

# stouffville comment

## Tourney offers big opportunity

What an opportunity awaiting our town of Whitchurch-Stouffville.

This week will mark the arrival of 80 top celebrities and close to 30,000 of their fans at Emerald Hills for the Chrysler Classic Golf Tournament.

Everyone benefits from an event like this. Stouffville will be the focus of the golf world for four days, and we will gain valuable exposure. Stouffville is already known for its many championship golf courses, but an event such as this brings the town to many more than just golf fans.

People who have never heard of the town will be here, visiting our streets, our stores, or restaurants, and tourist attractions.

Now is the time to put on our best face, and welcome those who will be spending time in our town.

So put on a big smile, and welcome our guests to the Friendliest Town in Ontario.



## The sounds of summer aren't music to my ears

The problems of shovelling snow and other winter hazards seemed bad enough. But at least the snow muffles sound and closed windows make for silent nights.

Then summer arrived with a vengeance last week.

For those fortunate enough to be cooled by central air conditioning the heat wave is a minor annoyance endured only between the house and the car.

Then there's the rest of us. Suffering through a heat wave that held us by the throat. Day competing with night for record breaking temperatures.

I thought I'd hit my breaking point when I was awak-

ened for the third time by a toddler who wasn't quite sure what was bugging her, but would somebody please fix it'. The source of her disturbance just might have been the temperature in her bedroom, which hovered at about 92F all weekend.

Then there's the cat who has made it his mandate to harass us as we slumber. Most often it involves pawing at the lamp cord, so that it hits the dresser. Usually that can be stopped by a well-aimed toss of a Kleenex or dirty sock in his direction.

But the heat turns him into a yowling beast. He complained loudly and long about how much he was bothered by



VIEW POINT  
paula crowell

the heat. He couldn't sleep and I guess he felt it unfair that we should rest.

That was only the beginning of the night that robbed sleep. By 5 a.m. the birds were chirping in a resounding chorus, most likely about the weather.

The cacaphony continued

until after the sun rose, when light streamed into our bedroom window beckoning us to start the day. At about the same time, someone's room air conditioner switched into high gear at a decibel level that would rival that of a tractor trailer.

The day's events were much the same. This normally well-balanced, content family turned in the Crankies. Our heat-weakened state, combined with the din of motorized yard tools coming in through our open windows made it hard to hear each

other. After being asked to repeat something for the third time both of us were getting more than a little testy. Add to that the sounds of a whining child and the gleeful voices of the Barney cast competing with the outdoor noise and you get an idea of the noise level.

The solution: We borrowed a room air conditioner (noisy of course) and a fan to carry the cool air to our daughter's bedroom.

Peace reigns in the home, although I can't say the same for the neighborhood.

## Motherhood made me blind

Motherhood made me blind. When I received a note from school announcing the final Grade 8 field trip, I plunged in and affixed my moniker to the line at the bottom marked parent volunteers.

My excuse for not checking out what I was signing was twofold. One, the arrival of a note home is a rare event in the lives of intermediate parents, its delivery leaving the recipient unable to function coherently for several days.

Two, I was suffering from an overdose of nostalgia. My youngest child was leaving public school and I felt a sappy desire to be part of this momentous occasion. It wasn't until later that I discovered I would be going to an outdoor centre in a futile attempt to learn boating skills. I comforted myself with the thought that they wouldn't expect old people to join in.

Early on the fateful morning, I

received a call from a fellow parental unit which shattered my equilibrium. "Why are you doing this? Don't you know you'll have to participate?"

My friend knows that I studiously avoid anything which requires physical prowess or coordination. I sat on the bus, unmindful of the mayhem ebbing and flowing around me, and glumly anticipated the next five hours.

The morning program was sailing. Thank goodness, I muttered to myself, that the afternoon was reserved for the canoe.

At least I'd done that, although happily I'd forgotten how badly. As it turned out, sailing was a lot

less embarrassing, especially since I was the designated passenger.

Despite a couple of near collisions between my head and the boom and several drenchings from students armed with bailers, I managed to avoid permanent brain damage and was feeling relatively chipper by lunch time.

Ah, the bliss of ignorance. My first mistake was to climb into the back of the canoe. It wasn't until we were on open water that our unremittingly cheerful instructor pointed out that it was my job to steer.

Everyone took off. We stayed more or less where we were, going round and round in circles, like Eeyore stuck in an eddy. The harder I tried, the smaller the circles got.

At least now I can relate to people with stickers on their cars which proclaim I'd rather be sailing.



KATE'S CORNER

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