

**Editor's Mail**

**Greed**

The Sunday shopping issue prompted this letter to Mayor Fran Sainsbury, Town of Whitechurch-Stouffville, a copy of which was received by The Tribune. It reads as follows:

Dear Mayor Sainsbury:  
Thank you for your strong stand against Sunday shopping. We thank you also for reminding Premier David Peterson about his responsibility of providing leadership on this issue.

You mentioned in the interview with Jim Thomas, (Weekender, Jan. 2), that your Town has 21 churches and they have built your community. I think the bureaucrats and the greedy fail to understand the principles for which these churches stand, nor do they care.

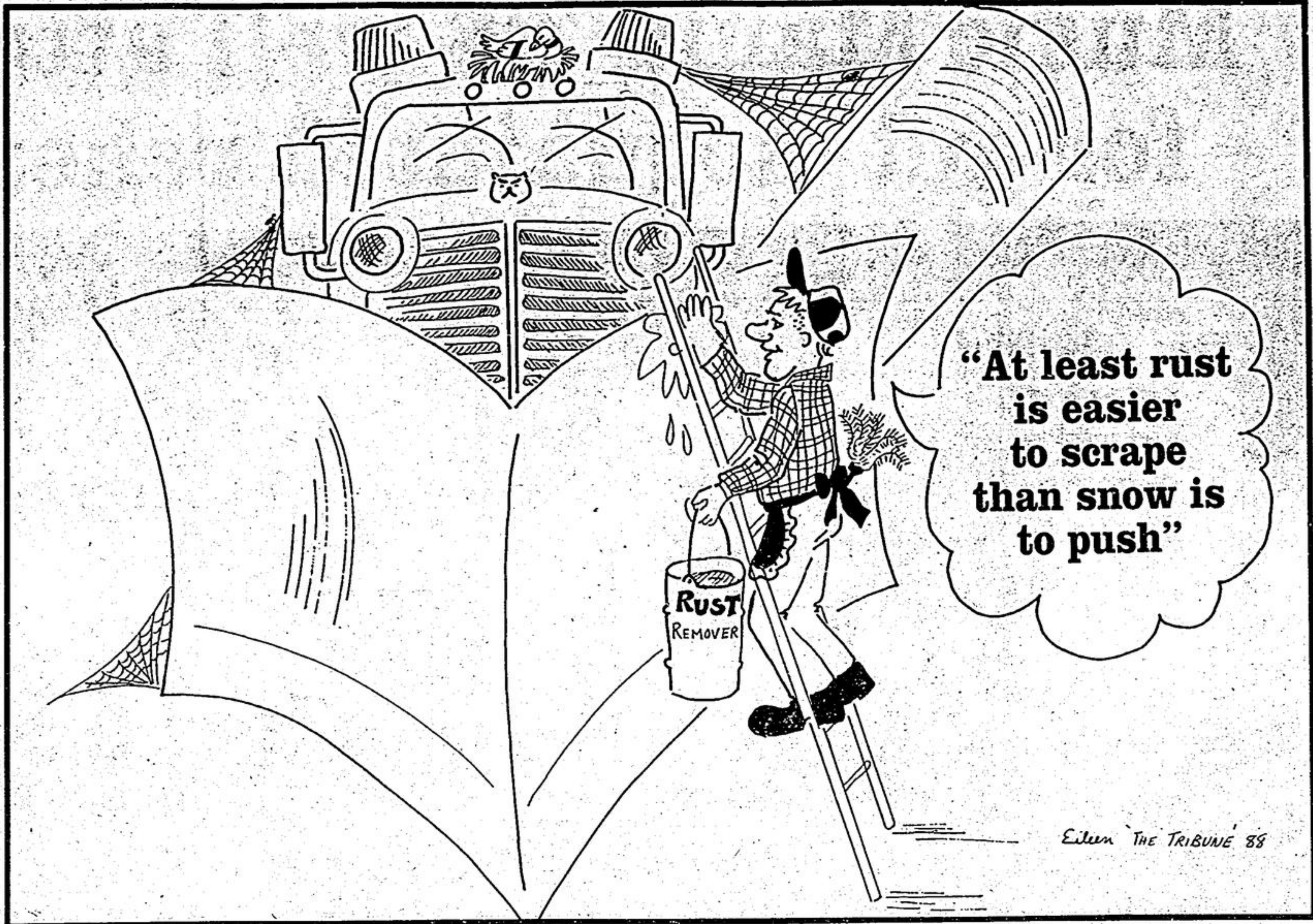
We wish to support you and send out strong signals in support of the Sabbath remaining a family day.

