

THE TRIBUNE

Comment & Opinions

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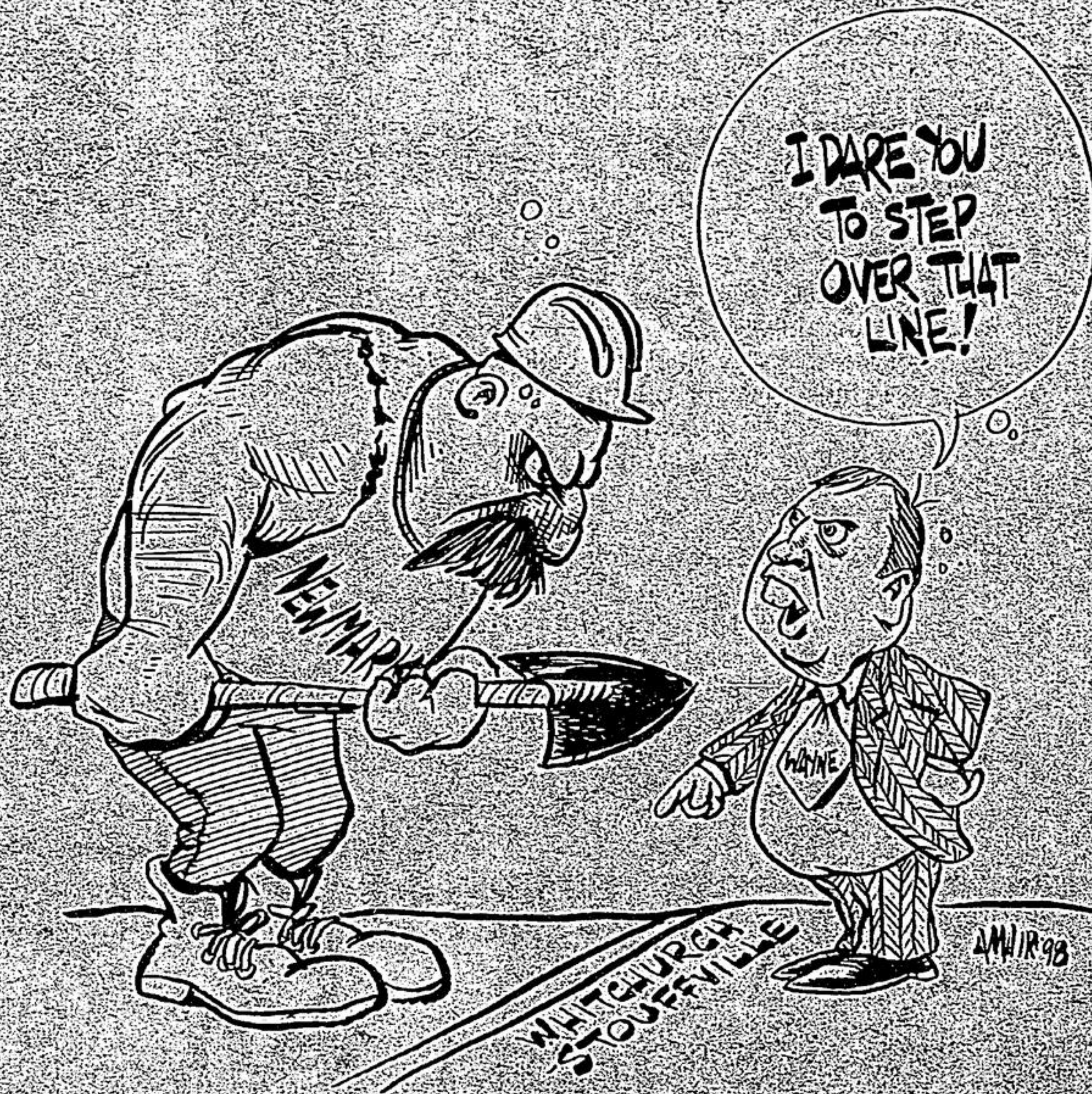
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EDITORIAL

A million prayers
for little Courtney

A community is in mourning today. The death of an eight-year-old girl in Stouffville has touched the hearts of a nation, and people around the world. When the dog, which is now under quarantine at the Keswick animal shelter awaiting destruction, mauled little Courtney Trempe while the girl was playing with friends, a hundred lives were shattered. Those of her family and friends, school chums, neighbours, the family which owned the dog, and the many people who knew and adored this bright and innocent child will be forever altered. But there can be no blame. Something went wrong in the mind of the animal when it made the decision to attack. But it was no one's fault. It was a tragic, horrific action with devastating consequences. And impossible to predict. Anyone who has or cares for children and anyone who keeps pets knows the interaction between the two is usually wonderful and a miracle of interspecies relations. We must keep in mind that only on the rarest of occasions does this relationship take a tragic turn. Sadly, that rare occasion has occurred. The community, friends and family of Courtney must now begin the process of healing. Her funeral today will mark the start of that long and painful journey. One can offer so little solace at such a tragedy, but perhaps some measure can be taken from the knowledge that millions of prayers are being said today for a little girl and her family.



