

Real Estate MARKETPLACE

Wednesday, April 11, 1979.

Police launch traffic tickets for children

Children in Halton Hills who break the rules of the road may be issued with a traffic ticket by the police.

Halton regional police have launched a juvenile violation notice in an effort to curb the number of accidents pedestrian and bicyclists are involved in.

There is no fine attached to the ticket which the parent must sign and return to the police. Subsequent violations, however, could result in charges being laid. Should a police officer issue a second ticket to a person under 16 years, it will be turned over to the youth bureau for follow up.

Police safety officer Raj Swaminathan said in an interview that there were five children injured, none killed in traffic accidents in District One in 1978. In 1977, 15 children were injured, none killed. District One is Halton Hills and urban Milton.

In Halton region 58 children were injured, none killed in traffic accidents in 1977. In 1978, 38 were injured and one killed (in Burlington), he said.

Swaminathan said that under the Highway Traffic Act, a bicycle is considered to be a vehicle

and thus subject to all the provisions of the act. Violations of municipal bylaws are also likely to produce a ticket.

He said that as a safety officer he is pleased to talk to groups on bicycle safety.

"But we feel the teaching of safety officers has to be endorsed by enforcement of laws pertaining to the operation of bicycles," he said.

He said Halton Board of Education has agreed to teach road safety in schools, and he has suggested the schools operate training sessions during school hours.

He said the majority of youthful bicyclists are in grades four and five and the police are suggesting that the teaching of the rules of the road, safety and laws be started in grade four.

"We are not recommending children under grade four to be riding on the road unless the child is exceptionally good and this is entirely in the hands of the parents," he said.

"The purpose of the program is not to charge the child but to prevent accidents," he said. "It's something dreadful to see a child in an accident. We're concerned about the safety of the child."

TCA crew hopes to land association

The hunt is on for all stewardesses and pursers who flew with Trans Canada Airlines between 1938 and 1964.

Two Guelph residents, Gretchen Marsh and Helen McEwan, are organizing an association alumni of TCA people so that a convention can be held next year at Toronto.

The pair are attempting to arrange the reunion around events and a dance during the three May days they have in mind. "Extra activities available for spouses not interested in chatter and gossip," reads the flyer used to flush out former comrades.

What is needed is an

idea of how many TCA flight attendants will appear. A nominal sum of \$10 is also needed for membership in the association. Also needed is a name for the group. "We need the backing of a formed association and some finances in order to book the hotel and continue further arrangements."

Replies would hopefully be sent before the end of this April. At least 175 people have indicated interest. Gretchen Marsh's address is 8 Skye Place, Guelph Ontario, N1G 1M6 (519-822-6741) and Helen McEwan's is 71 Vanier Drive, Guelph, Ontario, N1G 2K9 (519-824-1991).

"Cooling-off" rejected

Halton Hills general committee refused to endorse a resolution from the Town of Tecumseh asking the Attorney General of Ontario to have a 48 hour cooling-off period in real estate transactions.

With no comment they

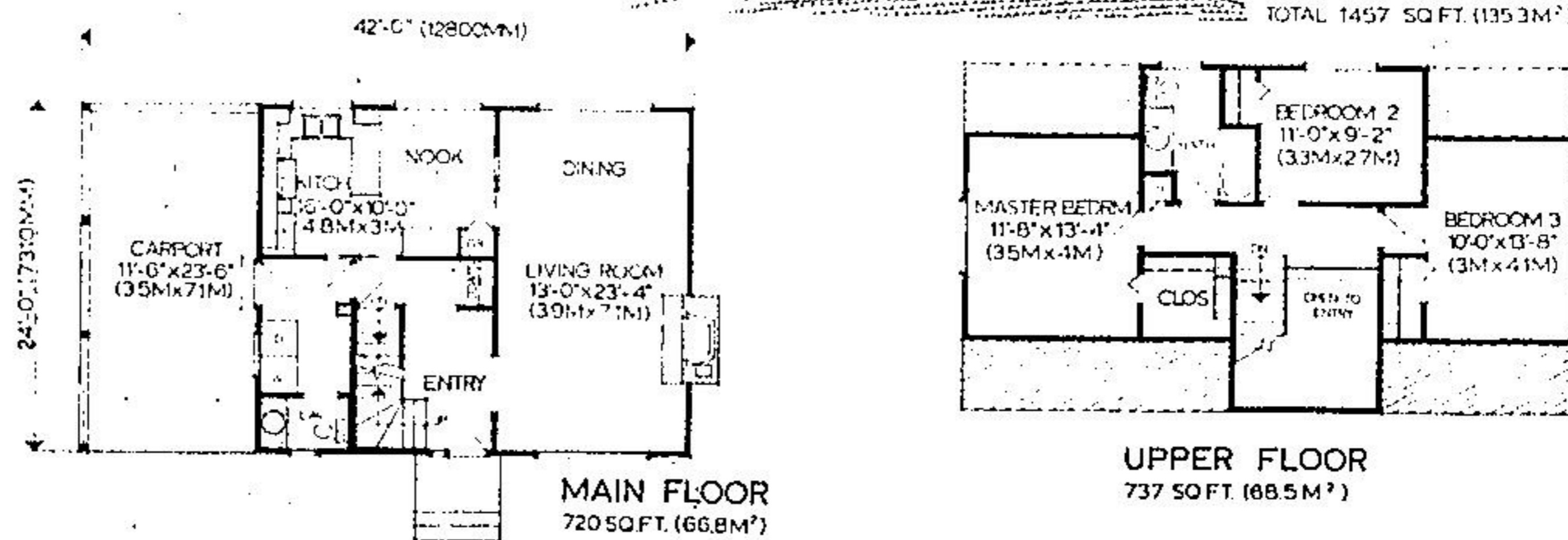
simply received and filed the petition, which sought legislation to have the 48 hour cooling-off period on agreements of purchase and sale.

