

Turning Back the Clock



Historic photo submitted courtesy of Whitchurch-Stouffville Museum

Kirby Ross 'Shine' Davis earned his nickname as a teenager, when he was employed to clean the glass and shine the brass of a local store front. Born and educated in the community, he enlisted in the services when war was declared in 1914.

On his return he worked with Frank Rae for many years before opening a tobacco shop of his own. He is seen here on Main St. with Flossie Foster.

LET'S HEAR FROM YOU WHITCHURCH-STOUFFVILLE

Whitchurch-Stouffville This Month believes your opinions are important, and encourages you to voice your comments or concerns in a Letter To The Editor. We accept all letters, but only publish letters which have been signed. We request you include a phone number (not to be published) for verification of the letter writer. While *Whitchurch-Stouffville This Month* reserves the right to edit letters, due to content or length, in most cases letters will be published as written.

Fax your letters to: 905-642-2368, or e-mail to: withwrinkles@hotmail.com or mail to WSTM, Kate Gilderdale, 6111 Main St., Stouffville, Ont., L4A 3R4

Whitchurch-Stouffville This Month is on the web. Look for us each month at: www.stouffvilleonline.com



Kate A'la carte

Exercising My Rights To Cure A Hangover

"I don't like exercise. If God wanted me to bend over, he would have put diamonds on the floor," Joan Rivers.

Although I cannot find fault with Joan Rivers' admirable logic, I have finally been dragged, kicking and screaming, into participating in an exercise program. Of course, unlike most Hollywood divas, I can't afford to have lumpy bits of myself surgically removed when my clothes start to get snug, which is why I was obliged to resort to really drastic measures.

My conversion to a less sedentary existence, however, has nothing to do with endless nagging in the media on the dreary topic of 'appropriate lifestyle choices' -- a phrase whose author should be sentenced to 10 years on a treadmill, watching endless reality TV reruns in full view of a large crowd -- and everything to do with bra strap overhang. To add to my woes, one of my closest friends, who long ago swore she would rather die than jog, join a gym or swap her Creemore for Evian, has taken the pilates plunge.

Last time I saw her, she was looking more svelte and stunning than ever. "You look great, how do you manage it?" I asked, unwisely as it transpired. "I was lying in bed one night, when I felt something cold on my thigh," she explained, with a shudder. "It was my stomach." So traumatic was the experience that she signed up at a gym the very next day and has been working out three times a week ever since.

As I tried to overcome my lifelong aversion to all forms of physical exertion, I took heart from the fact that my pal had not gone completely over the clean living edge and was still ingesting beer. While I was at the gym, recovering from my own workout, I mentioned this uplifting fact to my daughter, whose support during my late mid-life crisis has been outstanding and without whom I'd still be curled up in a chair every night of the week. Sigh.

A woman standing near us overheard my remark about beverages. "Surely you shouldn't drink beer when you're in an exercise program," she said. I explained that I was thinking of marketing a new diet and exercise regimen, tentatively entitled Bop and Beer.

After all, Atkins broke the bonds of conventional wisdom with his diet, although sadly the good doctor's untimely death prevented him from enjoying the full fruits, not to mention high protein treats, of his stellar success. And let's face it, when you get to my age opportunities for making the odd million or two are severely limited, particularly since the Enron debacle and the martyrdom of Martha.

Writing a self-help book, on the other hand, has been known to catapult even the most unlikely individuals to fame and fortune. And while the ability to write seems of scant concern to the purveyors of self-improvement, the combination of a noble component with something that has previously been frowned upon by the healthy lifestyle community (exercise versus steak or beer, for example) has at least a sporting chance of success among the hopelessly slothful.

Besides, by the time I've included all the requisite health warnings and exhortations for moderation in all things, including moderation, the space left over for my revolutionary new manifesto for living will be mercifully miniscule. And in the likely event I fall off the appropriate lifestyle wagon, I'll take comfort from the words of Redd Foxx. "Health nuts are going to feel stupid someday, lying in hospital dying of nothing."

Eye Care in Stouffville



Drs. McDowell and Genin
Optometrists • 6085 Main St. • 905 642-3937

MOLLER INSURANCE

Home ★ Auto

905-642-2745

64 Sandiford Drive, Unit 1,
STOUFFVILLE