

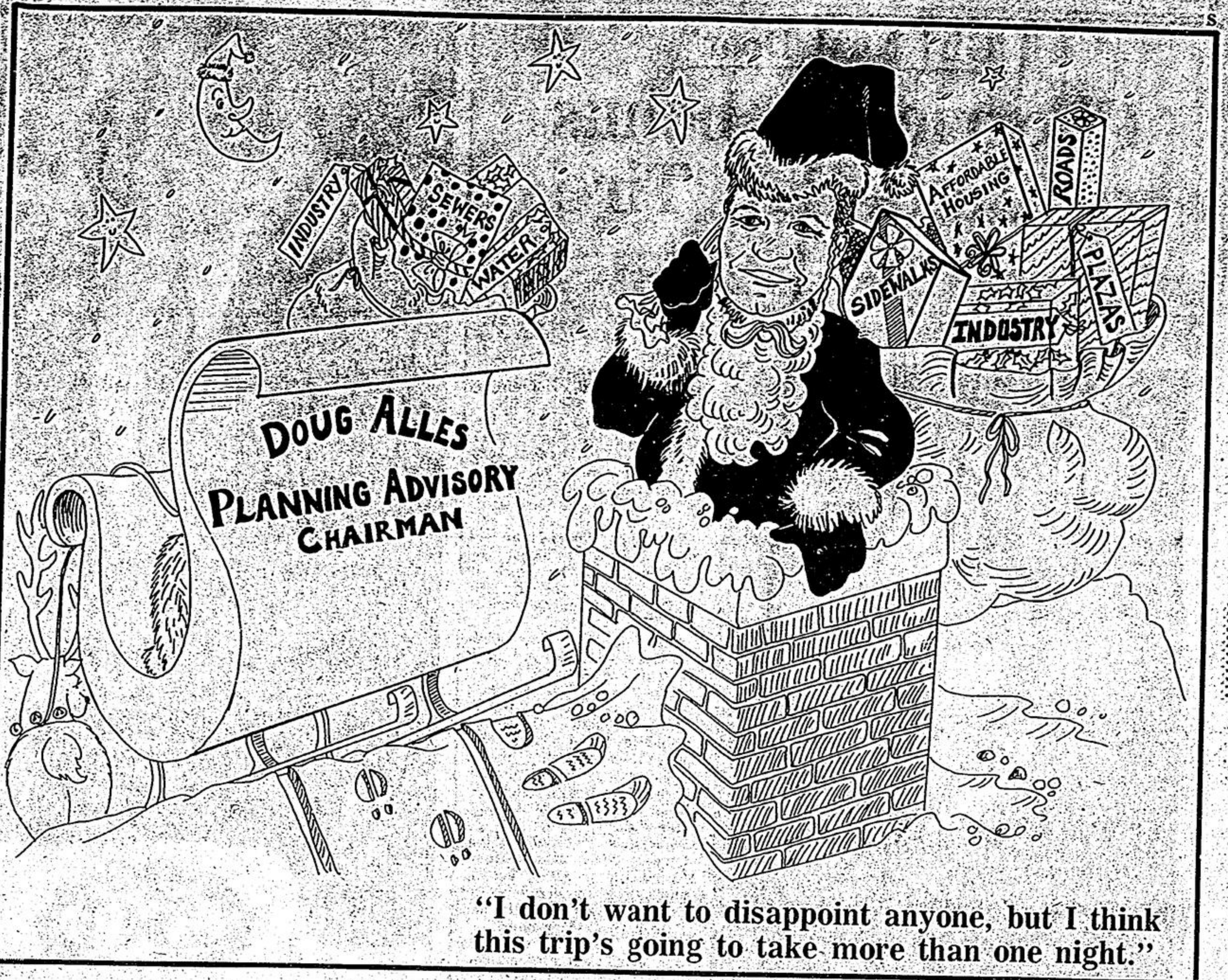
Editor's Mail

Unfair

Dear Editor:
 In your Roaming Around column of Nov. 9, you suggested the criminals of World War II should be allowed to remain free of persecution.
 Such a recommendation is all well and good for someone who wasn't touched by the atrocities that occurred between 1939 and 1945.
 These feelings are deep-seated. So much so, they've been passed on from one generation to another.
 Call it revenge or call it justice, the families won't give up until all suspects are brought to trial.
 Sincerely,
 Percy Reid,
 R.R. 1, Gormley

