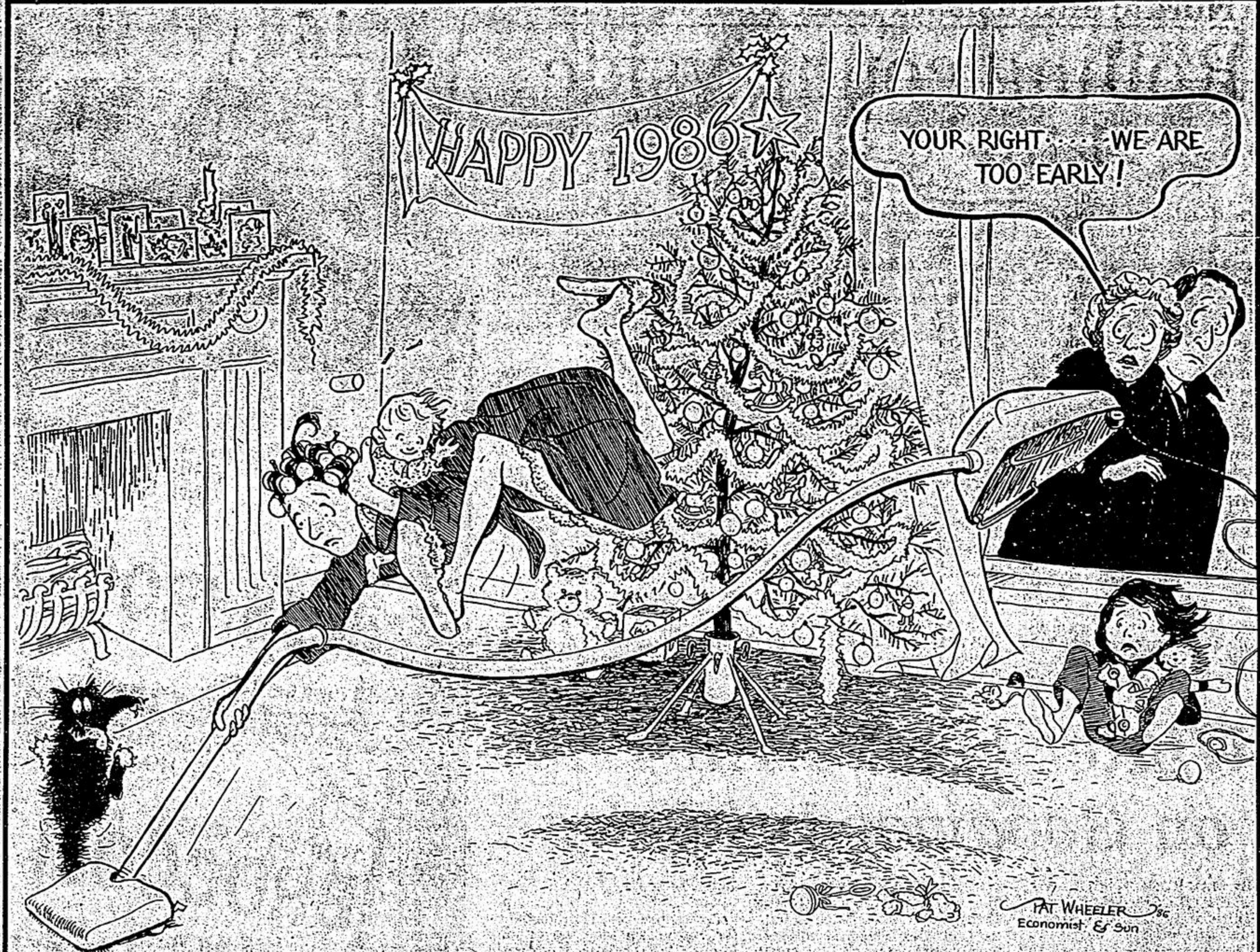


### Editor's Mail Support

Dear Editor:  
Your newspaper's on-going coverage of accomplishments by our rural young people is of great satisfaction to our family.  
The Tribune of Dec. 4 was a good example. Photos of the 4-H Achievement Day and the 4-H Awards Night were excellent. One can only imagine the delight of an award recipient seeing his/her picture in your media.  
The kindness is all the more appreciated when one realizes most of these events occur outside Whitchurch-Stouffville.  
We want you to know that at least one family is aware of your paper's presence at these ceremonies. I hope your youth support policy will long continue.  
Sincerely,  
Phyllis Cameron,  
R.R. 1, Unionville

