

stouffville comment

Rec Centre flooring a positive step

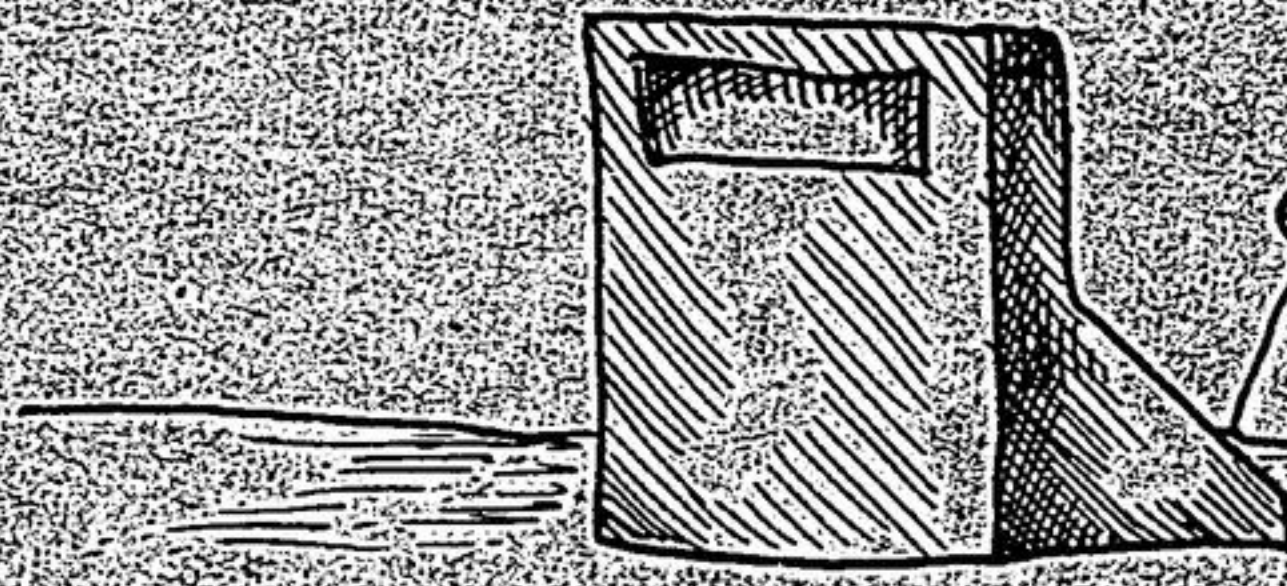
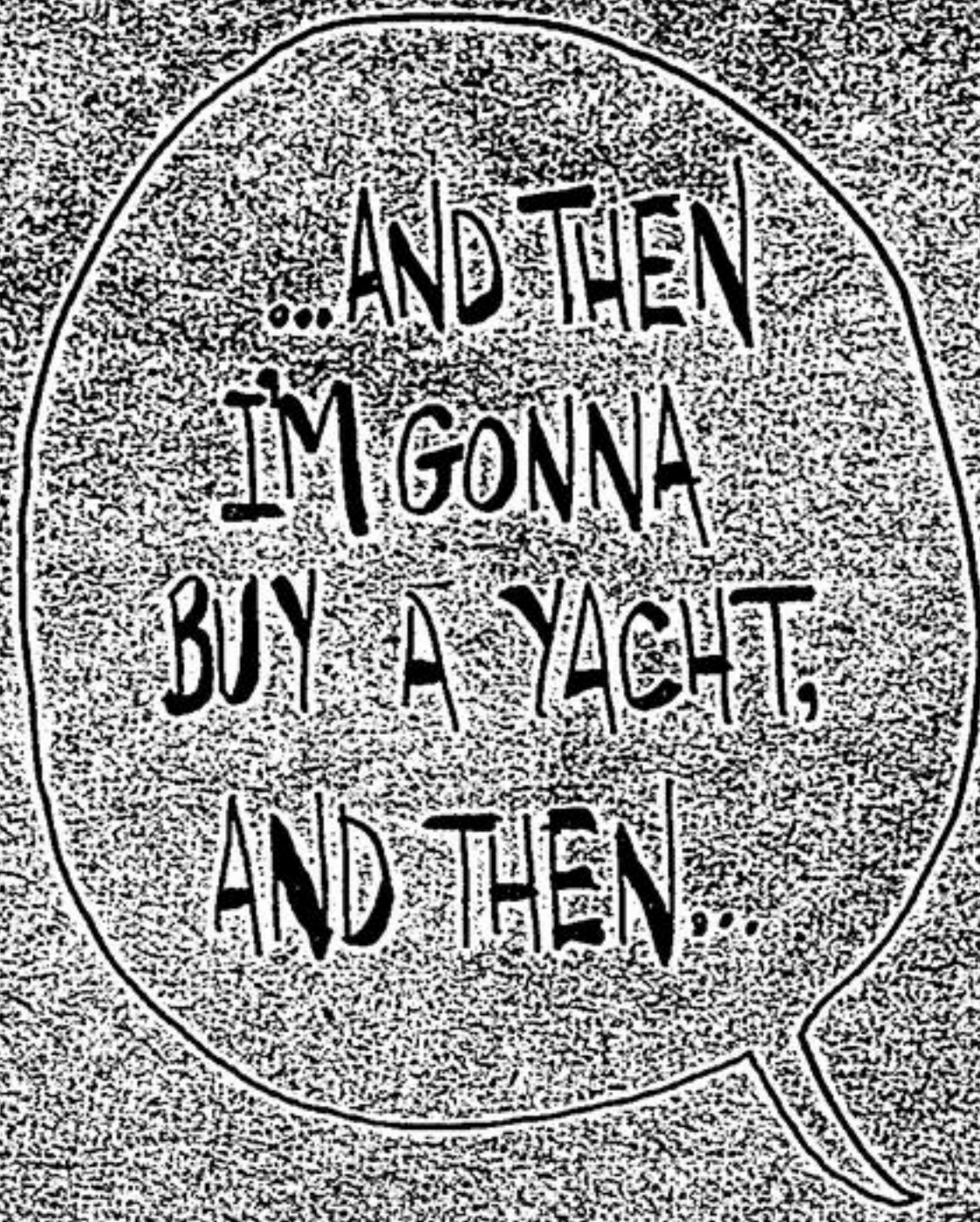
The Rec Centre just might get the flooring it so desperately needs.

