

Attendance shameful at Regional Council

The weather has not been that great.

So there must have been another reason why 10 out of 16 regional councillors stayed away from a meeting last Wednesday morning.

Of the six who managed to show up, we're happy to note three of them were from Richmond Hill. That's 100 per cent attendance.

Bouquets to Mayor David Schiller and Regional Councillors Lois Hancey and Lou Wainwright.

Richmond Hill's neighbours, Markham and Vaughan, however, didn't fare as well.

No one showed up to represent those two municipalities.

Granted, it was a special meeting, which may have thrown a curve into some pre-arranged plans.

But it wasn't an important meeting, Hardly.

Merely a discussion on Regional Government reform.

The starting point for discussion would have been the York staff's assessment of

proposed changes in Toronto, Niagara and Ottawa-Carleton.

Those who follow regional affairs religiously may remember that York put off a badly needed reassessment of its own affairs until these studies of other regions were done.

But the discussion did not take place because the meeting lacked a quorum.

It's enough to suggest that those councillors who, for whatever reason, failed to attend the meeting were, in fact, saying they're quite happy with the way Regional Government in York is operating.

And as long as they stay away from the mundane meetings, that's the way York will continue to operate.

We don't believe York Region has yet achieved utopia, and only constant reassessment of its operations is going to make it even a bit better.

Such reassessment needs the undivided attention of all Regional Council members, not the record-breaking absenteeism reports.



sharon's sunshine

Going back to school

The holidays are over. All over town there are mothers with big smiles on their faces because the kids are back at school.

The fathers have big smiles too, because of the smiles on the faces of the mothers.

Only the teachers and the kids are suffering these days and that's what they get salaries and baby bonuses to do, so no one is wasting any pity on them.

Last week teachers were still technically free, but already their spirits were in bondage.

They were moping around the school trying to get ready.

The principal had on his Bermuda shorts and looked tanned and healthy, except for the huge bandage on his left thumb.

Seems he had taken the family camping and found that the hatchet, which the youngest had been using early in the summer to dig in the sand box, was dull. So he got a whet-stone and spent a lot of time honing it up till it was razor sharp.

And then, while giving his brood a lecture on the Safe Use of Dangerous Tools, it slipped.

He said he was glad to be back where the worst thing that could happen to him would be getting his tie caught in the ditto machine.

The grade seven teacher was moaning about the weather. Both she and her husband had taken courses all summer, and they finished up two weeks ago.

They headed right for the cottage to be met by grey skies, continuous rain, and falling leaves.

The secretary found when she got back in the school that someone had locked the file cabinet that had all the confidential files.

No key, no where. Certain facts about our students may remain confidential all year.

The grade two teacher was in a fury because the room she was moving into now held her desk, her pupils' tables and chairs, and all the desks and tables from the year before.

She thought she had 60 kids in her class.

Even the caretakers were glum.

After a summer of scrubbing and cleaning and polishing, the whole school sparkled.

But the summer rain had followed us into the school, and already, the gleam was a little tarnished. If 8 teachers could make that mess, what would 300 students do?

There was one happy face in town though. It belonged to the restaurant owner, who led a round of applause when the teachers showed up for lunch.

His take had been down drastically for two months, and he was eager for that steady stream of omelettes and coffees that would flow from his kitchen once we all got sick of sandwiches in brown paper bags.

The kids' responses varied. Some of them were pleased to see their teachers again, and came rushing up to say hello.

Others were a bit more sophisticated and merely rode by three times on their bicycles, shouting loudly to their friends that summer wasn't over yet.

Others went so far as to come over to the school and stand outside the windows peering in.

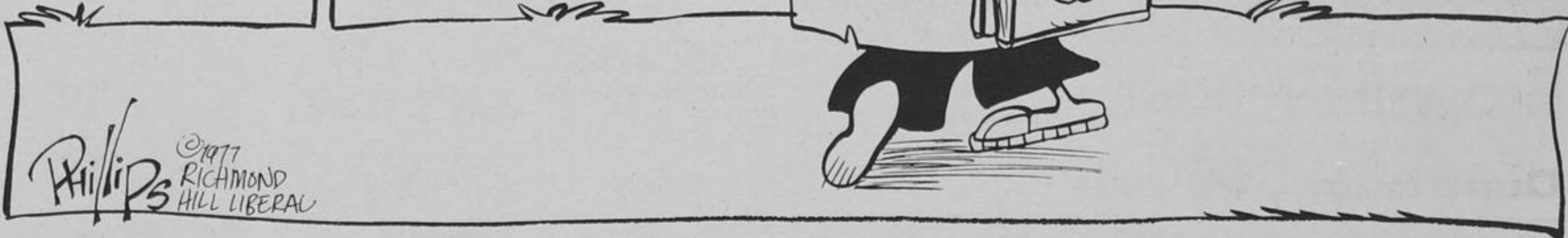
They're the ones who spent a long, long summer. But now the first day has come and gone.

