

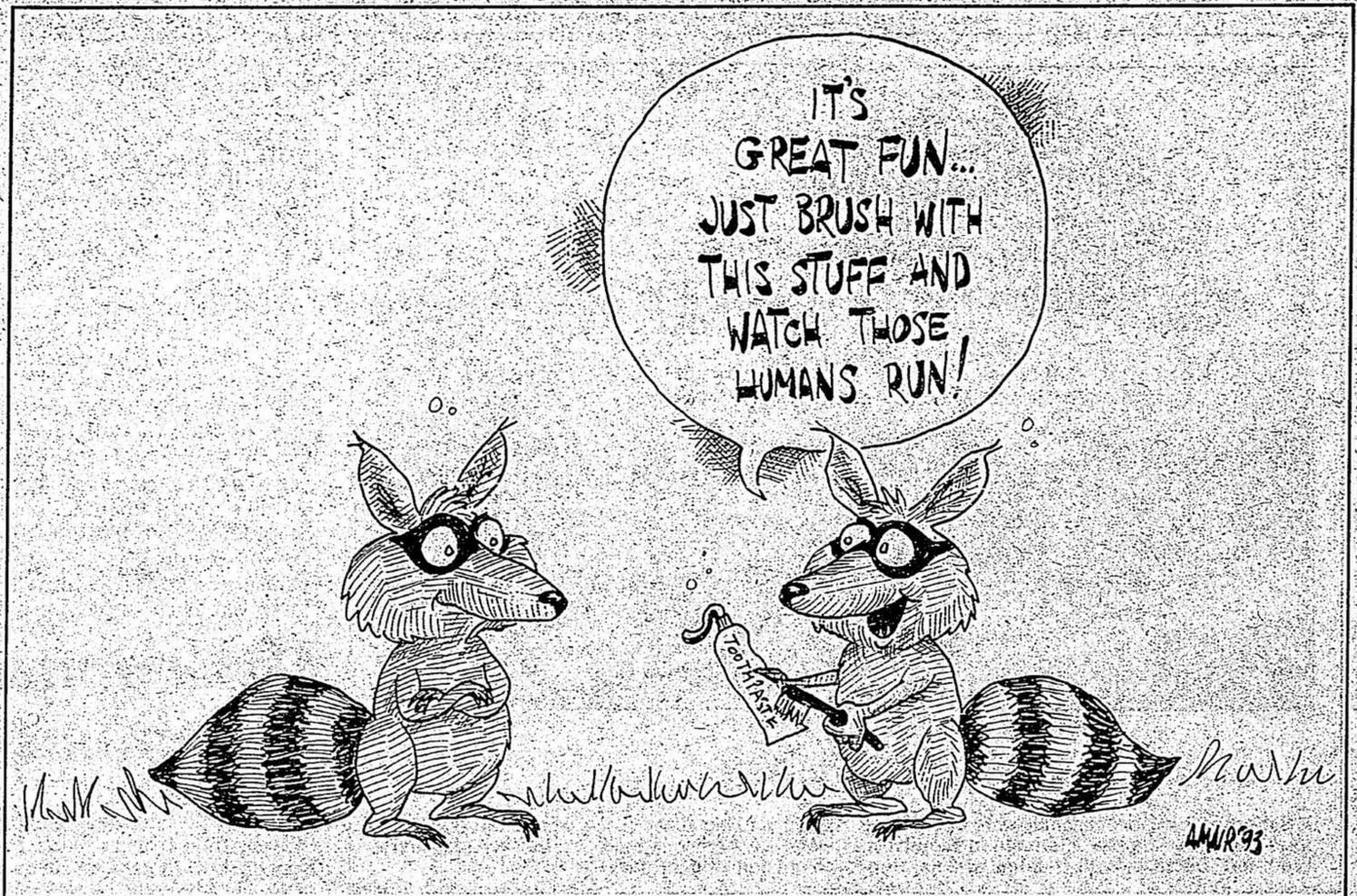
# stouffville comment

## Sidewalk's benefits outweigh location

The construction of a sidewalk on 9th Line south of Main Street has been a subject of consternation for nearby residents.

There are several points to consider in this matter. The location of the sidewalk is unarguably poor. It will look out of place so far from the road.

