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Comment & Opinions

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EDITORIAL

Mel defines selfish

Mel Lastman has, in effect, waved the red flag in our faces. But he and Toronto taxpayers had better hope we don't accept the challenge. What nerve Mel has.

He is whining that we 905ers are being subsidized by his 416ers when it comes to public transit. He says Toronto is being asked to pay \$53 million a year for GO Transit, when his residents aren't the ones who use it.

His argument is that 905ers should pay for GO and leave Toronto out of it. He says he'd like to stop the trains at the edge of his city, forcing commuters from the 905 regions to take Toronto transit the rest of the way to work, to help him recoup some of his costs to run that expensive service.

Richmond Hill Mayor Bill Bell and Markham Mayor Don Cousins are fed up with Lastman's complaints and are threatening to call his bluff. We couldn't agree more.

Lastman and his city cronies are the epitome of selfishness when it comes to keeping services and sharing costs. They want the best of everything, with the smallest price tags attached. And each time they whine about their cash flow problems, their friends at Queen's Park find more provincial funds for them to spend.

But to complain about sharing the cost of a public transit system that connects the entire GTA is a risk Lastman shouldn't take. He should stop a moment and consider what the city receives from the 905ers who travel into its heart each day.

Under provincial restructuring, York taxpayers are being forced to turn over \$92 million a year to Toronto, to help pay for the city's social services. York will have no say in how that money is spent.

Downloading and provincial restructuring has affected the bottom lines of all municipalities. But they're a concern for everyone and all municipalities, including Toronto, must work together to find a way to fund necessary services for residents in the city and in the 905 regions.

**Fear of dogs can save child's life**

My son is absolutely petrified of dogs. We realized this when he was about four years old and it has gotten progressively worse since.

He will be seven in August.

Kody is so afraid of dogs, he says he hates them all that he often won't go outside if he even sees one walking along on a leash with its owner.

He definitely won't go outside if a dog is spotted bounding around in its own yard. Once, he started screaming uncontrollably, running toward the house for cover, as our neighbour's dog came over to say hello.

Make no mistake. This is a genuine fear that you can see in his face, read in his body language and hear in his voice.

No matter how much we try to tell him this dog is gentle and that dog is kind, bold or passive he doesn't care.

He winds his body around mine, using it as a sort of protective shield, all the while egging me to get inside the house quickly.

What Kody really hates about dogs besides everything is that they jump up on him. Puppies are even worse.

**Kibble's Bits**

Tracy Kibble

he says, because they scratch his legs with their razor-sharp claws and bite his toes with their razor-sharp teeth.

It's no use telling him that the dog is just saying hello and that it is being playful or sociable or loveable. He doesn't believe a word of it. That dog is going to hurt him, he knows it, it is just a matter of time.

The first question Kody asks when going somewhere for a visit is, 'Do they have a dog?'

If he's invited to a birthday party, I know that I must first check out whether or not the birthday boy has a dog and whether or not it's on the loose. He would sacrifice games, prizes, cake and ice cream to be safe from a dog.

I have tried everything. I took Kody to the local animal shelter

and figured if he spent a few minutes amongst a bunch of dogs he would slowly come out of his shell. Instead, I ended up being pulled around the dog walk by an over-active, clearly under-exercised German shepherd while Kody cowered inside behind the glass in the foyer.

Until recently I was starting to get a little annoyed by my son's attitude toward dogs. Dogs won't hurt you son, unless you tease and provoke them. Most dogs are kind and it's against the law to allow a dog to be unleashed. He doesn't care.

And you know, after the recent rash of dog attacks on kids his age during the past few weeks, I'm almost glad he is apprehensive (mildly put) towards canines.

One news report this week remarked that dog attacks are not getting more frequent, but instead, just more severe.

This is comforting news, why?

One expert told reporters that the reason we are getting attacked by dogs on a regular basis is because people are breeding and raising big-

ger, stronger, more vicious canines. Then stop breeding and raising bigger dogs. Whatever happened to the good ole' collies, the gentle Irish setters and the yappy poodles?

I can't ever remember as a child running into a blood-thirsty pitbull, rottweiler or bull mastiff. Probably the most intimidating of all dogs I can remember was a German shepherd and the majority of those were used in garage shops as guard dogs. But today people are fixated on having beasts on collars that can rip flesh and lock jaws with powerful, sometimes deadly force.

It's almost as if we feel more powerful knowing our pet could turn violent at any given time or by one trained command.

How can I look at my son and tell him in all good conscience that he shouldn't be afraid of dogs, when maybe he should?

Maybe it's a good thing that he won't go anywhere near a dog. Unprovoked attacks against humans are on the rise, it seems.

As far as I'm concerned, people who fall under the following list shouldn't own a large dog:

- anyone who has to put their dog in a run or pen at anytime.

- anyone who doesn't walk their dog at least three times a day and have the space to allow it to run free for at least 15 minutes each day.

- anyone living in a small-lot subdivision period.

- anyone who trains the dog to attack people on command.

Until something is done to prevent large, potentially violent dogs from attacking people unprovoked, I'll deal with my son's fear one day at a time.

But no longer will I feel comfortable telling him not to worry about dogs. Because they will and do attack.

Sincerely,
Matt Douris

STOUFFVILLE TRIBUNE

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Ian Proudfoot
Publisher

Alvin Brouwer
General Manager

Brenda Larson
Editor-in-Chief
Tracy Kibble
Editor

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Pamela Nichols
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about us

News
(905) 640-2100
Retail sales
(905) 640-2100
Classifieds
1-800-743-3353
Distribution
(905) 640-2100
Fax
(905) 640-5477
E-Mail
therib@istar.ca
6244 Main St.,
Stouffville, Ont.
L4A 1E2

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Goose on the loose seeks home

Dear Editor:

It was a dark and stormy night, Monday, May 11, and I was proceeding eastward in a direction along Main Street, Stouffville.

Looming before me in the middle of the lane was a billowing white object that I took to be nothing more than an air-filled grocery bag.

I nonchalantly ignored it and did not alter my course. Suddenly, the air was filled with a piercing shriek, and I jammed on my brakes in fear. My passenger and good friend Terry Neprily leapt out the door and disappeared below the bumper of the

stopped vehicle.

He remained there for a few moments, while my mind raced through the potential tragic consequences of my momentary lapse. He reappeared to display the victim: a two-foot high plastic lawn ornament goose wearing a bicycle helmet. A fat lot of good that safety measure did him.

Well, we pulled over and laughed until it hurt over this somewhat surreal experience, then put the goose in the back seat where it remained until this evening. A brief inspection revealed a name and phone number

inside the helmet.

I called the number and found the owner of the helmet, but he completely denied ownership or knowledge of the goose.

So the helmet is gone, but the goose remains lonely, but recovering in my yard. I'm sure he would recover much more quickly in the bosom of his family, so anybody missing this dear creature should call me at 640-1548.

Remember, large item pick-up is a week from Monday.

Sincerely,
Matt Douris