

stouffville comment

Director's package is shocking

Who's in charge here, anyway? It is maddening that in times of restraint and cuts to transfer payments for school programs that the York Region Board of Education would hire Director of Education Bob Cressman as a consultant. To the tune of more than \$200,000, at that.

Questions raised by this move are obvious:

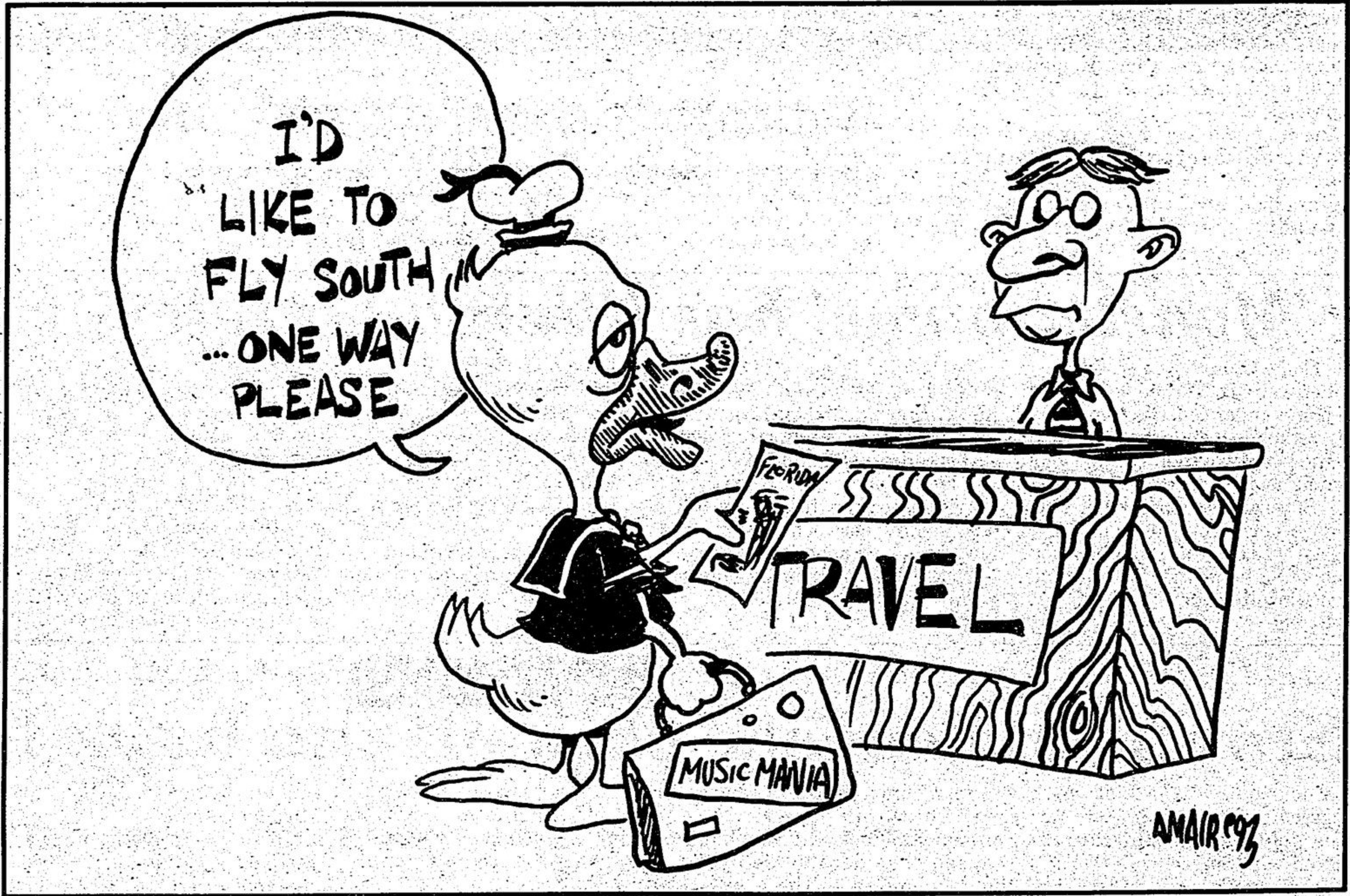
1. If Cressman is needed as a consultant to the new director, why did the board hire the new director in the first place? Is he not qualified?

