

STOUFFVILLE

COMMENT

Series a good beginning

The Mayor's Series of youth programs were announced this week with much fanfare.

Outside media were invited, and the Rec Centre was turned over to the town officials for the announcement, which has been speculated about and discussed for the past 10 days.

We knew there would be an announcement, but the details were unavailable to us.

But no longer.

The youth of our town will benefit first from a hockey tournament that will bring in international players to be held in December of this year.

In the meantime, projects involving other youth sports will be in the

Our View

works. Using volunteers, as he said he would in his campaign speeches, Mayor Emmerson has drawn up a thorough proposal to increase the level of activity for our town's youth.

And it is not just in the world of sport. The media briefing on Monday also saw that other activities, such as a dance festival are being considered.

The mayor said the program, set out for the next two years is to be assisted by revenue earned from an annual golf tournament.

Councillor Scala then indicated that this is only the beginning, and that brainstorming sessions on

what the youth of Stouffville want to do will take place.

We would direct them to the Recreation Dept. study made more than two years ago. It spells out exactly what the youth of this town want.

Of course, number one on their list was a centre for young people, located downtown.

We would point to that in the report as well.

We are not being critical of these new initiatives; in fact, they are a great beginning. However, the mandate was established several years ago to provide Stouffville's young people with a place of their own. And they deserve it. That should be the priority.

Stouffville Tribune

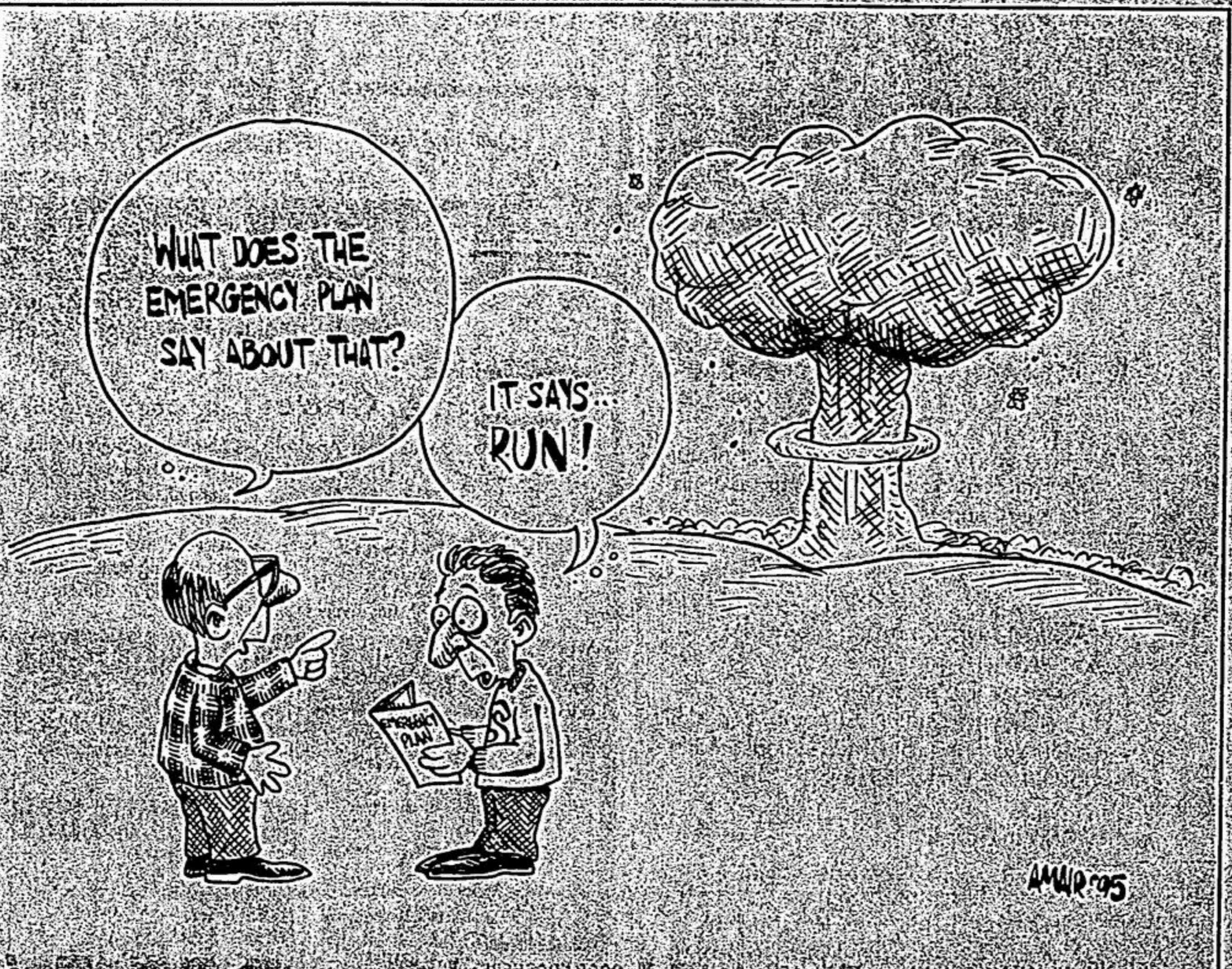
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Help me, and I'll go Crazy for You

If St. Valentine were around today, what would he think of what has been done to his good name?

