

Editor's Mail

Unfair

Dear Editor:
This letter comes in reply to your review of the Grade 13 Christmas Assembly at Stouffville Dist. Secondary School.

We resent your comments. True, the Assembly was the worst we've ever seen in our years at S.D.S.S., but you have no reason to condemn ALL senior students. You gave no credit to those who weeks before the Assembly attempted to organize some sort of game plan or, who, on the morning of the fateful day, attempted to gain some order out of a throng of Grade 13 students, some of whom ignored any previous announcements and were surprised to hear of an Assembly rehearsal!

You did not take into account the fact that both a male teacher quartet as well as the Jazz Choir cancelled out at the last minute. Yes, the Assembly was "the lowest of the low," but you have no justification to group those few who put much thought and hopeful preparation into the Assembly with those who wanted to get out of class to have a good time at the expense of the rest of us.

You were quite ready to condemn the whole Assembly as being "a write-off," but hardly mentioned those areas that were worthy of praise.

Do not be so quick to stereotype. We are sorry for any pain this 'fiasco' may have caused you personally.

Sincerely,
Faye Rosenberger,
Katherine Bibby,
Grade 13 students,
Stouffville Dist. Secondary School

STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL PLANNING MEETING



"I thank you all for coming. FRESH ideas are welcome".

ROAMING AROUND

An appreciated gift

BY JIM THOMAS

The best Christmas ever; well, one of the best.

What made it so special was the fact I enjoyed a week's holidays, and I mean enjoyed!

The Dec. 22 'leave of absence' allowed me sufficient time to do all my Christmas shopping before the festive day. The stores I visited, (all in Stouffville), had exactly what I wanted, despite the lateness of the hour.

Who said last-minute shopping's crazy? I found it fun, a sort of hit-and-run affair with no opportunity to be choosy.

My purchases all leaned towards the practical. That's the kind of guy I am. I want no part of the silly, frilly stuff. And these were the kinds of gifts I received in return — all practical, very practical.

Items included a shirt and tie; underarm deodorant; a pair of socks; a Statler Bros. tape; an 8-track stereo adapter and more.

Bordering on the extravagant were dinner tickets to 'Singing In The Rain' at Toronto's Lighthouse Theatre. We'd promised ourselves this 'night on the town' for months. Now it's ours whenever we choose.

The unusual came in the form of fifty pounds of bird seed. We now have the happiest, (and noisiest), blue jays and black squirrels on the street.

What really took Jean and I by surprise was a gift we've needed for years but thought no one, (except visitors), had noticed.

You'll never guess, so I'll come right out and tell. It was a toilet seat!

Don't laugh. This is no ordinary crapper capper. It's beautiful olive green, matching perfectly our bathroom decor.

Apart from the color, it has several built-in advantages. In fact, during more than a half-century of toilet drop-

ins, I've never seen anything quite like it.

For example, it's air-filled, much like the seats on many of today's heavy-duty trucks. I've never sat on a 'cushion' quite so comfortable.

It makes me want to stay forever. At departure time, it hisses, reinflating the seat in seconds. The next 'guest' thinks he or she's the first; since everything's back to normal.

Previously, I've been critical of modern-day toilet fixtures. Most, it seems, are made of plastic, not the heavy-duty porcelain kind common to the 50s when our house was built. Believe me, they were constructed to last. Ours is still going strong although the flusher's been repaired dozens of times.

But the seat had seen better days. It was cracked length-ways across the

top; just a sliver to start, that continually widened with continuous use.

Thinking back, it's amazing it's lasted this many years. At an average of two uses per person per day, the seats been slammed an estimated 146,000 times over the past 25 years, not to mention its ups and downs before the kids arrived.

On top of this, the house had three owners previous to our arrival, boosting the figure to well over 150,000.

It doesn't owe us a cent. As with so many modern conveniences, I now wonder how we did without it for so long. It's much like switching from manual shift to automatic. I'd never want to go back.

While comfort's a dominating characteristic, quiet's another plus that can't be overlooked. So is warmth. The porcelain was cold, cold, cold! However, as with many things, solving one problem creates another. We've had to issue occupancy permits, establishing time limits on each and every trip. Ten minutes is the absolute maximum. Anything more and we suspect the user's gone to sleep. And well he or she might. It's relaxation plus.

Mind you, the seat was installed only nine days ago. Once the novelty wears off and use replaces abuse, things should run more smoothly. I'm hoping so. Otherwise, we're all in for a worrisome winter, a disquieting spring and an uneasy summer.

But one thing in our favor. Be it morning, noon or night, when one family member's missing from a meal, we seldom have far to look — just three paces past the kitchen and turn right. Nine times out of ten, the culprit's located, in restful repose.

A luxury? Perhaps. But in a day when nothing's above the realm of possibility, I see it as the only way to go!

Foolish

For hundreds, the colored lights on Kennedy Road near 18th Avenue, Markham, are a seasonal extravaganza.

Unfortunately, the stupidity of some drivers, (and passengers), are turning this 'heaven' into a hell.

I've personally observed some ridiculous examples of driving misconduct at this location. Last week, one person was seen standing in the centre of the road, taking a picture with his camera mounted on a tripod. He was inviting a fatality.

Through your newspaper, I urge motorists to use commonsense at this site, otherwise the beautiful display will be discontinued.

Gordon Lyons.

Editorials

Police are human too

Uniformed police, on roadside breath-test duty, strike fear into the hearts of most drivers.