Last week, council at first nixed the idea of having a removable floor for the centre, but before Chamber of Commerce President Larry Rogalski could leave the room, the vote was reopened when newly-elected Councillor Stephen Bellerby changed his tune. The cost is quite high, but in order to make full use of this facility, when the ice is in and when it is not, the town must purchase this flooring.

Events like the annual home show, and like this weekend's Reunion celebrations facilitate the need for such a floor.

The Chamber should be lauded for spearheading the drive to get a removable surface for the arena, and council, too, has earned high marks for making a tough spending decision.

It is a positive step toward continued development of first rate facilities for the town.



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Motherhood calls me from appointed duties

Well, it's time to close my notepad, power off my computer and put down my pen.

It's time to close my camera bag and unhook my phone.

I'm temporarily retiring as a journalist and launching a new career.

Motherhood.

It will soon be time to feed, change, cuddle, love and adore a new baby.

Yes, the days of a full night's rest are soon to be over, or so my dear friends with children keep telling me with a broad and knowing smile.

The days of conversing with intelligent adults and debating the world's troubles will soon be nothing more than 'goo goos' and

gaa gaas.

And my father keeps telling me I'll be bored soon enough and will be dying to return to Whitchurch-Stouffville and to *The Tribune*.

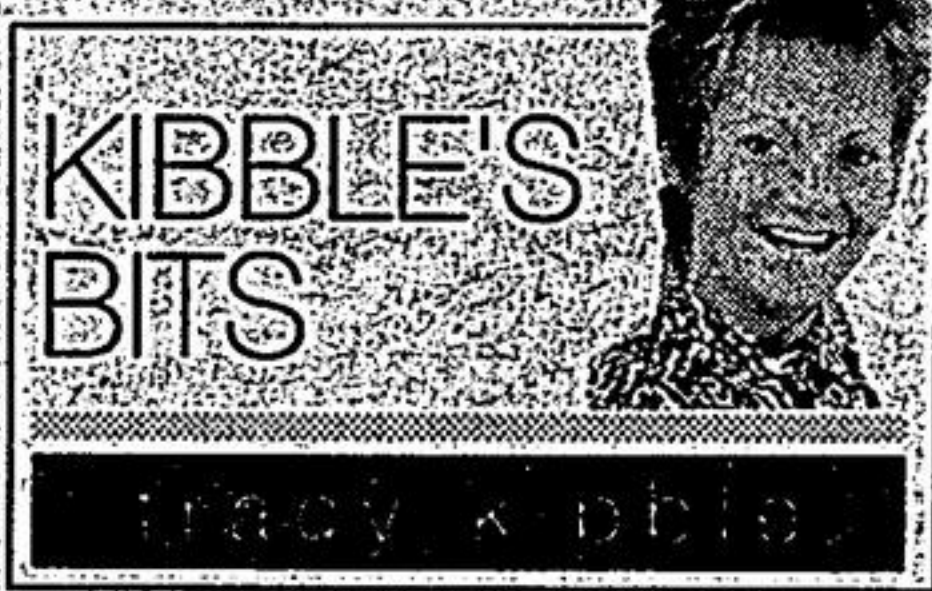
I'm sure he's right, he usually is.