### Sympathy

Dear Editor:  
A brief note to say how much I enjoyed the heart-warming story concerning the Booth Drive (Stouffville) mother who showed compassion on the stray terrier.  
That the dog produced eight pups, added interest and humor to the tale. However, the fact this mother of four would even bother about the animal, was intriguing to me.  
Would I have done the same?  
Would you?  
Linda Clark must be some 'kind' of person.  
Sincerely,  
Freda Dempsey,  
North Street,  
Stouffville



## The Tribune

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### ROAMING AROUND

## A musical experience

BY JIM THOMAS



I'm on vacation. How sweet it is. This is my third week, but not in a row. I took a couple in August.  
Having rolled up more than twenty consecutive years employment, (thirty-six years in May), the company very generously allows me five weeks holidays. Strange as it may seem, I find it difficult to take five weeks off of fifty-two. For it only places extra pressure on someone else. Besides, I like my vacations when the kids are out of school. It gives us a chance to do things together. That's why I selected the week between Christmas and New Year's. Everyone's home, the whole gang—Susan, Barry, Paul, Cathy, Neil and Mary-Lynn.  
However, it's seldom they're all home at the same time, except for meals. Even then, we have to count heads to make sure no one's missing.  
So what am I doing writing this column?  
That, in so many words, is what Mary-Lynn asked when I told her I was going to the Office, Saturday afternoon.  
"But you're on holidays," she protested.  
And she's right. However, before leaving Dec. 24, I promised to 'help out' with the newspaper's Editorial Page so Chris (Shanahan), my hard-working right hand man could take a breather as well. I know he'd do the same for me.  
Besides, Saturday afternoon was kind

of quiet. It had to be. We celebrated Friday night by visiting The Organ Grinder, 58 The Esplanade, between Yonge and Church Streets, Toronto.  
To dozens, (maybe hundreds), of Whitchurch-Stouffvilleites, this inner-city eatery may be old hat. If so, read no further. You know it all. For me, it was brand new, a 'happening' I'll not soon forget.  
In all honesty, I wasn't that enthused when Mrs. Thomas suggested this location—for several reasons.  
First, it seemed like a long way to drive. JUST to hear an organ. Second, daughter Susan warned me "it's noisy," and third, I had no idea as to the site. If there's anything I detest it's searching for a place I can't find!  
Fortunately, two of my passengers proved themselves excellent navigators. We reached our destination without a single wrong turn.  
The Organ Grinder is a family place. The price is one reason, very reasonable. The organ is another, unbelievable. The priorities switched places when the keyboard master seated himself at the console.  
While seldom at a loss for descriptive, my vocabulary falls far short on this one. Seeing is believing.  
The Mighty Whurlitzer, as it's called, is shaped and lighted much like an old-fashioned juke box. But stationary, it's

merely a sleeping giant until someone steps its toe. Then it comes alive, in fact, the whole room comes alive. Seeing is believing.  
The organ, the only one of its kind in Canada, originated out of a theatre in Milwaukee. It's 56 years old.  
It has 1,000 pipes, the longest, sixteen feet, and the shortest, the size of a milkshake straw. They're made from wood, zinc, lead and tin.  
An array of keys, stops, tabs and pistons, produces sounds that range from the wail of a fire siren to the pounding of horses hooves.  
Rotating lights transform the restaurant interior into a multi-colored spectrum. Even kids sit speechless which, for most parents, (after Christmas), is worth the price of a meal.  
The organist on the evening we attended, was Lance Luce, a young man of only twenty-five. He played a host of requests including "Winter Wonderland," "from Stouffville." He even pronounced the place correctly.  
Those in our company, who'd been there before, knew what to expect. I didn't. The "musical experience" was all new.  
An hour earlier, when the receptionist informed us we'd have to wait until 5:30 for the performance, to begin, I replied, "Wait an hour, just to hear an organ?" But my wife prevailed and insisted we stay. And I'm glad she did. It was an experience! I'll not soon forget.

