

# stouffville comment

## Leading way against waste

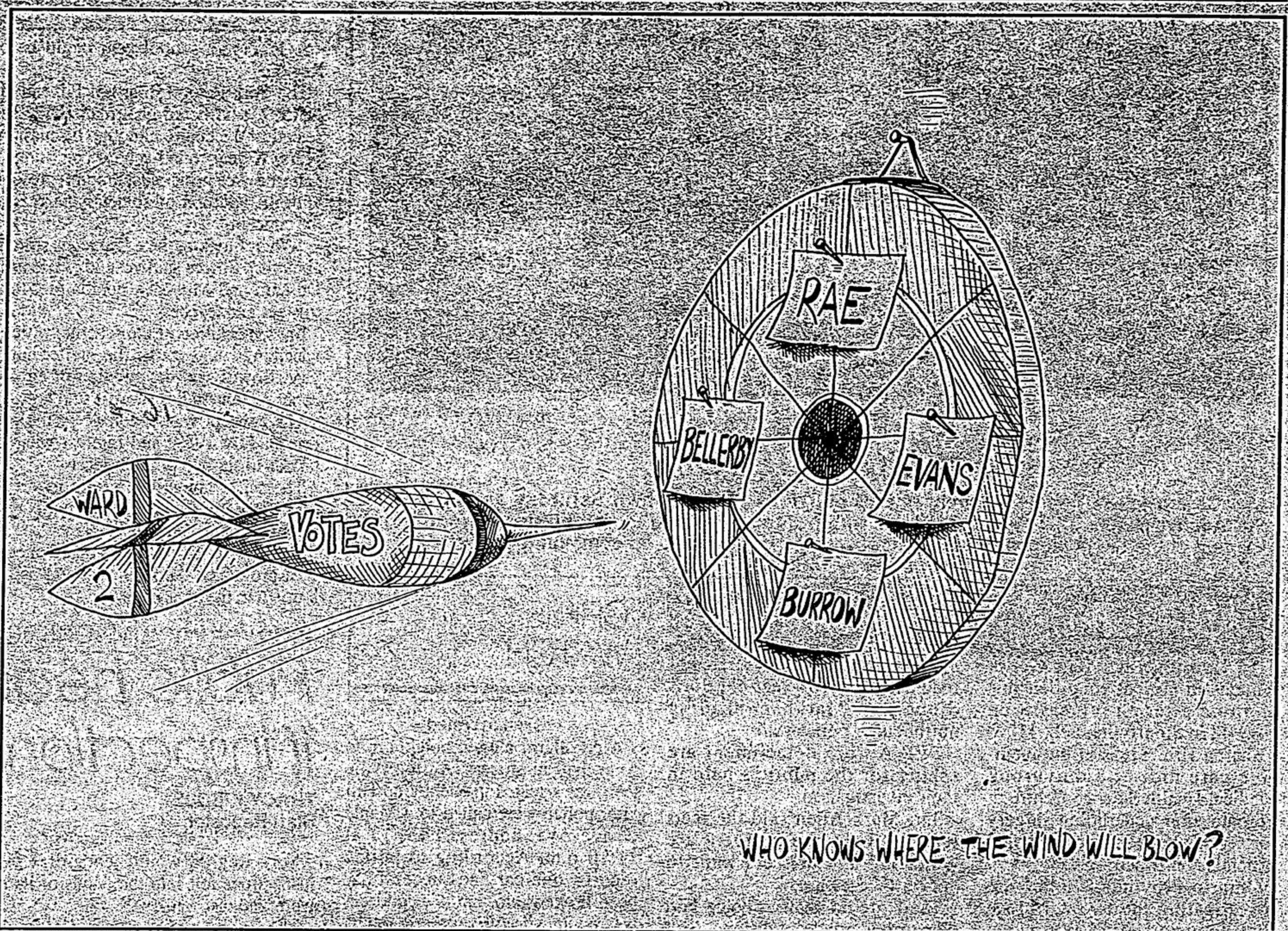
Stouffville's Waste Management Committee (WMC) is forging ahead to the future, grasping the problems of today and seeking solutions for tomorrow.

The group realizes there is still much more to be done before we can call our efforts in garbage reduction an accomplishment. But the WMC, which is made up of volunteers, several town staff and councillors, is actively seeking more ways local residents can help divert garbage from already-full landfill sites. Composting is its latest endeavor and with the help of town staff will figure out ways Whitchurch-Stouffville can make these useful crates available to residents by the spring.

Whitchurch-Stouffville has been noted as a 'recycling town' for several years now, and with the help of the WMC residents can continue to be proud of the town's contributions.

The WMC is seeking town support in asking the Ministry of the Environment to set up a 'waste hotline.'

Residents can then call quickly if they see someone illegally dumping garbage on roadways. Another strong stand for the WMC in our community.