Everyone keeps telling me I'll be glad to return to work, just so I can have a vacation. From what?

Taking care of a small infant can't be that much work is it?

I mean so what if I have to get up four times a night? I don't have to go to work in the morning. How hard can it be to feed a baby and keep him relatively happy for a couple of hours before he falls to sleep again? I mean, little babies sleep most of the time, don't they?

Why is everyone, mostly women,



laughing and shaking their heads? I guess I'll find out soon enough what being a rookie mom is all about. In the meantime, I'm sure there are many people out there who are thrilled to see my leave.

Good riddance, Kibble, they're saying.

To them, I say, I'll be back. Sorry. Some of my readers, I'm sure will miss me and to them I say, I'll be back.

In fact, just so I won't miss work too much, I've decided to compare each day's routine as a mother to my days as a journalist in Stouffville.

Sort of a friendly reminder of work.

For example, when my kid waits at the top of his lungs, I'll naturally think of my editor. But instead of filing a story to shut him him, I'll stick a soother in his mouth. Silence. A deadline successfully met.

And when my darling child spits up all over my sleeve, I'll of course, think of town council. Margot, Jim, Fran, Nick, Wayne, Doug, and Stephen. Why? I can't explain, the two just seem to fit together.

When my kid is happy and playful and full of smiles I'll think of scooping Jim Mason. The sweet, satisfying feeling of nailing your competition can only be compared to a baby's smile.

I'll miss you Stouffville. You've become my community. Although I live in Jackson's Point, Georgina, I think of Stouffville as my town.

I merely live there. But I get involved here. I know the issues here, and I care about what happens here.

And if I could afford the property, I'd move here. But until then, I'll see you all in March.

I'm sure life at home will be a piece of cake. It will, won't it?

Stouffville/Uxbridge Tribune

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Awning saved the party day

We threw a party recently and, from what people have told me since, I wish I could have been there.

I spent the first hour or two offering people drinks and showing them outside to meet the rest of the mob. Much of the remainder of the evening was taken up with searching for my own beverage ("I know I put it here somewhere") and arranging food artistically on tables, all the while keeping a sharp eye out for our opportunistic and permanently hungry cat.

The true star of this sparkling soiree was the awning which we borrowed from some obliging friends. At around 10.30 the heavens opened and the throng on the lawn watched in fascinated awe from beneath the roof as lightning struck and thunder rumbled.

"I must have forgotten to ask someone," I reflected as a particularly impressive clap of thunder cracked



kate.gidordale

menacingly in the night air. By the time I was ready to boogie, most people had gone home, but the awning was still standing and so were we.

Sitting under it was a lot more fun than putting it up. It's said that you learn from experience, but unfortunately such homey wisdom runs like water off a duck's back when it comes to my old man. He insisted the two of us could erect this contraption unaided, completely disregarding a wealth of evidence to the contrary supplied by previous ill-fated projects.

He had already assembled the frame, two 14 foot poles with a large and

heavy centrepiece over which the cover had to be draped. The entire edifice was extremely top heavy and when we had it halfway to its destination it sort of slid away from us and crashed onto a planter. My husband didn't say anything, but it was not the kind of silence one could describe as golden. Clearly someone had let go and it wasn't him. We rounded up more suitable help from the neighborhood and it was up in a gratifyingly short time. I won't go into the dismantling of it, but I do have scars to prove that, once again, we went the way we can do this by ourselves, route.

It was a terrific party. So well attended that I had to leave the house on two subsequent Tuesday afternoons to avoid the embarrassing crash of bottles outside my front door when the recycling truck arrived. We gave a similar party five years ago and we had been asking ourselves why we waited so long to do it again. Now I remember.