## Editorials

### Reform needed

Boxing Day madness was rampant throughout Metro Toronto and area this week as many stores defied the law and opened for business on Thursday.  
Ontario's holiday closing law, the Retail Business Holidays Act, states that stores face fines of up to \$10,000 if they operate on the day after Christmas.  
But many businessmen, including Norm Clements of the National Gym and Sports Centre chain, feel the act is discriminatory.  
In any case, changes are required to help ease the tension that exists between retailers and the law-makers.  
One way to help end the acts of defiance commonly displayed by merchants might be to increase penalties against holiday act offenders. The law isn't completely toothless, though many now view the fines as a mere "slap on the wrist."  
If the punishment was more severe, maybe store-owners would think twice

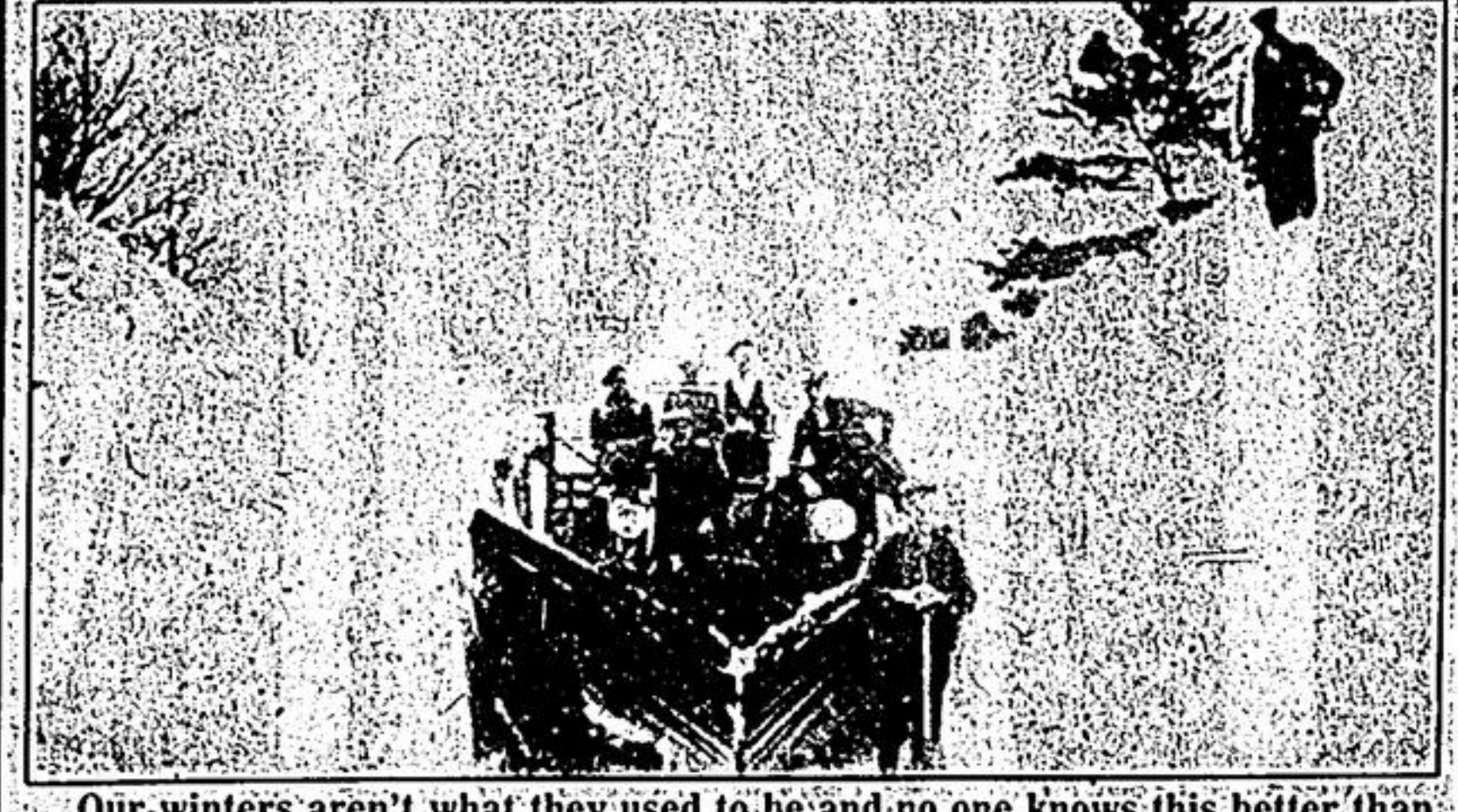
before throwing their doors open the next time. Then, police departments wouldn't have to expend as much valuable time and effort processing these seemingly minor offences.  
A more fair and effective move could be to reform the act, which was instituted Jan. 1, 1976. In its present form, many argue that it's unfair to allow certain kinds of stores to open on designated holidays, while denying others the same opportunity.  
Exempt from the act are small food stores and varieties with fewer than three employees on site, gas stations, drugstores, fresh fruit and vegetable stands and shops located in designated tourist zones (like Unionville).  
Such changes could take away one of the main arguments many retailers use in resisting the law: that being forced to close on traditionally busy shopping days is financially disastrous.  
As Mr. Clements honestly stated Friday: "On Boxing Day there are a lot of impulse dollars to be spent," and he wants to be free to earn his share.  
The well-known entrepreneur refused comment concerning any Boxing Day charges laid against National Gym. But it's a safe bet the company was one of the over 150 Metro-area businesses charged.  
The sporting goods chain was one of several stores that vowed to open on the Dec. 26, despite the possibility of a fine.  
At present, four appeals under the law are still to come before the Supreme Court of Canada. A definite court decision may shed some light on the future path this rather perplexing matter will take.

