



I blew my flu

By Lynda Nykor

I'm just getting over one of those colds that makes your teeth, ears, head, sinuses and feet ache. Not necessarily in that order, either. It put me flat on my back for three days. At least I had time to catch up on reading and watching the world go by. One of the things that amazed me was the way the house went to pot, in spite of the fact I don't, according to my family, do anything but sit at my typewriter. My children and husband cook all meals, feed the dog, do some of the laundry and clean up after dinner. (I don't do kitchens or dogs, in this best of all liberated worlds.)

Disaster area

Still, I must be good at supervising, because the house has been a disaster area for 72 hours. Someone else agrees, I guess, about my supervisory abilities. I was sound asleep Monday afternoon when the telephone rang. Reaching for it, I simultaneously knocked a glass of orange juice into my slippers and fell off the bed. I sounded half-asleep and half-strangled. And still the lady on the other end of the line, calling from Barney Danson's Ottawa office, went ahead and asked me to be on the advisory board for the new Canada Works grants. Someone in Mr. D's riding office must have seen the column I wrote complaining about the lack of granting available for my own worthy project.

Silly projects

One of the things that had made my sister and I mad when we were turned down time and again was knowing how silly were some of the projects that got funding. We heard about one fellow who got federal grants for five years to make plastic rocks. And the rocks are ugly. When the sun shines, you can see the sand that anchors them down showing through. Truth. Well, you can bet your federal fund there aren't going to be any plastic rocks getting by yours truly.

I love to read history, but one of my pet peeves is the way most of it is written. The ones available for public consumption show everybody as either rich and perfect, or ugly and totally evil. The rest are so dry and boring you can't get past page three unless you're writing your master's thesis and really do want to know the wording of the Statutes of Westminster.

French colonies

The one I delved into this week was just right, with a ring of authenticity and a wealth of interesting detail. It's called Epitaph for Kings by Sanche de Gramont (could a man with that name be boring? shrink from the truth?) and it's about France in the century before the revolution. One short section deals with the way France felt about her unimportant colonies in North America. "France can be happy without Quebec," was a favorite Parisian expression, says Sanche. Makes you wonder, doesn't it, whether Montreal will ever be worth a mass among European Francophones. I finally hobbled downstairs today, and was sitting in the living room "chatting up" my long-suffering husband. My elder son had run out of excuses for not collecting the trash. He wandered into the living room held out his green garbage bag, looked at us, and asked "OK, who's first?" I think I'm to understand my con- valence is officially at an end.

Moran miffed

Almost unnoticed in the furor following the election of Garfield Wright as chairman of York Region is his own comment that the regional council should consider changes.

The 9-7 vote should have wakened many of the oldtimers up to the fact that if they don't get the region moving soon they, too, could wind up in the never, never land of the social services committee.

Of course asking the region to change is a bit like asking the leopard to change its spots. There are too many hangovers from the old county council days. Such councils are steeped in the principle that he who governs least governs best by keeping down the taxes.

The chairman appeared to

be afraid of change when he declined to put Ron Moran on the engineering committee. It is almost an insult to the 8,500 people in York who elected Moran, many of them knowing that he was far more interested in public works than in social services where he wound up.

Wright said he would be fair to all, including those who voted against him. But Lou Wainwright in Richmond Hill is the only engineering committee member who supported Adams.

Other members are Erik Larsen, Angus Morton, George Timpson, Ray Twinney and Garnet Williams. With the exception of Timpson, the committee reads like the who's who of the old guard.



regional viewpoint

By Jim Irving
Have you ever wished you were someone else? That is, that you were them in name, size, shape and spirit? No doubt, many people have actually wished for the complete transition, seeing only the positive side of those whose place they would take, unaware that their idols also have feet of clay

I blew my chance

and perhaps heads to match. In the comedy, "Play it Again Sam," currently running in Toronto, Woody Allen shows what it's like to desire someone else's person, his hero being Humphrey Bogart, whom he resembles about as much as the prime minister does Maureen McTeer. However, to Woody, being Bogart is everything. He especially likes the way

he handles women, and he goes through some pretty humiliating—although hilarious in Allen's hands—situations, before he realizes that just being himself is the best and only way to stumble through this old vale.

Winning goal

In all blushing modesty, I don't think

I've ever wanted to be anybody else. Oh, I may have pictured myself scoring the winning goal in the final game of the Stanley Cup series, or running back a kickoff to clinch the Grey Cup for Saskatchewan Roughriders—"Hometown boy makes good"—but always as myself. I don't think I ever pictured myself in somebody else's uniform when I did it.

