about without discussion.
Yet Councillor Emmerson, for one, appeared surprised at the price. Talk about buying a pig in a poke.
Mayor Fran Sainsbury likened this 'happening' to the birth of a baby — "once you have it, you can't give it back."
Yes, Mayor Sainsbury, babies like park-implemented buildings, often come about through poor planning.

Yes, Council has a heart

Yes, Town Council has a heart.
After the Markham-Stouffville Oldtimers' Hockey Association was 'taken to the cleaners' last spring with respect to applied costs at the Town Rec. Centre, we were beginning to wonder. That event, was also for a good cause — the Markham-Stouffville Hospital Building Fund.
Regardless, Council has waived all rental expense with regard to an oldtimers' hockey game, Feb. 25. Receipts will be donated to the Ernie Kennedy Trust Fund.
Perhaps, with respect to the Rec. Centre, the politicians have seen the light.
The Recreation Complex is a community project, erected in part by community funds. When the cause is community oriented, an adjustment in rental rates is warranted.

Protection

Should survival of the fittest be the law of business?
We don't think so, particularly when zoning regulations are in place to protect such interests.
Councillor Ron Robb wonders if the hamlet of Ballantrae has sufficient population (2,500 people), to support four variety stores.
So do we.
When zoning is such as to accommodate surplus business operations, there's little Council can do. When it must be changed to do so, then Council's inviting hardship.



Construction soon on medical and office complex

Construction is expected to start this spring on a modern four-storey medical and office complex at the intersection of Main West and Sandford Drive, Stouffville. The contractor is B.J.S. Development Ltd. of Richmond Hill. The firm will also manage the property. The handsome building will be called the Imperial Centre.

Apology

Dear Editor:
I owe a member of The Tribune's staff a humble apology.
Last week, someone from your Office, (perhaps yourself), called our home, enquiring concerning holiday visitors.
Being new to the community, we'd never been approached like this before. We thought it was some kind of joke, and replied in a rather rude manner.
The caller, however, never lost his 'cool', but apologized for the inconvenience and hung up.
Not until I read the dozens of Christmas visitation notes in your Jan. 4 issue, did I realize the purpose.
Our family has moved around quite a bit in the last 12 years, but never have we been contacted by a community newspaper. Naturally, when your paper called, I was suspicious of the motive.
Perhaps others' reactions were the same.
I wish only to say, I'm sorry. Slowly but surely we're learning what makes the Stouffville community so special and why we now consider ourselves privileged to live here.
If your newspaper sees fit to call us again, the response will be much different, I guarantee.

Sincerely,
(Mrs.) Jennifer Kovacs, Geoffrey Crescent, Stouffville