Cell phones get earful from Arthur

So I'm sitting on a wood-slatted bench in the middle of a park on a fine Spring day, lobbing breadcrumbs from a brown paper bag at a flock of free-loading pigeons and watching, out of the corner of my eye, popcorn clouds scud their way across the blue sky when suddenly, from the Jack Fraser-clad businessman on the next bench I hear...

everywhere. Remember when dining in a restaurant, riding in your car and certainly sitting in a park — was considered personal time? Relief from the workday world? The cell phone has changed all that. Now, we can take our work with us wherever we go. Whoopee. What's doubly ironic is nine times out of 10, whatever business we're using our cell phones to take care of, isn't really all that crucial. A recent study of 1,800 cell phone users in Europe revealed that the Number One recipient of all cell phone calls were spouses. Wives calling husbands. Husbands calling wives. Which reminds me of my brief flirtation with cell phones. Yes, I, too, was once smitten. I bought a cell phone because I felt it would be nice to stay in touch with the rest of the world when I was on the road. And the TV ads made it very clear how easy and convenient the cell phone



Basic Black
Arthur Black
The ads didn't mention that you had to remember to charge the damned thing every day. And to lug it around with you everywhere you went, because cell phone thieves were making a specialty of breaking into vehicles in which owners had left their cell phones. Nor did the ads mention the fact that cell phones tend to go off at the most inopportune times. Such as, during romantic interludes. Or when you're in a washroom cubicle, but your cell phone is in the pocket of your jacket, which is hanging on a clothes hook. Outside the cubicle. But I learned to handle the petty headaches that came with cell phone usage because... well, because the cell phone was just so damned useful. I remember driving home one night from work with my shiny new cell phone on the seat beside me, and I was thinking, "Now this is exactly why I purchased this piece of cutting edge technology — so that I could phone up my sweet patootie from the comfort of my car to let her know I'm on my way." I punched in my home number. It rang. Said Sweet Patootie, picked it up. "Hi, honey!" I trilled. "I'm finished work! I'm on my way home!" A puzzled silence came down the line, followed by a familiar but sarcastic voice saying "Oh, goody. You mean, just

like last night?" I sold my cell phone through a newspaper ad two days later. That was four years ago. I haven't needed — or wanted — a cell phone since. 'Friends' reached goal
Dear Editor, On April 25, Friends of Musselman's Lake held a community clean-up. Approximately 100 people (including children) showed up and were assigned to different locations around the community. The objective was to pick up any garbage and debris left from the years past. We reached our goal. At the end of the day, there was a pile of approximately 200 garbage bags plus a separate pile of drums, auto parts, glass, tires and wood. The community looks great and the roadsides are clean. We would like to thank all the residents who came out to help. It was wonderful to see so many people show interest in their community. Many other residents sent their regrets at not being able to attend Saturday's clean-up. We would also like to thank the businesses in Musselman's Lake and Stouffville who donated goods and services to the Friends of Musselman's Lake Spring Clean-up: Tim Hortons, IGA, IGA, A & P, Weston Produce, Sunny's One Stop Variety, Magnum Copier, Miller Waste Systems, Regional Municipality of York and Town of Whitchurch-Stouffville. A special thanks goes to Cedar Beach Trailer Park for the use of their loader, parking lot and employees. We appreciate your support and help. Mike Watson, Chair, Caroline Lafleur, Co-Chair, Friends of ML

Bullmastiffs bred to be vicious, reader says

Dear Editor, When that dear little girl died in Stouffville after a vicious attack by a bullmastiff, it made me cry. I've got something to say to those silly people who say it's not the dog's fault, it's the way the owner bring them up. Who are they kidding? Attack dogs attack strangers even if the strangers are children. These vicious dogs should not be bred. They've proven again and again

LETTERS
they kill and attack humans. My heart goes out to the little girl's parents.
Gladys M. Childerson
Markham
P.S. I am a dog lover I've had eight in my lifetime.

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