However, I must admit that when I had a chance to be somebody else—quite literally—a couple of months ago, I was pretty excited about it. Not only would I take the great man's place - to all intents and purposes - but I might even manage a few gems from it all for future stories, that could even match the sparkling repartee of school board and regional council meetings.

But I blew it all. And I think it was just that fact that I was a newspaperman that I did. No, I shouldn't say it was due to my being a newspaperman, but more because I admitted that I was.

Changing ribbon

You see, it all happened like this. I was in the office one day trying to catch up to a typewriter ribbon that had taken off across the floor, just after I had disentangled it from somewhere around my ear and was trying to find a place for it in my typewriter, when the phone rang.

It was a Toronto casting agent, who, over the years, had got me the occasional bit as a corpse in a mob scene, or something equally demanding in CBC shootouts. Was I familiar with the movie, "Equus," parts of which were being filmed soon in Kleinburg? I certainly was. Hadn't I just phoned out there earlier to try to arrange an interview with the star, Richard Burton?

Offered part

"I think we can use you," said the

agent. "Really," I replied, "what part did you want me for?"

"Oh, I didn't want you for any part," she said, "I wanted you to be Burton's stand-in."

"Burton's stand-in," I gulped, picking myself up off the floor and kicking the typewriter ribbon to one side, "I don't even look like him."

"Nobody looks like Richard Burton," she said. However, she had seen me in a TV commercial and thought I might do. Mind you, it wasn't a sure thing, I would have to audition with a couple of others, but would I be available for a couple of weeks in December?

And that's where I made my mistake. I started off all right, telling her that I would check it out.

Coincidence

But then I had to blurt it out that this sure was a coincidence; how I had just tried to arrange to do a story and was told that the set was closed, etc.

"Oh, you're a reporter," she said. "That could present problems."

I did my best to assure her that they'd never know it (at the time, anyway), but it seemed her enthusiasm diminished at that point.

"Well, if you make it, remember, I didn't know anything about that." And then she added, "If you don't make it, maybe I could get you on as an extra for a day or two."

I agreed that would be fine, but somehow, even though I eventually arranged to get the time off, I knew that it was all over; that I'd botched things. I called her a few days later to tell her that I was free to do it, but she said that the shooting had been put over for awhile.

I never heard from her again after that. So, I guess I'll just have to continue trying to be myself.

As for Burton, well, I guess he missed the chance to fantasize a bit, too.

Letters

Family pet comes home shot

Dear editor: The new year marked a tragedy for all the members of our family. At noon on the first day of the new year we heard a shot, a few minutes later a thud at the door.

Opening the door we found our much loved dog, breathing his last. He died within five minutes.

How he even got home is beyond us. He was wounded in the abdomen.

This animal gave us great pleasure, was obedient, except for the odd run, was lovable and despite his size, ex-

tremely gentle. He was only two years old.

We tried to find a way to justify this senseless murder — and that's what it was — but could find none.

In analyzing all aspects of what could have happened, we discussed various reasons, such as: someone in the bush hunting, mistaking him for a wolf (he was a shepherd-husky cross) or kids, either young or old, shooting at anything with no thought to the consequences.

Anyway, the OPP were called and the incident was reported.

There are no laws governing the use of rifles on your own property. Now it seems to me that if a rifle is fired the bullet will certainly travel off the property.

We live in the country, true, and I'm sure that at one time, a rifle could have been discharged without danger to people or property. But not now.

There are too many homes around. We have two children who walk the roads, who investigate the bush and play within sight of a good many homes.

Surely, they have rights, the right to survive without the risk of some unthinking idiot shooting a rifle indiscriminately at anything that moves just because he's on his own property. As upset as we are over our own personal loss we are appalled to think of what could happen and, as is too often the case, will happen, before any action is taken.

We say it's time to change the law, to prevent tragedy before it happens, not after.

REG JENNINGS family, RR 1, Schomberg, Ont.

United Way backed

The following is a letter members of the Richmond Hill Ministerial Association sent to the director of York Region United Way.

From the meeting of the Richmond Hill Ministerial Association, held recently, and on behalf of the members of this group, I was asked to convey to you and your staff our sincere commendation for the yeoman work which has been done to initiate the first campaign for the United Way of York Region.

As clergymen we know something about the work involved, and the difficulties which would be encountered in initiating this kind of organization and mounting a local campaign of this magnitude for the first time.

To contact and enlist a core of volunteers to do this work, to challenge and inspire them and to do all of this in such a short and compressed time-schedule — this wins for you and your associates our congratulations and deep appreciation.

