

Bring, don't mail, your information to the newspaper

Another postal strike was underway last week, and, as of yesterday, it was still on.

This time, 1,200 members of the Ottawa local of the Canadian Union of Postal Workers walked out because it was too hot.

Workers said they needed additional time off each hour because of the heat, and as a result, a backlog of work kept growing and growing. To alleviate that officials hired an additional 27 workers, all of them non-union.

That's when the Ottawa local members hit the pavement.

It was, no doubt, hotter on the pavement than in the building, but that's not the point here.

If the postal workers are looking for public sympathy in this, or any other strike, they may as well forget it. The public is about at the end of its rope, coping with the inconveniences caused by this union.

To list all the strikes, or threats of strikes, would create a book in itself. This particular strike, not likely to spread across the country because the heat wave is over, has had little impact on the daily press and has not caused that much inconvenience in Ottawa.

Maybe we're all beginning to get a bit bored with the postal workers. Maybe it's about time.

Possibly now we can turn our attention to other methods of moving mail.

There have been cases in Richmond Hill where mail has taken eight to 10 days to cross town.

We note a press release sent June 22 from Lorraine Kelly, publicity chief of Hillcrest Mall,

announcing an event June 28. It arrived at the Woodbridge-Vaughan News June 29.

A letter sent by the Town of Richmond Hill to a resident in this community's east side took nine days to arrive.

Just perhaps the government-run postal service isn't as great as it would have us believe.

We're not suggesting the workers at the Richmond Hill or Thornhill Post Offices aren't doing their jobs. We understand they're as frustrated as the rest of us, trying to live by a system dreamed up by a government which has no concept of how to run an efficient and profitable business.

As the costs go up, the service goes down. Now we pay 12 cents for a letter which could take as many as 12 days to get delivered.

We'd like to suggest that you deliver local mail personally. Take the car if you must, but try walking your letter to its destination.

A good, brisk jaunt on Elgin Mills to Centre Street won't kill anyone, and it certainly won't take a week for you to arrive.

If you have mail for The Liberal office, bring it in. Letters to the editor, press releases, notices of meetings, old photographs, family reunions, etc., etc., are more than welcome.

And if you bring the information in when you want to, we can handle it right away, not a week and a half later, if that be the whim of the post office.

In the world of communications, we want to talk to you, face to face right now. Not by a letter when the post office feels like it.



sharon's sunshine

Temptation is almost too much

There is a motorcycle in our garage. It was left there by a particularly perverse friend who put the keys on the window sill in the kitchen and told me to use it whenever I wanted to.

But that is one habit I have kicked. The last bike left this house two years ago, and even on the first sunny day of spring, I feel not the slightest twinge of longing. Now, when I see kids riding trail bikes, my face puckers in a sneer of disapproval and I wonder what their parents can be thinking.

I give unprovoked lectures on The Stupidity of the Motorcycle as a Means of Transportation (Considering the Climate).

I sit down in my library with the boys who are pouring over the latest copy of Cycle Canada and discuss the danger involved.

I ignore the way their ears close up like seals' nostrils.

For I have quit. And now, a motorcycle is sitting in our garage.

The first day it was there, I was merely irritated because it was taking up the space usually reserved for the wheel barrow.

The second day I went out and walked

around it and thought about the money we had once wasted on such a silly toy.

The third day, I checked the bike carefully and noticed the dent in the gas tank. I thought of the mess I had made of my bike and myself the day a pothole rose up and wrenched me and it to the ground.

I thought of all the clothes bikers have to wear on even the hottest days, and how on summer nights the temperature drops 20 degrees in the valleys and you put the furnace on when you finally get home to try to thaw out.

I thought about the stupidity of a government that would make seat belts compulsory in cars, and then allow defenseless fools to go racing along highways with nothing but \$40 helmets between the pavement and their \$40 heads.

I stomped out of the garage. The fourth day, I went into the garage because it was cooler there than on the back lawn.

The only place to sit was on the bike. I played with the accelerator and changed gears.

I thought of the first bike we had, on which I occupied the sack-of-potatoes seat behind my husband.

I soon realized the only way to live with a biker and see anything but the back of his head was to get a bicycle of my own.

I painted it and washed it and loved it and ran it dry of oil and seized up the engine.

