

Police should set example for motorists

Generally, the York Regional Police force has settled into the district and is functioning reasonably smoothly.

There are a few inside problems but the operation seems to be living up to its motto: To Serve and Protect.

We believe the police should strive to protect the innocent citizens of the community, but we also believe the force should attempt to set an example for adults and youngsters alike.

Not every police officer is a Dudley Do-right who can nab every criminal, solve every crime, or be a number one perfectionist. On the other hand, they're not all crooks, either.

But some officers who drive cruisers should at least obey the rules of the road:

To wit:
Why, when an officer pulls a motorist to the side of the road, does he leave two wheels of his cruiser parked on the pavement?
Why, when the officer gets out of his car, does he not bother to look to see if there are any cars coming?

Why, when the officer is talking to the offender, does the officer stand in the middle of the highway?

Does the officer not like working for York Regional Police? Is he trying to commit some form of suicide?

Why, when cruisers turn corners, don't the signals work? Are they broken?

Why, when a cruiser is south-bound on Yonge Street in the curb lane, would the police officer suddenly, and without signal, turn left across three — yes, three — lanes of traffic and enter the Dairy Queen parking lot?

All these events occurred within the last 10 days between Richmond Hill and Newmarket. All involved York Regional police cruisers.

If this is the example a motorist is to follow, it's easy to explain why there are so many morons behind wheels of cars.

Hopefully these incidents are rare within the York Regional Police. Hopefully, they'll become obsolete.

In the courts, this youngster got a break

regional viewpoint

"You advised me to plead not guilty, right?"
The speaker was a youth of 17 or 18, short and chunky, the adult in him still hiding behind a baby face.

He looked like a lot of other youngsters his age, his hair neither short nor long, his dress "in," but not "out," his look, a mixture of sheepishness and "wot the hell."

His speech, as it is with many of the young today, blocked from any free flow of thought by all the "rights?" "likes" and "you knows" along the way, so that those being spoken to had to be both listener and interpreter of unfinished sentences.

"I said: If you did it, you did it; if you didn't, you didn't."

The listener, in this case, was a York Regional Police detective, part of many of today's modern cops, just as short as his prisoner, although several light years ahead of him in experience and savvy.

You couldn't quite call their discussion a tete-a-tete, because it took place in a corridor at the provincial court house during a morning recess, although they weren't exactly speaking in hushed tones.

"Okay, but I've been thinking it over. Like, I never caused you guys any trouble, right?"
"What do you mean? You're a s--- disturber."

The youth braced himself after that one. Obviously, that wasn't what was expected and some reconnoitering was going to be required.

He folded his arms in a defensive stand and leaned back against the wall.
"Where? — What? — Why do you say that? Give me some examples."

Policemen have notoriously good memories and this one was no exception. He didn't even have to pause to come up with one.

"You were s--- disturbing over on John St."

"Okay, okay, that's one. But for the most part . . ." He braced himself again for a different form of wednes-

"Now, you've been talking with the crown attorney about this. What did he say?"

"I'm not going to tell you what he said."
"Okay, but, like, do you think I should plead guilty?"

"I'm not going to advise you how to plead."
The youth took time out to glance at a couple of girls going by, but it's doubtful if he really took them in. He was up against the wall, both literally and figuratively, and he wanted to move away from it.

Besides, hadn't he seen those two girls in court earlier? No doubt, they had a few worries of their own.

"Okay," he stretched to his full height against the wall, "well, like I was in the right place at the wrong time."

"Or the wrong place. Why did you do such a stupid thing?"
"Because I was stupid. 'I've never been in trouble before — never been charged before — and I don't want to be now.'"

"You're asking for a break. Why should I give you a break? You're a s--- disturber."

"Okay, I'm a s--- disturber."
Perhaps having made his point, the detective left and headed down the corridor.

