

Editor's Mail Opinion

Dear Editor:
Whitchurch-Stouffville, being the church-oriented community it is, I was expecting to read a flood of letters related to your "Roaming Around" column under the heading "Sexually Speaking."

But there wasn't a one. I'd like to offer my opinion. Like yourself, when it comes to pre-marital cohabitation, I'm of the "out school." Dr. Ruth would seem to endorse the live-in practice. I find this disturbing.

By approving such an arrangement, she's encouraging something that's wrong. I only listened to the program one time. I turned it off part way through in disgust.

Just because thousands do it, doesn't make it right.
Sincerely,
(Mrs.) Marion Cunningham,
R.R. 2, Gormley

Dear Editor:
On behalf of the Whitchurch-Stouffville Museum Board, I wish to thank all supporters of the annual Antique and Classic Car Show. Both the loyal volunteers and visitors ensure the event's success year after year.

I wish also to thank The Tribune for the excellent promotion and coverage of the show.

I hope to see everyone again next year.
Sincerely,
Karen Edwards,
Curator



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ROAMING AROUND A McHappy event BY JIM THOMAS

Ronald McDonald's a forgiving fellow. After a working introduction back in 1986, he invited me back. I attended the 7th annual McHappy Day at Hwy. 7 and McCowan Road, Markham.

Why the personal invitation I'm still not sure. I don't consider myself a 'community leader' and certainly not a 'celebrity'. Yet that's what the letter read, and I quote:

"Our tradition is to invite all community leaders, celebrities and generally very important persons, like yourself, to work alongside our crew for an hour or more that day.

That day, of course, was Oct. 19, McHappy Day across Canada.

I'm still not sure if Janet Peters, the Customer Relations Representative was on staff back in '86. If so, she would have placed an exclamation mark beside my name or, better still, obliterated it entirely from her mail-out list.

For I was a catastrophe. As diligent and energetic as I tried to be, everything went wrong. I was a veritable bull in a china shop.

What I didn't spill, I dropped. And what I didn't drop, I spilled.

It's probably taken owner-operator Dick and Mary Ann Cohen the past two years to recoup their losses.

Still, they were willing to give me a second chance.

I vowed and declared I'd do better. From the customer side of the counter, the operation looks easy. Believe me, it's not. The success is in the organization. I've never seen an organization like it. The guys and girls are so well trained, they could complete their various routines blindfolded.

I've said it before and I say it again, McDonald's is my favorite fast-food eat-out spot; for many reasons. First, I enjoy their menu. Second, I like their efficiency. Third, I acknowledge their friendliness and last, (but not least), I appreciate their cleanliness.

These things combined, keep me coming back again and again.

My family too. They love the place as much as I.

Janet's letter, dated Aug. 29, was supported by a personal phone call.

"I hope you can make it," she said in a McHappy tone of voice.

"Wouldn't miss it," I replied, equally enthusiastic. I was slotted in from 6 to 7 p.m.

The place was packed. Mothers, fathers and kids were lined up ten rows deep at each cash register. I was immediately spotted by Janet as I came in the door. She ushered me backstage and recommended I wash my hands; (cheeseburgers and printers' ink are a bad mix). After pinning a McHappy Button on my McHappy Apron, I was ready to go to work.

This time, counter duty wasn't my bag; once burned, twice wary I suppose. I was positioned at the drive-through wicket, taking over from Fire Chief Bill Brown. My McHappy mates were Lorraine and Patrice.

What fun!

Previously, I considered across-the-counter service the height of efficiency. But this was even faster. As quickly as I unloaded one order, another was in my hands. On only a couple occasions did patrons have to wait.

Yes, folks on the outside were as friendly as in. Most moms and dads were accompanied by kids, all licking their lips in anticipation. Some even brought the family pooch along. There

was a McHappy gleam in its eyes as well.

Customers arrived in everything from Lincoln Continentals to Chevy Chevettes. If the never-ending lineup had included a Sherman tank, I wouldn't have been surprised.

There's no class distinction when it comes to Big Macs.

While energy and enthusiasm are ingredients of all McDonald's, automation also plays a part. Patrice, for example, was continually pushing buttons. This flashed the orders on a TV-like monitor high over our heads. Another screen indicated customers still to come.

To a greenhorn like myself, the system boggles the mind. So does the work ethic of staff.

