

Turning Back the Clock

Historic photo submitted courtesy of Whitchurch-Stouffville Museum



With another municipal election on the horizon, we take a journey back to a previous administration. This undated photo shows representatives of Whitchurch Township in the early 1950s. In the front row, Reeve Ivan McLaughlin is flanked by Town Clerk Jack Crawford (left) and Councillor Fred Timbers. Those in the back row are not identified, although the gentleman in the centre is thought to be P.S. Legge. We would love to hear from readers who can identify the remaining members of the group. Please phone the museum at 1-888-290-0337.

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 We request you include a phone number (not to be published) for verification of the letter writer.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

An echo of our former selves

Hi mummy, we're home.

Just when you thought it was safe to convert your offspring's bedroom into an office or guest room, you are assailed by the roar of the U-Haul and the patter of full-size feet. If babies are the latest must-have accessory for Gen-Xers, then housing ex-babies is the new black for the boomer generation.

Our basement now contains two microwaves, two televisions, several boxes filled with motley assortments of stuff including an iron, mismatched saucepans, an encrusted sandwich maker, a raft of instant hot chocolate in single-serving envelopes and six months' supply of Kraft Dinner. Owing to a critical lack of storage space, a hefty black tabletop is tucked behind the dining room door, and we have enough CD players between us to stock a local branch of Future Shop.

The other morning Mr. Wallethead rolled over sleepily and switched on the radio to be greeted by a wall of white noise, in place of the usual well-modulated tones of Tom Allen calmly announcing the imminent approach of news, weather and sports on CBC Radio 2. They're changing channels at Chateau Gilderdale and our gentle descent into geezerdom has been stopped in its tracks as Mozart and Massive Attack jostle for supremacy in the tiny, perfect confines of the family homestead.

With three vehicles and two garage spaces, we take it in turns to play car jockey. We no longer rush to answer the phone, because we know that it is almost certainly not for one of us. Meanwhile Spasm, our lovable, mentally-challenged kitty, is having a field day burrowing into plastic garbage bags filled with bedding, odd socks and Christmas card collections dating back to 1999.

Our bookshelves, already bursting at the seams, have been augmented with scholarly tracts; *Western Civilization Since 1300* and *Crosscurrents: Contemporary Political Issues* (3rd edition) are flanked by *Bridget Jones's Diary* and *Rumpole Rests His Case*. The laundry basket runneth over and the clarion call of our daughter's cellphone reverberates around the house as she rummages through piles of clothing in an attempt to locate and answer it.

The kitchen counter sports stacks of mail, little mounds of receipts for the taxpayer, and used envelopes inscribed with vital telephone numbers and scrawled reminders of things to do and people to call. Strangled cries of 'Has anyone seen my keys/purse/Discman/glasses?' accompany our morning coffee as the offspring set off for the office/job site, Mr. Wallethead crams his golf clubs into Basil II, and I stagger upstairs for another invigorating day at the keyboard.

Nostalgia for family togetherness is undergoing a rigorous reality check, but we're all still speaking to each other and culinary standards have shot up, thanks to my son, who loves to experiment in the kitchen. The only problem with having a resident chef is that the better the food, the more utensils required to render it divine, and it has always been a rule in this household that the cook shall not be expected to participate in post-prandial mopping-up operations.

As I climb into the car and reset the radio -- again -- I ponder on whether this is the end of civilization as we know it, or simply a new version of the extended family. So far, I'm enjoying the return of our children, but I can't help recalling the words of my poetic muse, Ogden Nash:

"Sometimes with secret pride I sigh/To think how tolerant am I;/Then wonder which is really mine;/Tolerance, or a rubber spine?"

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