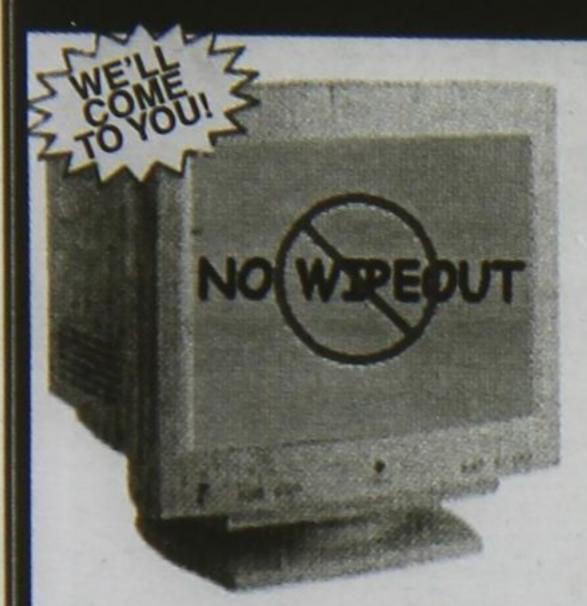
# GOOD GUYS COMPUTERS LTD



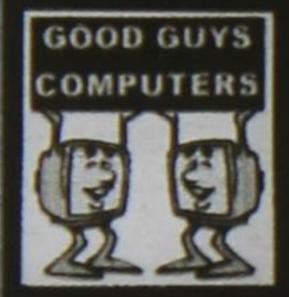
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A Complete Selection of foreign & domestic hardwoods, pine & hemlock.

No time like the present to start an indoor project. And February means romantic notions and expressions of outgoing concern. So a project completed will bear testimony to your undying love for your significant other (and you too will remain significant in his/her/its eyes).

How can this be? Glad you asked (it just gets worse) We have lumber that will not only make men swoon And women faint, but will also warm the cockles of your heart. For instance, Pommele Bubinga has a figure to die for or at least lose a few fingers.

If that is too rich for your blood, how about Pine or Domestic Hardwoods? Even here, one can up the anti by choosing wormy maple curly cherry or quarter sawn white oak.

The options are only limited by your imagination. And, if you have not clue, we'll certainly help you with some ideas.

By the way...
Happy Valentine's!

## Century Mill Lumber

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# Stumbing through Stouffville

with Bruce Stapley

### Frigid Winter - A Royal Pain

I realize this may result in my being forced to give up all the rights and privileges I have come to enjoy as a Canadian, but I would suggest that winter is an abomination, an insufferable season of lightless days, soul-stultifying cold, and salty snow stalactites that pack themselves to the underside of your car's wheel wells until finally falling to the garage floor in a slushy brown bog.

Adding to the misery are the occasional thaws that so often bring with them sheets of wind-blown drizzle, freezing rain, and the inevitable flooding that follows.

Like those who run out to buy a cottage after spending a blissful July weekend in the Kawarthas, only to find themselves sinking their hard earned dollars into a mosquito-infested, run-down money pit for years thereafter, I have been known to make an effort to embrace the snowy season of my frigid discontent. A few decades back, in an effort to appease my friend the wine snob, I invested in a set of skis and a proper ski suit and set off on a few costly winter vacations to Mt. Tremblant and Vermont.

Yes, there were one or two spectacular warm, sunny days on the slopes that left you all aglow as you sat relaxing around the fireplace with a pint at day's end, your body feeling refreshingly spent after standing up to every challenge the peaks had to offer. However, for every day like that, there were three exercise in basic survival as you skidded nervously down icy runs and

wrapped your body and face with endless layers of clothing in an attempt to ward off the forbidding wind.

My inability to tolerate this most wretched of seasons is exacerbated by the fact that those of us who lack an abundance of flesh on our bodies are given to chills at the first sign of a subzero temperature. Add to that my phobia about wearing hats, combined with a set of ears that stick out like those belonging to Prince Charles, and winter's wicked winds are double trouble for me.

As a result of this intolerance, my favourite winter fantasy involves sitting in front of the computer pulling up websites featuring sell-offs to such Caribbean sun spots as Cuba, the Dominican Republic and Mexico. While being married to a teacher has great advantages in terms of summer time travel opportunities, winter trips to the sunny south are out, unless you choose to re-mortgage the house and head off during Christmas or March Break when prices are astronomical. So I could only sigh when coming across a one week all inclusive trip to Jamaica's Sandals Resort for a paltry \$191 a few weeks back.

No, I'm afraid winter for me means staying holed up and miserable in our Stouffville house, surrounded by pictures and memorabilia from winter sun escapes of years gone by, counting the days until the snow is finally gone, the warm weather returns once more, and or four where your entire day was an we finally get to roam the dunes at Sandbanks for next summer's vacation.



