

Here's our Halloween winners!

On Halloween Night

By Suzanne Post and Michelle Harper

There was a black cat. It caused bad luck wherever it went. Then Halloween came and all the kids had bad luck. The black cat came to a Jack-o-lantern. The black cat said, "you will have bad luck." The Jack-o-lantern said, "no one can scare me or give bad luck." "Oh," said the black cat. "So I can't?" So the black cat went home and thought. But, no luck. "I have to think of something. At night I will jump behind him and scare him. That night came, he jumped behind the Jack-o-lantern but he didn't scare him. "So you tried to scare me didn't you?" "Yes," said the black cat. "I can't scare anyone or give them bad luck anymore. Let's be friends." "OK," the Jack-o-lantern said. So the black cat and the Jack-o-lantern had a great Halloween. The End.

The Witch

By Kristina Bradstreet

One rather eerie night, I was going to the convenience store for some milk, when, all out of nowhere, a house appeared on the hill I was walking by! I tried to run, but everything seemed like it was in slow motion. I felt a queer drawing to the house, like I was possessed or something. I ran up the grassy hill, heading for the house. The stairs creaked as I walked up them. I opened the door. Cobwebs were strung among the ceiling. Dusty carpets lined the floor and furniture had white sheets draped over them. "Wow," I breathed. There were stairs lined with old, rotten wood. Napkins, plates, cups, and silverware still sat at their proper places. It occurred to me that it was puzzling that no one had stolen anything. It looked as if a family had set the table, gone to get something and had never come back. I heard something move downstairs. I trampled down the stairs. When I got to the bottom, I stopped short. A cauldron bubbled and hissed while thick crimson liquid inside churned away. A witch with a long pointy nose and green skin, sat stirring it with a long metal stick. "So, you're the one I heard," she snarled, revealing a mouthful of gray, rotted teeth. "Come here, my child." She motioned for me with her finger to come closer. Her nails were long and sharp enough to tear flesh. That was all I needed. I shot out of the house, down the hill and all the way home. Even then, I didn't tell Mom. As they say, some things are better kept secret.

Howling Night

By Andre Kassermolli

It's 6 a.m. and the president of Scienceteck labs is walking down the hall to Dr. Hyde's office. "Dr. Hyde we have come to a decision. Our budget is very small so we had to chose between keeping you or have the 20th annual Halloween party. Unfortunately we have to let you go." "No you can't! I'm a genius. I will have my revenge! I hate Halloween," cried out Dr. Hyde. He stormed out of the office with a formula he was working on. It was supposed to change anyone who drank it into a werewolf during a full moon. Dr. Hyde headed toward an abandoned mansion at the end of 13th street. There he would think a plan to destroy Halloween. After 15 minutes he came up with an idea he would drink the formula and take over the Halloween party and he would use a big sign that said "free treats" to turn them into zombies. So when the moon came out he drank the formula and took over the party. Meanwhile at the Smith house Tim was getting ready to go out trick or treating with his boring and cranky brother Troy. By 7:15 p.m. they did half of the block and they came to a sign that said "free treats inside." They saw someone go in the building and all of a sudden they heard Dr. Hyde howling. Tim said "Wow there must be a narly party inside too. Can I go please?" "Oh alright you shmp, just for two minutes. I'll wait out here," said Troy. He waited five and Tim wasn't back so Troy peeked in the window and he saw the werewolf's ugly body tying up Tim. "Oh no I'm in big trouble," Troy thought about a movie he saw before and remembered that werewolves hated garlic so he went home, got a hand full of garlic and his sling shot and headed for the building. He knew that after the moon went away that werewolves went back to normal. Troy crept in but Hyde saw him and tried to eat him. Troy slinged garlic in his mouth. Hyde fainted, Troy tied him up. He rescued Tim and everyone else. The End ... or is it?