But over the long run, it will serve residents well. If 9th Line is widened in the future, the sidewalk won't have to be destroyed and a new one commissioned. In the meantime, it offers elderly people a safe walking path well away from traffic. Pedestrians won't likely be splashed by ignorant motorists on wet days. And in winter, snowbanks won't have to be piled onto the sidewalk.



## Questions in death of childhood friend

I was stunned to hear the tragic news.

What a terrible loss. I just couldn't believe it. Someone so young, so vibrant, so alive, taken from our hearts in a horrific drowning incident.

Why? I asked. Why, why why?

Bert was a friend to all he encountered.

He was colorful, funny and had a great love for nature and children.

He could be cantankerous at times, but derived a great deal of pleasure from the simple things in life.

He kept pigeons, of all things, and devoted much of his young life to them.

I was told on the weekend of his demise, but I could hardly

believe it was true.

I've known Bert for 20-odd years. When I was young, he would come into my house, and get me wrapped up in all sorts of adventures.

My younger brother had a closer affinity for him, and practically worshipped him.

But while my brother and I knew him intimately, we were not his closest acquaintances.

His real best friend was always causing him grief, but now it is that friend who is grieving.

His friend, of course, is named Ernie. And Bert, of course, was that banana-headed muppet on TV's Sesame Street.

Evidently, Bert was bumped off in a drowning incident to



teach children about death. And water safety.

Sort of like killing Bert with two stones.

Why the Children's Television Workshop, the producers of the show, elected to kill off the Bert character is a mystery to me, but I can't help feeling awful about it.

Ernie without Bert?

That's like ice without the

cream, Rodgers without Astaire, Fred without Barney or bacon without eggs.

Why couldn't the network have drown some minor character?

Was Bert not bringing in the ratings? Did he and Ernie develop artistic differences like Martin and Lewis, or was it a messy divorce like Loni and that other Bert?

And why did he drown? Bert never went near water in his life. It was Ernie who loved water, what with his rubber duckie and all.

Maybe there is a conspiracy here. Who was present when Bert went down for the third time anyway?

Why, Ernie of course.

Hmm, makes you wonder. Maybe Ernie was jealous of Bert's success with the under five set.

Or maybe Bert had willed Ernie his paper clip collection, and Ernie just couldn't wait to get his grubby orange hands on those shiny little devils.

Or maybe Ernie drove Bert to it. He could be exasperating at times, driving poor Bert to distraction.

At any rate, the question remains, why Bert? They should have had Big Bird kick the bucket. He was always such a weenie.

The fact is, I hate it when they break up a set.

## Lively mouse is well-travelled

Chateau Gilderdale feels unnaturally sombre in the wake of Granny Pat's departure.

Her basement bedroom seems empty, the basket of clean clothes bereft of its usual massive cargo of wrinkled garments as a result of her sterling work at the ironing board over the past four weeks.

All that's left is a brochure detailing the delights of Orillia and an elusive but lively mouse. The latter is still here only by happy coincidence, since Granny had inadvertently packed it the day she left for dear old Blighty.

This miniature rodent was a gift from resident feline, Portia, who presented it with much fanfare to my mother in the small hours of Tuesday morning. Fortunately for Portia's hapless victim, our cat follows the maternal family trait of not completing what she starts if it requires



even a modicum of effort.

When the mouse eluded her grasp, she gave up and went out again, leaving it to scabble about frantically behind the washing machine. Mum's efforts to catch it having met with scant success, she completed her packing and went upstairs for a nice cup of tea.

Just before she left, she came across an item she had omitted to pack. It's hard to tell who was more surprised - Granny Pat or the mouse - when she opened the suitcase and the stunned rodent emerged like greased lightning from its tightly

packed prison of clothing, toiletries and assorted souvenirs from the true north strong and free.

As I write, the mouse is still on the loose, providing an interesting diversion during commercial breaks. My mother, meanwhile, returned home with a host of memories, not to mention some additional souvenirs donated by the mouse during its incarceration in her suitcase.

We couldn't help speculating as to whether mum would have been permitted to leave the country, or enter Britain, had the livestock been unearthed from her luggage by that paragon of friendly understanding, your average customs officer. But let's face it, when it comes to games of cat and mouse, it would be hard to image a profession more equal to the task of deciding her fate.

## Stouffville Tribune

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640-2100 640-5477 (fax)