The desks have been sorted out. There are smudges in those brand new notebooks. The crayons have been used once.

Most of the kindergarten has stopped crying.

Soon the plasticine will no longer be just one colour, but a mix of several.

The new shoes will be scuffed and the new pencil crayons lost. September has arrived.



By Bob Rice

Okay... I can understand completely what is happening to you right now.

You have just opened this copy of your Liberal and here, smack dab in the middle of the editorial page, is a whole bunch of words written by some guy named Rice and you are wondering just what the heck is going on.

Well, to tell you the truth... I'm not too sure myself. I guess the only way we can get this whole thing straightened out is to start at the beginning.

I was born Robert Bruce Rice (well not really... I mean it must have taken my parents an hour or so to give me that name) in Toronto in 1943. I didn't grow up like all of the other children in Toronto... because in 1948 our family moved to Richmond Hill.

Since it was very difficult for me to write Robert Bruce Rice all of the time, Mom and Dad decided to shorten my name to Bob. I still found it hard to write Bob, though, mainly because when they nicknamed me I was only three months old.

Richmond Hill in 1948 was quite different from the Regional Town that we know today. If memory serves me correctly, there were about 3,500 "Hillfolk" in those days and the boundaries were limited to Elgin Mills to the north, Vaughan Sideroad to the south, Bayview to the east and Bathurst on the west side.

Now I realize there will be the odd purist among you who will come forth with maps and deeds and all that junk to show that I am probably wrong about the exact boundaries, but to me these seem fairly accurate because that was as far as I was allowed to ride my bike.

When we first came to town I was immediately informed that I would have to repeat

kindergarten. Now how's that for a real shocker? The nice lady at R.H.P.S. explained to Mom that it had something to do with the fact the Richmond Hill School Board enrolled children at a different age than did the Toronto Board and I was too young for Grade 1 and would have to take Kindergarten again.

I knew the real truth though... they had checked my records at the Toronto school and found out I had flunked Nap Time.

Somehow, in spite of this traumatic start, I muddled my way through the educational system until leaving RHHS after three years.

The fact that I never graduated from high school bothers me every now and then but I was promised back in '59 that if I left voluntarily they would fake a diploma for me as a parting gesture. I did and they didn't.

I started in radio in 1957 when CJRH (now CFGM) went on the air July 1.

I was a pain in the neck to the management by always hanging around the station offering to help with this or that and, to get me out of their way, they trained me to work the audio console and that was the start of it all.

With a wealth of memories I left CJRH in 1959 and took a job in the big city with Foster Hewitt's radio station CKFH. In 1960 I teamed with Bill Brady back in Richmond Hill and together we headed to wealth and fame at CKEY in 1961. Bill is now back in London (he's wealthy) and I am still at CKEY (Bob who?).

"Ahah," you say.

"Oh so that's where we've heard the name before," you exclaim.

"That's the guy who tells us where to go and where not to go every day when we commute down to the Big Smoke".

Guilty as charged. "Okay," you say "but what the heck is he doing in our paper?"

Well gang... you've got to put the whole blame on a guy named Ron Wallace.

I mention The Liberal's Associate Editor by name for two reasons. One is that now you know who to write to if you have any complaints about the paper and the other is that Ron just loves to see his name in print.

Anywho... I first met this dubious character when he was Editor of the Banner up in Aurora. Ron asked if I would be interested in doing a weekly column and (being a frustrated John-Boy Walton at heart) I agreed.

After a couple of years of literary masterpieces I then moved to the paper group in Bradford before being approached once again by you-know-who to come to The Liberal.

Actually this is not my first column for this paper.

If Mr. Wallace had done his homework and spent some time in the Archives on the second floor, he would have discovered several bylines with my name on them back in '56 and '57 when Don Large and I co-authored the Hilltop Sports column during my stay at RHHS.

I'm willing to forgive him even if you can't.

I hope to be here for a while. In the coming months I'll try to give you a smile or three and every now and then I'll dig into some of the old back issues for a touch of nostalgia.

I'll see you again next week and, in the meantime, remember the words of the Mill Pond Philosopher... "Into each life a little rain must fall... but isn't it nice to know elephants can't fly!"

Letters

7-day a week paper boy is unfair—reader

ED. NOTE: The following letter was addressed to the Toronto Star, with a copy sent to The Liberal for publication.

As a carrier parent, I am very concerned over the recent announcement — "Star to publish a sabbath paper".

The extra paper, I am sure was justified. According to logic, the needs and feasibility, through random sampling, must have proved reasonable, thus ensuring a dollar to be made.

Naturally, one of the biggest assumptions in the study would have been the capability of reaching those hundred thousand plus readers. The answer of course is our industrious, loyal and money hungry carriers.