Landowners claim public garage will destroy investment

(From Page 1) business. Stalwart owners claim Rennie's proposal would kill clinched deals with potential tenants and would cost them hundreds and thousands of dollars of investment capital. Rennie, located on Gormley Ind. Ave. at Woodbine Ave., wants to open a public garage to service off-site trucks. The application would require council's permission because public garage is not a permitted use on part of the property. That's where the confusion begins. A westerly strip of land (lot 8) hides most of Rennie's outdoor storage and constant truck traffic from neighboring properties. The uses permitted on the small strip forbid a public garage. But in its staff report,

planners included the entire property as one 'change area.' The report states the public garage use would "simply permit the expansion of a function currently in existence on the property." But Pitoni told officials "nothing could be further from the truth." He claims Rennie was rejected from using lot 8 as a public garage in January and that the two pieces of land should be dealt with separately. Rennie agent Julius Tuss said lot 8 "has no bearing on the business proposal we're looking at." "We're not increasing our facilities, we're just increasing our utilization as a way to make more money," Tuss said. Stalwart landowners, however,

said their investments would be destroyed if lot 8 were allowed to become a truck garage. "You would have to be an insane person to want an office across from a truck property," Pitoni said. He and two other landowners said the small lot is the only protection they have from Rennie's "unsightly trailers and debris." "By changing (the zoning) you are not only changing our tax-paying investments but are also changing the impact on the local environment, the aesthetic value of the area and the business development potential of the area," Mateus said. Mayor Fran Sainsbury, visibly disturbed and embarrassed by the staff error, admitted the town was wrong to include lot 8 in the proposal and said she

would discuss the matter with her staff. Pitoni called the town report "a bunch of rubbish and a manipulation of facts." "Look, we made a mistake, what more can I tell you. We will correct it; that's what public meetings are for," Sainsbury fumed after several minutes of arguing back and forth with the landowners. Staff brushed off the error as a "modification" and said they would revise it for the next

meeting. Pitoni, however, was not satisfied, and called for a new public hearing to replace the "botched" meeting. Pitoni further threatened to challenge the town at the Ontario Municipal Board if lot 8 was used as a public garage. "We're not trying to put Rennie out of business, we're just protecting our investment," he said. The town will discuss the issue at an upcoming planning meeting.

Festive designs at library

The Royal Botanical Gardens presents Christmas Designs for the Home at the Whitchurch-Stouffville Public Library Tues., Nov. 3 at 2 p.m. for an admission fee of \$2 a person. Lil Haworth of the gardens will share her expertise in using fresh, dried and preserved materials to create such items as wreaths, swags and table centre pieces.

Obituary

Markham Mayor Tony Roman dies

Markham Mayor Tony Roman has died at age 56 of complications following surgery to remove a brain tumor. He died at 1:46 p.m. at York Central Hospital in Richmond Hill. He had undergone surgery Sept. 28 to remove a tumor which threatened his eyesight. Lingering health problems slowed Mr. Roman in recent times. "I know my dad was a fighter and in a way it's sort of a relief for him after all the suffering he's had to go through," said Roman's son Edward. Family members were congregated at the Roman home in north Markham Friday afternoon, and are drawing strength from each other. Edward said the entire family was proud of his father's contribution to the town and people of Markham.



ROMAN

Mr. Roman dedicated his life to public service as a municipal and federal politician. He first began what was to become a long and distinguished political career when he was elected councillor for the Township of Markham in 1966. After completing his initial term, he became Deputy Reeve of Markham in 1968 - an office he held through 1969. A native of Czechoslovakia, Mr. Roman was elected Mayor of Markham in 1971. He held that post until being appointed Chairman of the Region of York in 1984. Mr. Roman served as Chairman of the Region of York from January, 1984 until September, 1984 when he was elected to the House of Commons to represent the riding of York North. Returning to the community he had so long served, he was elected once again, Mayor of Markham in 1988. As of yesterday afternoon, funeral arrangements were yet to be made. Mr. Roman was a member of the Slovak Byzantine Catholic Church. Mr. Roman leaves his wife Elsie and four children, Michael, Maria, Paula and Edward.

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