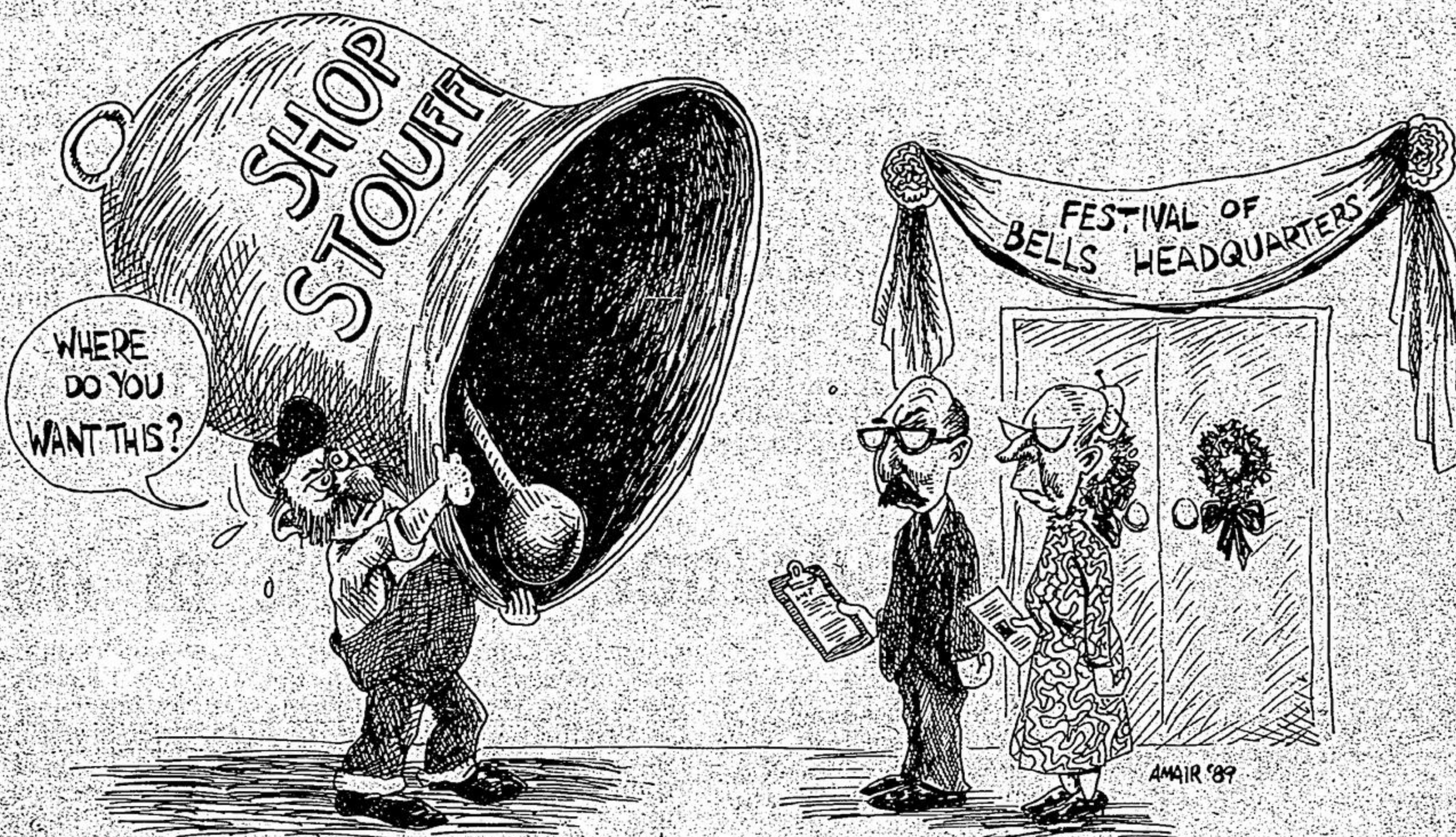


Comment Page

NEWS ITEM: BIA urges residents to "Try Us First" in 1989 Festival of Bells theme.



No laugh lines

Aging process getting under my skin

"Is this your sister?" asked the obviously escaped mental patient posing as a sane and rational waiter.

