

Readers Write

Voting a right, privilege and duty

To the Editor:

The municipal election is what affects our lives the most, like rapid growth and traffic congestion.

In the last 15 years our municipal government has lacked democracy. No one is protecting our heritage and honouring our past, and no one is listening to the people. We live in a country where we have the right and the privilege to vote. It is our duty. The election is on Nov. 13 and we have the power to vote in a government who will represent the residents and not the developers. Please take the time to talk to the candidates to get feedback on your concerns: traffic congestion, protecting the heritage of our town, plans to develop the downtown and, most of all, financial accountability.

Get the information you want and make an informed decision.

But above all, please vote.

Florence Neale • Stouffville

Historic Photo



Municipal Council 1950 — Back, Councillors R. C. Baycroft, S. Legg, Fred Timbers
Front, Dep.-Reeve I. McLaughlin, Reeve Ed Logan, Clerk John Crawford

NO LAUGHING MATTER

Being a member of council is clearly a serious undertaking judging by the expressions on the faces of these gentlemen, who represented the community in 1950. Seen here in the back row are Councillors R.C. Baycroft, S. Legg, Fred Timbers. Front row: Deputy reeve I. McLaughlin, reeve Ed Logan, clerk John Crawford.

MONTHLY MALAISE

It's impossible to separate politics and morality unless you don't understand either.

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Vintage Whine

Desperate Husbands

By Kate Gilderdale

For close to 30 years I resisted the lure of network TV, unmoved by speculation on who killed JR or which hapless contestant had been voted off the island.

Then along came boxed set DVDs, without those horribly invasive commercials, and I found myself irresistibly swept up in the lives of funeral home directors and passengers who had survived a plane crash on a mysterious island. Abandoning the search for the meaning of life, I became hooked on unbelievably enticing cliffhangers involving murder, star-crossed lovers and death-defying antics in the operating room.

Would David and Keith stay together? How long could the terminally ditzy Susan retain Mike's affection on Wisteria Lane, and when would somebody finally snap and land a knuckle sandwich on the unshaven chin of the deliciously obnoxious Dr. House? Mr. Wallethead, who was used to shared evenings poring over the newspaper to the glorious accompaniment of Mozart, was suddenly left to his own devices as I fed my new addiction by renting or borrowing, in rapid succession, complete seasons of *Lost*, *House M.D.*, *Six Feet Under* and *Desperate Housewives*.

In most cases, I was two seasons behind when I first took the plunge, which has left little time for incidentals like cooking and cleaning. When it came to a choice between tackling dust bunnies or finding out whether Carlos would abandon Gabrielle after her dalliance with the gardener, there was no contest.

Disbelief happily suspended, I revelled in weird conversations between the recently deceased and the living on *Six Feet Under* and secretly hoped that Kate would abandon decent, selfless Jack in favour of egotistical bad boy Sawyer on *Lost*. Meanwhile, back in the living room at Chateau Gilderdale, Mr. Wallethead pondered the loss of his long-time companion as one thing kept leading to another on the silver screen upstairs.

For the last couple of evenings, fol-



lowing a marathon viewing of *Desperate Housewives* season two, I have returned to my comfy chair and a riveting book. However, our happy coexistence now faces another challenge as I have just received word that the first episodes of the newly-minted epic, *Rome*, are about to be delivered to our mailbox.

Mr. Wallethead, a history buff whose interest in fiction and melodrama is minimal, has decided to give this one a trial viewing, if only for the opportunity to spend a rare couple of evenings in the company of his TV-addled wife. The respite is only temporary of course; by the time *Rome* has collapsed, can the next season of *House* be far behind?

One reason recent television series are so captivating is that the most appalling characters get the best lines and have the most fun. It's a refreshing change from being constantly bombarded with messages urging us to provide appropriate role models to the young and feckless and to be vigilant about not offending anyone, however deserving.

Meanwhile, on Wisteria Lane, Martha Stewart doppelganger Bree Van Der Kamp harbours a closet full of skeletons and man-eating Edie Britt appears to have absolutely no scruples or redeeming features, other than the ability to deliver superbly nasty one liners. Television often gets a bad rap for being mindless, but given the grim times we live in and the increasing encroachment of 'experts' intent on nagging us to death about our inappropriate lifestyles, what could be more engaging than a bunch of unrepentant villains living life to the full?

A line from the movie *Taxi* says it all. "The great thing about television is that if something important happens anywhere in the world, day or night, you can always change the channel."

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