WHO KNOWS WHERE THE WIND WILL BLOW?

## 'Gaffer' has me on constant hunt for food

My mother survived it. Her mother survived it. And half the bloomin' country has survived it.

So why do I feel like I'm the first to experience pregnancy?

I guess it's like anything - when it happens to you it's just different - more special and more exciting.

Pregnant. Expecting. With child. In the family way.

You can call it what you will. Right now all I feel is FAT.

I could eat a horse and chase the rider 24 hours a day.

Why can't I be one of those women who throw up for the first few weeks of their pregnancy? Why can't I be one of those women who eats a little, pushes her plate away in disgust and then swears she can't eat another bite.

But noooo! I am hungrier. I want seconds, dessert and late night snacks, anything. Just feed me.

Of course, I'm thrilled to have a little gaffer growing inside me, sharing my every moment. I just wish the little guy (I'm hoping for a little guy) wouldn't make his porky mommy so hungry every minute of the day.

I mean, have you ever heard of anyone craving celery sticks, tofu or tossed salad?

Not me. I want fried wontons, ice cream sundaes with goopey sauce, pizza with extra cheese, popcorn and those delicious mallow cookies with the marshmallow and raspberry filling.

It really bugs me when I check in with Doctor Thin every month too.

The way he pushes his finger across the weigh scales with his hairy eyebrows

### KIBBLE'S BITS



tracy kibble

raised. And he keeps pushing that tattle-tale metal square across the scales until he stops at a number I'm just not familiar with. I know his foot must be on the back because I couldn't possibly be this heavy. Not me.

However, when I think about it, I can't really complain. I never get sick and I can now get through the day

without nodding off at the lunch table. But I cry at the drop of a hat.

The other week, for example, my favorite show, *Knots Landing*, aired the exact same episode as was just aired the previous week. I broke out crying, literally in hysterics.

My poor husband doesn't know what to do when this happens. He just sits

there with the converter, looking sheepish and helpless, saying, "Hon, look there's lots of other shows on."

Actually, between me and you - it's the only time I've gotten my own way with the television.

I cry at the grocery store and at the gas station. I cry if I see a dog limping down the street and when I see my mother. Hormone mania or what?

But, all in all I can hardly wait until August. I want to meet the little guy that is going to be the reason for a non-stop exercise program, around-the-clock fatigue, and a lot of joy.

I know he's in there, cause I saw his tiny, little body kicking away through ultrasonic scan just one week ago.

Better than a \$10 movie.

## Who knows what comes out in the wash

Although the division of labor is scrupulously fair in our equal opportunity household, there are some areas which have remained true to sexist tradition; among them, alas, the washing of clothes.

It's hard to get motivated by the prospect of doing laundry, but it might help if adult education courses in washing symbols as a second language were available. The ones in my instruction booklet bear scant resemblance to the majority of care labels attached to my family's attire, or, indeed, to the information they're meant to convey.

I feel like a candidate at a stress interview as I struggle to decipher the hidden meaning behind a square with a circle inside it, or a triangle with lines through it which looks like a child's drawing of a teepee. I avoid like the plague anything with a hand on it, knowing it will lie unattended for weeks until I psyche myself up to do a hand wash, or until it inadvertently gets thrown into the machine, to emerge three sizes smaller or tie-dyed.

When the children were younger, I searched high and low for warm sleeping

### KATE'S CORNER



kate giddergale

bags that were washable. Eventually, I thought I'd found what I wanted, but when I washed them, all the stuffing ended up in two square inches at the bottom of the bag and the cover had more wrinkles than Grandma Moses.

I would have returned them, but I had a nasty feeling I'd misread the label.

Back in Merrie England, everyone still hangs washing on the line because the British are naturally distrustful of machines which make life easier.

Keen people here do the same, the only difference being that here, the washing is dryer when you remove it from the line than it was when you hung it up.

Had I followed this practice myself instead of consigning everything to the dryer, perhaps I wouldn't have had to hand down a multitude of my shrunken

sweatshirts to my daughter.

If only I'd realized sooner what the label was trying to tell me.

Once in a while I get overcome by the urge to catch up with the laundry. First I have to remove everything left in the dryer from the previous week and place it in neat piles for household distribution. Then the phone rings, and drives all thoughts of household tasks from my mind until a few days later, when my children complain they have nothing to wear. Unfazed, I go to the basement, only to discover that my beautifully folded pile of clean clothes has been reduced to a crumpled heap, which is covered in orange fur and liberally decorated with burrs and paw prints.

As I re-sort the pile for a second wash, I ponder the possibility of a parallel world, the secret entrance to which is located in my machine, where our misplaced socks make their home, and from which they will only reappear when I have thrown their partners out in despair.

In laundry, as in life, the cycle has many ups and downs; the signs are not always easy to read, and you never know quite what will come out in the wash.

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