

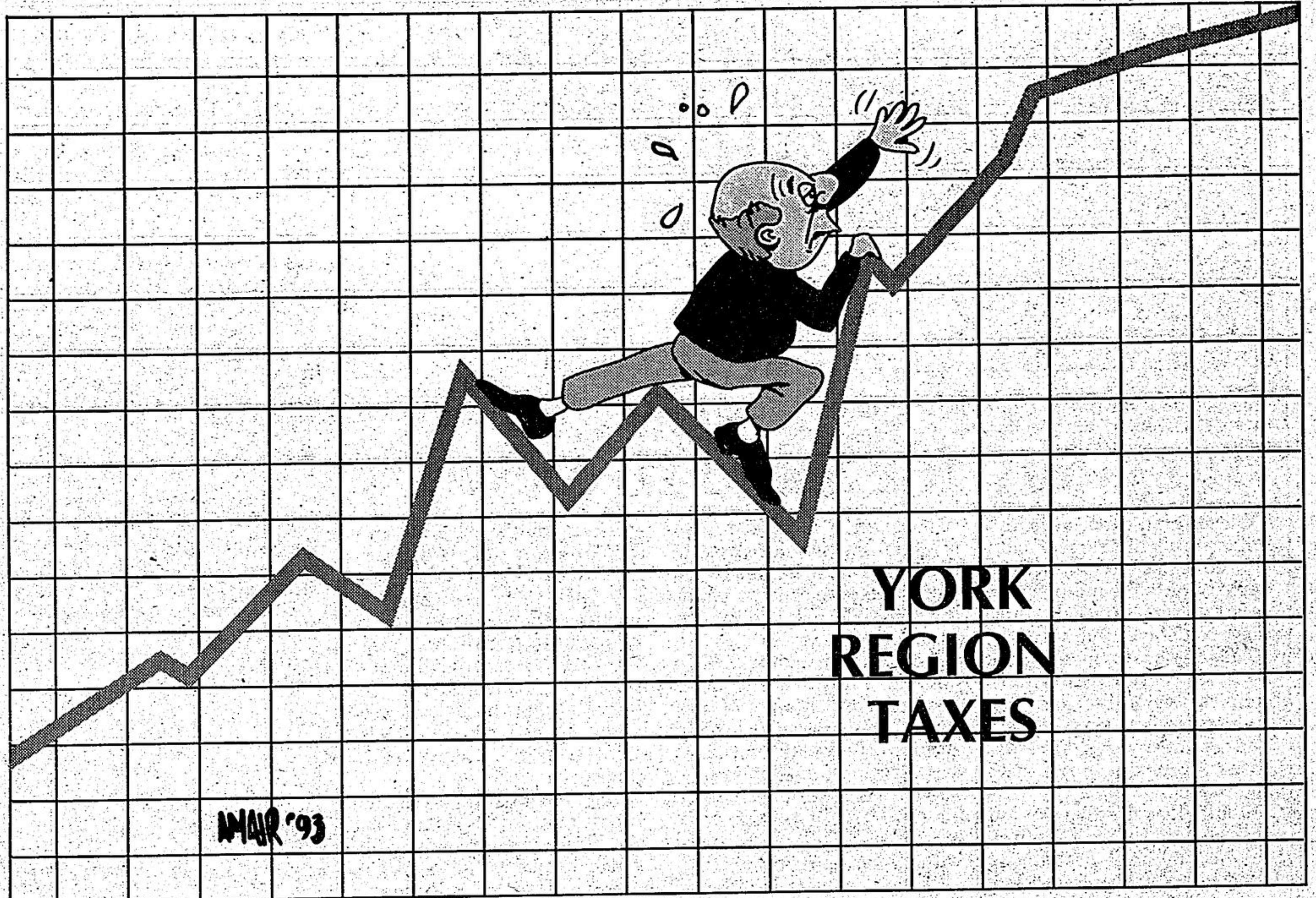
stouffville comment

Roads are becoming top concern

Roads, roads, roads. Like the old axiom about real estate, our highways and bi-ways are fast becoming the most urgent requirement in our "hard" service sector. In short, they are falling apart. They are dangerous. They are ill-maintained, and they will not likely be getting any better.