I glared across the table at my mother just in time to see her tiny mouth open into a broad smile. I looked under the table, hoping to catch her passing the handsome idiot a \$5 bill.

I mean, where is the guy's seeing-eye-dog?

And just when I contemplated tossing my salad at mother's sparkling white teeth, he turned to me and said, "Would you like another glass of wine ma'am?" Ma'am! What happened to miss? I've heard this nauseating



kibble's bits

tracy kibble

'sister' routine more times this year than "do you actually own that dog food company?" It used to be flattering when I was 18 and proud of my mother's preserved, gorgeous looks — but not anymore.

Do you hear me mother? I refuse to sit back during the last few precious years of my youthful 20s, while you (who

looks the same age as me except for that sagging chin I inherited, thank-you-very-much) engulf yourself in praise from 25-year-old waiters who insist on flirting openly with you.

I still remember my 21st birthday party. And now, one year later, I'm 27. Wow, back up a minute, I'm not ready for these ever-so-tiny but noticeable makings of crow's feet around my eyes. They are not a status symbol for me.

Being 27 is an extremely sensitive age for a woman. All of a sudden our once slim, trim and glove-tight thighs transform into not-so-slim, not-so-trim, mounds of flesh.

But not only does our body turn against us at the sight of a glazed doughnut, our skin turns from tight and taut to loose and lax immediately following our glorious and too-short 21st year.

Oh, sure, all you gorgeous 50-year-olds are balking at my ridiculous sensitivity, but you've been living with this transition longer and have moved on to that attractive stage.

I'm torn between wondering what it's like to spend six months in Florida, pricing shares of wrinkle cream or wondering how childbirth will add to my dilemma (and my weight).

And now just when I've gotten used to the ma'am's and the

Mrs.'s, my dear mother goes and loses weight. Now she takes the cat's collar with her to compare belt sizes.

Just the other night my darling lover and his not-so-darling buddy started teasing me about hanging a "Caution, Wideload" sign on my rear (even though I'm a mere 128 lbs.) Is this fair? Especially when mommy-thinnest was in their midst the day before?

Comments like, "You should look as good as your mother. She's a knock-out, and want a snack, porky?" are really ticking me off.

Is no one sensitive to the beginning of my Aging Process Blues?

Editor's mail

Drug education task force seeks members

Dear Editor:

The York Region Board of Education has recently formed an Alcohol and Drug Education Task Force and is now seeking representation from the following groups:

Parents, students, support agencies, York Regional Police, and the York Region Public Health Department.

The task force, consisting of 14 members, will formulate a comprehensive school-based policy during the current school year. Such a policy will include three major components:

- A preventative curriculum,

Town versus taxpayer

An Ontario Municipal Board battle between Whitchurch-Stouffville officials and local resident Jamie Simm is shaping up for next week.

Mr. Simm filed an objection against the town's decision to amend a 17-acre severance decision and says the subsequent bylaw approved to allow it "should never have been passed."

The controversy dates back to 1982 when the lands, which are now chiefly used as a parking lot for customers at the Stouffville stockyards, were included as part of the severance.

But the beauty of this battle is that it is being fought by the everyday taxpayer. It's the proverbial case of the little man taking on city hall.

If the OMB rules in his favor Mr. Simm could well be part of the decision-making process. If not, he will have had his turn at bat.

This instance illustrates the fact that there is a process and forum for people like Mr. Simm who object to land use in their neighborhoods.

More people like Mr. Simm who take action could well cause headaches at the municipal level. But the result — more prudent land use planning — would be well worth the effort.

Those years of frowning in math class as the teacher explained sin, cos, tan and pie-squared to the 'x' in a Chinese and German mix have embedded themselves between my eyes.

I guess I'll just have to face the facts that amongst all these beginning face cracks and added padding are all signs of experience. Yeah, that sounds good.

And next time a deaf, dumb and blind waiter fails to see the 20-years of youth I have on my mother, I'll just smile and say "No, I'm her mother, you young whipper-snapper."

Then he'll leave the table thinking how good I look — for my age.

Stouffville / Uxbridge Tribune

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