

stouffville comment

Time to band together against crime

It is happening more and more.

Cars are becoming the target of vandals - those just out for fun at night, and it is no longer an isolated problem.

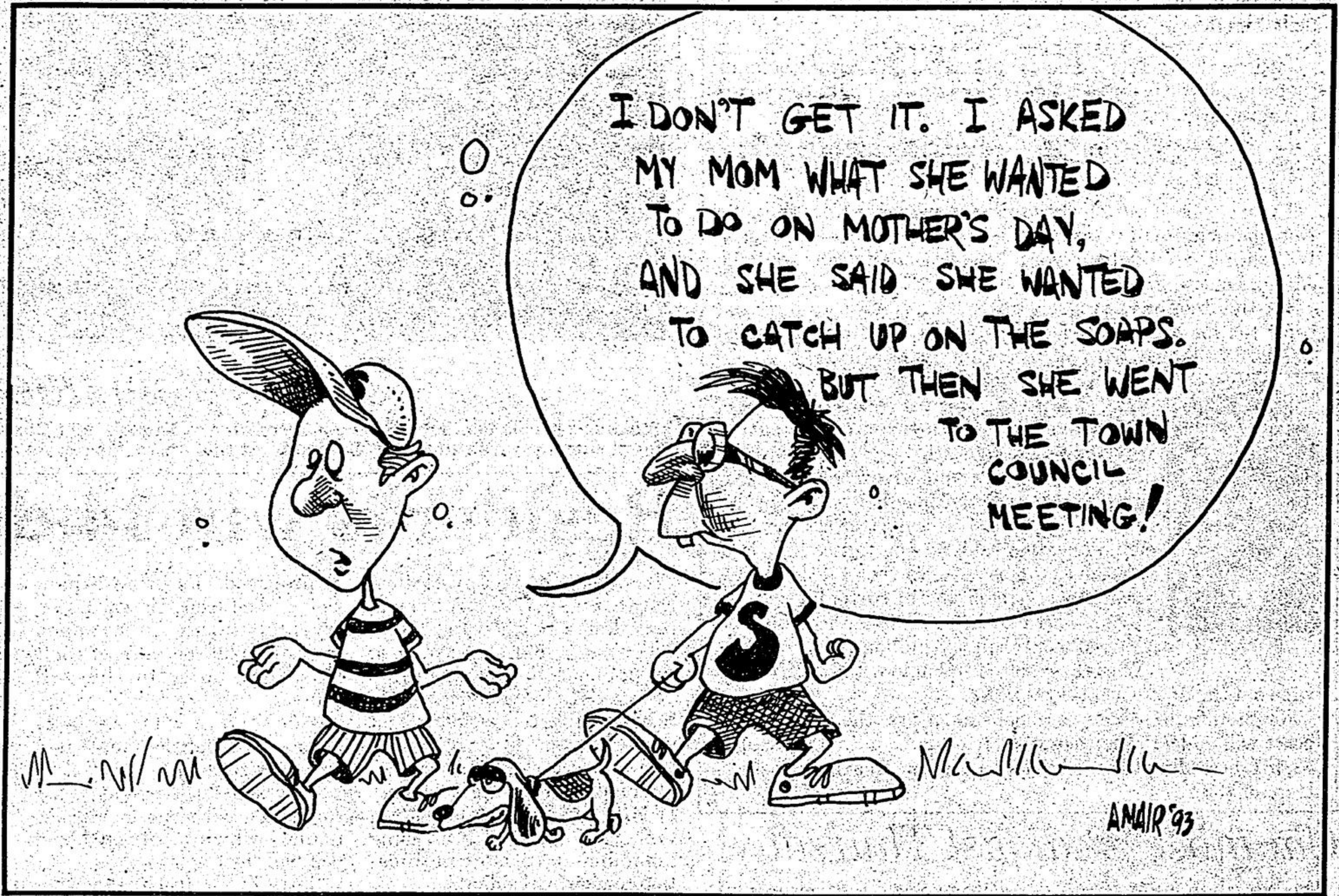
It is still the practice in this area for residents to leave cars unlocked, doors unbolted, and windows ajar.

Times have changed.

No matter how long you have lived in your neighborhood, no matter how safe you think it is, there is an element in our community who would break that peace, and destroy our property - just for kicks.

The police are helpless and neighborhood programs are needed to fill the void.

