

**The Tribune**  
Established 1888  
CHARLES H. NOLAN, Publisher

Published every Thursday at 54 Main St., Stouffville, Ont. Tel. 440-2101; Toronto phone 341-1880. Single copies 20c, subscriptions \$8.00 per year in Canada, \$16.00 elsewhere. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation, Canadian Community Newspapers Association and Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Second class mail registration number 9896.

The Tribune is one of the Island Publishing Co. Limited group of suburban newspapers, which include the Ajax/Whitby/Pickering News Advertiser, Brampton Guardian, Burlington Post, Etobicoke Gazette, Markham Economist and Sun, Newmarket/Aurora Era, Oakville Beaver, Oshawa This Week, and Mississauga News.

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# Editorials

## 'Creative' planning needed

Stouffville is in for some spectacular growth in the next five years. Recently, the council sent the Dulverton subdivision to the provincial government for draft plan approval.

## Grim reminder to all motorists

In recent months, The Tribune has reported several accidents involving gravel trucks, including two fatalities. While not all of the incidents have been the fault of the truck operators, there does appear to be a problem with the driving habits of at least a few of the drivers. One private operator told us the problem had to do with "a few irresponsible drivers." Often they are "immature and inexperienced," he said. Speeding and recklessness on the part of a few has also been attributed to the policy of some companies of paying by the load rather than the hour. But provided drivers are paid enough per load to make a decent living without speeding, we trust they will take special care in the coming months. We hope that some of the grim news we have had to report recently will serve as a reminder not only to gravel truck operators, but to all of us on the road these days.

## Blind fund drive a worthy project

The Stouffville Lions Club has always been a community-oriented service group, and has contributed much to making Stouffville a better place to live. The Lions are embarking on another project in effort to aid local blind people: A fund raising drive is now underway. Local facilities to aid the blind are in the works. A target figure of \$2,500 has been set. Door-to-door canvassing is now being carried out, and will continue until this coming Saturday (Nov. 15). The Lions are to be congratulated on this project. It is up to you to dig deep to contribute to such a worthy cause.

## Thirty years ago this week

Excerpt from The Tribune from November 15, 1945. Break for reporters. The much abused newspaper reporter is getting a post-war break. The science of electronics has provided him with a perfect defence against the person who says "I was misquoted — I didn't say that." A pocket model wire recorder produced by Utah Electronics (Canada Limited) and now available to civilian users will take down, with absolute accuracy, anything any speaker or interviewer says. After the speech or interview is over the reporter can play it back in his own office with accuracy guaranteed. If, after a reasonable period following publication the speaker or interviewer has not complained that he was misquoted, the wire is simply demagnetized and used again. If there are any complaints — the complainant is simply invited to come into the office and listen to his own voice and his own words. It's going to be tough on politicians but awfully nice for the reporters. Editorial upholds spanking. The merits of spanking as a deterrent to juvenile crime were voiced by Bench and Bar in the Court of Appeal at Toronto recently at the hearing of an appeal against the sentence of two years in the Ontario Reformatory upon 15 year old boy for the theft of two automobiles. This is a stand which is being taken by many who are convinced that definite steps must be taken to curb the wave of crime which is sweeping the nation as one of the after-maths of the war. In many instances, no doubt, juvenile delinquency can be traced to the absence of the male parent and the inability of the mother to control. Contributing factors are the large volume of lurid "pulp" magazine stories and movies in which crime and the criminal play parts. It is encouraging to note that the House of Commons is considering legislation to ban from Canada the magazines which feature crime and gun-play. THE GOVERNMENT SHOULD go a step further and BAN CRIME MOVIES.

construction could start next summer. All this shows that Stouffville is to grow in the next five years. It will likely double its present population in the next 10 years.

This is inevitable, being so close to Toronto. Council will require a great deal from the developer. An addition to the sewage treatment plant, rechannelization of Duffins Creek; plus construction of an east-west road will all be paid for by the developer. Total cost is something over \$2 million.

The plan is massive by Stouffville standards. It will take in 135 acres and will include 473 detached house and 68 semi-detached units. There will be four parks. By contrast, the College Park subdivision, now under construction, will have 180 homes.