Even the innocent. The same can be said for motorists who, without warning, spot a flashing red light in their rear-view mirrors.

"Oh, oh, what have I done?" is the obvious question that races through one's mind.

Persons associated with the media, newspaper people in particular, have run-ins with police almost daily. Yes, we need them more than they need us. However, co-operation rather than confrontation makes life easier for both.

But let's face it. The news media can, and often is, a nuisance. Concern over names, ages and addresses is not top priority to an officer investigating a motor vehicle accident, not at the time. It is for the reporter, however. Here, the two professions often clash.

More frustrating still, are instances where police refuse reporters permis-

sion to venture within camera-range of accident scenes.

"You'll only get in the way" is a common response.

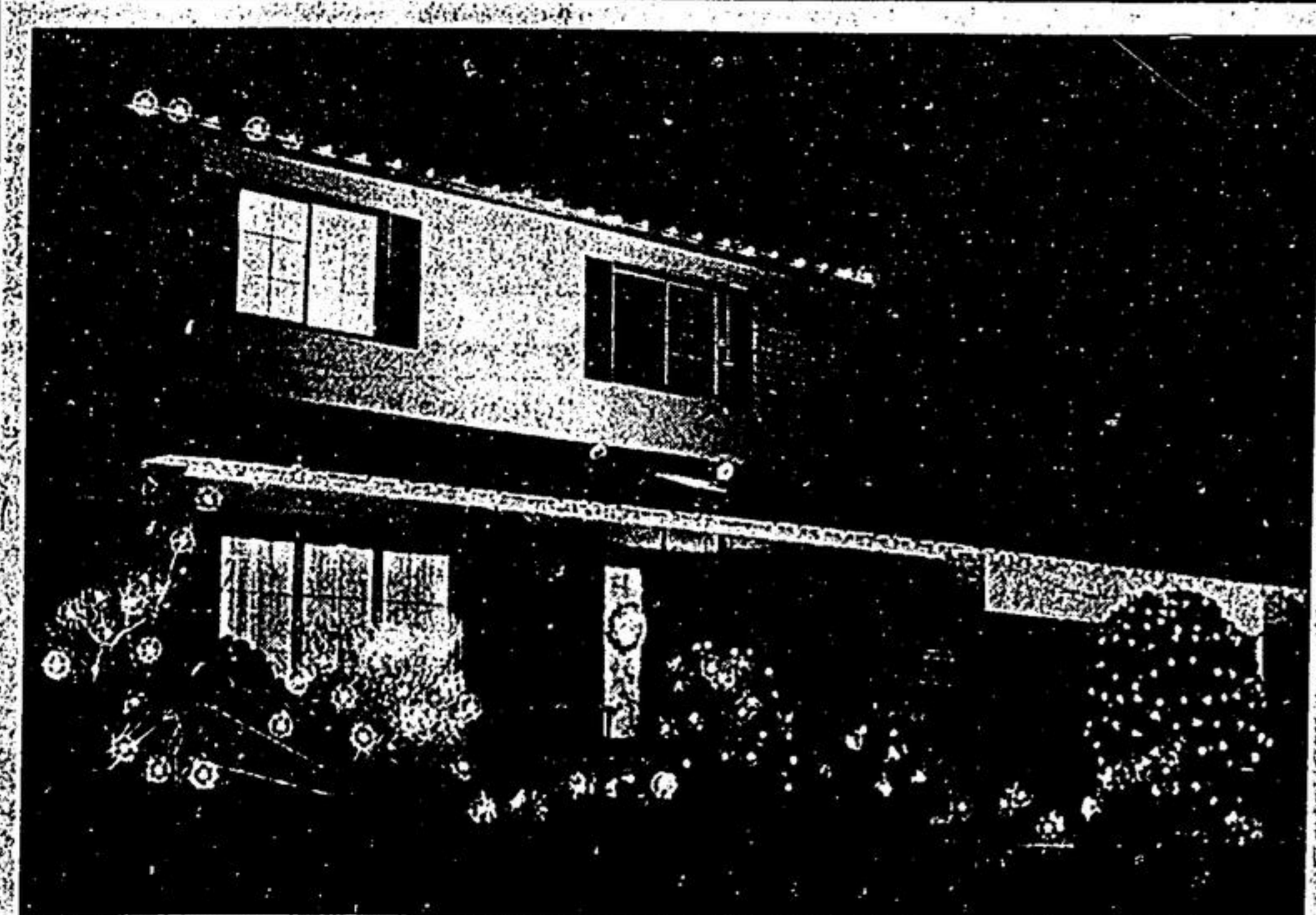
This reaction breeds contempt.

While problems in this regard may never be completely resolved, it would seem police public relations is being stressed more and more, particularly in York and Durham.

The R.I.D.E. program is an excellent case in point. Without exception, we found these officers extremely polite, making such occasions almost enjoyable experiences.

There have been other personal instances too — the train-truck crash near Claremont, (Dec. 22), and a two-vehicle collision on Kennedy Road, Unionville, (Dec. 27).

We trust this trend will continue. It makes policing more personable, a trait that's been noticeably absent since the advent of regional crime prevention in this area.



May Whitchurch-Stouffville homes took on a seasonal glow

During the month of December, many Whitchurch-Stouffville homes took on a seasonal glow with the beauty of the properties extending into the New Year. Shown (left) is the residence of

Scott and Carol Watson, 100 Booth Drive, Stouffville and (right), the Stipevich family home at 30 Geoffrey Crescent, Stouffville.

— Brent Lowry