If you are not already involved, become involved. If you can't give of yourself, at least keep an eye out in your neighborhood. It is high time we looked out for one another.



Bandwagon fan happy to see Leafs winning

Okay I admit it.

I'm a bandwagon Leaf fan. Of course that depends on what you mean as 'bandwagon.'

Don't forget that term was concocted by ever-faithful Maple Leaf maniacs who despise those of us who want to share this rare thunder when we're not around to share the pain.

If a bandwagon fan means that before the playoff finals I thought the Toronto Maple Leafs were an environmental tree preservation club, I'm not a bandwagon fan.

If it means I never watched even one full three-hour hockey game the entire season, I'm not a bandwagon fan.

But if it means I am fickle in my following and tend to say awful things about the Leafs from time to time, then I guess I'm a bandwagon fan.

I'm one of those part-time fans who jump on the Leafs when they lose and enjoy calling them the 'Maple Laughs' when they screw up a game.

And I even turned my back on the boys in blue after last week's miserable home loss to the good-and-fried Red Wings last week - vowing not to torture myself Saturday night in what was bound to miserably end the Leaf's season.

Boy, was I wrong. And now I vow never to be as quick to criti-



size a team which can win under that kind of pressure. And if that's bandwagon - I'm there. My husband Bob is a staunch, loyal and long-time Maple Leaf fan and people like me really irk him. He makes excuses when they lose - something he hasn't

had to do in a while - and praises them when they win.

Bob will knock the Toronto Blue Jays off their perch for every single error made and he rarely watches a full game during the regular season.

But I'm a Maple Leaf widow - always taking the bench during a night out at the guys' to catch the Leaf game. During Saturday night's stunning and explosive overtime win, I could hear Bob out in the livingroom screaming, and yelling "yes, yes, yes" through clenched teeth.

I was on the bandwagon in the

other room, and couldn't help yelling a few hoorahs myself.

I come by my interest honestly, though.

My grandmother is also a loyal Toronto Maple Leaf fan who has been dedicated to the team since the 60s. She rarely misses a game.

And now my 21-month-old son, Kody, runs around the house armed with a flailing hockey stick yelling, "Shoots, scores mommy. Play hockey, mommy, play hockey."

If you can't beat 'em, join 'em - that's what I always say.

The pipes, the pipes are calling

Last weekend, the Gilderdale marriage appeared to be in danger of going down the drain in light of the Great Plumbing Crisis.

Although the old man is a competent do-it-yourselfer, he has hitherto drawn the line at plumbing. This wise decision was thrown out with the bath water on Saturday morning when he tackled the installation of the basement sink.

A few weeks earlier, he had removed its unsavory-looking predecessor and sealed off the old taps which continued to hang, like some bizarre piece of modern sculpture, from the furred-up pipes of yesteryear.

He then purchased a new sink of dazzling whiteness which sat in solitary splendor, attached to neither pipe nor drain. It wasn't half bad looking, for a sink, but somehow it lacked a sense of purpose.



Thus at 10:30 on Saturday morning, he and a real plumber set about the task of connecting up our shiny new gadget. The water, I was warned, would be off for about two hours.

Once the plumber got going, however, he decided we needed to replace more pipe than he had originally thought. Six hours, and about 12 trips to the hardware store later, we were still living in a water-free environment. Since we were going out that night, I naturally wanted to know when I could have a shower. The old man was not terribly forthcoming on the subject. At 5:30, just as my sunny dis-

position was seriously clouding over, he announced that lift-off was imminent. It wasn't until he visited the bathroom that he became aware of the unnatural warmth of the toilet tank.

At about the same time, I was stepping into the shower and turning the hot tap full on, to be greeted by a gush of icy cold water. In a rare moment of inspiration, I switched to cold and narrowly avoided being scalded.

My husband, flushed with triumph at his newly acquired prowess in plumbing, inquired whether I had enjoyed my shower. "Everything was just hunky dory, I replied, except for the little problem of the taps' role reversal.

Since this is a family newspaper, I cannot report his rejoinder. And although hot is hot and cold is cold once more, we both agree that he shouldn't give up his day job.

Stouffville Tribune

Publisher	Patricia Pappas
General Manager	Andrew Mair
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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.

NATIONAL SALES REPRESENTATIVE: Metroland Corporate Sales, 493-1300.

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