

STOUFFVILLE

COMMENT

Let's all keep our cool

If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen.

So goes the old saying, but this past week, many residents have been doing more than that; they've been getting out of the house altogether. And heading for the nearest air conditioner store.

However, there is more to fighting a heat wave than plugging in a fan. We all have responsibilities to assume now that the hot weather is here.

First, there is the need to save water. This newspaper has already had complaints that residents are not watering responsibly; allowing their sprinklers to go all night, or during peak hours.

The municipality takes this matter seriously, and residents will be

Our View

finer for misuse.

Power consumption in Ontario has never been higher than it was on Monday. While the public utility maintains it can accommodate all those extra fans and air conditioners, we still have a responsibility to conserve energy where we can. Soaking in a cool tub consumes less energy than a shower anyway.

As well, residents can keep the heat down in the home if they choose to use an outdoor clothes dryer.

We also have a responsibility to our neighbors.

There is a high preponderance of senior citizens in our area, and the

heat is often very hard on them. At press time, there were no heat-related emergencies, but there are bound to be many before summer lets out. If you know of someone who may be vulnerable to the weather we've been having, keep in contact with them to ensure they are in good health.

Hot, humid weather is also hard on asthmatics and people with lung diseases.

Lastly, we have a responsibility to ourselves.

Heat stroke, sun stroke, and aquatic emergencies rise inexorably with the temperature. Temperatures also flair, and crime rises as well.

It is in our own interest that we all stay cool. Literally.

Stouffville Tribune

6244 Main St.
Stouffville, Ont.
L4A 1E2
(905) 640-2100
(905) 649-2292
Fax (905) 640-5477

Publisher
Patricia Pappas
General Manager/Editor
Andrew Mair
Editor-in-chief
Jo Ann Stevenson
Director of Advertising
Debra Weller
Retail Manager
Mike Rogerson
Distribution Manager
Barry J. Goodyear
Administration
Vivian O'Neil
Operations Manager
Pamela Nichols

Questions?

News
Andrew Mair, Editor
Joan Ransberry, Mike Ruta,
Roger Belgrave, reporters
Sjoerd Witteveen, Steve
Somerville, photography
Retail Advertising
Joan Marshman,
Doreen Deacon
Classified
Doreen Deacon
Real Estate
Joan Marshman
Distribution
Arlene Maddock

The Stouffville Tribune, published every Wednesday and Saturday is one of the Metroland Printing, Publishing and Distribution group of community newspapers which includes: Ajax, Pickering News Advertiser, Aurora/Newmarket Era Banner, Barrie Advance, Brampton Guardian, Burlington Post, CityParent, Collingwood Connection, Eshwinke Guardian, Georgetown Independent, Acton & Free Press, Kingston This Week, Lindsay This Week, Markham Economist and Sun, Milton Canadian Champion, Mississauga News, North York Mirror, Oakville Beaver, Orillia Today, Oshawa-Whitby-Clarington This Week, Northumberland News, Peterborough This Week, Richmond Hill/Thornhill/Vaughan Liberal, Scarborough Mirror, Today's Senior's Usbridge Tribune.



Bytown ain't what it used to be

Be assured, dear reader, that your faithful scribe has been diligently working on your behalf.

Last week, in the service of you, the reader, I took it upon myself to go to Ottawa to see what was what in the nation's capital.

I am pleased to report that your tax dollars are being put to good use, with the possible exception of Mrs. Ethelred Klozhamper of Goodwood, whose 1994 income tax has gone to subsidize the chicken teriyaki at the parliamentary dining room.

Actually, my wife and I had lunch in that austere room upon arrival in the capital. You need an invitation, and through the wanglings and finagling of my brother, who works in that fair burg, we were able to get a seat right by the buffet.

I can honestly say that I was sorely disappointed. No where on the menu was there the slightest hint of Canadiana. No back bacon, moose steak, no Canada goose flambe, no roast shank of beaver shoulder to be found anywhere. I had the New Zealand lamb on

a French stick with Swiss cheese, which ought to tell you something. The most exciting thing about the dining room at Parliament Hill is that the ceilings were obviously designed by CSIS, because the multiple-dome shape of the roof allows you, through a quirk of acoustics, to eavesdrop on people's conversation across the room. Apparently the last prime minister used to enjoy sitting at the far left corner table, because all the conversations in the room came bouncing back to him eventually.

There was nobody important there on the day of our visit, so I can't fill you in on any gossip from The Hill.

I do have some observations about Ottawa, however. I had not been to Bytown since I was a boy, and from that experience, I took away just three mental notes. 1. In Ottawa, they had a revolving restaurant on our hotel. 2. They had a flame on Parliament Hill that never goes out. 3. The changing of the guard was among the most boring experiences of my life. I have made some new men-



tal notes.

