

Turning Back the Clock

Historic photo submitted courtesy of Whitchurch-Stouffville Museum



Latham Gallery gets its goat: In 1979, the Latham Gallery held its opening exhibition, which included this superb sculpture by renowned artist and filmmaker William Lishman (*Fly Away Home*) who was one of 14 artists represented at the show. Among others whose works were featured at the first exhibition were Sally Wildman, Jane Buckles, John Richmond and Victor Tinkl. The gallery, which celebrates its 25th anniversary this year, continues to showcase works by some of the finest artists in the country.

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 We request you include a phone number (not to be published) for verification of the letter writer.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: gilderdale@sympatico.ca 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.wstouffvilleonline.com



Kate A la carte

Jam Session No Piece of Cake For Judges

One of the unsung joys of working at *Stouffville This Month* is receiving the occasional request to judge local competitions, or being asked to serve as a willing target for hurlers of wet sponges at community events.

A few years ago I was invited to participate in a 'hands-free' pancake eating contest at a maple syrup emporium, which was holding its annual celebration of all things sticky and fattening, raising funds for charity in the process. It was a delightful event, offering a plethora of family activities, but I figured I would have to check my dignity at the entrance.

However, the invitation, which thrillingly if erroneously referred to me as a celebrity, was irresistible. As a result, I found myself sitting at a picnic table with a handful of other 'famous' contestants, my hands behind my back, plunging my visage into a massive pile of pancakes slathered in maple syrup in an attempt to vacuum them up faster than the competition.

Warning: do not try this at home. By the end of the treacherous affair I was not a pretty sight and, sadly, even failed to place in the top three. But I was awarded a tape of country music hits just for showing up and, better still, I was spared the expense of having to eat again until the following day.

My most recent public appearance was as a judge of jams and pies at the Strawberry Festival. Fortunately I was joined by two fellow 'celebrities' -- councillors Rob Hargrave and Susanne Hilton -- so the blame for the outcome could be spread between us. Now, it is a fact known to all who practise the culinary arts that those who enter such contests tend to be highly accomplished bakers and makers of preserves. It is also a fact that the best pie or spoonful of jam jostling for top honours in a contest is the one you have just tasted.

Both these truisms, alas, were unknown to me when I agreed to take on the weighty task of judging. After all, I could hardly be considered an expert in the matter, since my experience is limited to the creation of one rather nasty batch of quince jam, circa 1983, which contained more sugar than a novel by Danielle Steele. As for pies, the only kind I serve these days come in an unmarked cardboard box, courtesy of the Italian Bakery.

So my fellow judges and I were faced with the impossible task of ranking a bunch of divinely decadent strawberry treats in order of appearance, taste and consistency. We had to award points out of 10 in each category and then -- and this proved almost as difficult as deciding on the merits of individual entries -- add them up in our heads. To make matters worse, we then had to arrive at a combined total at the end of the contest (we were into double digits by now don't forget) to come up with the final winners.

At that stage, luckily, we were all on a sugar high, which accounted for the bantering and laughter not usually associated with the gravitas required of judges. Even though I tend to shy away from relentless purveyors of the power of positive thinking, in this case I have to admit that everyone who entered the contest was, indeed, a winner.

And as an aspiring celebrity, I'd like to end this column with a quote from Dame Edna Everage on the subject of her alter ego Barry Humphries. "He's very, very well-known. I'd say he's world famous in Melbourne."

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