It is our conviction the momentum, which you have already attained for the United Way in our area, this can be maintained, and, from this worthy beginning, the United Way will go on to a more developed and integrated pattern of service for our region.

We thank you for what you have been able to do to date, Mr. Higgs, and look forward to the development of this much-needed and crucial expression of our caring for real needs in our community in the years to come.

ROBERT SHORTEN, Secretary, Richmond Hill, Ont.



sharon's sunshine

By Sharon Brain

Luckily, the urge to rhyme doesn't strike me often.

Unluckily, this is the week it has.

The attack was brought on by reading Columbo's Little Book of Canadian Proverbs, Graffiti, Limericks, and Other Vital Matters.

That's not just another pretty title. It's also great bathroom reading.

But it set me off, and I've been thinking in limericks ever since.

To politicians

Like this one, dedicated to any local

politician who finds it relevant.

A man from Victoria Square Learned politics meant wear and tear.

As he found from his reading About cattle breeding The bull only gets you half there.

This next one is dedicated to all my anti-development friends to the west who got so severely trounced in the last election.

We people who now live in Vaughan May soon find our green spaces gone.

We'll wake up one morning

And find the day dawning On sky-scrapers, on our front lawns.

And a word to all those people who can't believe their tax bill.

A Thornhill lady named Claire Thought her tax bill was somewhat in error.

When she called up the town, They said, "Ma'am, please calm down,

We just charge all the traffic will bear."

Airport growth

I also have one for all those people in

Headford and Buttonville who are trying to prevent the further expansion of the airport nearby.

The airport that's growing in Markham

Has all my dogs growlin' and barkin'.

If the planes, for one day, Could just head Sifton's way,

Then he'd understand why we're all carpin'.

Here's one to be clipped out and mailed, anonymously of course, to any

bosses, spouses, teachers, politicians, or others you think it might help.

There once was a bad King named Kong

Who'd never admit he was wrong. His subjects, with reason, Indulged in some treason, And Kong wasn't King very long.

The unfinished

Is that enough to get you going too? Maybe there is someone out there who could finish these ones I couldn't, like: A Liberal lady named Dawson Had knowledge of past times quite awesome... An angry reporter named Jim Thought all politicians were dim... or An over-weight man from Oak Ridges Whose appetite was most prodigious... or A lovely young thing from King City Said, "Since I am feeling quite witty..."

Family pains

If you can help me out, or have any others you'd like to share, why not send them to The Liberal in care of this column? It sounds like fun. I'll close with one from my family. That columnist, Ms. Sharon Brain, Is driving her family insane. Our every caper Shows up in the paper. It's getting to be quite a pain.

yesterdays

by mary dawson

In the Toronto Reference Library there is a paper with the title "Annals of an old Post Office on Yonge Street in Richmond Hill", written by Matthew Teefy.

This was presented at a meeting of the Ontario Historical Society on August 30, 1909.

Teefy quoted the rates when he took over the local post office in 1850 as "cost to Toronto 4 1/2 d. There were no stamps and prepayment was optional. If postage was prepaid red ink was used. If not, it was marked with black. In 1861

a uniform rate of 1/2 oz. for three cents was adopted."

First dollars

(Dollars and cents replaced pounds, shillings and pence in 1859). Money orders had been used since 1855.

He also reported two mails a day reaching the village — one from the south and one from the north — both about noon.

Matthew Teefy was born in Tipperary, Ireland, on April 18, 1822. He came to Muddy York, Upper

Canada, with his parents in 1824.

Learned printing

In 1836 he was apprenticed to Thomas Dalton, publisher and editor of the "Patriot", to learn the printing trade.

During his apprenticeship he took part in printing the "Appendix" to Lord Durham's report.

He was appointed Richmond Hill's postmaster on Dec. 3, 1850, receiving his commission from the Marquess of Chancarde, then Postmaster-General of England.

During his 62 years of service, he

served under 22 postmasters-general. On his retirement, he was the oldest postmaster in Canada — both in age and years of service.

His post office was in a building on part of what is now the L. M. McConaghy Public School grounds, Yonge Street.

First Hill clerk

When the village was incorporated in 1873, he became the first clerk of the municipality, holding this office until his retirement in 1905.

He was also village treasurer as well as a magistrate, a keen archeologist

and antiquarian, and secretary-treasurer of the fair board.

His private office behind the post office contained many papers and documents of historical interest.

Important diary

He also kept a diary, which, with his papers, is preserved in the Ontario Archives.

Matthew Teefy passed away Dec. 19, 1911, at the age of 89.

Richmond Hill will be forever in his debt since he had the wisdom and foresight to leave records and documents for the future.

Teefy's Hill diary