Take the stretch around Goodwood for example. Accidents in this area are frequent and often deadly. Cars turning from Durham 21 onto Hwy 47 cause slowdowns, despite a reduced speed limit and a passing lane heading west in the area. A light is definitely needed in this intersection, especially with the heavy truck traffic that so afflicts Hwy 47. But this is just one example in the area.

What will be done about the conditions of our roads in the coming months and years? Very little. Why? There is no money. An infusion of capital expenditure seed money from the Ontario government is needed now, before more people have to die.



I'll just keep on working, thank you

I was chatting with a woman the other day about how tricky it can be to balance a career with the joys of motherhood.

I told her I loved my job and enjoyed working just as much as I enjoyed tumbling around the floor with my 1 1/2-year-old son, Kody.

"Isn't that marvellous - and don't you feel guilty about it either," she said.

"I, uh don't, thanks." "Isn't that like asking where something is, and the person blurts out, 'It's not in the closet.'"

Should I feel guilty because I have other interests besides my child? Is that wrong? Is a mother only a true mother if she cocoons herself in her home and panders to her child's every

need and whim?

Her statement made me think that perhaps I should feel guilty about loving my work.

The other day my mother-in-law was telling me about a show she had seen on television.

The host was telling all the at-home moms that they are doing the right thing - it's a shame to let other people look after your children while you work to live in 'excess,' the lame-brain apparently said.

According to my ma-in-law, the tube man said it is far more important to "be there" for your kids than to have cars that run, money in the bank, steaks in the freezer, a roof over your head, and clothes on your kids' backs. Love is everything and you just



KIBBLE'S
BITS

tracy kibble

can't give love if you work - at least that's the message I got from listening to her explain the gist of the show.

The tube man apparently went on to say that if a couple couldn't get by on one salary, they should re-adjust their budget.

In our case, my family would have to sell our house.

My husband and I both work. We

both love our jobs. We have one child, whom we love and adore.

And we spend quality time with our son each and every day.

And I don't think I should feel shamed by looking forward to Monday mornings when I can get back to work and enjoy something just for me.

I am not knocking moms who don't work - all the power to the women out there who can live a comfortable life without holding a job. It's a luxury today.

I don't think many couples have that luxury any more and can't "choose" to stay home. If one person makes enough money for the entire

family to live comfortably on, then rock and roll - you're lucky.

Staying home with your children, however, doesn't necessarily mean you spend quality time with them.

I know women who are absolutely miserable at home, and this reflects on the care of their children.

I know other women who are meant to be full-time moms and they're as happy as larks to spend every waking minute with their children. Ducky for them, too.

If there comes a time when I don't need to work, and I can stay at home with my son, and still keep my home, my heat, my food and my car, great.

I'll still work.

Shopping should be more fun

I seem to spend half my life and all my money buying food and household products, so why isn't it more fun?

If I were a supermarket mogul, I'd create what advertising copywriters call ambience. Musak would be banished in favor of string quartets or piano virtuosos.

Fluorescent lighting, which invests your skin with all the translucence of cement and causes your hair to resemble shredded wheat, would be outlawed.

Purveyors of exciting new products, who lurk behind booths brandishing fiery salsa snacks in your direction at 9.15 in the morning, would be replaced by good-looking, but silent, gentlemen dispensing gourmet coffee into china cups.

All products would have prices clearly marked on them. This would avoid the need for debate when the shelf price says one thing



KATE'S
CORNER

kate gilderdate

and the computer readout says another.

Visiting the supermarket is hardly an occasion for getting gussied up, but on the other hand, it's where you meet everyone you know, especially if you haven't applied your makeup or fixed your hair.

The first time you bump into an acquaintance in the produce department; you manage to exchange some quite witty banter, considering it's before noon.

By the time you collide for the fourth time beside the detergents, however, you're right out of amusing little anecdotes.

And then there are those embarrassing moments when you get behind someone in a lineup, and you sort of know them, and they sort of know you, but neither of you can decide whether or not to acknowledge the fact.

If you do, and it's a long lineup, you're stuck with filling all that dead air with stilted conversation. If you don't, you have to avoid eye contact by intently studying The National Enquirer's story about the dramatic appearance of a three-legged alien in a North Carolina laundromat.

Sometimes you get so caught up in the story that you fail to notice the cashier has put up her 'next checkout please' sign, and you're relegated to another long line just behind someone else you almost know.

And when reach your car, heaving a sigh of relief, you realize you've forgotten the milk.

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