



Council Comments

By **Jim Sanders**

A step back

Statistics recently put before Council by Bob Forhan, the Chairman of the Region of York, and Police Chief Bruce Crawford, indicate crime in York Region is increasing more slowly than in the rest of the Province. During 1981, in York Region, 13,544 criminal offences were reported. This is an increase of 832 over 1980.

From brief information provided Council, it would appear the police are doing their job with adults. However, the December report from the Children's Services Committee points out that York Region does not have as many Youth Bureau police officers as Peel and Durham.

Youth officers spend time with juveniles rather than just charging them. Time costs money. The youth officers take time to get to the bottom of situations before taking juveniles to court. With this understanding and knowledge of the youth and his/her community, the officer can use discretion and often turn the situation around without resorting to costly court proceedings and possible punitive detention which has proven to be little more than an apprenticeship for a life of crime.

Getting rid of the Youth Bureau seems to be the current policy in York Region. To me, it seems like a step in the wrong direction. An education program run by the police in the schools is being suggested as a replacement. We need both: the Youth Bureau and an improved education program. However, the people to run the education program surely would be the schools with the help of the police, not vice versa.

If the police need more funds so Youth Officers can be properly trained, equipped, and given the time they need to do a proper job, then we must pay the price. This is a price demanded by a society that has grown like ours. Surely, it is wiser to spend our money on a program that is truly corrective than one that simply punishes while reinforcing the problem.

We need police officers on the beat where they can be seen and where they can get to know the community they are serving. York Region Police Department has attempted to do this. I would like to see them continue the policy for the Youth as well as the Adult population.



"Let's see, 'L' for landfill --- it's gotta be in here somewhere!"

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Roaming Around
No pain with Dolly Parton
 By Jim Thomas

I'm a real coward when it comes to dentists. I know it, my wife knows it, my kids know it and so, needless to say, does my dentist.

Because of this awesome fear of all things related to the profession, I check myself in for open-mouth surgery, only when absolutely necessary. This hit-and-miss practise has created problems. My teeth have deteriorated to such a point, I'll soon be restricted to a diet of bread and milk.

My trouble relates to needles. The very thought of one penetrating any part of my sensitive anatomy sends me soaring into never-never land.

This inner-most fear goes back as far as I can remember. I think on the day of my arrival, old Doc Macdonald must have accidentally set me down on something sharp and the phobia's been with me ever since.

This timidity quirk is a standing joke with my kids. "Oh Dad", says Mary-Lynn, "what's there to be scared of? It doesn't hurt a bit." A few physicians have said the same, only to discover seconds later, they've an emergency case on their hands; out like a light.

Fortunately, here in Stouffville, my reputation's well known. Glenn Graham, for example, housecleans his office of all protruding instruments, even before he invites me in. Doc Morgan doesn't go quite that far, but he's learning fast. A NO NEEDLE order is written across my dental file in red ink.

To be honest, I don't know why Doc Morgan even accepts me as a patient. Better to pan me off on some unsuspecting newcomer and let him endure the aggravation.

However, so far he's persevered and somehow, so have I. "Steady now, just a wee bit more; we'll be through in a couple of seconds", is his oft-repeated expression as I groan and squirm in agony.

Strange as it may seem, though, I think we (that's me and Doc Morgan), have partially solved our problem. It was two visits ago that I observed a young girl, about nine or ten, placidly prostrate on the chair with earphones strapped to her head. I enquired as to what that was all about to which Janine (she's the receptionist who holds my hand), explained how music, of the patient's choice, is played during "drilling operations", thus soothing the person's nerves.

"I'll try a little of that," I said, "can you make it country and western?" She nodded okay and promised to remember.

Ah, what a relief — Johnny Cash, Hank Snow, Kenny Rogers and a double-sided 'hit' by Dolly Parton. I didn't feel a thing.

Editorials

MPP can reclaim lost faith

It's high time for Bill Hodgson, York North's patriarchal M.P.P. to stop playing referee in The Government vs. The People on the landfill site question, and come out fighting — for the people.

And fighting where it counts, not within the secret conclaves of caucus, where all the wheeling-dealing takes place, but in the middle of the ring where the true worth of a representative can be seen and heard.

The natives are restless. The Town's been wallowing up to its armpits in first chemical slime, then garbage for close to thirteen years and we're hurting; hurting so badly, unless something's done and done soon, we'll be destroyed.

