

THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

KEN NUGENT
Publisher

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Reader calls for higher licence fees to enforce laws

Pet excrement annoys non-owner

Dear editor:

During these last few hot "dog days" of summer I find my fuse towards pet owners getting quite short. I am not a pet owner, but I do enjoy the company of animals. My complaint, however, is not about the animals but about their ignorant owners. Ignorant in this sense means either people who don't know the municipal bylaws (i.e. leash law and Stoop and Scoop) or the people who don't care about the municipal bylaws.

I am fed up with having to continually pick up after "neighborhood" defecating dogs (and cats too), not to mention having to endure the smell that is created during these hot summer days. At least twice a week I am forced to experience the "pleasure" of what the law requires pet owners to do, stoop and scoop!

What is even more aggravating to me is that the target area isn't always along the boulevard. I have had to remove piles of feces from the middle of my front lawn, the middle of the backyard, along the edge of the patio deck, in the vegetable garden and even in the front flower gardens outside the door!

Letters to the Editor

Obviously these animals were not supervised during their excursions which means the inconsiderate pet owners are violating both municipal bylaws.

Patrolling my property and keeping a watchful eye every minute of the day is something that is neither feasible for me to do nor should I have to do it. I can always voice my disapproval of such ignorant practices to my immediate pet owning neighbors, but it is impossible to notify the "neighbors" two blocks over without canvassing the entire neighborhood of 100 houses! The animal control services offered by the town have done nothing to remedy my complaint since I am required to either photographically document violations in progress or catch the animal myself in order to receive attention in the matter!

However, the utmost important

issue in this unmonitored defecation of pets is in the safety of small children. My children are not safe in the regularly violated public parks and now they are not even safe on my own private property! I should not have to fence in my kids, like animals, in order to protect them from the animals and their ignorant owners.

I refuse to keep incurring costs for buying chemicals to keep unwanted pets off my property, for having to replace dead grass on my lawn due to their defecation and for having to tip my toe around my own property!

Animals licences should be substantially increased in price and violators of these pets bylaws fined on the spot in order to fund the salaries of a sufficient number of animals control workers to patrol effectively.

Only under more forceful actions against these violators will our entire community benefit. It took a while for the smokers to conform to the rights of the non-smokers, hopefully the ignorant pet owners will respect the plights of the law abiding pet owners and non pet owners.

Name Withheld

Good news

It was good news for Acton, and for that matter, all of Halton Hills, when Working Ventures Canadian Fund Inc. decided to invest \$2 million in the olde Hide House Thursday.

It was a black day indeed in June 1993 when the internationally renowned business, and major employer for Acton, closed its doors pending financial restructuring.

After more than a year, the olde Hide House is smaller, leaner and wiser. The restructuring has been accomplished with the amalgamation of FlightLine and West Warehouse within the Hide House building.

This week's good news — the infusion of capital — means in the words of president Steve Dawkins, "the ratification of the company and also the future of the community."

By regaining its position in the business and tourism industries, the rejuvenated Hide House will be a boost to the shops and merchants of Acton. The re-opening of Jack Tanner's Table by an independent management group, will also draw the tourists, and their dollars, back to the community.

While the last year has been a trying time for the residents and merchants of Acton, the community must be respected for its ability to rally around each other and survive — the newly formed Action for Acton Committee is a good example. It proves that it is certainly "worth the drive to Acton."



There's nothing worse than becoming a slave to superstitions

Ordinarily I'm not the least bit superstitious.

In fact, I rarely let any little omens bother me in any way.

Black cats running across the road in front of my car and broken mirrors don't faze me a bit.

I just carry on, and ignore all the signs, and even step on the cracks on the sidewalk from time to time, just to prove my point.

(But I do admit I don't walk under ladders, but only from a safety point of view.)

No sir, there has never been a superstitious bone in my body.

That is, until it comes to baseball.

This past weekend, I spent Saturday at Prospect Park in Acton, as the Halton Rural Softball bantam girls division held their playoffs.

Being one of three coaches of the Limehouse Bantams, I rode a roller coaster of emotions as we played four back-to-back playoff games.

In the rain.

My superstitions began early Saturday morning.

Our team members were milling

around the cars in the parking lot as we discussed our Friday night win.

One mentioned something about her uniform to another.

"I hope you didn't wash your uniform last night," she said. "It's unlucky to wash it when you're on a winning streak."

Another girl mentioned she was wearing the same socks she wore for the win the night before, but her parents made her change her underwear.

I looked at Gord, one of the other coaches.