Organized labor long ago reduced the work week to five days or less. This means no person need shop on Sundays.

Greed is evident all around us. Perchance, as we ponder the above concern, we will become more convinced than ever that the Lord had good reason to proclaim the Sabbath as a day of rest.

Let us be serious about life and worship God in Heaven and not materialism.

Sincerely,  
Albert and Annie Drudge,  
R.R. 1, Stouffville



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**ROAMING AROUND**  
**Micro-wave magic**  
BY JIM THOMAS

On Friday evening, (afternoon really), I arrived home at 5:45 and caught Jean off-guard.

Rarely do I make it by 6:15 let alone 15 minutes BEFORE six. I think she thought I was sick.

"I guess I'm really dragging," she said apologetically, pointing to a table that hadn't yet been set.

"No big rush," I replied, "it's just that I have to attend a Springvale Church children's concert at Parkview Village around seven and then be at the Rec. Centre at eight. I'll grab a bite and run."

I then proceeded to hover over the half-baked potatoes like a hungry vulture over the cold carcass of a kangaroo.

That was bad enough. Worse, I made the fatal mistake of suggesting "I could have stopped off at Kentucky Fried and picked up a quick snack."

Husbands-to-be, take note. Don't ever do what I did.

If you arrive home early and dinner's not ready, follow these simple instructions: (1). Stay out of the kitchen. (2). Show a little patience.

The kids' concert can wait. So can the hockey. Few events ever start on time anyway.

Regardless, I made it to both with minutes to spare.

Thinking back over this kitchen encounter, (nothing violent), Jean could well have replied: "If you'd given me a micro-wave for Christmas instead of those crummy oven-mitts, your supper'd be ready and waiting." However, being the patient person I'm not, she didn't say a word. But if looks could kill, I'd be as dead as the New Year's duck still in our freezer.

This episode, as minor as it was, started me thinking. Perhaps a micro-wave IS the answer. Perhaps the time's come for the Thomas family to go a little

bit modern and keep pace with the Jones's down the street.

Personally, I'm 'sold' on these micro-wave gadgets. In fact, I think they're the greatest thing since sliced bread.

I speak from experience. The company recently installed one in our Office 'cafeteria'. It's a Panasonic from Card's.

Fantastic is the only word that fits its description. I can't believe the speed!

Mind you, I do have problems.

First, in spite of what the experts say, I'm still a trifle wary of my hamburger being zapped by millions of electrical oscillations. And I mean zapped. In a matter of seconds, it literally soaks the poor thing.

So far, my experimentations have

been limited to first course soups and drinks. I'll expand on this in time.

I appreciate the fact there's more to operating a micro-wave than pushing a button and twisting a dial. If not, why would Pat Byer, Stouffville's micro-wave specialist, see fit to conduct classes?

I attended two of these. Unfortunately, I paid more attention to the teacher than what was being taught. Tests since, have been miserable failures.

For example, hot chocolate: I put in the chocolate milk, (cold), and set the 'thermostat' at three.

Presto, the cup was there, but nothing inside. The base of the oven was a sea of brown.

To remedy this, I capped the cup with a lid.

But it blew its top. Next I tried spaghetti and meatballs. And again set the dial at three.

Presto, the spaghetti came out piping hot but the meatballs were cold as ice cubes.

So far, the soup's been perfect. Obviously, I'm doing something right.

Admittedly, it would help if I read the instructions — what temperatures to cook what items. But in a fast food, micro-wave world who has time to read instructions? Not me. I just chuck the stuff in and take my chances.

Through trial and error, I'll eventually solve its operation. But it's the baking mechanics that have me baffled. What makes the micro-wave tick?

