We're being invaded—not!

If one were to believe all the recent radio ads in Toronto, the Greater Toronto Area is about to be savagely invaded.

Invaded by dandelions, that is.

The ads are complaining about the City of Toronto's recent ban on the use of pesticides, and how the city will soon be completely taken over—buried even—in dreaded dandelions.

Even closer to home, here in Halton Hills, the controversy has escalated as well, with local residents complaining bitterly about a few dandelions growing in the boulevards and parks.

You know, I wasn't aware that those tiny little yellow weeds were such a threat. I feel a bit ashamed I haven't taken affirmative action.

You see, I have acres of lawn at home. And also a fair sprinkling of dandelions. But I've never felt threatened by them.

Apparently, according to the radio ads, I'm totally wrong. One morning, I'll wake up to find my house completely covered with them, choking the life out of me.

It's time for those people to give their heads a shake and get on a more viable crusade.

Dandelions have been around since the first caveman scratched a charcoal drawing on a stone wall. If they were gonna take over the world, they'd have done it ages ago.

So what if they grow in the lawn?

They're a seasonal weed, and if you keep the grass cut regularly, they don't get out of hand.

The lawn at my place is a perfect example.
I've been cutting it all my life, and my father and grandfather all cut it before me.

Never once was it sprayed with any kind of herbicide or insecticide. And surprise, surprise, it still comes up green every spring.

With an occasional dandelion in its midst.

Take a look at local golf courses. In the past few years it's become fashionable to incorporate a 'natural area' in their midst, in which grass is allowed to grow wild, and the weeds grow tall, A TED BIT

supplying wild birds with a place to nest, and a source of food.

Ted Brown

I figure if letting the grass, weeds, and dandelions grow wild was a threat to the greens or fairways at a golf course, I'm sure they'd stop the practice pretty quick.

Let's face it, it's all about esthetics, that urban dweller one-upmanship competition of having a lawn that resembles a piece of astroturf more than actual green growing grass.

It galls me that those same people travel miles to parks to savour the natural beauty of nature, complete with rocks, trees, wildflowers, and, yes, those dreaded dandelions.

We've always had dandelions, and so far they haven't taken over the world as predicted.

But we haven't always had pesticides and insecticides, which, when used with wild abandon a few decades ago, were responsible for the near extinction of wildlife like the peregrine falcon, the blue bird, and countless other species.

I'm not saying we shouldn't use chemicals to control certain pests, but let's re-think our reasons for using them— and having a nice green lawn ain't reason enough in my books.

I think Joni Mitchell best summed it up in her song Big Yellow Taxi in which she said:

"Hey farmer, farmer, put away your DDT now, Give me spots on my apples but leave me the birds and the bees, please."



