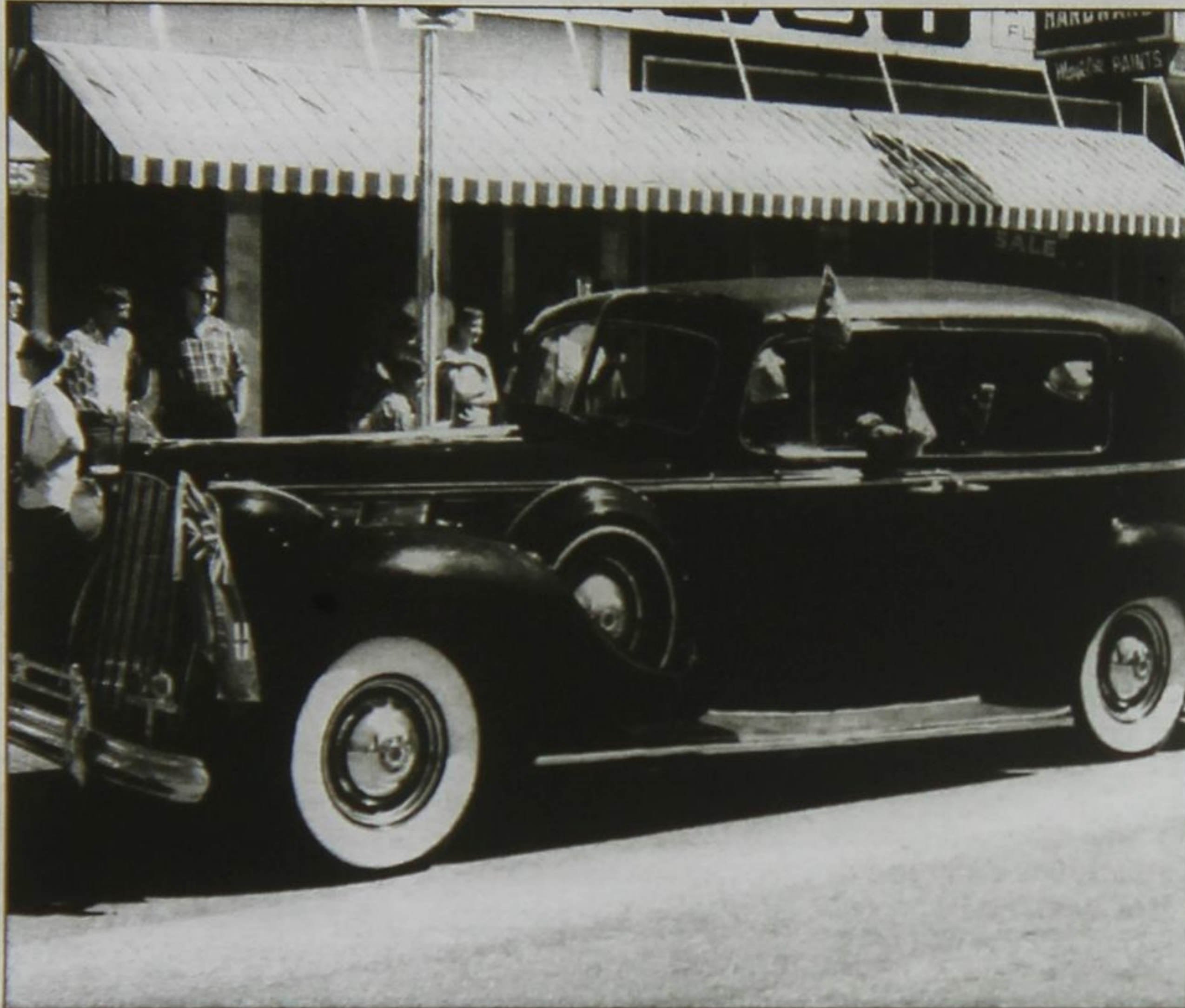


Turning Back the Clock

Historic photo submitted courtesy of Whitchurch-Stouffville Museum



This undated photograph of a splendid Packard Super Eight, supplied by Stouffville resident Joe Cote, was taken in downtown Stouffville, just west of Houston's Pharmacy. On Aug. 10, Whitchurch-Stouffville Museum will host its 30th annual Antique and Classic Car Show, where automobile fans can take a peek at more than 400 exhibits ranging from the historic to the weird and wonderful.

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 We request you include a phone number (not to be published) for verification of the letter writer.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

What A Drag It Is Getting Old

As a ticket-holder for the Stones benefit concert on July 30, I'm beginning to think it would be more fun to spend the day in a queue behind the red line at Pearson International, awaiting interrogation by a grim-faced passport control officer from the People's Republic of Ontario.

Although concert rules have been relaxed to allow fans to bring beach towels, soft-sided coolers, rain ponchos, soft drinks and snacks, other weapons of mass destruction such as umbrellas, lawn chairs and plastic caps from water bottles are still off limits at the time of writing. As one wag pointed out, even Mary Poppins would be turned away from this rigidly-run rave up.

Meanwhile, the potential threat posed by representatives of the Stones' original fan base, the elder statespersons of the much-maligned baby boomers, appears to have been completely overlooked. No one has considered the mayhem which could result from the injudicious use of walking sticks, reading glasses or a hail of hearing aid batteries.

Then there are the drugs: medication for high blood pressure, hormone replacement pills and calcium supplements to name but a few. The last time I went to a Stones' concert was sometime in the mid-90s at SkyDome, where I was waved through the gates with barely a glance. No one wanted to check my purse for noxious substances, and I felt almost bereft. I had been assessed and dismissed as a boring, middle-aged conformist, whose only exposure to drugs was through my doctor and pharmacist.

I wanted to protest that it was my generation that had hurtled the Stones to the top in the first place. We could also claim the dubious distinction of being the first generation to use drugs other than tobacco and alcohol, a fact which was brought home to me at the SkyDome concert, where the air was thick with the sickly scent of marijuana, much of it being inhaled -- yes, Bill, most people did inhale -- by fellow crumbies in the audience.

I could only surmise that their experience at the gate had been the same as mine, the inference being that the elderly (anyone over 40), had long since become good corporate citizens, their rebellious youth but a dim memory and their drug of choice a nice cup of cocoa. But despite being considered an unlikely source of rebellion in our dotage, on balance I think my g-g-g-generation has been a lot luckier than its successors.

As police chief Julian Fantino pointed out, the draconian rules imposed on the Downsview concert were devised not by the cops, but by promoters and their lawyers. In recent years, the latter profession has done more than any other group to remove the concept of personal responsibility in favour of a huge, stifling blanket of regulation designed to protect every man, woman and child from willfully self-inflicted harm.

Like a person on Prozac, our enjoyment of life is strangely muted and lacking in spontaneity, now regarded as a quality liable to encourage risky behaviour. In this dreary era, caution and the threat of lawsuits have replaced the carefree experiences of our youth, while many younger kids' free time is relentlessly programmed, lest they resort to unprofitable exercises like daydreaming.

Wild horses couldn't keep some people away from the Stones concert. But since wild horses could go berserk and cause injury, they have already been banned from attending. It's only rock 'n' roll, but no doubt a lawyer somewhere will figure out a way to sue it for negligence.

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