The first day I rode it to school, the secretary stared at me in disbelief. She had finally discovered why she had never liked me.

I ran with motorcycle gangs. I thought about the students who would drop in to say that I really should have my clutch cable checked, and sure, they'd do it on their spare.

The fifth day, my nephew dropped by. He was in a cast from shoulder to wrist. Fell off his trail bike.

That day I stayed out of the garage. Today is the sixth day of a long week.

It is warm and sunny and the bikes are buzzing through Thornhill like flies in a bottle. They aren't going anywhere.

They are just moving around, because days like this are the reason for motorcycles.

I have called my friend and told him to come and get his bike out of the garage. He'd better be quick.

Expressions

By JIM IRVING

If you follow any of the various sporting events — hockey, football, base ball, etc., via TV or radio, you probably have noticed that the sportscasters now insert the word "situation" at every opportunity.

Leaves are no longer faced with a penalty anymore, but a "penalty situation," or a "time-out-situation," or a "break-in-the-action situation."

And no longer are Argos third and 50 behind their own goal-line, but are facing a "third and 50 situation."

The word is completely meaningless as applied by the broadcasters, who, however, seem to find some security in the use of clichés indulged in by other members of the fraternity.

In that other realm of make-believe — education — the educators have their own favorite but meaningless phrase, too, one which they love to lap away at, like Kojak at his lollipop.

And that is the one that has every action ending up in an "experience", most often used in the catch-all phrase "learning experience."

In speaking to the proposal to sign up for 100 days at Scanlon resources centre — still to be built — the members, whenever they felt they needed something hard-hitting to clutch their argument for signing, would stress the fact that all students needed a "live-out experience."

I suppose that is comparable to a "time-out situation".

A live-out experience. Just what the hell does that mean exactly? It means it's the easy way of presenting something without giving any details of what it's all about. An acceptable way of expressing one's inarticulateness, because, the phrase can suggest anything you want it to.

Not quite the same as a "moonlight cruise," but explicit enough to grab most of the tone-deaf people in sight.

It is an attempt to cover what the person using it can't, or can't be bothered to put into words for himself and so resorts to a completely inapt but presumptuous phrase that gives his inadequacy the slight ring of credibility.

Most disdainful of all, however, is the "learning experience" one. It is spouted so often and with such complete authority by board members that one sometimes gets the impression that

they live for the times they can spiel it off.

For, if nothing else, it leaves them with the feeling they are brothers and sisters together, speaking not a pompous kind of jargon, but an intimate language necessary to the survival of people in vital roles, where time is of the essence.

Nowhere is the use of this phrase more badly — and badly — used than in a recent board report on early school leaving.

ESL, to use the abbreviated form, is a program authorized under the education act to allow students 14 or 15 to enter into a full-time or part-time alternative program to attending classes.

A student is of compulsory school age until his 16th birthday, or June 30 of the year in which he turns 16, whichever occurs first.

During the early school leaving program, however, the alternative, according to the board report, "whether it be paid employment or of a volunteer nature, should be for a learning experience."

Now just what the expletive, expletive kind of inane talk is that? Just what will the board decide fits into the category of "learning experience". No doubt it will require some certificate of proof.

But just what is the point of letting some kid, who obviously is a misfit where school is concerned, out of school at 14 if you're going to insist that whatever he does from then on, fits into some stylistic category of academic learning? That his studies be books again and not necessarily life.

If one quits school at 14, then one wants out of any kind of academic responsibility for awhile.

Once on one's own, however, when one gets a chance to see how the rest of the world operates, one might be only too happy to return to class and learn the conventional way again.

The board could do all those listening a great favor by dropping the phrase "learning experience" from its vocabulary.

It could do reluctant students an even greater favor by dropping the proviso containing that same dubious phrase, from its ESL report.

Otherwise, those students involved will no doubt start looking for some sort of permanent out situation.

Letters

Classified overwhelmed sport - reader

This letter is one of criticism of a section of our newspaper and I would welcome your reaction.

I specifically refer to the "SPORTS Classified" section of the paper dated Wednesday, July 20, 1977.

There were 10 pages of print allowing a possible 1890 column inches.

Of those inches, only 280 approximately were utilized to report on "SPORT" in the local communities you serve, the remainder fell under the heading "Classified".

I recognize that the front page carries six columns only, hence I say "possible" column inches.

