

Readers Write Congratulations to all

To the Editor:

The hard work begins now. The mayor and council should set a four year program. Go slow, meet other municipal councils, share ideas and stick to your program. The main theme would be to keep taxes down; you do not have to accomplish everything in one year. The mayor's job would also be to make sure that the Region of York government doesn't get out of hand. The region takes the bulk of our taxes, all from the pockets of the same people.

Growth is only good for the developers. There is no rush to pave over the whole municipality. That day may come in the distant future. Remember the song, "This land is my land", well it's true, it is our land. From Davis Drive to Stouffville Road, from Hwy 404 to the 10th Line, this is our land.

Have a happy four year term.

Steve Pliakes

Whitchurch-Stouffville

Historic Photo



Urquhart's Block

The above building was featured in the Nov. 1895 issue of the Illustrated Free Press and the owner was a no-nonsense Scot. As the accompanying story notes, "Mr. Urquhart does not run after any will o' the wisp. His mind does not run to fancy goods at fancy prices. He believes that every customer well served is a permanent advertisement."

MONTHLY MALAISE

'I don't care what day'. The correct greeting for me is Merry Christmas.

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Vintage Whine

The meaning of adult lifestyle



By Kate Gilderdale

It was bad enough when Hollywood and other arbiters of contemporary cool started ignoring boomers; now even Wal-Mart is leaving us for a younger woman.

According to an article in the Globe and Mail, Wal-Mart is courting Linda, a prototype preferred shopper between the ages of 30 and 45, who can now source her bras and Bridget Jones-style granny knickers in a discreetly located corner of the new mega stores.

Linda is a multi-tasking soccer mom with a high-powered career and no time to shop around in search of the perfect pantyhose or stiletto-heeled shoes. Instead it is hoped she will opt to purchase all her needs, from video cams to frozen sausages, at a one-stop shopping destination the size of Manitoba.

Meanwhile, my life being effectively over, marketing-wise, the only crumb on offer is an 'Active Adult Lifestyle' designed for the 'one foot on a banana peel and the other in the grave' demographic; the bane of any self-respecting marketing director who shudders at the notion of engaging the attentions of anyone over 40.

As a consumer category (surely the highest calling in our material world) we may have pots of money, but we are irredeemably uncool. And despite our conviction that youth springs eternal and 50 is the new 12, the hotshot adpersions who articulate the meaning of cool remain resolutely unconvinced.

A couple of months ago, at the behest of my daughter, I went clubbing at a downtown emporium called Shallow Groove. It was an interesting experience, as in 'That's an interesting dress you're wearing', and it served to remind me of the unsung joys of staying home and reading.

Everyone I encountered was barely out of high school. The music (I use the term loosely) consisted of a leaden beat accompanied by droning vocals

featuring a single, endlessly repeated phrase. There appeared to be no beginning or end to the resulting dirge, which rendered the DJ obsolete. Nevertheless he was very much in evidence, earphones stuck to his head, his body rocking back and forth like a strait-jacketed inmate from a fifties movie set in an asylum for the insane.

Despite my misgivings, however, I would rather be clubbing than inhabiting an adult lifestyle community where the messy detritus of life, like washing lines and tricycles, are frowned upon. I visited one such haven for persons tottering stylishly towards their dotage and yearned for the dishevelled charm of multi-generational living.

It was a beautiful sunny afternoon, but you could have shot a cannon down any of the streets and not hit a soul. The scene was reminiscent of a disaster movie after the aliens have vaporized all human life, leaving an eerily empty vista of Disneyesque lawns, curving cul-de-sacs and uninterrupted views of a perfectly manicured golf course.

Golf is the new Woodstock. According to fans it is more than a game, it is a metaphor for life, if not lifestyle. No wonder I felt like an alien myself. As a member of a boomer sub group in search of the Inactive Adult Lifestyle, I could never learn to love golf, even though I am very fond of several golfers.

Ideally, my golden years will be spent in well-upholstered armchair at a pub, sipping a pint of Wellington County and pontificating on the joys of reading, philosophy and the latest boxed set of Grey's Anatomy. I may not be able to compete with yummy mummies, but I'd rather be a marketer's nightmare than spend a large chunk of my remaining life on a marathon walk from the electronics department to the cereal aisle.

Happy shopping, Linda.

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