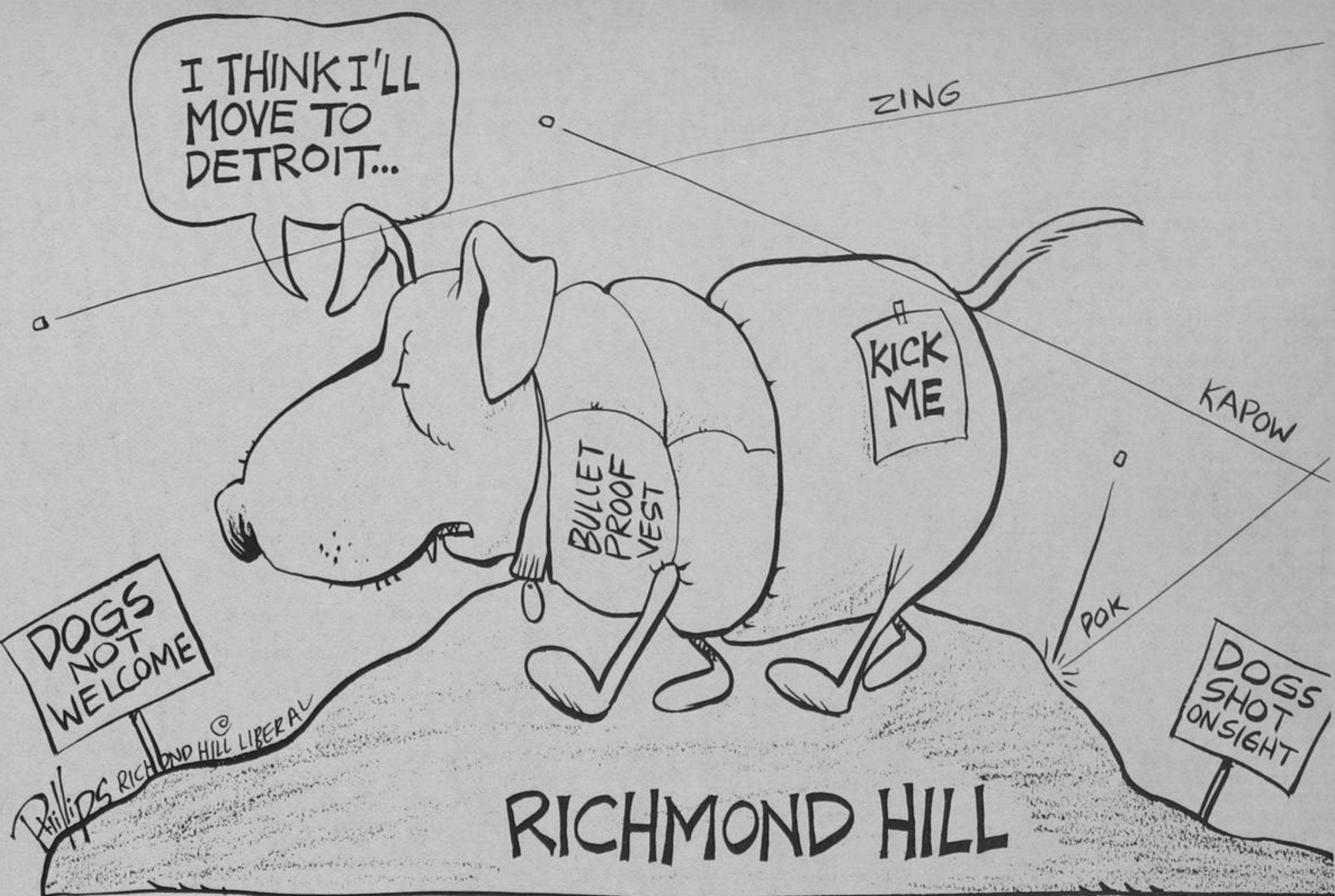
When court resumed, the youth's case was the first to be called and the crown attorney stood up and made a brief submission.

"The crown has discussed this matter again (with the police) and has decided to have it withdrawn."

"No evidence?" asked the judge.
"More or less," replied the crown. The judge sat back in his high-topped chair and surveyed the scene over his glasses.

"I always wonder how these things get to trial."

"The case is withdrawn."
The short, chunky, "s--- disturber" was smiling happily for the first time that day.



Dog day afternoon..



sharon's sunshine

Happiness is a cob of sweet corn

The only thing I have against farmers is that they farm for a living.

Other than that, they are really nice people. But they work dreadful hours and just when you are all set to take off for a three-day holiday and have finally found someone to do the chores, the wheat ripens or a cow gets sick or the well runs dry.

That's why I didn't marry a farmer. That, and the fact that no farmer ever asked me.

Last night I drove out to Headford to visit my mother. She was staring out the window, wondering when my father would come in from the field.

It was nine o'clock. My father had waved as I drove in. He looked blissfully unaware of the time. He was driving up and down the cornfield with one son and two grandsons in tow.

They also had homes to go to. But I doubt that they remembered. For corn season is here.

It was last December when my father and brothers started to talk about planting sweet corn.

Sweet's not the corn you buy in a grocery store. That's corn comes from the field the day you eat it.

It is the corn with the delicious little golden kernels.

I eat it as dinner. I can eat at least five cobs at a sitting, and would never dream of accepting steak when there is corn to be had instead.

Some people eat around the cob instead, but I've always felt there was something lacking in their upbringing.

Some people eat their sweet corn before dinner, and some people eat it with dinner.

I eat it as dinner. I can eat at least five cobs at a sitting, and would never dream of accepting steak when there is corn to be had instead.

So when we sat around the Christmas tree and talked about growing sweet corn, I thought they were onto a good thing.

Since my family considers me to be Ms. Typical Suburbanite, they multiplied the number of cobs I can eat a day by the number of people in southern York County.

This spring they planted enough corn to feed us all.

That's a lot of corn.

Planting it took all spring. They put in a little each night so some could ripen each day from now to frost.

By the time they finished planting, it was almost time to pick.

Last Christmas, my brother the inventor was confident that he could perfect a corn picker that would go down the rows and take the cobs off the stalk and deposit them gently in the wagon.

