

stouffville comment

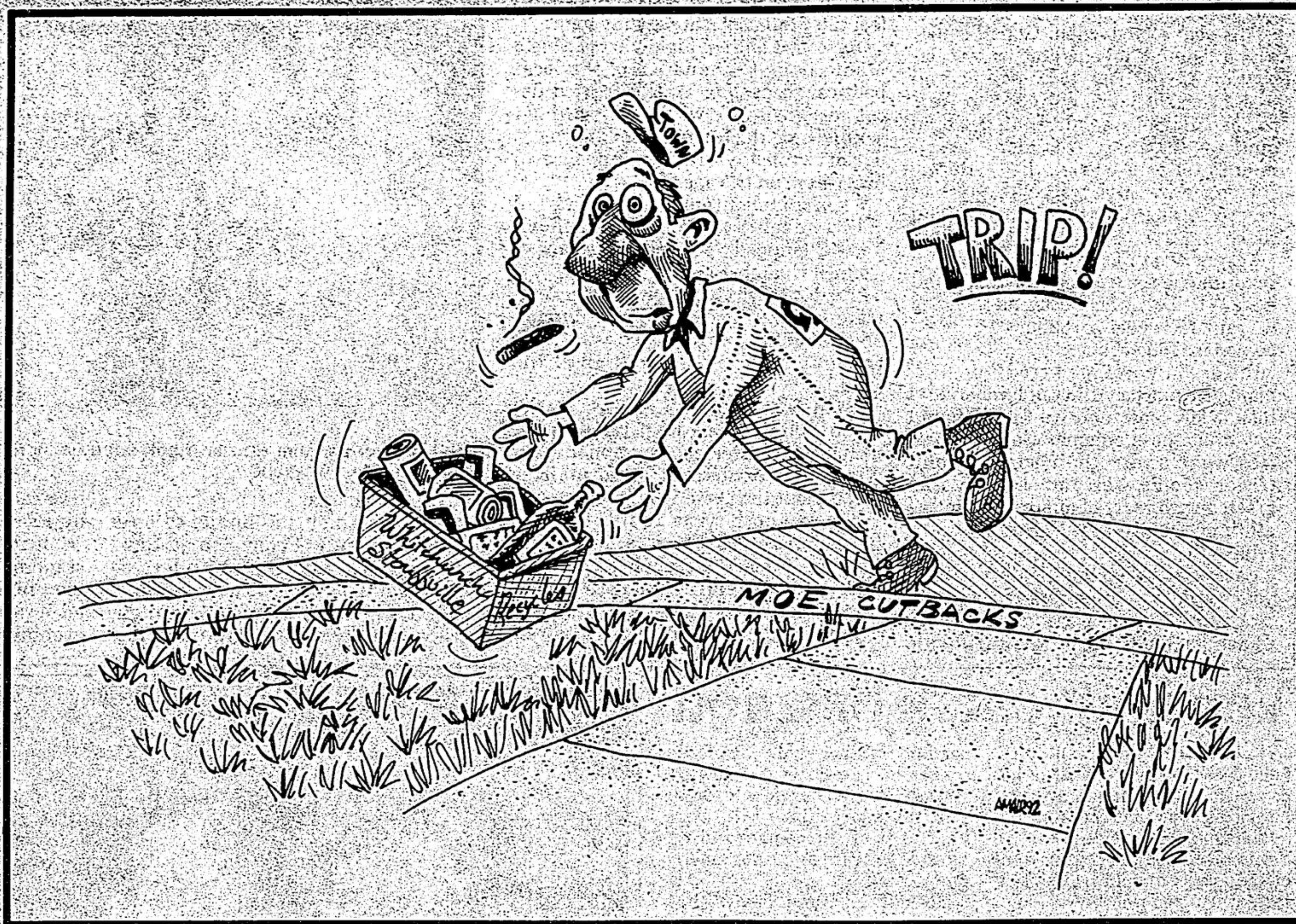
Home show, Music Mania smash hits

Stouffville is truly blessed. In a comparable community of its size, one would be hard-pressed to find the neighborly spirit that is found here.

Where else can two events of some local stature compete for citizens' attention and still come off in the win column? The home and trade show and Music Mania were both a big hit this weekend. Music Mania was a sell-out, and by rough accounts, the trade show had hundreds attend over three days.

The question must be asked, however. When a town like Stouffville has perhaps five or six major events for the community in a year, would it not be prudent to schedule the events at least some days apart? Music Mania has always held its April weekend spot.

Perhaps next year, the chamber show could find a new time slot. It would only serve to benefit both worthwhile community events.



Could I switch springs with Liz Taylor?

Ahhh! Spring. Thanks for finally getting here.

The season of rejuvenation, new life and mud.

Lots of mud. Soft, squishy, brown mud that sticks to your heels and hardens between the treads of your running shoes.

Mud that splashes up on the backs of your pant legs when you walk down the street.

