

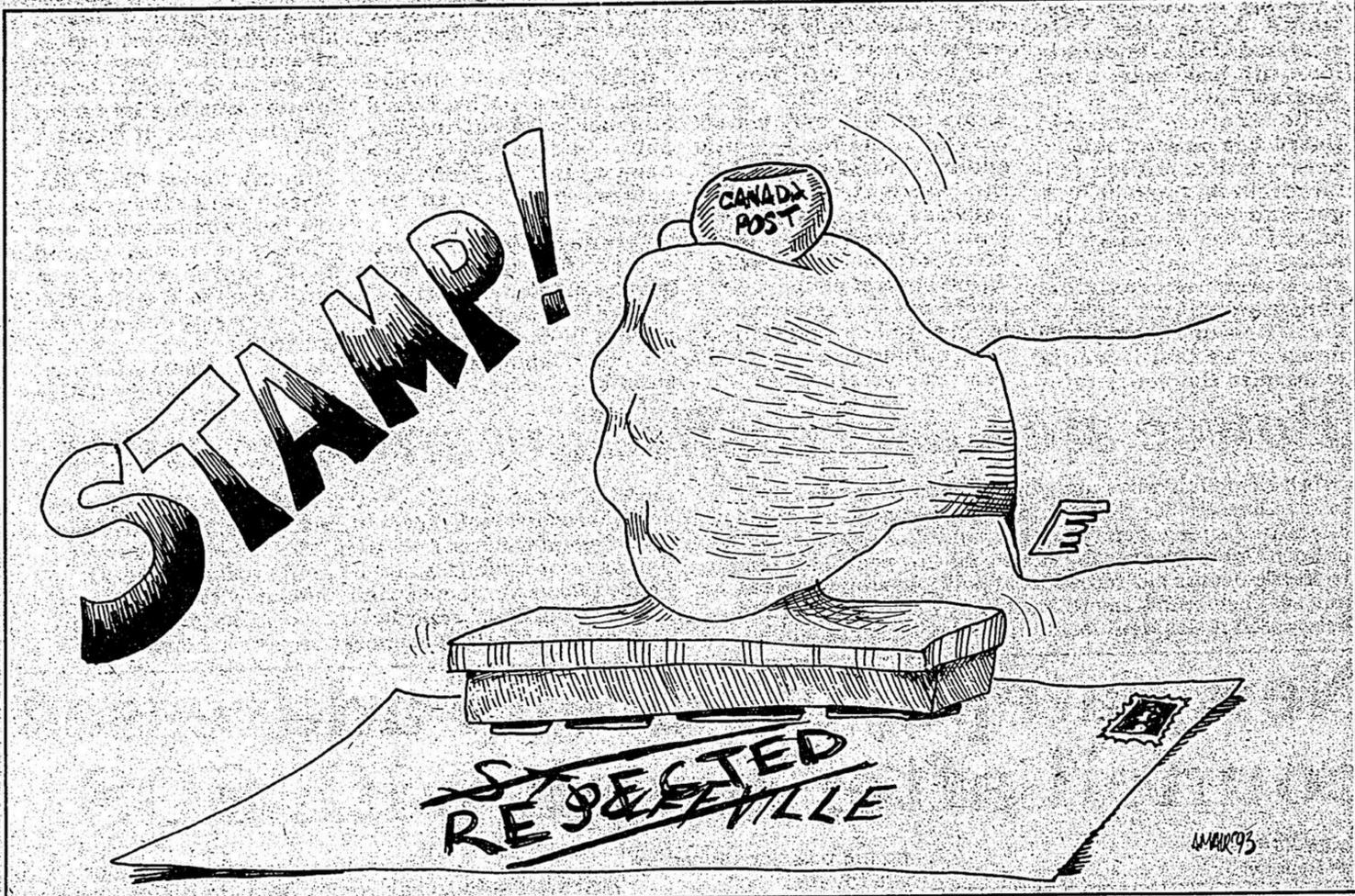
stouffville comment

Campaign relies on you, the voter

By now, the writ should have been handed down. We have a horserace in this country, and the next couple of months are going to be very interesting.

By Oct. 25, readers will have made up their minds who they want to govern them for the next four years or so.