A benefit

Dear Editor:
 The Catholic School Board of Education operates a Jr. Kindergarten program and has for a number of years.
 Considerable pressure has been exerted within the public school system for a similar service. So far, that board has resisted. But it will come, sooner or later. The provincial ministry of education will insist.
 I firmly believe early childhood education (even for four-year-olds), is beneficial. Whether it should be 'public' or 'private' is a question trustees must answer.
 Times have changed.
 I was seven years old when I started school. Even then, I wet my pants the first day.
 Sincerely,
 Gordon Inglis,
 R.R. 1, Stouffville



DOUG ALLES
PLANNING ADVISORY
CHAIRMAN

"I don't want to disappoint anyone, but I think this trip's going to take more than one night."

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ROAMING AROUND

My camera not a key

BY JIM THOMAS

This camera will open any door, I once told a lad who seemed attracted to the 20-pound Mamiya slung over a drooping left shoulder.
 I honestly meant what I said. For few people question my presence at an event, even though ulterior motives sometimes lurk in the far-distant regions of my mind.
 I just make sure the camera's plainly visible and keep walking. Experience has taught me it doesn't pay to request permission. That only leads to suspicions and questions.
 I endeavor to give the impression I'm on assignment from The Star, Maclean's, even Playboy or Penthouse. What people don't know won't hurt them. Besides, most occasions it's business, strictly business. The camera's my key to get in.
 And nine times out of ten it works.
 In the Stouffville area, there's no problem. Seldom do I attend a function that I don't recognize someone, or someone doesn't recognize me. Most times, I'm invited. Organizers feel I'm doing them a favor by being there. In many instances, the opposite is true. They're doing me a favor by asking me to come.
 People are news and news sells newspapers. It's my job.
 How different the inner city. The big wigs, (or little wigs), couldn't care less

about publicity out in the 'boonies'. The Star, The Sun and The Globe, plus a half-dozen radio and TV stations are publicity enough for them. They're big league and they want big league coverage; nothing less.
 Most brass hats don't even know where Stouffville is.
 Still, me and my old Mamiya have done pretty well.
 I've bluffed my way past more security personnel than I can count, simply by holding the camera high and walking. By the time the 'guard' on duty comes to his senses, I'm lost in the crowd.
 No, I'm not a free-loader. Seldom, if ever, do I attend a function, (camera in hand), for personal gratification. It's business, strictly business.
 This goes for the C.N.E., Black Creek Pioneer Village and The Convention Centre to mention only three.
 None has posed a problem.
 On Friday, however, I met my match. The self-appointed assignment was a presentation of The Messiah at Massey Hall. The lead soprano was Nancy Argenta, daughter of Agnes (Klinck), a one-time Stouffville resident. For several weeks I'd had the date circled on my calendar.
 Since I'd never before tested security at Massey Hall, I decided to take no chances.

