

# Comment & Opinions

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EDITORIAL

## No one wins in a protracted strike

York Region high schools teachers hit the bricks on Monday, potentially giving 28,000 students an extended summer break. And while that may not seem bad to the teens, the impact of a dragged-out strike is enormous.

Teachers and the board have been tugging back and forth on the issues at stake in this dispute (namely concessions and staffing levels) for a year now. The board is bemoaning a \$30 million cut to their coffers by the provincial government, and wants to axe 190 teaching positions. The teachers have charged back that the staffing levels would be ludicrously low and education will suffer. Class sizes, they maintain, must be kept small.

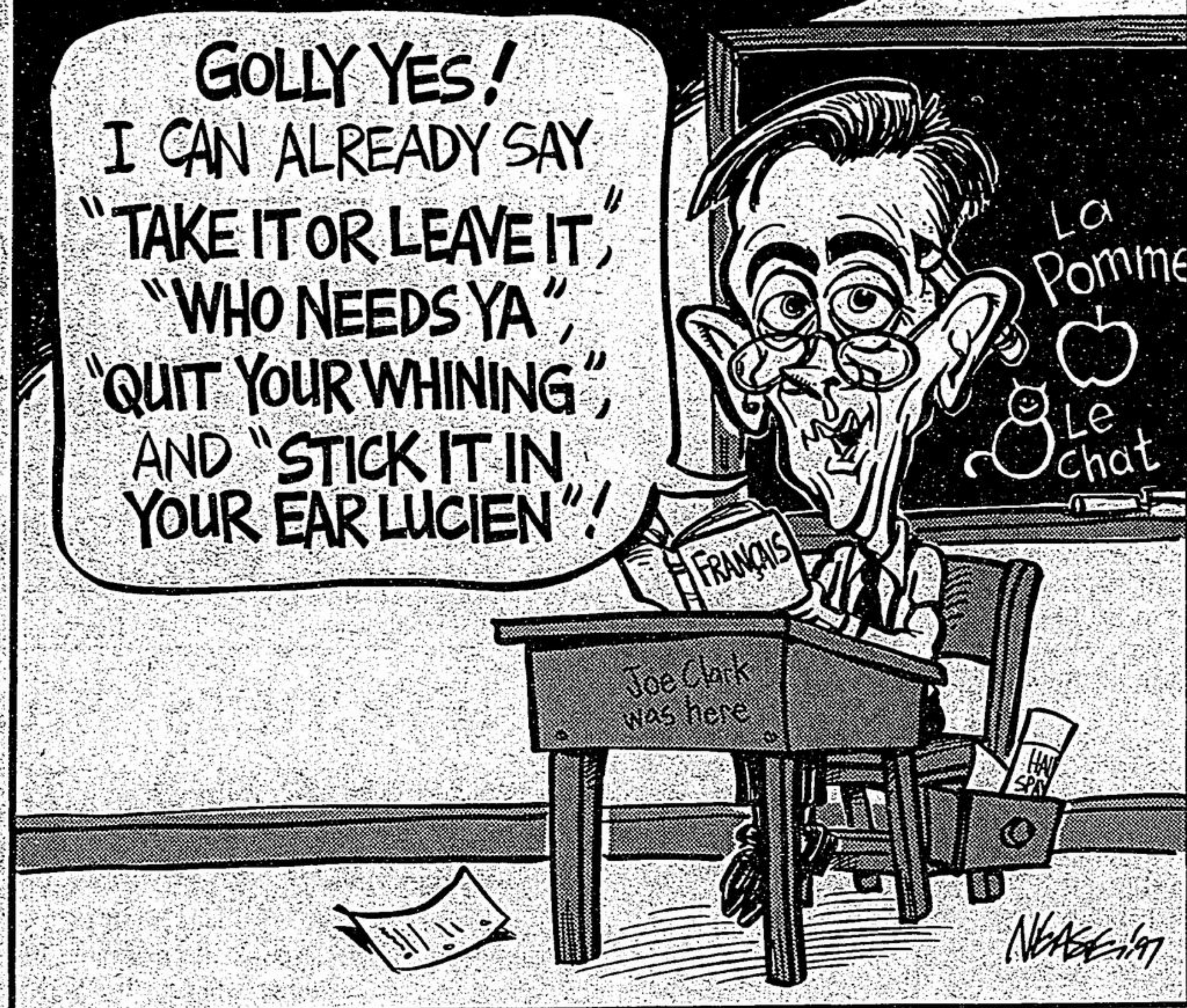
Both sides, as of press time were not even looking to talk before the Labor Day weekend.

It is obvious why the teachers have picked this time of year, two weeks before the resumption of classes, to put the thumbscrews to the board. And while it may be a successful negotiating tactic, it is small-minded when the parents and guardians of 28,000 young people are forced to make alternate arrangements in their daily routines.

It's also not fair to the students. They are always the ones who suffer most in a labor dispute, especially at the senior level.

Fortunately, the government can force the two sides to sit down and resume negotiations, an act it should implement with all good speed.

News item: Manning says  
French lessons paying off...



## Emergency crews not paid nearly enough

Every once in a while the job gets me. Last week, while covering a serious accident at Kennedy Road and Stouffville Road, I asked the age old question—"Will I ever get used to it?"