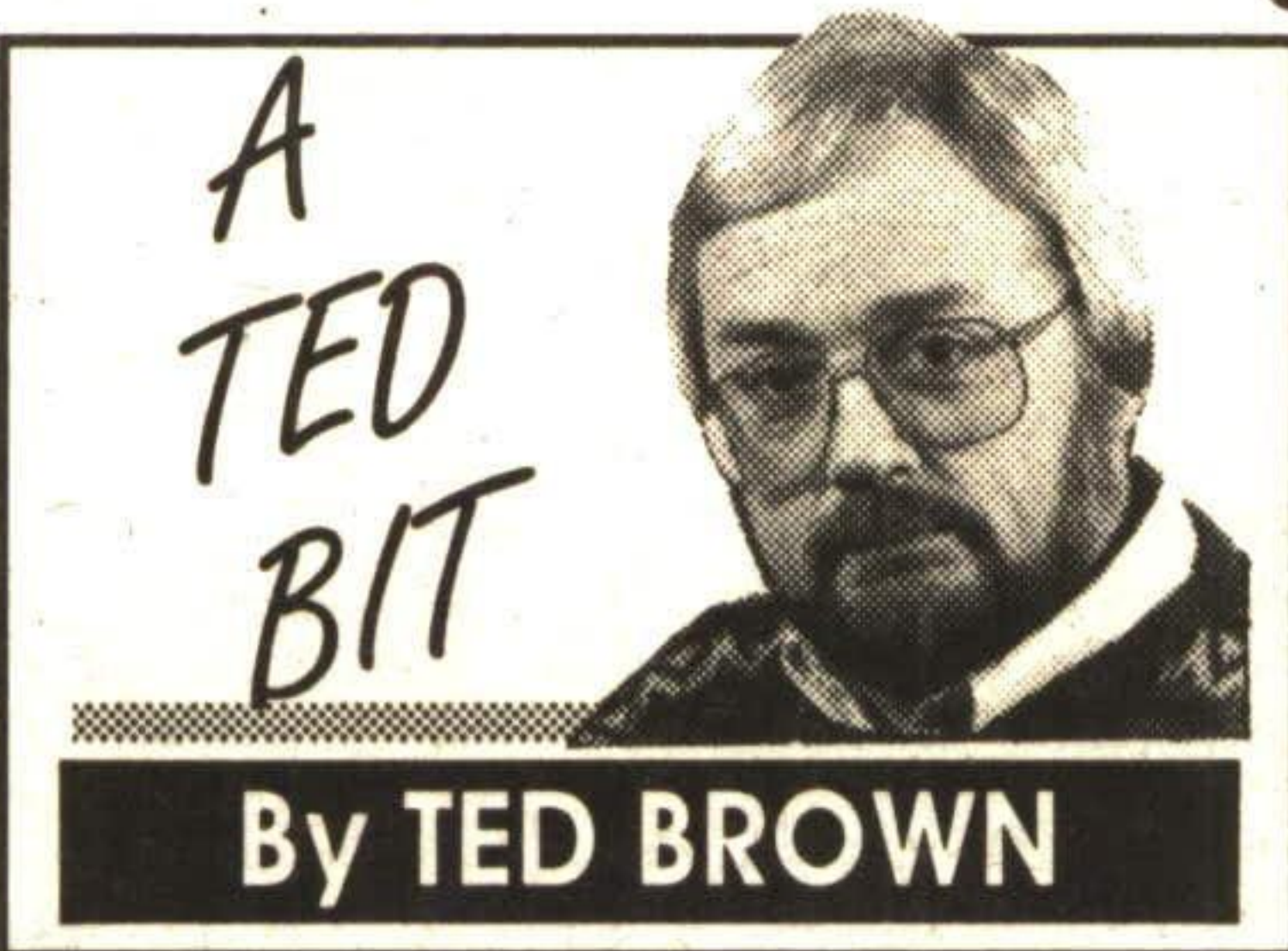
He wasn't wearing our regular uniform, rather a Limehouse minor ball shirt.

I took him aside.

"I hope you're not wearing THAT shirt for the game," I said discreetly, "You know it might screw up our winning streak."

"What do you mean? A shirt is a shirt, isn't it?" he asked.

"Well, maybe, but the girls are wearing the same uniforms they've worn to win all season," I returned, "Do you really want to take that



chance?"

"Yeah, you're right," he replied nervously, "I'll change right now."

That was a close one.

As we started into the first game of the morning, Limehouse was leading Brookville by a comfortable margin.

It started to drizzle, and my glasses were becoming spotted by raindrops, so I decided to don a baseball hat, (something I rarely wear, I might add.)

I was nervous. I had never worn a ball cap in a game situation before.

Limehouse was winning as the heavens opened up. Damn, my ball

cap caused a downpour!

After a substantial rain delay, we resumed the game.

And won it.

I had noticed when I wore the cap on the back of my head, our team started to make mistakes, but when moved down over my eyes, the girls played a little sharper.

Hmmm. Could this be?

As we advanced to the finals later in the afternoon, I noted where I wore my hat.

(I even took it off for a quick inning in the next game, but the opposition scored a run on us, so I quickly snapped it back on my head.)

As the game progressed, Gord and I found leaning on the garbage can rendered more runs than sitting on the bench.

And we later discovered that him standing by the garbage can, and me sitting on the bleacher just to the right of the knot hole, with the initials carved in the seat, seemed the best combination.

Of course, he had to hold the extra baseball in his left hand, and I

had to keep my left hand on the bench beside me, and....

Well, you get the idea.

There's nothing worse than becoming a slave to superstitions of baseball.

I was reminded of the movie Bull Durham where Kevin Costner told Susan Sarandon how "You don't mess with a winning streak; if someone thinks he is winning because he wears a particular piece of clothing, he probably is. But you don't mess with it!"

But, as with all brushes with Lady Luck, our's ran out. We were eventually held to a second place finish.

Apparently I failed to get into the proper position beside that knot on the bleachers.

Or Gord held the ball the wrong way, with the stitching up; I dunno.

Anyway, I'm thankful ball season is over. I can forget about superstitions of any sort.

That is, until next year when I take my place on the bleachers.

Sitting beside that knot hole, wearing a ball cap.