Mud that holds bits of last fall's garbage securely to the sidewalk, and mud that no one will own up to when you see a trail from the hall to the kitchen.

Mud that clings to your dog's fur and dangles there along with twigs, leaves and the odd wad of gum.

Spring is the time of year when men ask their wives where that t-shirt is with the purple stripe down

one side, and how come their baseball glove isn't where it should be. Have you seen my golf balls and is there propane in the barbecue?

Spring is the time of year when windows look really dirty. All of a sudden. It's as if one day, with the arrival of spring, your living room windows turn into dim, foggy sheets of glass.

Spring is the time of year when your deck needs staining. Now that the snow has melted off the boards and dripped onto the ground to make mud, your deck looks weathered.

Add that to the long list of happy springtime chores to do. It's that list that clings to the refrigerator that your husband ignores even though you place it strategically at his eye level.



tracy kibble

Spring is the time of year when your hair looks awful and your clothes are just a bit too tight.

You look into your closet - it smells musty - and you wish you could afford a new wardrobe. You mention this to hubby dearest who informs you that you have more clothes than Elizabeth Taylor. Men always tell you that you have more clothes than you can remember owning.

Spring is the time of year when your car looks disgusting inside and out. Your trunk is full of empty windshield washer containers and winter gadgets that you have nowhere to store. Your backseat looks like a playground for two-year-olds and there's an inch of dust on the dash.

Spring is the time of year that your front yard looks like a war zone. It's a pet owner's favorite job to clean up his best friend's doggie doodles with a shovel and a stick. There's something degrading about that somehow.

Spring is the time of year when you really notice how much garbage people still throw out their car windows.

There are some positive points that shouldn't go unnoticed, however, and I wouldn't want people to perceive me as being too negative. Most people love the spring.

I like springtime too. Once the mud has dried up, my husband has found his favorite t-shirt, baseball glove and golfballs. Once propane is in the barbecue and the deck is stained and my hair is styled and I buy some new clothes. Once my closet is aired out and my car is cleaned and my front yard is doggie doodles.

For all you diehard spring lovers, I admire your enthusiasm.

But spring to me has traditionally been the season of clean up - to prepare for my fave time of year - summer!

Functioning in a dysfunctional world

If you're not getting along with the rest of the world right now, don't worry. You're probably the product of a dysfunctional family.

My own childhood was pretty tough. I had to wear a school uniform and learn Shakespeare at the tender age of 11. We were expected to do as our teachers and parents told us because no one was enlightened enough to acknowledge children's rights.

When we went to church we had to behave with decorum, even though the man three rows behind us was singing loudly and gratefully off key. And just when we'd got our laughter under control, someone with squeaky shoes would walk down the aisle and set us off again.

We didn't have Lego, Cabbage Patch Kids (thank heaven for small mercies) or Nintendo. We had to make do with hula hoops,



kate gilderdale

pogo sticks and moth-eaten Davy Crockett hats made of rabbits' fur.

We played with toy guns and rubber knives whose blades slid up into the handle when we 'stabbed' each other. There were no experts to warn our parents of the potentially harmful effects of such inappropriate and violent toys. When someone came to the door collecting for the Royal Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Children, my father would tell the earnest canvasser that he thought cruelty to children was an idea whose time had come.

During the weeks of campaigning before a general election, my

younger brother would paste the signs of every candidate in the front window, a bizarre but democratic act which infuriated my mother and intrigued the neighbors.

Children played games of soccer they organized themselves on the village green. There were no coaches, managers, fees, uniforms or tournaments. Anyone could join in and we made up the rules as we went along.

Young offenders were called juvenile delinquents and a royal commission wasn't set up every time a police officer clipped one of them round the ear for bullying. Thank goodness we found out about dysfunctional families in time.

Violence may be on the rise, but at least youthful self-esteem is intact. Now I'm looking for a course which will help to make my own family functional.

Stouffville Tribune

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Canadian Publications Mail Sales Product Agreement #439010
Published every Wednesday by Metroland Printing, Publishing and Distributing at 9 Heritage Rd., Markham, Ontario L3P 1M3 Tel. 294-2200. The Stouffville Tribune, published every Wednesday, at 6244 Main St. Stouffville is one of the Metroland Printing, Publishing and Distributing group of suburban newspapers which includes: Ajax-Pickering News Advertiser, Aurora Banner, Barrie Advance, Brampton Guardian, Burlington Post, Collingwood Connection, Etobicoke Guardian, Georgetown Independent/Acton Free Press, Kingston This Week, Lindsay This Week, Markham Economist & Sun, Midland Express, Milton Canadian Champion, Mississauga News, Newmarket Era Banner, North York Mirror, Northumberland News, Oakville Beaver, Orillia Today, Oshawa-Whitby This Week, Peterborough This Week, Richmond Hill/Thornhill/Vaughan Liberal, Scarborough Mirror, and Uxbridge Tribune.

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