

Readers Write

Pickering Airport not needed

To the Editor:

Re: Pickering Airport

Thirty years ago, the provincial Conservative government under Bill Davis refused to supply services to build the roads necessary for the proposed airport. We all thought that was the end of the matter. Thirty years later, the federal Liberal government is reviewing the airport proposal again. Have the people been asked if they want it? No, but they were told that it will be reviewed, and built.

We don't need an airport in Pickering; we have Pearson and Hamilton airports. The proposed Pickering Airport and Pearson are too close to each other. Why not look towards building up Hamilton Airport to better serve the Kitchener, Waterloo, Niagara Falls, Cambridge and Guelph areas which would alleviate all those people from the back-up at Pearson?

If the provincial Liberals under Dalton McGuinty are sincere about their environmental/land, green space and wildlife issues, then they can do what the previous government did by refusing services and road access to the airport lands. If it happened once it can happen again. Besides, what better way to offset the nuclear power plants that Pickering is known for than by using that land for something of a more environmental and ecological nature? Refuse the Pickering Airport. Mr. McGuinty stand up for the people, please.

Steve Pliakes

Whitchurch-Stouffville



Historic Photo

A Venerable
Main St.
Merchant

In the 1960s, Spofford's Dry Goods sold everything from floor tiles and ladies' clothing to cups and saucers, as Jill McWhinnie's nostalgic trip down Main St. attests. According to the original *Stouffville Free Press*, the store first opened in Daley's Block in 1889 on moved onto Main Street two years later.

MONTHLY MALAISE

Moved here from Main Street, why shop elsewhere? Merry Christmas

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Vintage Whine

Queen of the Eggheads

By Kate Gilderdale

To become a bona fide celebrity nowadays it's no longer enough to have flawless skin, a body like a stick insect, a spot on reality TV, a rap sheet for substance abuse and a tiny, perfect Louis Vuitton purse in which to transport your tiny, perfect dogette.

You're no one until you've written your very own diet book. They're all at it these days, from the unappetizing Dr. Phil, who appears to be teetering on tub of lard territory, to John Gray, the world's greatest philosopher and author of *Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus*, who has just come up with a startlingly original title, *The Mars and Venus Diet and Exercise Solution*.

In yet another futile grab at 15-minute immortality, not to mention buckets of money, I have decided to weigh in with a timely tome which will surely catapult me to belated stardom: *The Boiled Egg Diet*. If I lived on my own permanently, my cholesterol would be right off the Richter scale, but as it is, my diet of choice is adhered to only when Mr. Wallethead hits the road for some southerly golf resort and I am left alone and palely loitering in front of the fridge.

It all goes back to my childhood in the land of hope and glory, when boiled eggs and Marmite soldiers, washed down with a swig of Lucozade, constituted the ultimate comfort food following any kind of illness. I'm not claiming that this is a balanced diet, although I do suggest ringing the changes by alternating toasted bread with English muffins and occasionally holding back on the Marmite.

I also recommend milk or tea in place of Lucozade. In my day the ad tag line for the latter sugary treat

was 'A glass of feeling better'. My brothers and I liked it because it was sweet and fizzy. Nowadays you can still buy this concoction, repackaged as a high-energy 'sport' drink, which shares shelf space with several strange, bright blue beverages that look disturbingly like windshield washer.

But I digress. During my recent golf widowhood, I augmented the boiled eggs with fresh fruit, the remainder of a Halloween package of miniature Caramilks purchased by my spouse, and an occasional fistful of peanuts. On one memorable day, my lovely neighbour presented me with a tub of delicious homemade soup which I eked out over two nights, figuring that it would make up for the lack of vegetables hitherto consumed during my week of going to work on an egg.

By the time Tiger Wallethead reappeared at the old homestead, I was more than ready to return to a healthy, balanced diet. The downside of regular eating, however, is sticker shock. A dozen eggs will set you back a mere \$2.65, a small jar of Marmite lasts for weeks and bread, milk and tea are staples in the Gilderdale pantry.

Meat, fish and fresh veggies, on the other hand, cost real money. So while I cannot recommend *The Boiled Egg Diet* as a long-term strategy for health and wellness, I can't say enough about its propensity to bring down the weekly expenses and allow those of us who are proud members of the slothful community to indulge in a glorious week of minimalist cooking.

Maybe I'll buy Mr. Wallethead an extended golf tour for Christmas. Not only will it make him happy, but it will also be the best present the Canadian Egg Marketing Agency could ever hope to receive.



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