These gals sure will make some guys great housewives; I thought to myself as they buzzed back and forth at breakneck speed. The boys were no slouches either.

I firmly believe every teen should spend at least one day at a McDonald's. It's a tremendous training ground for life.

For me too.

I enjoyed every minute; so much so, I requested an extension. Instead of leaving at seven, I stayed on until 7:30. My McHappy Day became a McHappy Evening and a McHappy Night.

So what was the result?

From 10:30 a.m. until midnight, 3,497 Big Macs were purchased. This raised \$4,170 for a Ronald McDonald Children's Charity. Across Canada, the figure totalled, (and get this), \$1,740,879.02.

The Markham branch was among the top ten.

"See you in eighteen months," Mary Ann responded, handing me my coat, a take-home gift and a Certificate of Appreciation.

The pleasure was all mine. Sixty-four other volunteers undoubtedly said the same.

What great corporate citizens. Markham should be so lucky. For Stouffville, it'll be worth the wait. This kind of progress can't come too soon.

Editorials Frustrating delays in our court system

For almost two years, a cloud of suspicion has hung over the head of Moira Cadieux, Penny Court, Markham.

It took that long for a charge of manslaughter in the death of an 11-month-old boy to come before the courts.

Moira, a mother of four, was acquitted Friday. The decision was handed down by a jury of seven men and five women, following deliberations that lasted only three hours.

Justifying the rights and wrongs of the case is not ours to make. We didn't hear the evidence first-hand. The judge and jury did. What bothers us terribly is the length of time it took to bring the case to a conclusion.

The complexities of the fatality notwithstanding, five months is an awful long time between a death of a child and the laying of a charge. Even worse, two years of waiting to prove one's innocence is incredulous.

We've questioned several people concerning this fact, but no one seems to have the answer. It would appear somewhere along the line, the system bogs down. Weeks extend into months and months into years. And all the while, innocent victims of this court injustice must wait.

Rightly or wrongly, we've reached the conclusion the courts don't care. The rights of the individual, whether the complainant or the defendant, don't really matter as long as 'justice is served'.

But this isn't justice. It's injustice in a most outrageous form; to all people concerned. In most instances, the trauma of waiting is far-reaching. Indeed, an individual of lesser mental strength than Moira Cadieux would have wilted under the strain. Many undoubtedly have. For the Cadieux case is not precedent-setting. It happens all the time. For the sake of a so-called just society, this injustice must stop. It's up to the Attorney General of this province to see that it does.

Election interest

On the surface, at least, it appears the upcoming municipal election in Whitchurch-Stouffville is creating much interest.

Ratepayers want to know what candidates stand for and why. Some very pointed questions could be posed at the public meeting in Stouffville, Friday, (Oct. 28), and at Vandorf, Wednesday, (Nov. 2). An individual's support at the polls could rise or fall on the basis of his/her replies.

Such has not been the case at previous discussions of this kind. One's fate was, for the most part, known before the meeting began.

However, that was Whitchurch-Stouffville past. Much has changed in the last three years. Newcomers, more than the natives, want to know what the future holds for this their new place of residence. They're looking ahead, not back.

And this is good.
Be part of the future, not the past.



Played this organ in Baptist Church for 25 years
For 25 years, Audrey (Lewis) Avery played this organ in First Markham Baptist Church, Ninth Line Markham. Since then, the building has been demolished and then rebuilt on the grounds of the Markham Museum. The organ has been relocated in the sanctuary. On Sunday, Audrey revisited the church and took her place at the keyboard, rekindling many fond memories.
—Jim Thomas

Editor's Mail Regret it

Dear Editor:
With respect to your recent Roaming Around column related to the babblings of Dr. Ruth, I wish to offer an opinion.

Dr. Ruth seems to feel that as long as couples use a proper birth control, they can 'live-in' and feel perfectly comfortable.

I have news for her.

In most instances, (not all), the girl is the loser. She's being 'used'. I speak from experience.

How convenient for the guy to have all the 'comforts' of home but accept none of the responsibilities. Then, if and when he grows tired of his 'toy', he tosses her over for someone else. How convenient.

Dr. Ruth may find favor with millions of couples who live this way, but many more, like myself, have lived to regret it.

Sincerely,
Irene Landry,
R.R. 1, Cedar Valley