Thousands of words have been spoken and thousands of dollars have been spent in connection with this issue. Still, on the surface at least, we're no further ahead than before.

Mr. Hodgson argues that closing down the dump is not the answer. And he may be right. But to continue depositing refuse at this site and even to entertain an application for expansion is no solution either. Certainly, a complete shut-down of dumping operations is a first step, a psychological victory if nothing else.

A check back through past election statistics will show strong support for Bill Hodgson in Whitechurch-Stouffville. This newspaper too, has, without fail, recommended his re-election. Why? Because we trusted his willingness to help the people he represents. Let it not be said that our faith was misconceived.

Never rains but it pours

One thing can be said about Stouffville, when it rains, it pours. And we're not talking about the weather. We're talking about businesses — duplication of businesses.

Ten years ago, the former village had an over-abundance of gas stations. Then came a flood of restaurants, both sit-down and take-out variety, probably more per capita than any area in Ontario.

And now, guess what, we're to become the electronic games arcade capital of York Region — four such establishments, all on Main Street, not to mention those places that accommodate only a single machine.

Regardless of zoning, too often a convenient facade, it's time planners showed some intestinal fortitude and said "no" to problem-making situations — problems for owners, tenants and ultimately, the general public.

Let's face it, this town isn't large enough to support so much of the same kind of thing. It's strictly survival of the fittest. However, the law that applies in the jungle, need not apply in business if planners would use a little commonsense.

Window on Wildlife

Surprised by a wolf pack

The new snow came on top of the glaring crust of several previous thaws. These conditions wouldn't always support the weight of the dogs but were ideal for snowshoeing. I made my way up the less formidable part of the ridge and crossed into a section of old pine forest. Fresh tracks were almost everywhere, so while the dogs disappeared into the evergreens I began to take note of the different marks in the snow. Under the pines the thick white blanket was considerably less and it was here that most of the tracks seemed to congregate.

Of course the varying hare or snowshoe rabbit had left plenty of sign. In fact in some places their well worn runs had created regular channels between patches of thorny berry canes and ground juniper. Periodically you could see where they left their main trails of travel and sought out some succulent shrubs. Often it seemed they must have stretched up to their fullest length to nip some particularly tender twigs. One set of these white rabbit tracks led me to an old burnt out stump but although I moved cautiously to peek inside, the long-eared occupant had already moved on.

A similar track but somewhat smaller showed where black squirrels had scratched down through the snow in several places to retrieve some hidden acorns. I checked these scuff marks carefully because on other occasions deer had pawed down through the snow in a similar manner and for the same reasons. Satisfied they were the workings of squirrels, I moved slowly ahead. At the base of a really big pine a series of quotation-like indentations caught my eye. I followed this hunting weasels trail as it searched for prey under snow-covered logs and along the padded rabbit paths. At a place where a red squirrel track crossed its route, the marks of the relentless predator turned and began to overlap those of the bushy-tailed chatterer. In a few yards though this chase was over, as the squirrel apparently took to the trees.

I too left the weasel's track, when I noticed a large section under the evergreens, littered with the tips of hemlock boughs. A search of the immediate area did not produce a porcupine sighting but a tail-dragging trail in the snow showed where it had travelled to another grove of nearby conifers.

I began to swing my snowshoes in that direction when I heard one of my dogs whimper in the thicket just off to my right. Half expecting a rabbit to come bouncing out ahead of the dog I remained still and facing into the wind. If I was a bit surprised to see both dogs come and stand beside me, I was also a bit unnerved at the next course of events. For suddenly from the shadows of the thick pines ahead a pack of wolves erupted in a series of spine-tingling howls. Not that I'd never heard wolves howl before but the very closeness of this pack and their penetrating wailing voices caused me some concern. Surely, I muttered it was unusual for wolves to carry on in such a manner in mid-afternoon.

As I got my back up against a stout pine trunk, I wondered among other things if one or more of these howling predators was rabid. I also wondered whether we had come up wind of them and disturbed their feeding on some downed carcass. But of all the thoughts running through my mind none persisted like the one that in fact told me January wolves are a hungry lot. And if they really made up their minds to attack, what chance would a man have, even if he had two dogs and a .22 rifle which, at the moment, he was trying desperately to clear of bough-fallen snow.