

Money doesn't bother seniors - wasting money does

The Generation Gap
By Joan Scannell

I used to wonder why people talked about the generation gap; - after all, believe it or not, I can still remember exactly how I felt at fourteen, sixteen, and even years before that. But every so often something happens that makes me realize that the gap is not between us and THEM, but vice versa.

My birthday falls on the first day of Spring - at least, it always did until some stargazer or other decided the Spring should arrive a day earlier. Anyway, I call it my birthday "week", as friends and relatives are kind enough to send me lovely flowery cards, containing mushy verses which I ardently devour.

My six year old granddaughter was with me on one of the days when three of these cards popped through my mail slot. She opened the first one for me, and as I read it out to her, I said, "That's from my friend Dolly." "Dolly!" she laughed, "What a funny name!" I never really thought about it before but... the next card was from my friend Olive. "Olive!!" she shrieked, "You mean like those little green things in jars?" I hesitated over the next signature, which was simply "Dot." (I know, I know, like the thing you put over an "i".) I was

Seniors for the Future

just happy that my friends Glad (Gldys) and Peg hadn't sent a card that day. The child would have thought I had some very queer, - er, I mean odd friends. What happened to all the Myrtles, Millicents, and Hazels? There always seemed to be one in my class when I went to school. Also a Walter or a Percy.

Then there's the story of the steak.

My teen years were spent during the Depression, and I can't remember even hearing the word steak. Our family of five never went hungry, as we had a large garden, but meat was a problem. My Dad, like most other fathers, was in and out of work for a while, so savings were eked out. We always had a roast on Sundays, which was stretched out until Wednesday. On Thursdays we had sausages (10 cents per pound), Friday was fish day, and Saturdays we had whatever was around.

Then the war started, and we had more money, but meat was rationed, so Mother bought meat that could be stretched out. By the time the war ended, I was married and had started a fami-

ly. We eventually had six children and a mortgage, so I learned of 68 ways to cook hamburger meat, which we used to call minced beef.

When Bill first retired, we were still helping our youngest get through university, but now at long last, when our teeth are starting to fall out, we can buy all the steak we want. So it is with a sense of luxury that I buy it now, and one Saturday morning recently, I bought a thick juicy piece, an inch thick. It cost \$6.87, and I could just see it, smothered in onions and mushrooms for our Sunday dinner. Well, on Sunday morning we got an unexpected invitation to dinner that night.

On Monday afternoon, just as I had succeeded in getting a tricky piece of sewing under my sewing machine needle, my other half wandered in, making me jump. "What's for dinner?" he asked innocently. "Look in the fridge" I snarled at him... "why don't you make dinner for a change!" Off he went, and soon had produced poached eggs on toast. It wasn't until Tuesday afternoon that I remembered the steak.

It had turned an ugly dark

brown color. I called my senior partner in, and we poked it, smelled it, had a Meech Lake conference over it, and finally decided that it would have to go. As I wrapped it up tightly to throw it away, I could hear my mother's voice floating down from on high... "WASTE NOT, WANT NOT" oh, the guilt was terrible!

I was talking to a young mother the next day and had to unload

my troubles on to her. "Couldn't you have got another one?" she asked in bewilderment. I must have still been babbling on about it a week later (you know how old folks go on and on). I was in my son's home, and he said "For heaven's sake, Mom, here - go and buy yourself another steak," as he took out his wallet. No, no, son, you don't understand. In fact, you can't understand. It's not the money that bothers us old folks. It's the WASTE.

June is seniors month

June is seniors' month and the Ontario Agricultural Museum has extended its annual "Seniors' Days" to include 12 exciting days of activities for the young at heart. From June 3 to 14 inclusive, those 65 years and older will be treated to an old-fashioned admission fee of 65 cents.

Besides the museum's regularly scheduled activities, Seniors' Days 1991 will feature introductory tours of the 32-hectare site on tractor-drawn wagons, a quilt display featuring the Canada Packers Quilt Collection in its new permanent home at the museum, dancing demonstrations, musical entertainment, refreshments and much more.

The museum is a great place for seniors to rediscover Ontario's rural roots and spend a relaxing day in the country. Come and see the evolution of rural Ontario through costumed interpreters, farm animals, displays and unique rural buildings.

The Ontario Agricultural Museum is open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., May 21 to September 22, 1991. Admission is \$3.50 for adults, \$1.75 for youths (6-17), \$1.75 for seniors (except during Seniors' Days), and \$8.50 for families.

Located five km west of Milton, the museum can be reached from Highway 401 via exit 320 or 312 north. Just follow the signs!

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