### Editor's Mail Speechless

Dear Mr. Thomas:  
We've all been involved in most embarrassing situations from time to time. I'd like to tell you and your readers something of mine.  
Last weekend, while at a particular location, (that should go unnamed), I had occasion to visit the washroom.  
I went to the area and noticed each door had a picture of a man and woman plainly visible on the outside. Naturally, I selected the compartment indicated as 'male'.  
Not until I was inside did I realize someone had pulled a switch. The encounter that followed between myself and a female patron was something no words can describe. Both our faces went red and we were speechless. Neither of us seemed to know quite what to do or say. So we did and said nothing. She rushed out and I followed, while the pranksters outside were doubling up with laughter.  
I can NOW laugh about it too, but at the time, it was no laughing matter. It's an incident I'll remember the rest of my life.  
Sincerely,  
Neil Bergeron,  
R.R. 3, Stouffville

### Penalties working

Tougher penalties for drinking and driving convictions appear to be having a dramatic impact on this serious social problem.  
According to statistics compiled by the York Regional Police force, the number of impaired driving charges is well down from past holiday seasons.  
The more severe penalties came as a result of changes in the Canadian Criminal Code approved this December. Another factor was a recent Court of Appeals decision that instructed judges to launch an "attack" on drunk drivers. These measures represent a strong response to a deadly crime.



Our winters aren't what they used to be and no one knows this better than George Windsor of R.R. 2, Stouffville—or Ernest 'Sandy' Davis, Whitchurch Twp. road boss, (far right). Mr Windsor is the owner-operator of this International truck-plow. The location is west of the Ninth Line on the Bloomington Road. The year is 1943.



An old-fashioned winter back in 1943  
Only the top of Mr Windsor's snowplow is visible, indicating the height of drifts on the Bloomington Road in 1943. Bloomington area farmers volunteered their help in an effort to open a 'path' through to Hwy. 48 and to Stouffville. Recalling conditions such as this, long-time residents smile at complaints of weather and road problems as we know them today.

### Editor's Mail A steal

To The Editor:  
Residents at 105 Winlane Drive, Stouffville, obviously don't know when they're well off.  
If any aren't satisfied with their apartments, I'll gladly change places—for \$324.50 a month.  
Are they aware some people are paying over \$500?  
Many apartment owners today are having it tough. Their expenses are high, (including taxes and maintenance), and the return on their investment, (in most cases), is low.  
Count yourselves lucky, folks! By comparison with what I pay, your apartments are a steal.  
Sincerely,  
Roberta Macklin,  
Stouffville

### Delayed

Dear Editor:  
Stouffville's been treated 'second class' again.  
Council was promised a new highway surface in 1985. Now, I read, the work's been delayed until the spring of '86.  
It would have been better, if the contracting company had left the road alone. Half a job is worse than no job at all.  
Sincerely,  
Richard Dunn,  
Main Street East,  
Stouffville