

stouffville comment

This deal is better than no deal at all

It is becoming more and more apparent that without the current constitutional deal, there will be no deal at all.

Another chance will likely not come along - at least not for a very long time, and for that reason alone, the Charlottetown accord is worth saying Yes.

Both sides in this debate have convincing arguments, and it was not encouraging to those supporting the deal that the No side was gaining by last weekend.

However, it is the great mass of undecided voters who will carry this accord or see it defeated.

The undecided must be shown that this will be the only deal we get. And this deal is far better than the myriad alternatives which are being forecast for the future.



Left hand doesn't know what right is doing

The right hand doesn't know what the left hand is doing.

The province, or at least several of its ministries, made that clear during a meeting Friday regarding future growth in the Greater Toronto Area (GTA.)

The gist of the four-hour yawner was that taxpayers will have to eventually fork over another \$1 billion a year to keep up with infrastructure upgrades between regions in the GTA.

What else is new?

What really irked me, however, was hearing the nonchalant dismissals to our great mounting garbage crisis, currently stinking up York

Region. Liz MacLaren, sales pro for the Office of the Greater Toronto Area, while hurling statistics at York politicians and community interest groups, announced "I don't do waste."

Excuse me? Who does?

How can one government ministry talk about future planning, future growth, the need for future infrastructure technology and future planning co-ordination without discussing the solid waste crisis?

They're talking about 2 million more people moving to the GTA during the next 30 years, but they "don't do waste?"

How can they justify the millions of dollars already spent on data collection during the



last few years without one mention of a future 600-acre monster dump.

It's not like the environment ministry and the OGTA are worlds apart - they have the same minister - Ruth Grier.

Not only did MacLaren tell 300 intelligent community leaders that she doesn't "do waste," but Grier's new parliamentary assistant (didn't

catch his name) begged off the subject also by telling the audience, he wasn't willing to "discuss garbage."

The OGTA hopes to build a strong bond between regions by improving planning and building better link roads for the future. Wouldn't the fact that 60,000 garbage-generating people who are expected to move into the GTA every year warrant some discussion? Isn't there a link here?

The province's Apartments in Houses legislation also was not taken into consideration in the OGTA's umpteen reports.

Here again the right hand doesn't know what the left

hand is doing.

They are talking about quality of life and the rights of residents to live in freedom, and at the same time they want to create a health crisis by allowing basement apartments in your neighborhood. Wouldn't their school population projections be off just a hair? Wouldn't the water and sewage systems be strained just a bit? Wouldn't the parking crisis increase, oh, just a tad?

The province needs to get it together, before using more of our tax money to produce new reports. Could they join hands on that?

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640-5477 (fax)

Always read the manual first

An informal poll, taken at the breakfast table last Thursday, revealed that 100 per cent of people in this house ignore computer instruction booklets altogether and rely on what they call logic.

Life cannot be conducted without a survey these days, and besides, I was eager to share the blame for the problems we'd been having with our printer, which has been in our possession for close to two years, and malfunctioning merrily most of that time.

The old man did glance at the instructions in a cursory manner during setup, but no one has taken any notice of them since. It was my son's decision to print out 18 pages of science homework at six o'clock one morning that forced me to consult the expert. We plunked half a dozen sheets in the paper feeder. The first one went through. The next one slithered about at an angle and got



stuck. Lights flashed. The screen told me the paper was jammed. Any fool can see that, I muttered darkly. I turned off the printer, re-adjusted the paper and tried again. The next page came out in type so minute that it could have been used to reproduce the full text of the Constitution on a postage stamp.

Another helpful message appeared, pointing out that the printer was not responding correctly and suggesting I check the cables. At this stage, any attempts to show fortitude in the face of adversity had long since

been abandoned.

By 7.25, when Einstein left to catch his bus, we had managed to print just six pages. In the interim, I hurled invectives at my husband and verbally abused the cat, whose chief contribution to the chaos was to jump on the printer periodically, inadvertently switching it off.

As dawn came up, I sat alone, surrounded by mounds of screwed up paper, idly perusing the manual in an attempt to soothe my shattered nerves. To my astonishment, I discovered a clear and concise chapter entitled 'Loading paper into the sheet feeder.'

Three simple steps, and about 15 seconds later, I had the thing set up correctly and printing with gay abandon.

Now I'm searching feverishly for the VCR booklet, in the hope that I can learn how to record television programs.