

# stouffville comment

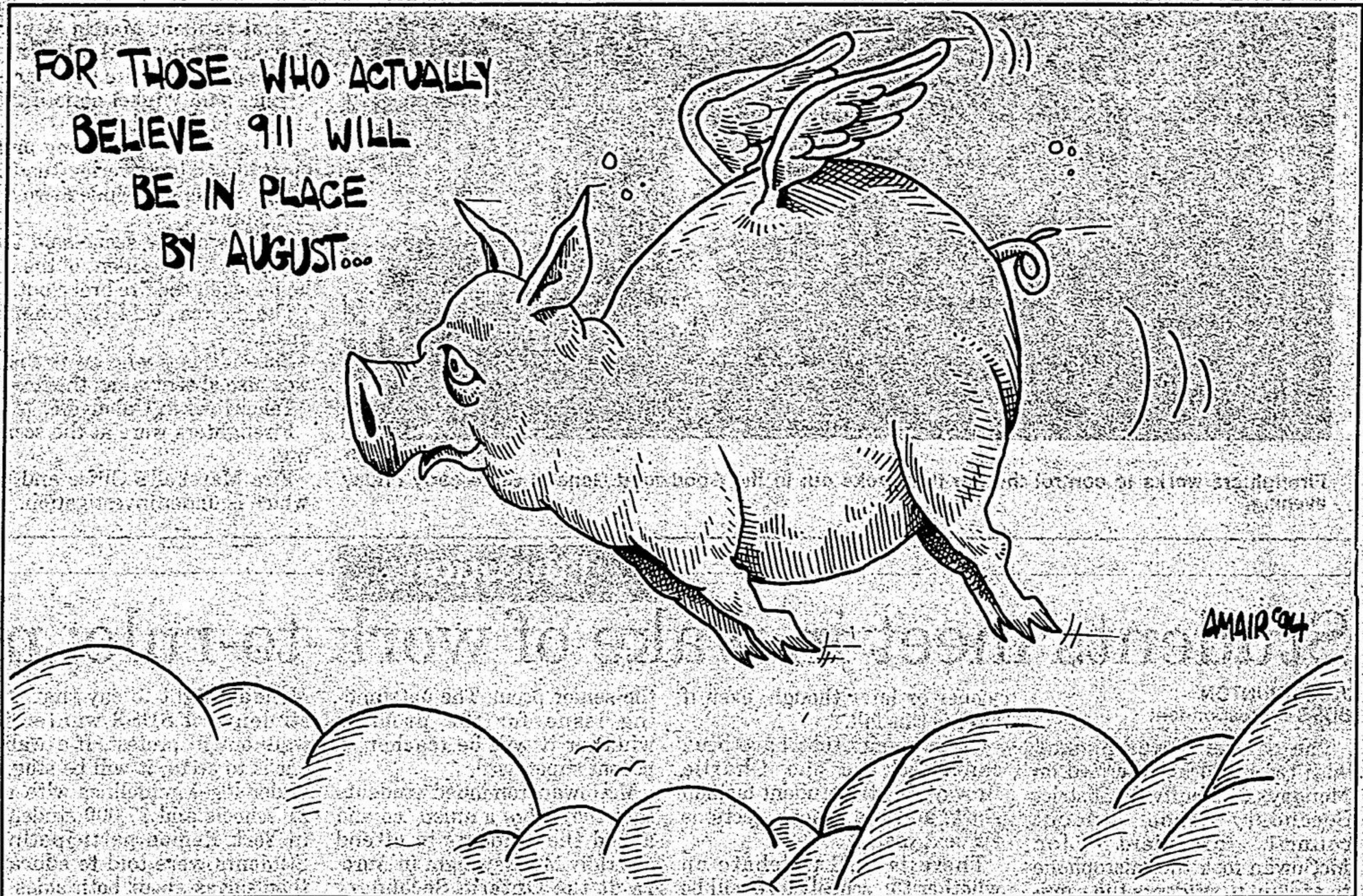
## Stouffville: Don't miss the boat

Stouffville has a train to catch. With the arrival of the York Durham Railway, Stouffville faces a serious problem which must be addressed, especially from a business perspective.

When the train rolls through, the passengers will disembark at Uxbridge. When they return, they will get in their cars and leave. Stouffville, in a sense, will be the leaping off place, but will not benefit from the train - unless we do something now to keep visitors in town, shopping in our stores, boosting our economy. The first project should be a new station for the town, complete with shops, maps and guides to the area. The railway association hasn't the funds to complete such a structure, so it will be up to the town, service groups, chambers of commerce and the residents to get together on this project.

If we don't get on this train, we'll all surely be missing the boat.

FOR THOSE WHO ACTUALLY  
BELIEVE 911 WILL  
BE IN PLACE  
BY AUGUST...



## I might have been 'Tracy Yzerman'

Tracy Yzerman.  
Yzer's Bits.  
Mrs. Stevie.

Yeah dream on, right? This millionaire athlete probably doesn't even remember me or our brief brush with romance more than 10 years ago.

If I had been more persistent maybe I could have made a stronger impression on a young, not-yet-famous Stevie Yzerman.

You see, I was the older woman - all of 21 - when I met the now-mature, handsome, commanding, brilliant and talented captain of the arch-rival Detroit Red Wings.

He, with his mop of '80s-style blonde hair and large brown eyes, was a mere 17 years old - a rookie who had just been drafted from the juniors up to the National Hockey League.

