

STOUFFVILLE

COMMENT

There's no 'away' for our waste

The Liberals and Conservatives say they'll scrap the Interim Waste Authority. That's the government body that shortlisted local dump sites before selecting three preferred sites in York Region - one of them an enlargement of the Keele Valley site in Vaughan.

The IWA is into its fourth year and in the Environmental Assessment process on these sites.

We may be sympathetic that Vaughan may be hosting Metro's garbage once again; we may be relieved the preferred sites aren't ours, but we must get our commitment to sound waste management through to the provincial candidates.

There is no 'away' to which to

Our View

send or burn it. The cross party goal is to reduce waste by 50 per cent by the year 2000. Municipal waste management programs have put us in position to reap the current high returns on waste products as profitable commodities.

But what about the other 50 per cent of our waste?

A Recycling Council of Ontario review of party environment critics and the Minister of Environment and Energy finds some political will for solving the waste crisis close to home.

The Liberals and Conservatives want to give the responsibility for

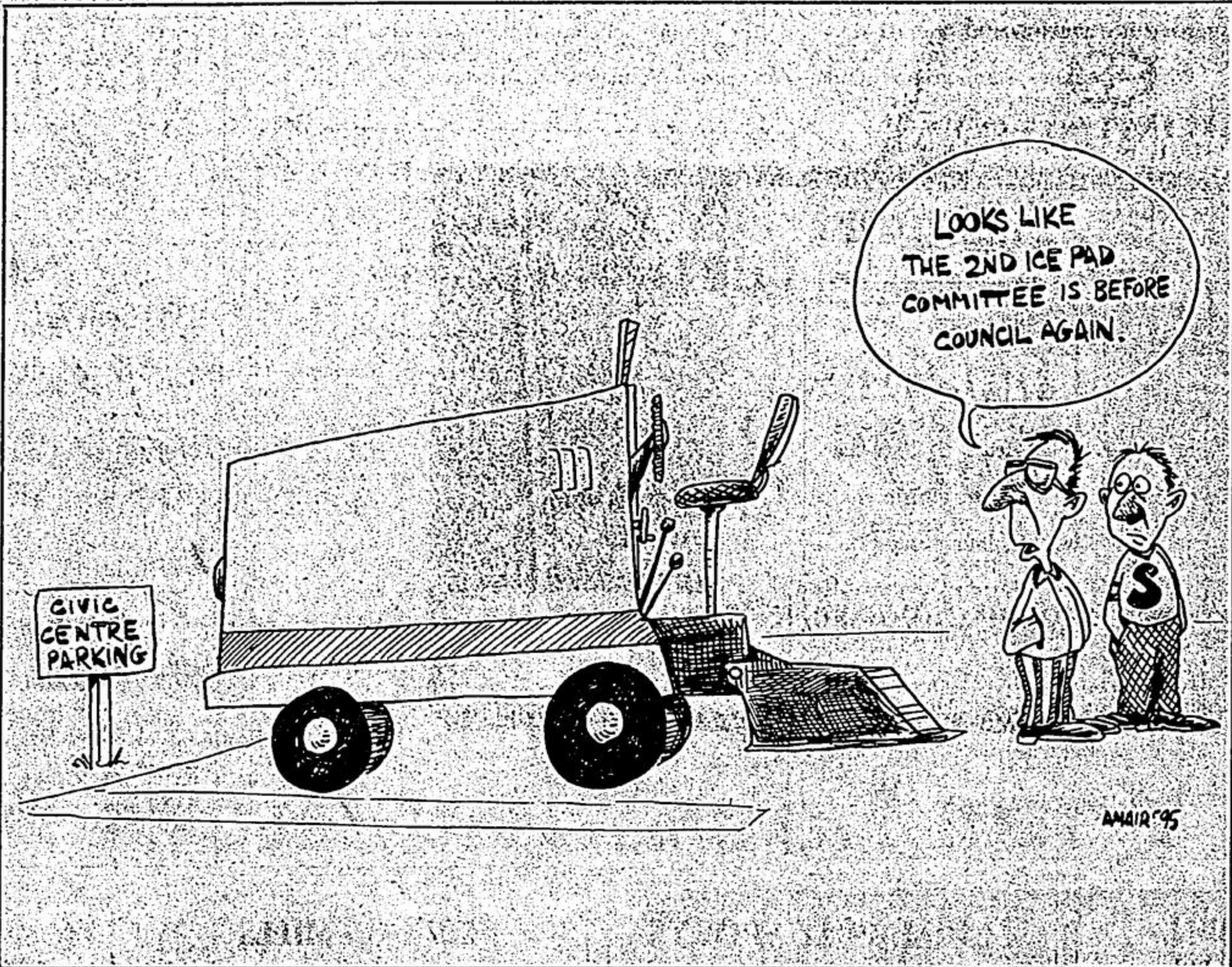
landfill back to the more grass roots regional governments, along with the freedom to look at other alternatives provided they meet environmental standards.

Shipping it to Kirkland Lake or burning it will need a scientific checking out.

The NDP wants to complete its EA and establish a landfill site backed up by the 3Rs but while talking about handling garbage close to home, metro's tonnage is coming to York Region.

When you detect a candidate magically waving the garbage crisis out of our lives, make him or her accountable.

They need to know there is political support for being responsible.



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Daffodil kabobs in English garden

This was going to be the year.

This was the year when the many patches of sodden dirt we have around our place would burst forth in a riot of color, and for once, we would be proud to call them gardens. In the past, we have made sheepish efforts to maintain a garden or two, but by June, there are far more flowers on the lawn, and we have busloads of botany students pulling up to house and offering to pay admission to see our Weed Sanctuary.