The petition claimed the public and senior citizens in particular frequently sign documents without legal advice.

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It was one of those days!

Right from the first, I knew it was a day, "I shoada stood in bed," as a third-rate puglist, Kingfish Levinsky, once said after being flattened by the great heavyweight Joe Louis, in round one.

Got up, took a tug at the strap of my wristwatch to take it off and wash; broke the strap. Nothing serious. Cheap plastic junk. But it turned out to be applied to the watch by one of those unseen geniuses who lose one of your socks in the wash, and produce four extra beer bottles when every case of empties is full.

I'll probably never be able to wear the watch again, unless I glue it to my wrist. Serves me right. I hadn't a watch for 30 years, and never felt the need for one. But my wife bought me this one last summer, in the duty-free shop at London airport. And now I find myself neurotically flipping up my cuff and glaring at the hair on my left wrist, like all the other anxiety hounds in the country who are not going anywhere, don't need to know the time, but are constantly flipping up their arms like trained seals and looking at their watches.

Who needs a watch? Life is going quickly enough, without the evidence on a little dial. The very word has nothing but unpleasant connotations. "Watch what you're doing there. Watch out. Watch your step. Watch the late movie. Watch your wife. Watch that guy hanging around your daughter. Watch what you say in mixed company."

O.K. I shrugged off the watch. Went down and got my breakfast. Usually, it's toast and tea. This particular morning, I had more time, so I fixed the works: real coffee, bacon, fried bread and a nice sloppy fried egg on top of the bread. A drooly great breakfast.

Thought I'd eat in my favorite chair in the living room, and read my morning paper in the spring sunshine pouring in the window. So I put my grub on the kitchen counter and started cutting the fried bread and egg into bite-size pieces, so that I'd need only one hand to eat.

Something skidded. The plate slipped off

by
Bill
Smiley



the counter, sprayed grease all over the front of my pants, and smashed to smithereens on the floor. I emitted a most unlady-like few words, salvaged the bacon from under the sink and started cleaning up.

Have you ever tried to wipe up just one lousy semi-fried egg from a kitchen floor? It reminded me of the old days, when I'd drop a quart milk bottle and sponge up what seemed like a gallon of milk. And it was the first time I'd had to change my pants since I was about two.

Well, I should have stopped right there, stripped to the skin, and gone back to bed for the day. But, as faithful readers know, I believe that bad things come in threes, and then you have a good streak.

As it happened, I was going to buy a car from a chap that day. With impeccable logic, I reckoned one more minor disaster would occur, and I'd be home free for a while. If it didn't, the car would be a lemon, to complete the trio, and I wouldn't buy it.

I did. The minor disaster. I sailed out of the house, figuring I'd slip and break an elbow, or the car wouldn't start. Nothing of the sort. Stuck my hand in my coat pocket. No keys. No car keys. No house keys. And I'd left the latch on. Stood at the back door, ding-donging like crazy for five minutes. Blasted if I was going to climb in the cellar window and wreck my second pair of pants. Finally, the Old Lady appeared. She'd been in the bath tub. She was not ecstatic with our marital state. Grease all over the kitchie, my watch busted, and the second last set of plates also busted. She felt like busting me.

Anyway, I finally set off with a light

heart. The three baddies had happened, and the rest of the day would be glorious, the car a winner, everything golden.

Well, you probably know the rest. Late for work. Thirteen decisions to make at same. A hair in my grilled cheese at lunch. Lukewarm coffee. Banker who had promised me the loan out to lunch for two hours. Tried to sneak in a quick visit to doctor for allergy shots; and he forgot I was there for an hour.

Late for my appointment to meet car seller. We'd both forgotten to pick up the safety check certificate. Rushed off to the garage, telling car seller and wife to wait for me at licensing bureau.

Arrived at garage breathless, but still time. Nobody home but gas pump jockey. Mechanics out jogging. Jogging! Phoned license bureau to tell short, ill-tempered seller with beard to hang on. They hadn't see him since I left. Wait 25 minutes. Sweaty, gasping mechanics arrive, sign certificate.

Rushed back to license bureau. No sign of car seller, inside or out. Got all papers ready. Waiting, fuming, inside, them outside. "Turkey's probably gone to the bank or something."

At five to five, phoned his apartment. He was there. He and his wife had waited OUTSIDE the license bureau (not enough brains to stay in and keep warm), had decided I'd changed my mind and wouldn't be back, and were at the moment packing to go to the city for a week. With my car. And the license bureau closed at five.

Tottered home in a daze, expecting the house to be burned down and my wife pregnant. Or vice versa, the ways things were going. And then I started to laugh. And laugh. I had to be administered a strong dose of cough medicine to cool me out.

Somebody once said that the Lord works in mysterious ways. He sure does. Wonder what He had against me that cold March day? Maybe it was a lousy car, and He was trying to warn me.