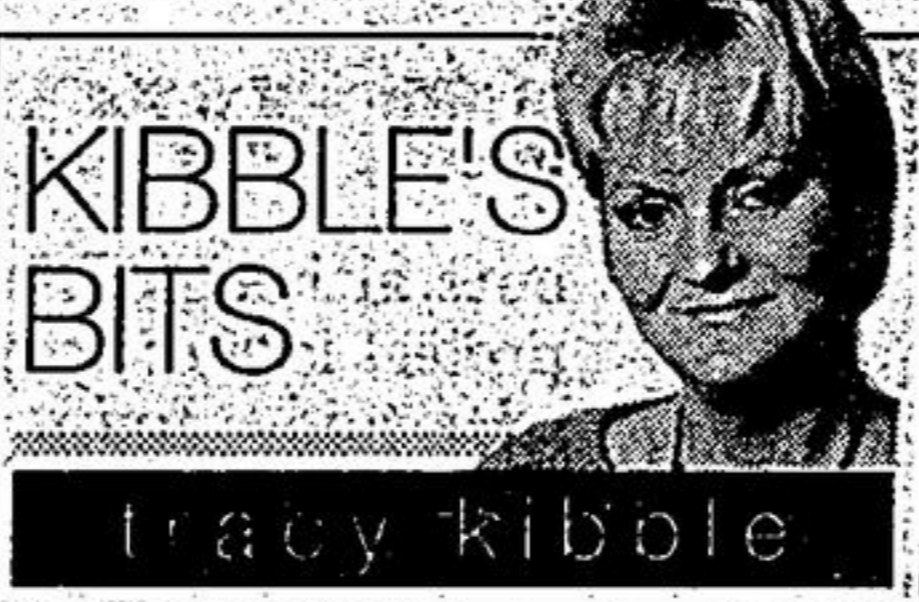
I had just shut off my computer from the bank's Adelaide Street office building where I worked the afternoon shift, and decided to take in some downtown T.O. action with my girlfriend, Heather.

Heather attracted hockey players like the sun attracts heat and was currently dating Russ Courtneil - another (yuck) rookie who had just donned a Toronto Maple Leaf's sweater.

Heather and I hopped into her yellow Honda Civic and headed for Pat and Mario's down by the Esplanade.

The year was 1982 or 1983; I can't quite remember, but the events are crystal clear, and to this day, I smile whenever I see the great S.Y. in action.

Heather, a city girl up on all the happenings, assured me



that P and M's would be the place to hang, because it was a well-known fact (if you were any kind of a groupie) that hockey players would flock there after the NHL awards banquet held that very night.

We walked into Pat & Mario's at about 11:30 p.m. and it was rockin'.

Heather excitedly pursed her glossed-up lips and pointed to a plain-looking, lanky girl sitting

with (wow) Paul Coffey.

"That's Carol Alt," Heather proudly informed the doe-head country bumpkin. "She's a model and he's an Oiler."

Heather ordered us a couple of Long Island Iced Teas (\$4.50 a crack) and we pushed and crammed our way to a section of the bar where 'Russell' was standing with this good-looking guy named Steve Yzerman.

"If these guys are under-age how can they get in here?" I asked.

"Because they're hockey players, silly," she huffed.

Now I guess you could say Stevie and I hit it off. We couldn't dance because it was wall to wall people. And we couldn't talk because the music was too

loud and I didn't want to spit on him or anything. We just stood there and smiled at each other.

Next thing I knew, Heather was rifling me out of there and Steve Yzerman was following. We were apparently invited to have a nightcap with "a few people" in one of the players' hotel rooms. But just as we arrived, Steve Yzerman's protective father came running down the hall demanding to be shocked and embarrassed S.Y., "You get into your room, young man. This is no way to become a good hockey player."

And so ended our short-lived date. As it turns out the senior Yzerman made all the right moves because his son is a great hockey player.

## Welcome to the beige community

Beige - a perfectly boring color for the perfectly boring nineties.

Non-offensive and soothingly bland, beige has become as chic as recycled toilet paper, smoke-free environments and non-alcoholic beer.

Newly-built homes have been on the leading edge of this timid trend for years. If you're a fair-skinned fashion fanatic, you can fade right into those pristine beige surroundings, wall-to-wall beige carpeting and tastefully non-threatening almond appliances.

Naughty newcomers who attempt to paint their garage doors in daring shades of bilious blue or grunge green will no doubt be ex-communicated by more sober fellows, their valiant efforts at individuality drowned in a soporific sea of beige.

Fashion designers are jumping with admirable restraint onto the bandwagon, touting a pale palette



which celebrates stone, wheat, natural cream and sand or, to put them all into the vernacular, beige.

Like polite conversation, and much of today's commentary from television and the press, fashion has opted for the colorless, non-confrontational approach.

History, once full of real-life characters behaving with an unseemly lust for life and instigating acts of an inappropriately barbarous nature, is being bleached into bland beigeness for consumption by the young, to circumvent their baser instincts.

Jokes, gutted and microscopically examined for prejudice, are being

re-assembled after the life blood of humor has been extracted in favor of a non-controversial alternative.

And those brutish fairy tales of yore are being re-written to remove the good but unsuitable bits, thus ensuring they measure up to the high moral values of the late 20th century.

Nasty cannibalistic wolves in nighties are being traded in for misguided human villains, who are successfully re-educated to become model citizens and to live correctly ever after.

Women are depicted as tough but decent cookies with meaningful careers, while men struggle to overcome woefully sexist attitudes and to wholeheartedly embrace knitting.

Welcome to the beige community, where we can live together in homogeneous harmony, celebrating our similarities and blithely ignoring the rich diversity of human life.

## Stouffville Tribune

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