

*Wild*BLEU®
 Technical Fabrics For Everyday Life



MOISTURE WICKING PAJAMAS & SHEETS

HOW WILDBLEU™ WORKS:

Our products use a patented yarn that wicks moisture away from the skin and then forces the moisture to the surface of the fabric where it evaporates quickly. Our Heat Release Technology™ uses a combination of natural and synthetic fibers ...and it combines the best of both.

Available at Young's Pharmacy

Call 905-877-2711 ext. 133

**Certified Fitters • ADP Vendors
 • DVA & Private Insurance**

*Renaissance
 Woman* 

... at Young's

A Ted Bit

**Things do happen in threes,
 and fours, and fives...**

There's an old saying about 'things happening in threes.'

You know, when you break something, then later you get in your car and back over the garbage can that has the broken thing in it— then one of your tires goes flat, cuz it ran over something sharp that was in the garbage can...

You get the drift.

Lately, I've been finding things happening in more than 'threes'— and it ain't a good thing. The location of this recent 'happens in three-dom' has been my rental house.

Built in 1977, it was well constructed, quite energy-efficient in its day, and has been a joy to maintain.

But lately, the ravages of time have been biting me on the backside.

The first, and the biggest, was the roof. It's on its second roof since 1977, and the second roof was installed, oh, I guess 10 years ago.

It had *lots* of life left in it.

My tenant called me over to look at something.

"There's a wet spot on the ceiling," she said. "I think the roof is leaking."

Okay, maybe the flashing around the chimney was leaking a bit. We've had some pretty severe rain lately.

Once on the roof, I saw the problem. Several shingles were curled up, and in places the sheeting was showing through.

Time to call George Vanderleest.

George owns North Halton Roofing and has installed numerous roofs on the farm, so I trust his work. I talked to his wife Brenda and he was on the scene lickety-split to assess the roof.

I asked my sister about the age of the roof. She remembers stuff like that, you know, deciding it was when 'so-and-so died,' or someone did 'such-'n-such.'

She came up with the year— 1996.

Wow, where did that time go? The roof was 17 years old? Long overdue.

Back to that 'things in threes' thingy.

As I informed my tenant about the roof, she apologetically informed me the clothes dryer had quit the night before.

My daughter's fiancé looked at it (he's an appliance repairman) coming to the

conclusion that the old dryer had dried its last load of laundry.

At the same time, my tenant said the bathroom needed a ventilation fan.

With the roof installation slated, it was logical to install the vent fan before George and his crew started roofing, so they could seal it with the new shingles.

An emergency call went out to my brother-in-law, and Saturday morning I was in the attic, he was in the bathroom below. Two hours and 10 gallons of sweat later, the vent fan was installed.

I sent George a cheque, paid for the fan, bought a clothes dryer, and in my mind I had expended the house's 'three' items. Insert deep sigh here.

Oh well, I thought, looking on the bright side, what's the point in having a line of credit if ya don't get to use it once in a while?

That said, I figured I was off the hook.

Another apologetic call from my tenant Sunday...

"Ted, I'm really sorry to call you— can you come over and look at the basement?"

I discovered a 10-foot wide puddle of water around the water heater. The 37 year-old heater had sprung a leak. I picked up a new one Monday.

Brother-in-law to the rescue— again. (I'm really not sure what I'd do without him). We had it installed in just under two hours.

As we left the house, he mentioned 'things happening in threes', suggesting we'd had that three things covered.

"Hope you're right," I said, pointing out it was actually 'four'. "I'm not sure how many more 'threes' I can stand."

Brother-in-law pulled out, and I cast a look over at the house, wondering if it had any more surprises hidden within.

In reality, it's simply a matter of age.

Like cars, machinery, people— you name it— things hit an age where they suddenly need some tender loving care.

The house has hit that age.

Are there any more surprises?

Probably— I'm not that naive.

But one thing's certain. I'll be watching that house like a hawk— just in case it 'decides' it needs a little more lovin'.

—Ted Brown can be reached at tbrown@theifp.ca



**TED
 BROWN**

*What's the point of having a
 line of credit if you don't get
 to use it once in a while?*