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Stouffville Tribune

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Let's just be rid of them, once and for all

The facts are all there, yet we continue to ignore them. Toronto's decision to re-examine the smoking question is disheartening to those who would see a ban in restaurants and bars here.

Local restaurateurs have said they wouldn't be happy with a ban on smoking, saying it would adversely affect their business. One only has to go into any Toronto restaurant to see that the ban is working. People can eat their lunch or dinner without a dingy haze hanging about them.

As well, one can look to the example set by Tim Hortons Donuts. They have realized that smokers buy a coffee and then spend a long time occupying precious restaurant seats while they smoke. Tim Hortons patrons come there to eat and drink, not sit and smoke. They can be commended for adopting the policy, but also for having the business smarts to realize that people who eat spend money. In other words people that smoke aren't eating.

Any physician will tell you that generations of people have respi-

ratory problems that sitting at the dame table never took a puff. But living with them has affected them - for life. With the election coming this fall, a candidate who made it a promise to ban smoking locally would do well - despite what the smokers' lobby would have you believe.



Our annual guide to getting into the newspaper

Once every year or so, *The Tribune* prints a guide to getting into the newspaper. For some, it's an easy process, but others have no idea how the paper works, or even that they have access to it.

Here, then, is a crash course in getting your message out:

- If you have an event you want publicized, give us at least a week's notice. We need that time to schedule the necessary people to cover your event, and to ensure we don't have conflicting assignments. This goes for requesting a reporter, a photographer and even for our community calendar. The sooner you let us know, the better. If you have had trouble getting us at your event, it's likely because we haven't been able to juggle the schedule in time.

- Please make an effort to have your event planned well in advance when requesting a photographer. We often only have a few minutes for each assignment, as our photographers cover three communities. If you request a specific time, be ready for the shoot when the photographer arrives.

- Make your event exciting. In the newspaper business, we call cheque passings "Grip and Grinders," because they usually involve a handshake, a cheque and a smile and not much else. What is more effective is a picture of what the money is being used for, or some dramatization to make the photograph interesting. Take a minute to plan something. The photographer



will get creative if he or she has time, but it is better if you plan something ahead. Also, an interesting picture has a better chance of seeing the light of day

Kate's not quite ready to turn the Big 'L'

It's my party and I'll cry if I want to.

You can't turn L without a lot of people gloating. Some because they are older than you and can't wait for you to feel the same painful emotional and physical twinges, others because they want everyone to know you are MUCH OLDER than them.

A kind friend who has so far avoided laughing outright whenever the subject of my senility comes up, has, with my permission, organized an unsurprise party to mark the end of civilization as I know it. She and other friends and relations will do all the work, while my job merely requires me to turn up and drown my sorrows in a vat or two of Malmsey wine en route to the Happy Valley Rest Home.

Since a lot of us are on the Net, I suggested a virtual party would be less effort, but apparently some people would prefer to count the wrinkles personally. This means I will have to find

in the paper.

- Give us as much information in your press releases as you can. We'd rather condense than have to expand. Who, What, When, Where, Why and sometimes How is our motto.

- Keep it local. We realize that people have interests outside the community in which they live, but I'll be frank: Chances are extremely thin it will make the paper.

- *The Tribune* works on a

first-come, first-served basis for the most part. Unless the town is burning down, that is how we assign our stories and photographs. I should add that we also take news value into account. For instance, if Madonna and Michael Jordan are leading a protest march on city hall, and you had a perfect cribbage hand, we might be a little late getting to your house.

- That being said, we do like all kinds of news. If you have a

potato in your garden that looks like Benny Goodman, we want to know about it. If you won something, discovered something, heard something, or have seen something, we want to know.

- It's funny, but people assume we know everything, but truth be told, we don't know unless you tell us.