I admit to being an ambulance chaser. Also, I'll do just about anything to bring the story in. Still, despite lots of experience, I've never gotten used to the sights and the sounds of human suffering. Each and every time, I attend a bad accident or a murder scene, I get sick. My stomach does somersaults and as a cap-

per, a feeling of sadness takes over. Some times (this is one of them), my accident hang over lasts for days.

I didn't need a police scanner to tell me that this one was a bad one. As soon as I heard the sirens, my gut knew. My gut told me to go.

When work colleague Jordan Green and I arrived at the scene, a full complement of emergency service was in place. I watched in awe as police, fire fighters and ambulance attendants did their jobs. I don't know how much police officers,



### Off the Record

Joan Ransberry

the fire fighters or the Uxbridge-Stouffville Ambulance and air ambulance paramedics earn, but it's not enough. If I was in charge, I'd pay the police chiefs, the fire chiefs, the land and air ambulance bosses less and the hands-on peo-

ple more. I admit, I've police bashed. I've laughed at the donut-munching cop jokes as much as any one. On the odd occasion, I've been on the receiving end of rudeness and indifference from the police. Yet, when I see police officers in the real line of duty, I'm not bashing, laughing or getting annoyed. Rather, I'm just impressed.

At this wreck, the police, fire fighters and ambulance attendants, using the jaws of life and their bare hands, worked diligently for about an hour to free three trapped women from a Mercedes Benz. The car, hit by a truck in the intersection, was T-boned on the passenger side and careened into the north-west ditch. The first victim to be freed was the driver. Her pain made me cringe. She was taken to Whitchurch-Stouffville Hospital. Her two passengers, guests from Hong Kong, are in Sunnybrook Health Science Centre. The emergency crews carefully lifted the back seat passenger out of the wreckage. She cried in pain. I cringed.

The emergency crews, meanwhile, continued to tend to the third woman. Trapped underneath the dash board and pinned by twisted metal, it was evident: she was in very bad shape.

Recognizing that she needed immediate and specialized medical care, Bandage One was summoned. Traffic was blocked in all directions to let the air ambulance land on Kennedy Road. Once down, Bandage One's medical team gave the woman more medical care. I cringed, while she was loaded into the helicopter to make the seven-minute trip to Sunnybrook. There, more under-paid, under-appreciated and over-worked people are doing everything they can to keep her alive.

Every once in a while, we should stop and simply say 'thank you' to the people who really do care about us. So to our police, our fire fighters and our ambulance attendants, 'thank you.'

## All's quiet on the pasta front

For the past three weeks, Chateau Gilderdale has been doing summer duty as a hotel.

Granny Pat and my brother were visiting from across the pond, my daughter's boyfriend was staying and a constant stream of visitors stopped by for sustenance.

My son, who left home for his own apartment in the city, while I was gallivanting around France, also arrived on a regular basis, bearing laundry and chanting his new mantra, "Anything but pasta."

This in reply to the age-old question which springs unbidden to a mother's lips, "What would you like for dinner?" Pasta, of course, is what mothers supply in bulk to their offspring as part of the housewarming gift.

The rationale for this is that anyone, including your children, can cook it and it goes with a multitude of sauces, many of which are available in powdered form in a package, with explicit instructions even your correspondent can follow. And although it is a staple component of the family diet for this very reason, I didn't cook it once in France.

This was because 1) my stomach was unaccountably full after three kilos of



### Kate's Corner

Kate Gilderdale

cheese, a large baguette and a massive slab o' cake; 2) when I turned the package over from the French side to the English side, it was in French. This wasn't a misprint, but sprung from the fact that there is only one official language in France. And it's not English.

3) When in France, don't do as the Romans do. There is enough delectable, locally produced food over there for a person never to have to ingest a single noodle in an entire lifetime, never mind a three week vacation.

Back to the original plot. My son's crie coeur about pasta also encompasses pizza. His apartment is located over a pizza parlor and the smell of pepperoni, cheese substitute and other exotic components of the North American version of this delicacy permeates every square inch.

Furthermore, the temperature hovers around 50 degrees Celsius on account of the considerable heat generated from the ovens. One of the first things you

learn at school is that heat rises. Students wishing to prove this at the science fair are welcome to contact me at *The Tribune* office.

Last week, having had my fill of cooking at Le Chateau, I invited myself and assorted relations to dinner at my son's apartment. Naturally it was a bring your own dinner party and the challenge was to produce something which did not have any affiliation with pasta or pizza.

I settled on chicken pie, baked potatoes and a cake, from which the calories and fat ingested were quickly sweated away in the sauna-like warmth of Malcolm's pied-a-terre. The next day, my son returned home for a final farewell-to-the-relatives dinner, which consisted of hamburgers and pasta-free salad. Today, the place is like a ghost town.

Our extended family has re-crossed the pond, my son is back in Toronto, breathing in lungs-full of exhaust and pizza fumes, and my daughter has gone camping.

Mr. Wallethead is bashing balls at a local golf course, leaving Poc, Spasm and myself to our own devices.

And I'm having Uncle Ben's Rigatoni with Garlic and Herbs for dinner.

## STOUFFVILLE TRIBUNE

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