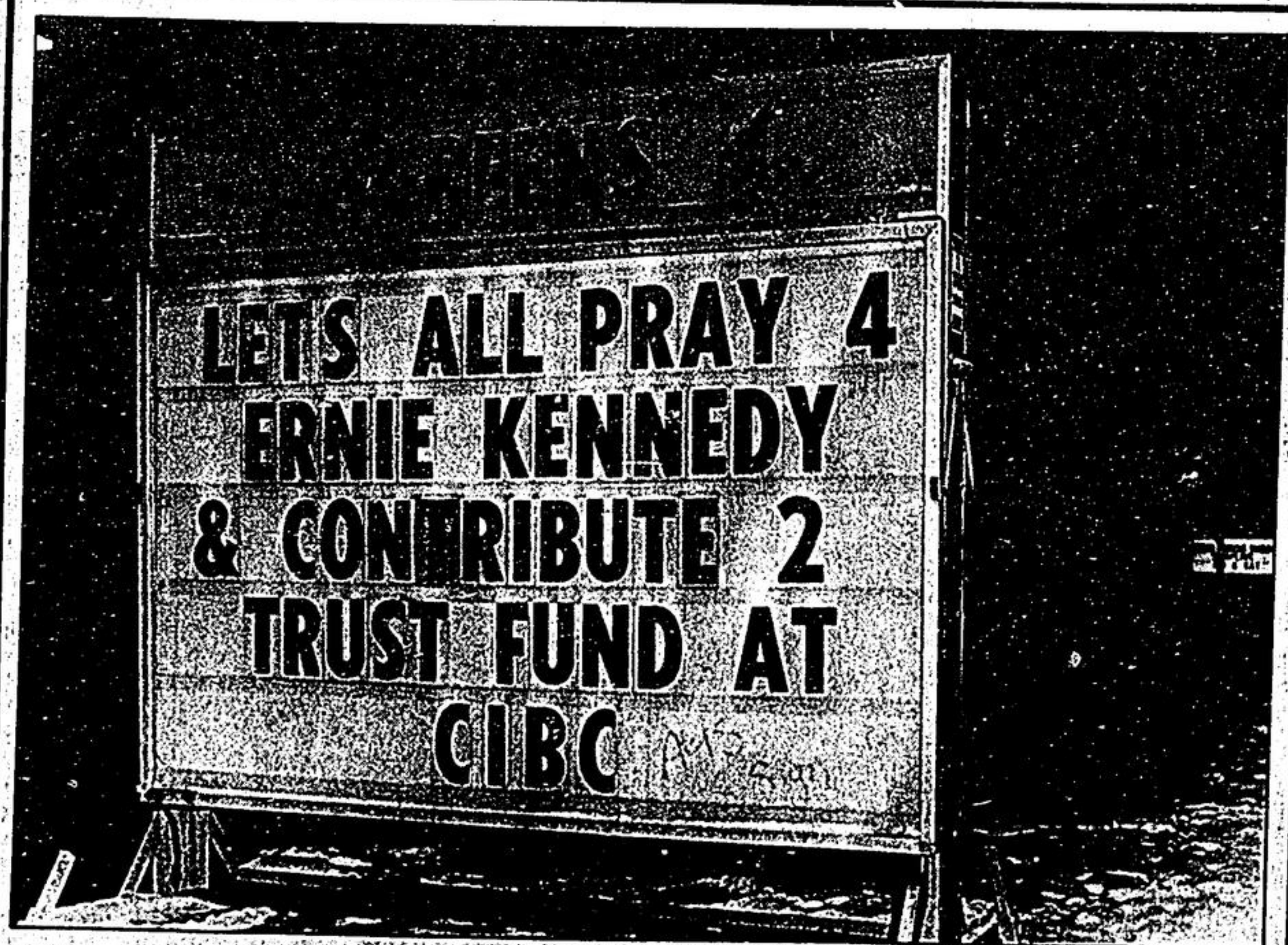
"No problem," the pleasant sounding switchboard receptionist said, "just show some identification and all will be well."
 Simple enough, I said to myself. Little did I know the nightmare that would follow.
 The concert was scheduled for eight. I arrived around nine, hoping for a quick picture back-stage during intermission.
 Unfortunately, other people had other ideas.
 The first to block my path was a uniformed black man with a no nonsense look on his face.
 "Can I help you?" he asked.
 "I'm here to take a picture," I replied, (just in case my camera was mistaken for a machine gun).
 "Do you have permission?" he enquired.
 "Yes, I do," I responded confidentially.
 He wasn't impressed.
 An usherette was called and I showed her my card.
 "I'll have to check with the manager," she said.
 After a long wait, she returned.
 "Sorry, but no pictures are allowed during the performance," she stated.
 "That's not what I want," I persisted. "I'd like to go back stage."
 She agreed to check again.
 After another long wait she returned.
 "Sorry, no pictures are allowed back stage either," she said.
 The show, she explained, would be over around eleven. I agreed to wait, hoping my car, parked at St. Michael's Cathedral, wouldn't be impounded.
 For two-and-a-half hours I stood, with nothing more to do than count the fly specks on the ceiling and walls.
 Finally, the concert ended and the people came pouring out.
 That's when I made my dash. But I hadn't gone ten steps when a rotund uniformed guard grabbed me by the arm.
 "Just where do you think you're going?" he asked.
 "To get what I came for," I answered.
 "Not past me," he replied.
 "But the show's over," I protested.
 "Makes no difference," he responded.
 Totally frustrated, I stepped to one side and waited my chance. When the official's back was turned, I ran straight up the aisle to the stage. There I spotted three familiar faces, Agnes Herbison, Nancy's mother, and Frank and Ruby Burkholder of Stouffville. They escorted me behind the scenes where Nancy was busy receiving congratulations and signing autographs. She graciously posed for pictures.
 It was close to midnight when I returned to the naked streets of a cold city. The car was still parked where I'd left it; and, yes, all parts were still intact.
 However, my faith in the power of the press has been shattered. No longer is my Mamiya a certainty to assignment success; the key that unlocks all doors. Massey Hall destroyed that myth. The management's PR approach is as archaic as the building. I'm never going back.
 Merry Christmas!