I noticed last night that the picking seems to be done by walking down the rows with a sack over the shoulder. One grasps the cob in one's hand and tears it off and places it in the bag.

Not as quick, but fairer.

That way you and the raccoons are on an equal footing in the race for the choicest cobs. Except that they can work at night without irritating their wives.

Farmers seem to believe that if they do the planting and growing and picking, the least their wives can do is put on their best dresses and go out and smile at the public.

That's why my mother had just come home from the corn stand on Yonge Street last night, and that's why her feet hurt.

At that point in the corn season she was less than enthusiastic.

At midnight that night, I was sitting in my kitchen finishing off my last cob of sweet corn. I was still glad I hadn't married a farmer.

But I was also glad there are still some around.

Letters

Dutch Scout visit "memorable"

Twenty-five Dutch Scouts and leaders left for Holland last Saturday concluding a memorable visit with the King City Scouts, Venturers and their families.

The visit of the Dutch Scouts was the second phase of an exchange program which began two years ago when our own Scouts and Venturers spent three weeks in Holland and Europe.

Among the memories of the Dutch Scouts are: the breathtaking majesty of Algonquin Park, spectacular Niagara Falls, the seat of Canadian Government in Ottawa and much more.

However, probably the most abiding outcome of the Dutch Scouts' visit was the goodwill and friendship established with the Canadian Scouts and their families.

Through the Holland Trip Committee, trip transportation needs were met, restaurant and camping meals

requirements were satisfied and specific itineraries and accommodations were provided for the trips to Algonquin, Ottawa, Niagara Falls, Kingston and Midland. The mainstay of all of these efforts was the fund raising necessary to support them.

The fund raising efforts falls into three categories: the solicitation of community organizations and individuals; the solicitation of grocery and restaurant donations; and, the projects conducted by the Scouts and Venturers themselves.

The latter included nut sales, catalogue sales, a manure sale, monthly bottle and paper drives, Scout dances and a skate-a-thon.

The substantial efforts of even the little Nevers and Cubs on the nut sale and skate-a-thon were especially appreciated. The success of the community donation

program was a testimony to the widespread community support for both phases of the Dutch Exchange Project.

The major organizational and individual donors include: Lions Club, Ontario Provincial Government, Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Hugh Cameron Packaging, King Township, King City Fire Department, Men's All Saints' Association of King, Robertson Lodge, Mayor Margaret Britnell, Progressive Conservative Association, MPP William Hodgson, John L. Grew, Marvin A. Haggith, Eric Duke Scott,

Mr. and Mrs. John Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henshaw, Mr. and Mrs. J.M. Day, Oriole Lumber, Beaver Lumber Company, King Town Travel, King City Community Centre, Glen and Marg Ferguson, King City IGA and Edward's Pharmacy. Inevitably, in an exchange program of this duration (three years) and magnitude, some contributions may have gone unrecorded, while other donors asked to remain anonymous.

However, the First King Scouts and Venturers express their heartfelt thanks to all the generous donors in the

community who made the Dutch Exchange Program the superb cord Produce Company, Loblaws in Hillcrest Mall

The Holland Trip and Richmond Heights Committee found that the generosity of the local

merchants and national grocery companies went to all Scout and Venturer beyond all expectation, parents listing all the Out of a budget of approximately \$1,800, some to make a special effort to \$1,350 or fully three-fourths of the food costs were defrayed by the donations of food and supplies.

The merchants in Richmond Hill were especially generous in their donations of food used for the six-day Algonquin campout.

Included in the donors were Klees Meats, Con-Program that it was. Loblaws in Hillcrest Mall

A letter is being sent out to all Scout and Venturer parents listing all the donors and asking them to make a special effort to support the generous merchants and companies that made the memorable itinerary of the Dutch Scouts a reality.

JOHN DAVIDSE
Chairman,
Holland Trip
Committee
First King Scouts



During their visit to King City, Scouts from Holland spent three and a half weeks learning, and touring, the province. But it wasn't all business as Dutch Scout Frido Beringden, left,

feeds trick hot chili peppers to First King Scout Leader Jim Macey and King Scout Chris Johnston. Accompanying letter thanks communities for their assistance during the visit.

He's looking for veterans

For the past 31 years, the Royal Canadian Air Force personnel who were stationed at No. 6 SFTS during the war have gathered in Dunnville to celebrate their station reunion.

This year marks their 32nd get-together, which will take place September 23, 24 and 25.

The event begins with a reception Friday night, a golf tournament Saturday morning, parade to a memorial service and flypast of wartime

afternoon, and a banquet Saturday night.

The weekend closes Sunday morning with a breakfast cookout.

All veterans of No. 6, and their spouses, are invited.

If not now on their mailing list, contact Frank Scholfield, Box 187, Dunnville, Ontario, N1A 2X5, or call him at the Municipal Offices.

FRANK SCHOLFIELD
Dunnville, Ont.

