

stouffville comment

In spite of cynics our future is in recycling

Recent events in Stouffville and Uxbridge prove that an environmental conscience will be mandatory rather than optional to residents of the future.

Uxbridge has been chosen to take part in a global environmental project aiming at changing the ways we run our homes toward a healthier earth.

Stouffville has just been given a provincial grant of \$64,000 toward the blue box recycling program. It's clear in both cases that the objective of recycling, reusing and reducing is the home.

While household waste doesn't account for as much landfill space as does corporate and industrial, it appears environmentalism, like charity, begins at home.

People who practise earth-friendly cleaning, food preparation and disposal are more likely to carry those same principles into the workplace.

Already, businesses are undergoing waste audits to determine what, if anything, can be diverted from landfill sites. Those who believed the interest in 'green issues' would go away with the recession have been proven wrong.

In Ontario, government initiatives like the blue box grant and environmentally-sound legislation are putting financial and legal backing behind ideas which sustain the earth.

Last year more than 400,000 tonnes of garbage was diverted from landfills for recycling. And while markets for recyclables are scarce now, innovative ideas about how to use these materials are being developed for the next upturn in the economy. Perhaps by then we'll all be looking for labels which suit our reduce, reuse, recycle philosophy.



Grocery shopping would never be the same

Let me get this straight. A woman's bare breast is not considered sexual - tell that to my husband - but if an unwelcome man touches one, or both, I guess, he can still be found guilty of sexual assault.

Yeah, this makes sense, and I'm going to balance my cheque book and reverse the tides.

A female judge ruled last week that five women who bared their breasts in public in 1991 would be acquitted for going topless at a Guelph-area protest.

Feminists were worried the ruling would cancel their longstanding efforts to have uninvited breast-touching classified as sexual and not general assault.

Judge Katie McGowan of the Ontario Court said she believes men - and women for that matter - are willing to tolerate women going topless in public as long as their breasts aren't being exposed in an erotic or non-harmful manner.

Well, I beg to differ. I say if you ask 100 men, I'm sure 99 of them would say just looking at a breast is erotic.

It wouldn't take much else. Just looking. This comes from a woman whose husband and most of his friends watch Fashion Television just to catch a glimpse of models' breasts under skimpily-designed fabrics. Fish-nets preferably.

Seeing women walking, bending



over or, heaven forbid, jumping rope topless would send most men I know into complete dithering idiocy.

Men would be banging into lampposts, driving into ditches and hiding behind trees in parks to catch a glimpse of bare breasts.

Your teen boys would never be home.

Erotic is an individual matter of taste is it not?

What one man considers erotic, another might consider neurotic.

But who are we trying to kid, here. Our culture is not ready, nor will it ever be, to accept women baring their breasts in public.

Can you imagine how this would change the simple task of grocery shopping?

I can see the young male applicants now, lining up at the frozen food section for part-time jobs. Heck, half the management would be hanging out there, too.

Breasts are erotic and they are sensual and they are natural and

they are private.

It doesn't matter if women don't expose them in a 'non-erotic' fashion. Because men in our society will view them as erotic no matter how they are displayed.

And the only person I can think of who could display her breasts in a 'harmful' manner would be Dolly Parton.

I guess this whole breast-baring issue has me confused because I can't imagine why women, who have been fighting to be treated equal to men for hundreds of years, would want to bare their breasts in the first place. Is that anti-feminism?

Family outings bring tears to eyes

"One would be in less danger from the wiles of the stranger, if one's own kin and kith were more fun to be with."

Ogden Nash

On a recent Saturday evening, your faithful correspondent elected to take the old man and our offspring to Markham Theatre. I had looked forward to this family outing with the kind of eager anticipation that experience should have taught me was hopelessly unrealistic.

My son got things rolling nicely when he came back from skiing that afternoon with a badly sprained thumb. Being of the male persuasion, his suffering was not silent. We suffered with him.

Struggling with manful agony into his posh clothes, he accompanied us to our seats. Half way through the first act, my contact lenses began to dry out.



I closed my eyes in a vain attempt to moisten them. Without much hope, I searched through my purse and, to my amazement, unearthed a bottle of eyedrops.

My self-congratulation quickly vanished - the bottle was empty. By the time we reached intermission I was desperate. Rushing to the washroom, I was greeted by the women's washroom lineup syndrome.

I'd be lucky to get to the sink before the end of Act II. Blinking my way into the lobby, I found my husband, who gallantly offered me his club soda.

Have you ever tried dunking your finger delicately into someone's drink and then surreptitiously moistening your eye with the liquid? Let me assure you it's impossible to accomplish without some exceedingly peculiar contortions.

The words elegant and suave do not spring to mind. While I was dabbing frantically at my eyes, I became aware that my daughter was strangely silent.

My inquiries as to her state of health were met with a noncommittal grunt and an icy glare. It turned out that I had inadvertently caught her fingers in my chair as I fled to the bathroom.

Happily, Act II was so engrossing that we quite forgot our assorted health and interpersonal problems. Best of all, the ending was so moving I felt tears welling up. And tears are a big improvement on club soda.

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640-5477 (fax)