1. Ottawa-Carlton now boasts a million people. A million. I found this startling. Fully one third of them are young attaches in expensive suits. Another third makes up the Ottawa-Carlton Parks crew. The remaining third are street people. At first I thought the street people were politicians, because, a) I expected to see politicians and, b) they are always looking for you to open your wallet. However, I was assured that, unless the person is accompanied by several young attaches, they are street people.

2. The Centennial flame on Parliament Hill, which was lit by Lester Pearson, went out while we were there. Apparently, it had to be cleaned. It seems spiders can get into the gas jets like they do with your barbecue. Anyway, there was

no ceremony and no torch was lit to keep the flame alive. They just shut it off, cleaned it, and then some Ottawa-Carlton Parks crew guy flipped his Zippo and -voila- the tradition continues.

3. Outside of the areas catered to by the Ottawa-Carlton Parks crews, and some select neighborhoods, the city resembles the back end of Sudbury.

4. At one end of Col. By Road is (I'm not kidding) a ByWay store. If you think that's a coincidence, at the top of Sussex Dr. there is a hooker named Sue. (Now I'm kidding.)

5. The National Gallery is very big.

6. The Museum of Civilization is even bigger. In fact, I hear they are going to change its name to Hull.

7. Did you know they have covered up the Peace Tower? We got to Parliament Hill and it looked like a war zone. Apparently, they have to re-grout the whole thing, and the tower will be wrapped in tarpaulins and scaffolding for the next three years. They were kind enough to leave the flag sticking out of the top. But that's not all. According to "my sources on The Hill" in 2002, the entire parliament building complex will be evacuated for up to five years while similar restoration work is done on the inside of the old buildings.

While the work is being done, the government of the day will be housed in a nearby cafeteria, of all places. I foresee confusion when the Speaker calls for "Order."

But then, that's Ottawa for you.

Filling void left by the muse

"Writing is easy, all you do is sit staring at a blank sheet of paper until the drops of blood form on your forehead." Gene Fowler

In my case, it's a blank computer screen, but the end result is much the same. Still, there are other ways to fill in the time when the muse is absent. My day goes something like this. Wake up when cat steps on face and knocks over giant tumbler of water at bedside.

Drink tea supplied by husband as memories of what I didn't achieve yesterday come flooding back to haunt me. Get up, shower and get dressed. Turn on computer. Wake up daughter.

Go downstairs and empty dishwasher. Discover, belatedly, that no one turned it on last night. Reload dishwasher and turn on. Wake up daughter. Make filthy British coffee substitute.

Return to computer and click on file marked 'current.'

Apparently, nothing is. Flick onto other files, none of which supplies any inspiration. Wake up daughter.

Go back to computer, sip ersatz coffee distractedly, try in vain to decipher shorthand notes.

Wander downstairs and check dryer, fold clothes therein and feed cat, who begins the next stage of his morning workout by using his teeth to pull his dish of dried food off the tray and onto the rug, spilling 90 per cent of its contents on the carpet in the process.

Hear phone, rush upstairs two steps at a time but still fail to get it before Ma Bell's invisible answering machine kicks in.

Go back to office and sit glumly in front of computer, trying to come up with a sparkling opener for a fascinating story on skunk infestations.



Cat zooms in like greased lightning, gallops over bed, desk and computer, scattering papers and turning on the printer before performing a spectacular pirouette in mid-air and whipping up the stairs at 900 miles an hour.

Horrible crash is followed by unprintable reprimand from offspring who has, looking on the bright side, finally woken up.

Sigh mightily and go upstairs to take inventory of damage. Listen to litany of woes about torn posters and knocked over flower vases and the general uselessness of cats.

Go downstairs and make additional wannabe coffee, noticing there is a message on the machine.

The message I missed when I was folding laundry instead of staring at blank computer screen and which reminds me of a meeting I was supposed to attend in Uxbridge half an hour ago.

Start to advance on office, but suddenly remember cat food all over the floor in the basement. Anxious to avoid a reality check, I start vacuuming instead, only to gum up the machine with large chunks of bullet-like food.

The appliance goes into its death throes with a strangled shriek and a distinct smell of burning rubber permeates the air. Cat jumps into water bowl then hangs off scratching post with a maniacal gleam in his eye before taking off at warp drive for the great outdoors.

Having exhausted my full repertoire of procrastination techniques, I am back at the computer, blood dripping slowly down my face.

Send us your letters to the editor

The Tribune welcomes your letters to the editor. Letters should be no more than 500 words in length and can be typed or neatly handwritten. Your letters can be on any topic, but The Tribune reserves the right to edit for length, libel, grammar and spelling and good taste. Letters will not be returned, unless requested of the editor. Due to space constraints, not all letters may be published, however, we endeavor to print as many as possible within a time frame that maintains news value and topicality. Please send your letters to:
The Editor,
6244 Main St.,
Stouffville, Ont., L4A 1E2
Or you can fax your letters to (905) 640-5477.