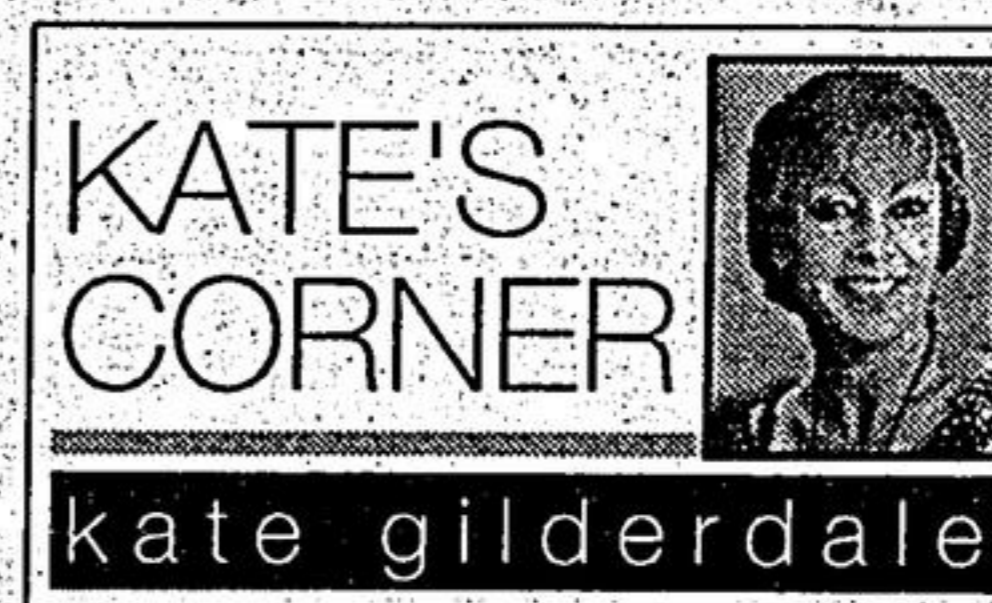
- Oh, and our hours are 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. You'd be surprised how many calls we get at 1 a.m.

something funky to wear that makes me look cool while avoiding ominous comparisons to Tammy Fay Baker.

Although I still have a few weeks' worth of being 40-something left, forward planning is of the essence. By the time L rolls around, the temperature should have risen to double digits, which means I must abandon my customary funereal black in favor of spring-like hues.

Chartreuse, shocking pink or outrageous orange, all of which seem to be making an unwelcome return to the runways of late, are not at all the thing for, ahem, mature skin. Likewise anything too short or tight.

On the other hand, you won't catch me wearing one of those understated, tastefully coordinated outfits. The kind that 20-something male fashion designers who disappear when they turn sideways recommend for women of a certain age: I am not a natural candidate for a chic lit-



tle Chanel knockoff, even if you could find such a thing at the Bi-Way.

Nor I do espouse chunky gold fashion jewellery, sheer tights with matching pumps, or neatly coiffed locks offset by a Hillary Clinton headband.

My 'style,' if such it can be called, encompasses a mixture of early Woolco, thrift shop grunge and le couture de Queen Street West, augmented by faux leather footwear and a motley assortment of plastic and woven purses discarded by my daughter, one of which still proudly bears a Nine Inch Nails logo.

Although I seldom wear chapeaux, I do own a nice little battered black number, which I don

on the days my hair goes wrong. It used to be symmetrical until Poc - or was it Spasm - sat on it and rendered it a most arresting, if uneven, shape.

Once I have settled on the appropriate outfit, I shall turn my attention to the weighty task of building Rome. Fortunately, or unfortunately, depending on your perspective, eyesight deteriorates as you age, so it is all too easy to go the Tammy Fay/Lucille Ball route inadvertently.

Is your eye make up flattering, or do you look like someone getting ready to roam the streets at Halloween, disguised as a raccoon?

Are you coming across as vamp or vampire? And by the time you get to L, do you really care?

Just remember, all of those out there who are younger than me - you would cry too if it happened to you. And my only consolation is that some day, it will.