

Comment

Art in Park getting tremendous response

The response has been overwhelming.

To date, more than 200 artists have inquired about The Tribune's Art in the Park, set for this July in Elgin Park. What a weekend we are expecting. On July 20 and 21, Uxbridge will be inundated with art lovers and artists from all across the province, and some as far away as Quebec. There will be as many as 80 artists from Uxbridge, Stouffville and Markham, which is a testament to the area's draw to skilled artists.

There will be dozens of musicians performing as well, both on our stage and throughout the park.

Patrons can expect to see sculpture, paintings in all mediums, shapes and sizes, works in glass, wood and steel and more obscure art forms like papermaking, printmaking and even an animator will display his works.

The Uxbridge Camera Club will be there. So will the Lemonville Group of Artists, the Oshawa Art Association and many, many more groups.

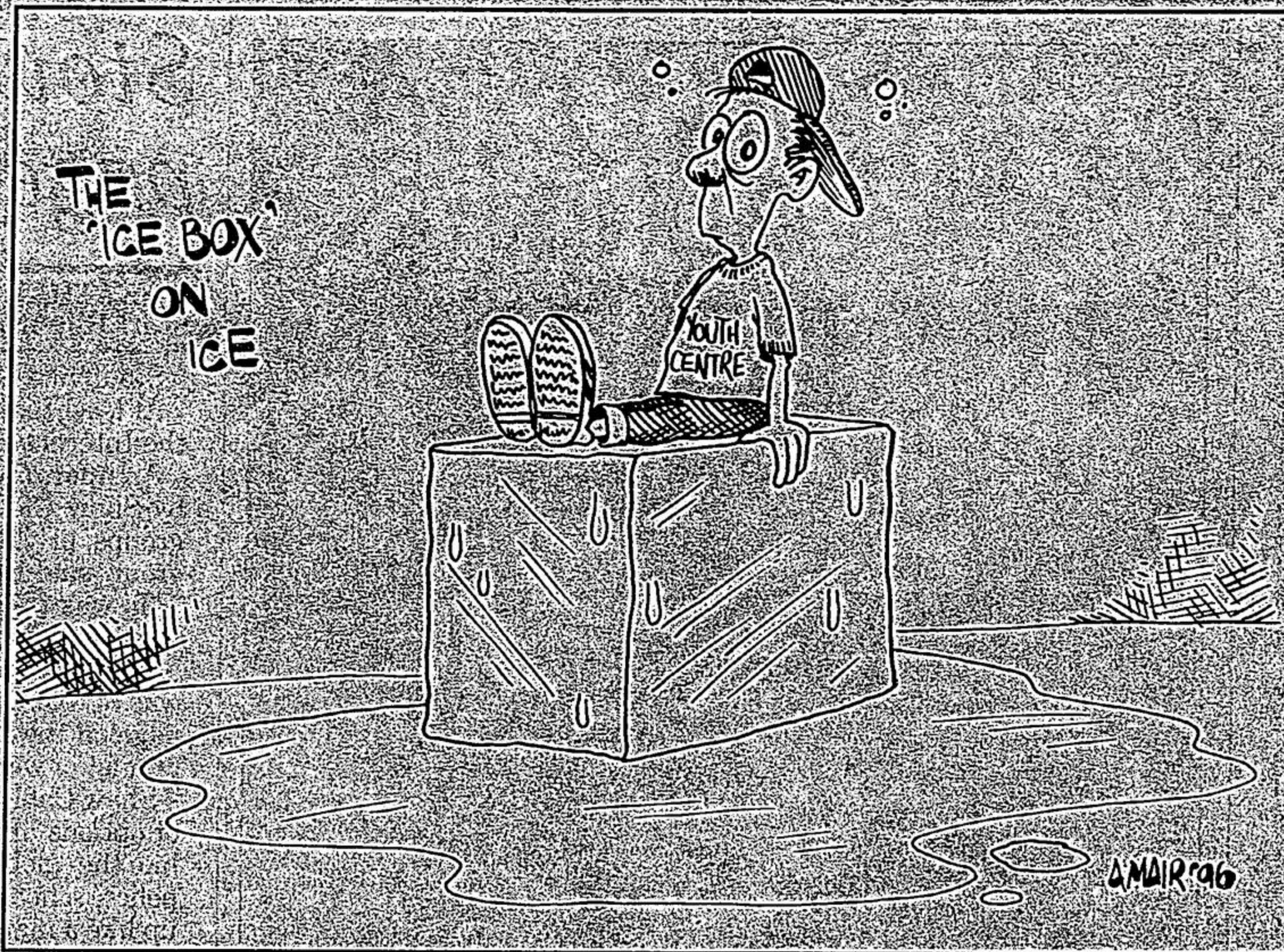
One highlight of the weekend will be the fine art auction, led by Gary Hill, local world champion auctioneer. As well, artist Judy Bear Campbell is putting together a fantastic children's art area called Kreative

Kids, and the Pineridge Chorus will present a tea in the park both Saturday and Sunday.