And despite most people's hesitation to give politicians even the time of day, there is an important function we all must perform in the coming weeks of the election campaign. It is up to each of us, despite our respective political stripes, to be aware of the issues, take part in the debates and lend a voice to the campaigns. And most importantly, it serves everyone better if we cast our ballots, no matter how bitterly we may feel about the end result.



Lesson to be learned over sidewalk furor

Off with the black arm-bands.

Off with the black veils.

Your long-awaited sidewalk has arrived. Your hard work has paid off.

So now what's all the whining about?

I struggled with this question last week after pounding the white, virgin concrete as it takes its final shape to become the new Ninth Line sidewalk.

I stood on its freshly-poured surface and I looked up and down the street.

And for the life of me I just can't figure out what all the blasted fuss is about.

It's a beautiful pathway, and one that was oh-so-desperately needed. Just ask the many

seniors at Parkview Village.

Now one would surely think that the arrival of this winding, twisting suburban walkway would put an end to the many petitions and incessant council chamber lobbying.

But wait. Is it true? More petitions are being born. More letters are being written.

Some people apparently don't want the sidewalk now that the construction crews have arrived. Some say it's not needed. And a selected few are saying they just don't like the way it's being constructed. They've nicknamed the sidewalk a "rampart, a meandering mess and an elevated monstrosity."

These are the very people

KIBBLE'S BITS

tracy kibble

who once signed their names to a petition requesting the sidewalk be constructed in the first place — out of "respect" for those who really wanted it.

But a lesson can be learned here. It's a speak-now-or-forever-hold-your-peace lesson.

One shouldn't sign his name to a petition unless he truly believes in the cause behind

the message.

It's like signing a letter in support of building a home for non-violent criminally insane adults but retracting your stand when you find out the home will be built two doors down from your backyard.

Tsk. tsk.

The point to be made here is, people wanted the sidewalk, and a sidewalk they got.

Some people would have us believe the sidewalk has been constructed a "ridiculous" distance from the road. It's not.

Some would also have us believe that the sidewalk installation will "devalue"

home prices.

Me thinks you would be hardpressed to find any professional evaluator to agree to that statement.

There is more to this squabbling than just a few slabs of concrete and some grade altering that has these people up in arms.

It seems the fear of future road widening is what has some people fuming. But sidewalk or no sidewalk, road widening will be a reality sooner or later.

I guess it comes down to the age-old saying: you can't please everyone.

I like a restaurant with food

Last week I went to my first bring-your-own food restaurant.

Two friends and I had gone to the Ex to see Kenny G. in concert, after which we repaired to the Beaches for sustenance. We found what appeared to be a likely spot, a restaurant with a patio bar, and ordered drinks.

Our waitress (oops, I mean server) promised to oblige as soon as she could locate sufficient glasses for this overwhelming contingent of three customers. Since the place was practically empty, it seemed strange that glasses, a mainstay of most eating establishments, were in such short supply. Still, we were from the sticks, what did we know? When our thirst became acute we summoned our server once more. Someone was in the process of 'making' our beer, she explained cheerfully. We could tell right away it was

KATE'S CORNER

kate gilderdale

going to be a long night. Ever optimistic, one of us inquired about food. After all, we reasoned, this was a restaurant.

Sorry, she told us sadly, the kitchen was closed. But there was a great pizza place two doors down, one she could personally recommend.

Why didn't we bring some slices back here, she suggested, and enjoy them with our drinks, which had so far failed to put in an appearance. It was a novel, if unorthodox, approach, and at this stage we were game for anything.

Dinner had never tasted so good, especially since it was now

past midnight and we were so hungry we'd probably have enjoyed a bowl of salty porridge. Better still, the drinks were served just before the pizza arrived.

The pizza arrived just after the rainstorm broke, and we ended up, laughing hysterically, under a canopy normally reserved for bar staff, from whence we watched the lightning and exchanged quips with both the other customers.

Traversing Kingston Road on our way home, we were so tired we almost stopped off at the Hav-A-Nap Motel, but we figured, given our luck, they'd be fresh out of beds.

Maybe I'm just a country bumpkin or maybe city folks are weird. But it certainly was nice to come home to a place where restaurants keep food and drink handy during their hours of operation.

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