Would he be appalled at the Power Ranger greeting cards printed in his honor? Would he gag at the thought of a frilly box of chocolates? Would he approve of the mass marketing of his name under the veil of promoting love?

Or would he get himself a good lawyer and start looking for residuals?

I am not trying to be cynical, but it is becoming increasingly difficult to express your true love without treading over some old and tired ground.

I like to do something different every Feb. 14 for my Valentine, but I must admit my creative flow has been stopped up by too many chocolate bonbons.

Of course, I am not the only one. In attempts to stretch beyond the norm when it comes to impressing members of the opposite sex, people have gone to great

and unusual lengths. As an example, an acquaintance of mine began dating a girl very close to Valentine's Day.

He didn't know her very well, but still wished to dazzle her with his ability to respond to her every want and whim. For days he tried to eke out some hint of what she liked and disliked, but could only come up with one certain item.

On the Big Day, he gave her a large heavy box wrapped in red, with a heart on top. Excitement at the size of the box soon turned sour as his beloved opened the box to find 24 bottles of beer staring her in the dumb-struck face.

But you said you really liked Export," he wailed as the girl stormed out on him.

While this episode damaged the poor man psychologically, at least he was left physically unharmed.

As many would-be cupids know, love can often be a detriment to your health.

Like the woman from



andrew mair

Hamburg, Germany, who, thinking her Valentine might enjoy being aroused by a good scare, screamed at the top of her lungs when her mate entered their apartment. The startled lover was so taken aback, he tripped on a piece of furniture and went sailing out the window. He spent a week in the hospital.

And Love can be fatal. Just ask Dr. David Love, The Cleveland Plain Dealer reported a few years back that the good doctor was indicted for manslaughter when, in an attempt to spice up his love life, he suspended his wife naked from their third story window. The rope slipped, and Mrs. Love fell to her death. Dr. Love was charged after a newspaper boy testified he had seen the

daring duo do the deed twice before in this manner.

And love can be dangerous.

A very good friend of mine bought a bouquet of flowers for his lady love. On his way home, he went around a sharp corner, and the flowers flew off the seat, scattering roses all over the car floor.

When he bent down to pick them up, he brought the steering wheel down with him, and the car leapt off the road, went through a ditch and wound up wedged between two trees.

All this brings me, in a rather roundabout way, to my problem.

I need ideas for Valentine's Day. I've already asked Kim not to read this column, so she doesn't know what's coming.

If you have a great idea for Feb. 14, write me a short note on your notion of a perfect romantic evening. But don't just tell me about flowers and candies. It's been done.

I'm looking for the ultimate in romance, something that would make Keats or Shelley want to hang up their pens.

Write down your romantic evening, send it to me at the address at left, or fax it, and I'll pay you back in kind. For the winning entry, I will send you and your loved one to the smash hit musical Crazy For You! Kind of appropriate, eh?

So put your romance caps on, and drop me a short note by this Friday.

Let's make St. Valentine proud.

Color me old-fashioned

They say old people dwell increasingly in the past and I'm beginning to discover they're right.

As I purchased my box of Casting (tone on tone colorant) the other day, in an attempt to forestall the ravages of time, I found myself mentally transported back to my youth. My mother, I knew, would not have dreamed of coloring her hair. It was considered slightly common, something undertaken only by those referred to as mutton dressed as lamb. There was a woman on our street who qualified for this designation and she was the only adult we kids took more than a passing interest in.

You could see her coming a mile off, blonde beehive stacked high on her head as she teetered precariously, along on racy red stiletto-heeled shoes. We considered her darling, yet bizarre, and felt a sneaking sympathy for her rather pedestrian son.

Her skirts were always an inch or two shorter and tighter than those of her respectable peers; she often brandished a cigarette and, although the consumption of tobacco was not frowned on back then, she would smoke in a manner suggesting a degenerate star of the silver screen, thus adding to her image of suburban decadence.

Although she was married, her husband shrank into insignificance in the glare of her deliciously tawdry persona. She was kind to us, in a distracted way, but spent most of her time checking out her appearance.

The only reason that I know of for her dubious reputation was the fact that she dyed her hair and wore clothes and makeup that were considered inappropriate for



married women over 25.

What's really depressing to recall is that she was probably only about 35, younger than Madonna, yet already condemned as a has-been because of her advanced age.

But even when we were mere striplings of 21, my friends and I were expected to go for job interviews wearing a hat, a respectably demure dress and, on horrors, a pair of white gloves.

If some members of my generation were to hop on a time machine and go back to the good old days, think what those respectable matrons would make of us in leggings, jeans (no one over 18 wore jeans), boots and body suits.

Even grannies, those sweet little old ladies of my formative years, are not what they used to be. Nowadays, granny is just as likely to be climbing the corporate ladder of a major conglomerate as doing time as a white-haired ministering angel baking cookies and soothing scraped knees.

But that's okay, because a kid isn't likely to scrape his knee playing Nintendo for watching violent videos in the privacy of his own room.

When (if?) I grow up, I'd quite like to be an old-fashioned granny. The money saved at the drug store could keep me in reasonable comfort and, besides, it would be kind of cool to have grey hair and learn to knit while all those other grannies are out at the health club, doing step aerobics.

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