

Comment & Opinions

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Send your letters
to the editor
to the address below

EDITORIAL

Dangerous driving near schoolbuses inexcusable

An innocent man — and maybe a busload of children — nearly died last week because of yet another example of road rage and aggressive speed.

It was an early morning accident on a busy main road in Markham, but it happens on some street in every community almost every day. A driver probably in a rush to get to work, passed several cars on a curve — and a school bus — then hit another driver head-on in the oncoming lane. That innocent driver almost died, but amazingly, is in fair condition in Sunnybrook Health Science Centre this week. The other driver may face criminal charges when police have finished their investigation.

It would be comforting to believe this is an isolated incident, but York Regional Police and school bus companies say it's far too common that drivers pass school buses illegally. In fact, that week they did a surprise safety blitz in Markham and two other York Region communities, and laid charges against a driver for passing a bus illegally.

The police put one officer on each bus they tracked, with an unmarked car following them to witness driver infractions.

More surprise police blitzes are in the works for the afternoon bus runs, which bus drivers report are especially bad for illegal actions from drivers in a big hurry to get home.

Please remember, while you're in such a rush to get home to your family, children from many other families are in the buses you pass every day.

It's a crime to pass in an unsafe manner under any circumstances, but it's even more heinous to jeopardize the lives of a busload of children.



How NOT to dress for the office party

Few issues are more vital to world harmony than that of dressing correctly for the office party.

The Gilderdale wardrobe is not what you would call extensive and party frocks, particularly, are in short supply.

Truth to tell, I have but one all-purpose festive outfit which I wore at last year's junket and which I would happily have trotted out again in 1997.

Of late, however, the office walls have been plastered with photographic evidence of the 1996 bean-fest in which your correspondent, never shy and retiring, features with



Kate's Corner

Kate Gilderdale

distressing prominence.

There I am, swanning around in the same silver pantsuit that took my nearest and dearest by storm on the night of Malcolm's birthday, and in which I have been draped at every other posh event I have attended during the past year.

No one could accuse me, or it, of

being inconspicuous.

Party-going has always been fraught with pitfalls, especially for the young, who are more susceptible to what other people think than battle-scarred veterans such as myself. And who among us has not shown up in completely the wrong thing at one time or another?

I have dressed up to the nines for luncheons to find my contemporaries clad in jeans and T-shirts; I have arrived in hippie mode to be greeted by fellow revellers in twin-sets and pearls.

On one infamous occasion, my carefully-selected ensemble would

have been perfect, but for the fact that my sister-in-law had been as smitten by it as I was and showed up wearing its identical twin.

When I was growing up, there were hard-and-fast rules about what one could and could not wear on special occasions.

The problem with this approach was that I was obliged to spend my clothing allowance on dowdy dresses and duster coats, as well as the skin tight jeans beloved of my generation.

Rumour had it that the latter could be made even more form-fitting if you got into the bath wearing them and allowed them to dry while you were still in them.

My attempts to prove this theory served only to make me unpleasantly damp — the jeans remained stubbornly the same size and I caught that nasty chill my mother was always warning me about.

But I digress.

The good thing about rules was, you always turned up wearing something appropriate, unless you were my brother, who arrived at a cousin's wedding wearing a sober grey suit and looking unnaturally smart from his head to his ankles.

While my mother's attention was elsewhere, he had managed to slip on a pair of sandals because, as he later explained, they were a lot more comfortable than dress shoes.

My brother is not like other mortals, being immune to sartorial embarrassment, but his little rebellion went down like a lead balloon with our normally calm mother.

Still, he taught me the golden rule in dressing for success — never wear brown sandals with a grey suit.

Building bridges in community

Dear Editor,

Open letter to Councillor Carroll, Ward 2:

On behalf of the Lions Club of Stouffville, please accept our thanks for your public recognition of our allowing council the use of Latcham Hall for their Monday

night meetings.

Meetings and consultation with Mayor Wayne Emmerson, accompanied by the good graces of the

How about anorexic Barbie?

Dear Editor,

I enjoyed Andrew Mair's recent column (Dec. 4 'Realistic Barbie could benefit society') about the potential benefits of a realistic Barbie and the suggestions for modern careers she could pursue.

I wonder whether there's a place for a reincarnation that might suffer the consequences of her flamboyant past.

How about bulimic or anorexic Barbie? Possibly depressed, suicidal or even abused Barbie?

If Mattel truly wants to update Barbie, they need to face up to the problems her old persona may have created.

Yours Sincerely,

Phil Smith

LETTERS

Silver Jubilee Club, afforded us the opportunity to once again support our community.

Your words of appreciation reinforced our decision to move our meetings.

Your positive step in "building bridges in our community" initiates three years of working together for the good of Stouffville.

Hoping you will plan to join with us in our Anniversary Celebration Feb. 28, 1998.

I remain yours in service,

Thos. E. Winters,
Chair of membership
and publicity,
Lions Club of Stouffville

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