With the exception of a short item relating to golf, all the other "SPORT" covered was baseball.

I am aware that the latter is immensely popular and is, I believe, given excellent coverage by your paper.

Soccer is also immensely popular, but received no coverage in this issue.

Richmond Hill, in particular, has a proud name in soccer, as reported by the paper "Toronto Soccer Paper" is soon to host a team from Mexico.

Richmond Hill has several town teams and house leagues and yet, of their activities and achievements, you have made no mention in your SPORTS section.

I question why, and will not accept the reply "no one told us", because, as a community newspaper you should actively seek to cover those events which are a part of the daily lives of so many of the youngsters in your marketplace.

Perhaps, too, because those youngsters and their parents buy your newspaper to see their team or personal name in print.

Back to the inches. My suggestion that, if the ratio is not improved, this

section of the newspaper be titled "CLASSIFIED Sports" as 85 per cent of the section in the subject issue was, in fact, taken up by print under the heading "classified".

The writer of this letter writes as an individual, as a parent, as a person proud to be part of Richmond Hill and as a soccer coach with real interest in a specific group of seven-year-old soccer enthusiasts.

This letter should, in no way, be read as the official viewpoint of the Richmond Hill Soccer Association, its officials or its coaching staff.

TOM WATERHOUSE
163 Mill Street
Richmond Hill

ED. NOTE:

Your argument, Tom is valid, and when you check the rest of your Liberal, you will see what we did to solve the problem.

Free running dogs in her area

Dear editor:

The article by Elizabeth Harrison "Dog murderers shouldn't be licensed" touched me so deeply, that I have to say to her a few comforting words.

Dear Mrs. Harrison! If you don't succeed with your petition to outlaw dogs in the area, then move to our neighborhood, where dogs are free to do what dogs like to do.

I can guarantee you your Duffy won't be lonely all those long hours, since here are always dogs running free — day or night.

Let me explain. Three years ago we moved to this place hoping to find some peace and privacy.

But soon I found out our privacy was ruined by all those neighborhood dogs wandering, rummaging through everybody's garbage, scaring children and polluting our flowerbeds.

Although I put garbage bags in covered plastic cans, I found it all over the garage in the morning. The same thing happened every time I left garbage in the garage.

So one day I called the humane society and explained my problem. It didn't do much good. The

only advice they had to offer was to keep the garbage inside the house.

Can you imagine having to keep stinky garbage in the house for the whole week on hot summer days?

And if I take it out early Tuesday morning, it is usually all over the lawn by the time the garbage collector comes up the street. And there is nothing anyone can do.

We don't even have law to protect us. That I found out when I complained three years ago.

I was upset and defeated when I found out our front porch doghouse packed in a neat paper bag.

There was a silent message with it: We have the right to keep our dogs running free. We have ways to keep you quiet.

That was three years ago. Nothing has changed. I've learned to live with it.

But Mrs. Harrison's story made me speak out again. We have as much right to feel bitter as she has.

Our fears are much greater — fear of a disease, if things don't improve, fear of taking out our frustration on an innocent animal, if we catch it in action.

For killing a person there would always be a polite word such as "crime of insanity" or "self defense".

But a person who kills a dog is simply a murderer.

Let me tell you again, Mrs. Harrison, the world wasn't made just for you and your dog. Thank heaven for the law.

But to protect us from

dogowners like you, there are still too many loopholes.

Your dog is your responsibility — keep him in your office during the day or tie him to a chain. Take him for a walk and a swim after work.

If you care for him so much, you can even leave your job and keep your dog company. But don't expect to gain sympathy

by bringing him in your office.

I am quite certain that the dog wasn't killed the first time he set foot on the farmer's property. But there is limit to how much one can take.

I love dogs and I feel sorry for them. Please do something to ensure their safety and well being.

MRS. CVETKA KOCJANCIC,
39 Oak Ave.,
Thornhill, Ont.

where vet services exist must first be spayed or neutered.

And for those municipalities seeking modern, comprehensive, enforceable and effective pet control regulations, the O.H.S. has prepared and encourages the enactment of a Model Animal Control bylaw. Still, the Ontario Humane Society had to destroy more than 31,000 last year alone...

helpless animals that paid the price for the irresponsibility of a few.

T. I. HUGHES
Executive Vice-President
Ontario Humane Society