Yes, this was the year when I would cast off my winter garb, take up hoe and rake, spade and trowel, and get a real head-start on the gardening.

Well, now it's too late. This week, you see, our gardens came to life. It would appear I am the Dr. Frankenstein of the gardening world, for I am in possession of an overgrown monster, already out of control.

In a panic Saturday, I picked up a book on gardening with a beautiful English garden on the front. There was every species of flowering plant imaginable in that garden, and it was a symphony

of color with nary a weed in sight. Inside, however, it went on and on about soil, fertilizing and pruning. I didn't have time for all that. If we wanted to have any kind of a garden this year, we had to get moving.

I did a superficial scraping of the desired areas with a rake, and in my haste, lopped off the heads of all six of our daffodils. I tried to glue them back on, and when that didn't work, I stuck the heads on kabob skewers, hid them among some greenery and hoped my wife wouldn't notice.

She did. After I hung up the rake, we piled in the car and headed for the garden centre, with our book on gardening in hand for reference.

I told the staff flower guy that I wanted a garden just like the one on the cover of the book, and asked if he could help me. I told him I didn't want to wait three years for things to grow and spread out; I wanted a real English garden NOW.

"Oh, yes, SIR!" he exclaimed, then excused himself. He returned moments later with a group of people I quickly assumed to be the



MINUTE WITH MAIR
andrew mair

rest of the young man's sizable extended family. They all rushed up to me, shaking my hand, patting my back and offering profuse thanks.

At first I assumed they were just trying out a new Walmart-like sales pitch, but it rapidly became apparent when the family all began gathering up plants by the gross and dumping them in my car, that I was the key to that operation. Grandma needed. Or I was putting Cousin Luigi through law school. Or Poppa was going to get that new Caddy he'd always wanted.

Their enthusiasm waned a little, however, when I asked the cost of such a magnificent garden.

What did I know? I couldn't tell a beet from a begonia. And I certainly didn't know how much they cost.

"How much would this colorful tree right here cost me?" I asked, pointing to my

book. "Well, if we had one that size, which we don't, because we only have twelve foot ceilings, it would probably be about \$3,000."

Aye, caramba! The clerk obviously saw my jaw drop.

"Um, how big is your garden?" he asked suspiciously. I told him.

"And how much were you looking to spend?"

"Ok, including all coinage, I'm looking at... \$17.47," I answered quite proudly.

The clerk ordered his family to empty my car. He then handed me a pansy and something that looked like a carrot top and said dryly, "I won't charge you the tax on those, so you'll have enough."

So, that's where our gardens stand today. I planted the pansy in the huge circular patch of dirt out front, and dug a tiny hole and stuck in the carrot-like thing in the side garden where it will at least get some shade from the shrivelled corpse of the peonie I planted last year.

After I'd done the work, I stood back to admire my somewhat less-than-expected English garden. Just then a rabbit dashed from the woods, ate the carrot thingy and when I screamed and hurled my trowel at the beast, he dodged, and the blade severed the top off my lone pansy.

If I could catch him, we'd be having bunny kabobs tonight. But then again, all of the skewers are now daffodils, save for one, which is doing a passable imitation of a pansy.

Survivors R US well deserved

Now that being a survivor is all the rage, I think it's time I categorized my own accomplishments in this major growth area.

I'm a survivor of many things, among them the Cabbage Patch craze, which was more virulent than the Black Death just around the time my daughter was entering Consumerism 101, a.k.a. kindergarten. Cabbage Patch dolls were as ubiquitous as fatal diseases and disastrous but heart-wrenching romantic liaisons on soap operas.

The cult status enjoyed by owners of one or more of these singular and slightly doty looking dollies was more coveted than the opportunity to document dysfunctional family angst on Oprah. A shortage was cannily announced, and fights started breaking out in department stores whenever a new shipment arrived.

I headed determinedly for the Lego section, cruelly denying my youngest child the must-have toy of the year. Although it was a tough thing to do, at least it will enable my daughter to portray herself as a survivor of emotional abuse, thus allowing her access to her dwindling inheritance before the tax person slaps on a few extra thousand for death duties.

Other crises weathered with aplomb by yours truly include living in a town where the Oscar winning movie, Priscilla Queen of the Dessert, (best costumes) is unavailable for rental. As it transpired, this delightful little movie was well worth the effort of driving to a video store in a neighboring community.

I have survived learning to drive under the tutelage of Mr. Wallethead and I have stoically endured some interesting phases of young adulthood imposed on me by my children. Among these are hair-

KATE'S CORNER

kate gilderdale

dying experiments (the lasting legacy of which is a permanent black stain on the bathroom floor) and the massacre of the English language by numerous disc jockeys and perky weather persons, who are prone to such pronouncements as "Fog is happening north of the city."

Being British born and bred, I have also survived prejudiced perceptions of Marmite (a culinary ethnic staple), that nice Prince Edward, our beloved Lady Thatcher and soccer hooligans, or fans as they prefer to be called.

Like many of my fellow persons, I have either overcome or endured the challenges wrought by shopping carts with a pack of their own, child proof packages that would defy Houdini and that oxymoron task optimistically referred to as programming the VCR.

I have survived shopping malls, Achy Breaky Heart, grunge (which I'm just beginning to tune into, now that it's out), Call Waiting, elevator music (another oxymoron) and voice mail.

Last, but not least, I have survived the ultimate challenge of being a woman in a patriarchal society with glass ceilings in every boardroom, each of which is filled to the rafters with privileged white males who refuse to share.

I used to think of survivors as heroic people who returned from the battlefields of a terrifying war or overcame a deadly disease. These days, thanks to empowerment and those wonderful experts who want us to feel good about ourselves, Survivors R Us

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