THE TRIBUNE

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Comment & Opinions

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EDITORIAL

Good riddance to all firearms

The Jonesboro tragedy in the United States last week and the shooting of an innocent by-stander at a Toronto nightclub this weekend illustrates yet again that the use of firearms has stretched all reason behind the gun lobby's message that it is not guns, but people that kill people.

The right to participate in so-called "shooting sports" comes under serious scrutiny when the tools of the activity are used in this fashion.

What possible positive use could a person have for owning a weapon of destruction? There really is no logical argument for owning a gun. We spend billions on police and protection, and for what? To stop people from shooting us in our beds. Americans protect their constitutional right to bear arms with rabid determination. But surely the days when one had to protect hearth and home from wild animals and enemy troops can be put behind us. The firearm has no place in a civilized society. Surely, aside from subsistence hunting, there is no clear reason why ownership of a gun should be allowed. The argument for free access to sport is far outweighed by the consequences of a shooting spree.

More than 4,000 children go to school in the U.S. carrying a gun. More than 500 died from gunshot wounds last year. Canada's numbers are proportionate to the population. Why do we *permit* this?

Guns have got to go.

Does your brother paint with his toes?

Kibble's Bits

Tracy Kibble

Everyone has a story to tell or at least knows one that should be told.

Maybe you know a neighbour who has invented some gadget that could potentially be worth millions of dollars.

Perhaps your special needs child will suffer because of government cutbacks.

You might have a friend that lives an exciting or interesting lifestyle — a drag car racer, sky diver, fortune teller or undercover police officer. The woman down the street might have the craziest time schedule, juggling kids, a job, housework and evening charity duties.

Maybe your grandmother, aunt or cousin has a collection of dolls like you've never seen before or has more plants in her home than a commercial greenhouse.

You notice every night the kids next door rehearse with their band or sing for hours in the garage.

Or maybe your father makes a killer chili sauce, rhubarb pie or meatloaf that is worthy of a label.

Is there a teacher you know who goes well beyond the call of duty with his or her students, or do you know someone who has beat the odds, whatever they may be.

Does your brother paint with his toes or meditate before soccer practice?

Do you speak more than two languages?

We want to tell your stories.

The Tribune is looking for profiles of people in the community to feature, photograph and publish.

We want to know the people behind the doors and windows that make up this unique Ontario town.

Sometimes these stories can set right an injustice, educate others about a topic they know nothing about, create controversy, inspiration, disgust or sympathy.

Readers often react to these articles in a positive way, offering advice or sharing similar experiences.

So if you want your story told or know someone who would want to tell their story, call Tracy Kibble, *Tribune* editor, at 294-2200 to discuss the issue.

We'll assign a writer and a photographer and tell you when the article will be published.

It's a dirty job, so where's the man?

Kate's Corner

Kate Gilderdale

More than halfway through Mr. Wallethead's pub crawl around England, I am forced to recognize that men do have their uses.

Hardly had his plane touched down on the limey landscape before light bulbs at Chateau Gilderdale began to give up the ghost en masse. While I acknowledge that it takes only one columnist to change a light bulb, this particular task has traditionally fallen to my spouse.

In other words, it's not my job. I do the garbage, he fixes broken stuff. I cook, he wallpapers. I read the paper, he buys mutual funds. I shovel the kitchen floor, he shovels the driveway.

Naturally we had a mega snowstorm the weekend after he and his golf clubs left home and it wasn't the light, fluffy stuff either. So there I was, forced to engage in unnatural exercise just to get my environmentally unfriendly rust bucket out of the garage and slithering towards the video emporium.

The real car, which is the one he usually drives, had also left home, courtesy of my daughter. When she first heard her daddy was going away, her regret at his imminent absence was considerably tempered by the realization that we were about to become something many teenagers only dream of — a two-person, two-car family.

It also meant she got custody of the automatic, since she has not yet learned to mangle the gears on the standard. Soon after Mr. Fixit left, she came to me with a problem — the tires on her car were squealing. "I think they may need some air," she suggested, looking to me for guidance with touching, albeit misplaced, optimism.

It was like asking Martha Stewart for tips on nuking water and coffee granules. I had to explain that, in all my years on the planet, I had not yet mastered the intricate art of pumping air into car tires. I hadn't even figured out how to read those new-fangled gauges at the gas station to see if they needed air. In fact, were I not married to a grounded, sensible man, it would never have occurred to me that car tires are incapable of self-inflation.

I share this woefully slapdash attitude with an otherwise intelligent friend, who once lent us her car. We hadn't been on the 401 for two minutes before himself remarked that there was something seriously wrong with the steering.

Further investigation revealed that, while the manual recommended a pressure of 28, none of the tires scored more than 19 and one was hovering around 7. "When did you last put air in?" asked my husband. "I've never put any in," replied my friend, cheerfully. "I don't know how."

She confessed she had vaguely wondered why her car seemed bent on going left or right when she was pointing it straight ahead. "It's at times like this I question women's determination not only to be regarded as equal, but to do the boring jobs which have traditionally been the province of poor, beleaguered blokes."

And if equality means changing tires, cleaning eaves troughs or hefting salt bags to the water softener, I'll happily betray the sisterhood and leave it to Beaver.

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