2. What possible benefit would the board gain by keeping Cressman on?

3. Where is all this money coming from?

Bob Cressman, while an able administrator, should have been given the standard retirement offered to public school officials of his stature in this province: one-half, or about \$70,000 per annum as retirement pay. No more, no less.

Chairman Bill Crothers was 'shocked' that the information about the Cressman deal was leaked to the press. What is shocking is the deal itself.



Amateur thespians an admirable lot

Music Mania has come and gone for another year. The reviews are in, and it seems that if the troupe of local talent could find a bank-rolling producer, the show could likely give 'A Chorus Line' a run for its money.

You have to admire these people. Giving up months of their time, these intrepid would-be thespians made a great deal of sacrifices to pull off the show each year. And they pulled it off with nary a hitch.

One of the thrills of being on stage in front of everyone you know is the constant threat that something will go wrong.

Sets have a nasty habit of

tumbling onto your soliloquy.

Flubbed lines have left many an actor working as street corner mimes. And the fear of having your voice crack at the high note of your big solo leaves every singer in a cold sweat.

I really admire these people. Overcoming their fears, and leaping into the jaws of possible public rejection and ridicule is beyond my constitution.

I appeared on the boards once. And only once.

I won the lead role in a lavish production of 'How the Grinch Stole Christmas' in Grade 5. The teacher/director said something about me being perfect for the role. As with most amateur



MINUTE WITH MAIR
andrew mair

productions, there was a tremendous amount of improvising. As in the Grinch story, a reindeer was hard to find. Improvising, the teacher stuck a horn on the head of the smallest child in the class: Instant reindeer. It was this student's job to pull me around the stage on a janitor's trolley with a

chair perched on top: Instant sleigh. Once the parts were all passed out, we learned our lines, practiced for weeks in the classroom and made costumes.

During rehearsal my reindeer pulled me around the class on a rickety cart, expertly navigating chairs, cardboard trees and cotton baton snowmen.

With everything ready, we took to the school stage. Six hundred faces peered up at us as the curtain drew back.

Everything came off perfectly. Perfectly awful, that is. My reindeer guide got so excited about being on stage, he pulled

me furiously up the side of Mt. Crumpet (a set of ramps set up centre stage). We came down the other side at such a furious pace, that when the reindeer turned the corner, I was flung from my perch, chair and all right off the stage.

Thankfully, I was well padded, and was unhurt, but I received a predictable belly laugh from the audience that left the remainder of the production in a complete shambles. In that embarrassing moment, I immediately discovered where the expression "break a leg" came from.

Another year, another lunch

It's hard to think of something to write about when you're recovering from lunch.

Lunch is a meal which generally has little impact on my life, except as an excuse to abandon the great white expanse of the computer screen, unblemished by copy, in order to feed my daughter.

Last week, however, those of us who toil over hot deadlines to bring you your *Tribune* and *Weekender* celebrated spring with our second annual pot luck luncheon. Compared with last year's fun-filled feast (a barbecue, cooked in a snow storm by our revered editor, who can look back on it as a unique learning experience) the 1993 beano was an unqualified success.

Yours truly, being used to a handful of crackers and a modest hunk of cheese at midday, could scarcely arise from her chair at



KATE'S CORNER
kate gilderdale

the conclusion of this bounteous blowout.

Tuna casserole, chicken wings, lasagna and meat balls were accompanied by crab salad a la Kibble, Caesar salad (Uxbridge style), broccoli salad, and Stapley's Salad Surprise, complete with homemade dressing.

Only a man would have the nerve to announce blithely that he'd made his own dressing. Only a man could find the time.

pudding finished me off completely. Lethal lemon tart, Debbie's delectable cake and a heap of cholesterol-laden butter tart squares found their way

unerringly to my thighs.

All of the above was washed down with a non-diet, sugar-filled can of Minute Maid, complete with chemically-enhanced additives. We certainly covered all the food groups recommended by the Canada Food Guide, and a host of stuff that isn't.

Based on their advice, I shouldn't eat again for six weeks. Sentiments of mock despair, along the lines of "we'll never get through all this" turned out to be laughably inaccurate. As I shunned the scales and sought solace in the Penguin Dictionary of Humorous Quotations, I happened upon Miss Piggy's Diet Tips:

"Never eat anything at one sitting that you can't lift. Always use one of the new - and far more reliable - elastic measuring tapes to check on your waistline." And wait another year to do lunch.

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