Obviously, someone out there somewhere has the answers. If so, (and he or she can put it in layman's language), I'd appreciate a call. Better still, put it down on paper. I'd feel so much better knowing all's completely safe.

Some night, after eating a corn beef on rye, I'd hate to have my ears to light up the room.

**Editor's Mail**  
**A spark**  
Dear Editor:  
The story on the 'Good Samaritan', (Jim Ryan), published on Page 1 of the Jan. 6 Tribune issue interested me greatly.  
I wasn't aware that, in Ireland, a lighted window candle represents emergency assistance to anyone requiring help.  
This is indeed a unique custom, one that should be adopted by all Canadians.  
Perhaps Mr. Ryan's candle will provide an added spark for which Whitechurch-Stouffville is already well known.  
Sincerely,  
Kathryn Reardon,  
R.R. 4, Stouffville

**Editorials**

**Let mayor stand pat**

With the hint by Prime Minister Mulroney that a federal election could be called in 1988, (possibly October), parties are scurrying for candidates all across the country.

The spotlight of attention, strangely enough, is focussed on the new Riding of Markham, the boundaries of which, (after July 13), will include Whitechurch-Stouffville.

Why the interest here?  
It's the current turmoil within the ranks of Tory bureaucrats (and would-be candidates), that's attracting so much attention.

Committed are John Gamble and Bill Attewell. Sitting on the sidelines, but watching the proceedings with more than casual interest are Peter Atkins and Independent incumbent Tony Roman.

The clouded area as far as the PCs are concerned may clear a little when the Party holds its Founding Meeting at Markham Dist. High School Feb. 11.

While the Tories squabble among themselves, the NDP and Liberals are immersed in a deep sleep. Until this past week, no candidates' names had been mentioned. Then we heard it and, you guessed it — Fran Sainsbury for the Grits.

Naturally, we contacted her quickly and naturally, she would neither deny nor confirm the rumor. However, she seemed surprised.

And so are we.

We'll also be disappointed if she accepts. The federal level is not Fran Sainsbury's place in politics. It's too far removed from the 'grass roots'. Even she admits to feeling much more at home at Queen's Park than Ottawa.

We say she's much more 'at home' in Whitechurch-Stouffville.

Our advice — shrug off the 'pressure people' from on high and remain with the 'common folk' below.

We need you and you (hopefully) need us.

**'A' mark on attendance**

When a resident chooses to contest a seat on Town Council and is subsequently elected, it's expected he/she knows exactly what's involved.

Unfortunately, many don't. They discover too late just what's expected; that demands on their time are great; indeed their lives are not their own.

On top of this, most are not full-time councillors nor do they receive full-time salaries. They do the job the best they can even though many meetings occur during daytime hours.

Bearing this in mind, the 1987 attendance record established by elected representatives in Whitechurch-Stouffville is commendable.

For example, there were 26 Council meetings last year. Of these, Mayor Sainsbury and Councillor Morley missed none; Councillors Robb, Rae, Emmerman and Sanders missed one each and Councillor Marshall missed two.

There were 21 Planning meetings. Of these, Councillors Emmerman and Sanders missed none; Mayor Sainsbury and Councillors Morley, Rae and Marshall missed one each and Councillor Robb missed two.

Quite a record!

In our opinion, Whitechurch-Stouffville Council and Planning, (one in the same), has established an A-Plus mark in both attendance and accomplishment in the year just concluded. We can only assume the twelve months ahead, (an election year), will be just as productive with the same degree of dedication.



**Members of Altona Church Sunday School Class of 1929**

This photo, on loan to The Tribune, will recall memories for members of the Altona Church Sunday School Class back in 1929—fifty-nine years ago. The young ladies are: Front Row, (left to right), Joan Kinsett, Lillian Brown, Verna Wagg, Mrs. Barkis Reesor, (teacher); Elsie Wagg, Lizzie Davis, Ethel Bunker. Centre Row, (left to right), Dorothy Pointon, Reta Meyer, Mary Lehman, Kate Reesor, Olive Madill, Annie Lehman, Verna Lehman, Esther Davis, Hazel Brown, Leta Bunker. Rear Row, (left to right), Evelyn Reesor, Flossie McNair, Beatrice Carter and Blanche Reesor.