We hope that the council is tough in these negotiations. The character of the town is at stake. We hope that some, "creative" planning will be involved. Stouffville does not need just "another" subdivision. It needs one that will be an asset to the town.

## Day care survey provides acid test

A survey by regional officials early in December will provide the acid test for those people advocating a day care centre in Stouffville.

The region has three centres operational, with one soon to open at Thornhill Community Centre. There are owned and operated by the region's department of Health and Social Services.

The survey team will attempt to obtain firm commitments from people who would use the day care centre if it were built in Stouffville.

A number of people have been pushing for such a centre. The region is reluctant to go ahead without a firm indication that the need is a real one.

We feel that government sponsored day care has proven to be of high caliber, but the cost has also been high. Without a firm commitment from the people of Whitchurch-Stouffville, no further action should be taken. Potential users are being given a chance to express support. Without that support, a regional day care centre in Stouffville is unthinkable.

## Teacher demands doom 10% limit

As trustees of the York County Board of Education try to find a way to limit the 1976 budget increase to 10 per cent, one has the impression that the task is doomed from the start.

The one important factor is teacher salaries. If the York County teachers are anywhere near as militant as their Toronto counterparts, then a budget increase of 25 per cent is more likely.

That of course is inflationary. The only hope for relief to the harried homeowner (who pays the shot) is restraint on the part of the teachers. Actions of the Toronto teachers show clearly that "restraint" is not in their collective vocabularies.



Council supports adult craft program

## Bible thought for the Week

From The Living Bible  
The Girl: "My beloved one is tanned and handsome, better than ten thousand others! His head is purest gold, and he has wavy, raven hair. His eyes are like doves beside the water brooks, deep and quiet. His lips are perfumed lilies, his breath like myrrh. His arms are round bars of gold set with topaz; his body is bright ivory encrusted with jewels. His legs are pillars of marble set in sockets of finest gold; none can rival him. His mouth is altogether sweet, lovable in every way. Such, O women of Jerusalem, is my beloved, my friend."  
Solomon 6:10-16



## The wrong arm of the law

By JOHN MONTGOMERY

The other day I had a rather unpleasant experience when I went to court to fight a speeding ticket.

The incident itself was rather a trivial one but the implications are rather serious and far-reaching. I feel that what happened to me is likely happening to others but to a much greater degree.

It all started a month or so ago when I was driving east out of Stouffville along Main and just past the 10th line. I came over the crest of the hill there and right into a radar trap.

The first sight I had of the officer, he was already half way out of his cruiser to flag me down. Before applying the brakes I glanced at my speedometer which registered 38 mph.

He walked up to my car and told me he had clocked me at 40 mph to which I replied I was only doing 38.

Very snottily he told me his radar is accurate within point two of a mile and he then asked for my licence and ownership. I gave it to him and he went off to his cruiser, wrote out a ticket for 10 miles over the limit and gave it to me. Not another word was exchanged.

I was quite angry (although as it turned out not as angry as when I went to court) as it seemed to me the officer was halfway out of the car when I first saw him. In my opinion he didn't have to get a reading as he couldn't clock me until I came over the crest of the hill and as I mentioned before my speedometer read 38.

My other complaint was I felt it was a cheap ticket. Police traditionally have used some discretion in handing out tickets and I felt he was really trying to stick it to me.

The original idea behind radar traps was to increase road safety yet the way this officer used it constituted nothing more than harassment. The only reason he was in that particular location was it afforded him a good hiding spot. There was no safety factor involved.

When I got the ticket it was the middle of the afternoon when no children would be

about, the road was dry and the traffic was extremely light. That particular stretch of road is safe enough to guarantee there would be some speeders.

I mentioned using discretion earlier and by this I mean police have traditionally considered such factors as weather, pedestrians and traffic when giving out tickets. I don't feel he had any justification for giving me a ticket for doing eight miles over the limit although he maintains I was doing 10. Even at 10, under the almost ideal conditions that day most policemen wouldn't have issued a summons.

For those reasons, even though it was only a \$13 ticket, I decided to go to court over it.

My court day came and I went up to Aurora and pleaded not guilty. I was guilty of speeding but not of doing 10 miles over.

The officer got up to testify, was sworn in, identified me personally as the person he had charged and told the judge he had clocked me at 42 but had reduced it to 40.