Be sure to mark this

weekend on your calendars. The proceeds from the event will go to a very worthy cause, the Cottage Hospital. The Tribune

wishes to thank all groups who have volunteered to help out and to the artists for signing on. Now, if only the weather will hold out.



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Grads not caught up in superficiality of past generation

The seniors had their annual blow-out this week.

It was time for the students in their final months of study at the high school to celebrate this threshold of adulthood by doing some child-like things.

Among other things, the local students decided to pull an all-nighter at an amusement park, acting like kids one last time before they're expected to act like adults for the rest of their lives.

And why not goof off?

Coming of age or surviving the rites of passage doesn't happen every day. Nor is it as easy as it should be, because these days becoming an adult doesn't automatically guarantee a job, nor trouble-free human relationships, nor all of life's amenities.

It was very different when we were their age.

For some of us back then, a senior matriculation was enough to get a permanent (maybe lifetime) job. A university education was considered a bonus and generally ensured a professional career.

Back then, some of us inherited family businesses or family farms and learned to prosper in the footsteps of our parents. For most young people today, however, those advantages are gone.

That doesn't mean our generation of grads didn't party. We did. But even senior proms were different then.



night was more than a celebration of adulthood, it was a statement. And unless you had every detail in hand well

in advance, including rented tuxes, corsages, borrowed (or rented) cars, not to mention the right date, you were considered something less than a success. Back then proms were status symbols.

Thankfully, this year's crop of grads, at least my daughter and friends, don't appear to be caught up in the superficiality we were.

This type goes ballistic just because you haven't cleaned your room for two or three years, rendering it a veritable museum of unidentifiable antediluvian foodstuffs which have mysteriously accumulated under your bed and in various dark, dusty corners where not even the keenest neat freak parent would boldly go.

You could try combatting this parent's attitude by muttering, "I didn't ask to be born," but be prepared for a long, boring lecture in which most of the sentiments are prefaced by, "When I was your age..."

Then there's the trendoid, who keeps abreast of all the latest music, movies and clothing and hangs out with you when your friends come round despite your best efforts to persuade her to leave.

So, I say, let them have their all-nighter of behaving like kids. And let them enjoy a prom night unencumbered by status and pomp. Because from here on in, life's harsh realities will force them to grow up far too quickly. In today's adult world, there won't be nearly the time to smile and celebrate milestones that there should be.

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Despite the evidence, parents mean well

The trouble with the kitten is that, eventually it becomes a cat.

Ogden Nash
That principle also applies to babies who eventually become teenagers, who in turn become irrational parents who forget they were young once themselves. If you're having problems with your parents, kiddies, read on.

Inept parents (do inept ones even exist?) come in many guises. There's the authoritarian type, an increasingly rare phenomenon these days, thanks to empowerment for everyone except boring old middle-aged parents.

A typical example of the genre thinks you owe him (I use the pronoun advisedly) a modicum of gratitude just for supplying a couple of decades of shelter, clothing and sustenance, not to mention the equivalent of the national debt for your education.

Equally excruciating is the hearty type, who tells appalling jokes and insists on showing your girlfriend/boyfriend pictures of you as a small child, sitting stark naked on a beach with chocolate ice cream dribbling down your chin.

If, despite this, your date cares deeply enough for you to hang around, this parent will gleefully continue to undermine your relationship by showing the unabridged version of your formative years on video, complete with bad hair days, fluorescent clothing and a slew of embarrassing moments of which you are the chief insti-

gator. Parents, even good ones, tend to sit about a lot complaining about how tough it is to raise kids today. They tell you how they used to have their mouth washed out with soap for using bad language, and you find yourself wishing you'd taped the unambiguous sentiments expressed by your daddy the last time someone cut him off on the 404.

Despite overwhelming evidence to the contrary, your parents mean well. Thinking they know what's best for you is simply a side effect of growing old. Be patient with them and with the passing of time, you may even find yourself echoing the words of Mark Twain.



bank manager or a chartered accountant.

When I was a boy of 14, my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand to have the old man around. But when I got to be 21, I was astonished at how much he had learned in seven years.