Editorials

Give from the heart

The tragic accident involving Ernie Kennedy, Tenth Line South, has left the Stouffville community in a state of shock.
 Wherever people gather, in homes, in stores or on street corners, it's the subject of all conversations.
 From what we've been told, the rescue work was excellent — pit employees, firefighters, ambulance operators and police all responding as a team.
 Staff physicians, surgeons and nurses at both Uxbridge and Toronto General Hospitals did and are doing everything they could and can. The finest professional help available has been pressed into service.
 Now, it's our turn.
 With neighbors Frank Busato, Paul Raymer and Ed MacAloney setting the wheels in motion, a Kennedy Family Trust Account has been established at the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, (Stouffville Branch). A similar fund has also been set up at Stouffville's Bank of Nova Scotia.
 Truck drivers, to their credit, hauling out of both the Lee and Chefero pits,

have raised in excess of \$2,000.
 A week has now passed since the tragedy. The numbness is slowly wearing off. The time has come to roll up our collective sleeves and go to work.
 Stouffville being the caring community it is, will see the Kennedy family through this very difficult period.
 Tragedy at any time is sad. Tragedy at Christmas time is devastating.
 Let's give Ernie, Diane, Heather and Karen all the support they require — prayerful and financial.
 Their need is far greater than ours.



A caring community reaches out to local family

The tragic accident that befell Ernie Kennedy, R.R. 1, Stouffville, Dec. 13, has been felt by everyone in this community and beyond. A trust fund has been established at the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, Stouffville, as well as the Bank of Nova Scotia and Guaranty Trust. All contributions will be appreciated.
 —Jim Thomas

All aglow

The lights are on again at the residence of Jack and Muriel Scott, Conc. 6, (Kennedy Road), R.R. 1, Unionville.
 The illumination is bigger and brighter than ever.
 It had been rumored that, due to the tragic accident near the property last December, this annual attraction would be discontinued.
 Thankfully, this hasn't happened. It's back and it's beautiful.
 Already, hundreds of people have viewed this seasonal extravaganza. There's nothing quite like it in the area.
 A visit, in our opinion, is a must. But as the road signs advise, use caution. Drivers as well as pedestrians can get caught up in the splendor of the site. One misstep or wrong turn could be fatal.