This was the first I had heard of this and I was so surprised by it I never questioned him about it. I told my version, and since the court automatically assumed I was a liar, I was convicted.

The only consolation I had was my fine was knocked down from \$13 to \$10. Whoopee.

I was then directed to a room off to the side where I was to wait to pay up. As it happened the officer was also in that room.

He was fairly surly and seemed quite indignant that I had come to court. He didn't much want to talk but I kept bugging him.

"You didn't tell the truth up there," I said. He replied he didn't know what I was talking about and kept repeating he had "let me off."

I told him he didn't know what he was talking about and I asked him why when he stopped me he specifically said he had clocked me at 40 if in fact he had clocked me at 42.

He replied he didn't have to tell me what he clocked me at, only what he was going to

charge me with — in my opinion a ridiculous argument.

I told him, and I wasn't lying, that if I had been going 42 I would have paid up without complaining.

Then he said something about I was "the guy who was going to the golf course." I told him that was ridiculous because not only did we not talk to each other but I don't even golf.

He sort of shrugged and said I couldn't expect him to remember everybody. This struck me as odd as he had not five minutes earlier testified under oath that he remembered who I was.

I asked him how he knew he had let me off, since he couldn't remember who I was. He answered he had it in his notes.

That sounded logical except he never looked at his notes when he testified. All he had was a carbon copy of the summons he gave me and it certainly never said anything about 42 mph.

He was either lying or he was shockingly casual about his facts while testifying under oath. The thing that bothered me was I could have been parked at the side of the road at the time and I still would have been convicted. I was automatically disbelieved.

I was mad enough when I left the court to consider appealing the case but I discovered I would have to put down a \$50 deposit which would not be refunded if I lost.

I talked to a lawyer I know and he was shocked, not that the incident had happened but that I was naive enough to be upset about it. He said it happens all the time and he accepted it as a fact of life.

My own case, I know, is extremely insignificant but it makes me wonder when an officer does something like that over such a trivial matter, what would he do or say to obtain an important conviction.

It was not my intention to besmirch all policemen in this column as many are certainly worthy of respect for their devotion to their work and for their honesty.

## All plugged up

By ANNEGRET LAMURE

A while ago, I drove to the hardware store to buy a rubber stopper for my car. "What size?" asked the clerk.

"Oh, sink size, I guess." He tapped his yellow pencil rhythmically on the counter. "We have one inch, inch and a quarter, inch and a half....."

"Gee, I don't know. I always thought they only came in two sizes, 'bath' and 'sink'."

"What's it for?"

"Well, actually I need it for my car." He seemed perplexed. "What are you plugging up?"

"My gas tank."

"Aha." His eyes brightened. "Lost your gas cap, did you?" I nodded. "Gas caps for old Vivas are hard to find." He fingered his elegant little moustache.

"You parked out front?" I was. "Well, let's have a look." He flourished his tapemeasure.

Later, with the chain clinking rakishly, I tootled off to the local gas station. The usual fellow was at the pumps. We have a little ritual. He says, "fillerup?" I say, "Coup-pelabucksworth."

This time was different. He said, "Fillerup?" and reached for the gas cap. It wasn't there. He looked at the plug. Then he fingered the chain thoughtfully.

"Just pull," I encouraged. He seemed most reluctant. Finally he tugged. The plug came out with a soft pop.

"Just like pulling a tooth, he grinned. Our eyes met. For the first time he saw, not a battered white Vauxhall Viva with a woman inside, but a plumpish woman who lost gas caps, sitting inside a Vauxhall. A person.

We smiled at each other in recognition. Then, "Check the oil?" he said, businesslike, and gave my windshield an impersonal swipe with his dirty sponge.

Since then I have tanked up at a lot of places, and gotten a lot of guffaws and giggles, but my favorite is still the local station. We have a new ritual. He says, "Coup-pelabucksworth?" I say, "Just pull." Then we both smile.

It is a great pity then, that my stopper is getting all cracked and worn. It will have to be scrapped.

But there's that new winemaking supply house I thought I might try. They have these beautiful big corks.....



This donkey, standing in a field near the 4th concession of Uxbridge, looks as if he might have been painted there. He stood perfectly motionless, curiously examining the photographer as he posed for this shot. — Ted Wilcox