As you have mentioned, they are the pride of your paper, delivering the vital news of the day; learning about real life, money and business.

I agree with your feelings, carriers do learn the basics of life.

Well, it sounds good,

but, our carrier does not agree.

Seven days a week, for 50 weeks a year, under all weather conditions, is a long haul. In fact, come to think of it, my own that of servitude.

Have they, those in the decision positions, considered the alternatives to the seven days a week? E.G. — drop box distribution or other carriers.

Our friend, another carrier parent, in a conversation with your circulation staff, got the

impression that our carriers are going to be forced to deliver that extra paper.

The plan, applying my logic with our friend's information, seems to be that:

1) Starting October 6 and 13 our carriers will receive Sunday Stars for free issue.

2) Following distribution, present subscribers will be solicited for continuing the Sunday issue.

3) Sunday subscribers will be added to each carrier's list

automatically.

4) Accounting will be adjusted accordingly and the carriers will make their compensation.

Sounds great, however, as I stated, our carrier says "no go". He finds the job rewarding but not that rewarding.

Our challenge to you is to verify that assumption on distribution. Print this letter to gather (the workers) feedback on the seven days a week.

Your comments would also be appreciated in print.

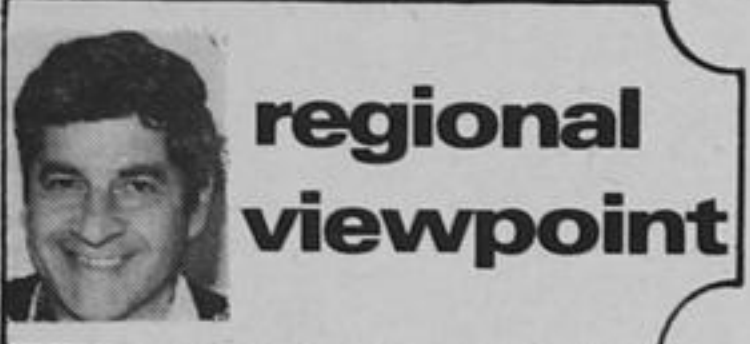
Naturally, feedback

needs to be monitored and I will gladly undertake that chore.

Kindly print my phone number so your employees — sorry — our self-employed carriers can advise me of their feelings.

Oh, if we have not read our letter and your comment by mid-September, consider this notice of our carrier's termination.

J. HUTCHISON
S. HUTCHISON
222 Norfolk Ave.
Richmond Hill
884-9628



regional viewpoint

Will return next week

Recreation program for retarded underway

This is a special letter to inform you about the Recreation Integration Program currently in operation at the York Central Association for the Mentally Retarded. The Association has received a Canada Works Grant to improve recreation programs in this area.

As a result they have been able to hire five people to provide this service.

This project is for a seven-month period in which they hope to provide a strong base or core of programs which will prove to be lasting and expand into new areas.

Rick Fairman and Carol Winter are the Community Project Workers who will be seeking out services and programs in the community which have the potential to accept mentally handicapped participants.

Marie Barton and Lorraine Balshin are the Family Liaison Workers who will be involved in visiting the homes of the mentally handicapped

and their families.

They hope to find out what programs are wanted and needed and the specific skill upgrading that may be required for participation.

These four people are under the guidance of Marna-Rose Charban, the Project Manager, who will be responsible for publicity, fund raising and organization.

The team will then develop segregated skill training programs to increase skills to a level where a person can become involved in an integrated program, and semi-integrated programs to meet expressed needs and try to channel people into existing

community programs. This will be done with the assistance of volunteers, Parks and Recreation, and parents. The Project Manager has worked with handicapped people in a variety of settings.

Her staff were chosen from a variety of backgrounds so the mentally handicapped in the York Central Region would benefit from their

higher expectations.

They have fewer preconceived ideas of mentally handicapped and will have more new and fresh ideas to aid in program development.

We hope you will share your knowledge of the area with us. Through this letter we hope to have

reached two aims:

1) to inform you of what has taken place during the summer and therefore prepare you for the upcoming visit; and

2) To provide you with time to prepare your thoughts and opinions on such a program and thus provide the vital in-

formation necessary to get the project off the ground.

We will let you know as soon as programs have been arranged through the Newsletter, so please watch for our spot.

Volunteers will ensure our success.

If you can help or know

of someone who can, please contact us.

For any inquiries or helpful information, please feel free to contact Marna-Rose Charban at 884-9110.

YORK CENTRAL ASSOCIATION FOR MENTALLY RETARDED, Richmond Hill.



Teamwork

Members of the team working on the Recreation Integration Program now operating at the York Central Association for the Men-

tally Retarded are, left to right, Marie Barton, Rick Fairman, Marna-Rose Charban, Lorraine Balshin, and Carol Ann Winter.

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