

## Centre requires accountable group

Sometimes it's tough to change but when things become inevitable, the best thing to do is attempt to work within the altered framework.

Such a change is regional government, and as boundaries were laid down, it became apparent that Oak Ridges and Lake Wilcox were to become part of the Regional Municipality of Richmond Hill.

That happened six years ago and it's time people in the north end of town begin to accept that fact. Because it is a fact, and they're stuck with it, whether they like it or not.

The issue of the Lake Wilcox Community Centre is an on-going one which must be resolved.

It's immature for people not to use that facility simply because it is being run by the Richmond Hill Parks and Recreation Department.

At a recreation committee meeting Thursday, members

heard a proposal that if the centre was operated by a group of Lake Wilcox residents, its use would increase "ten-fold".

In other words, if they can't run it, they won't use it.

When in fact, the "they" is really "we".

Back in the good, old days (before regional government), the small centre on the same property was run by a group of area residents with the blessing of Whitchurch Township.

Later, the building was condemned and torn down. By 1975, with some input from residents in the neighborhood, a new building was constructed, and all Richmond Hill taxpayers are paying for it.

That's why it's important that a group, such as the Richmond Hill Parks and Recreation Committee, be responsible for the structure.

Because they, not a group from Lake Wilcox, are accountable to the taxpayers of this entire community of Richmond Hill.

Why couldn't a group of people from the Lake Wilcox area be appointed to oversee the centre, but be answerable to the Parks and Recreation Committee?

In a proposed policy presented at Thursday's meeting, it said: "a closer control of the centre by people of the immediate area is necessary for a more efficient renting procedure."

If they had such control, how soon would it be before no one but those living in the immediate vicinity was allowed to use the facility?

And that would certainly take the "we" out of our community.

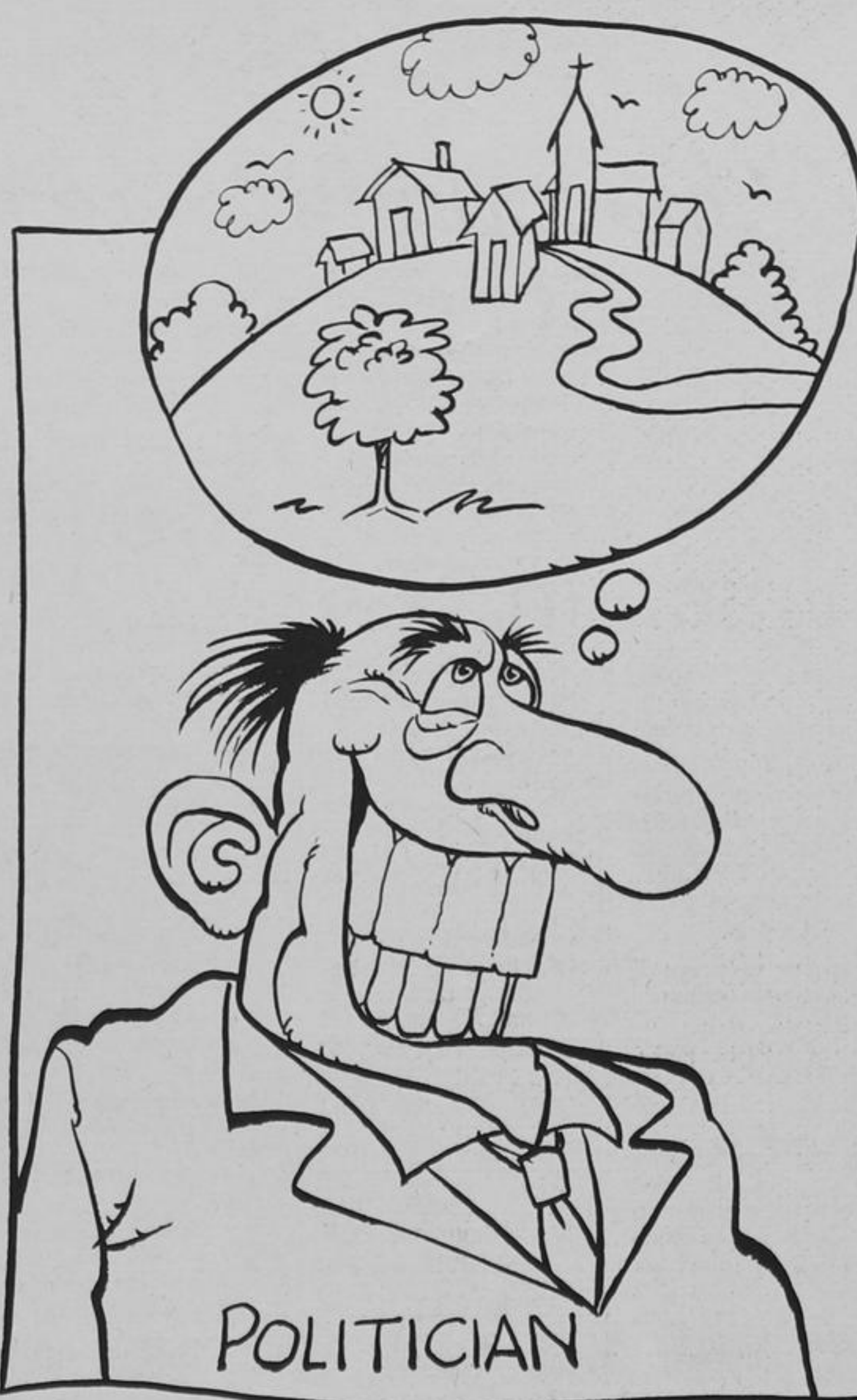
## Post office please note

Memo to postal authorities: There are letters on the opposite page you may be interested in.

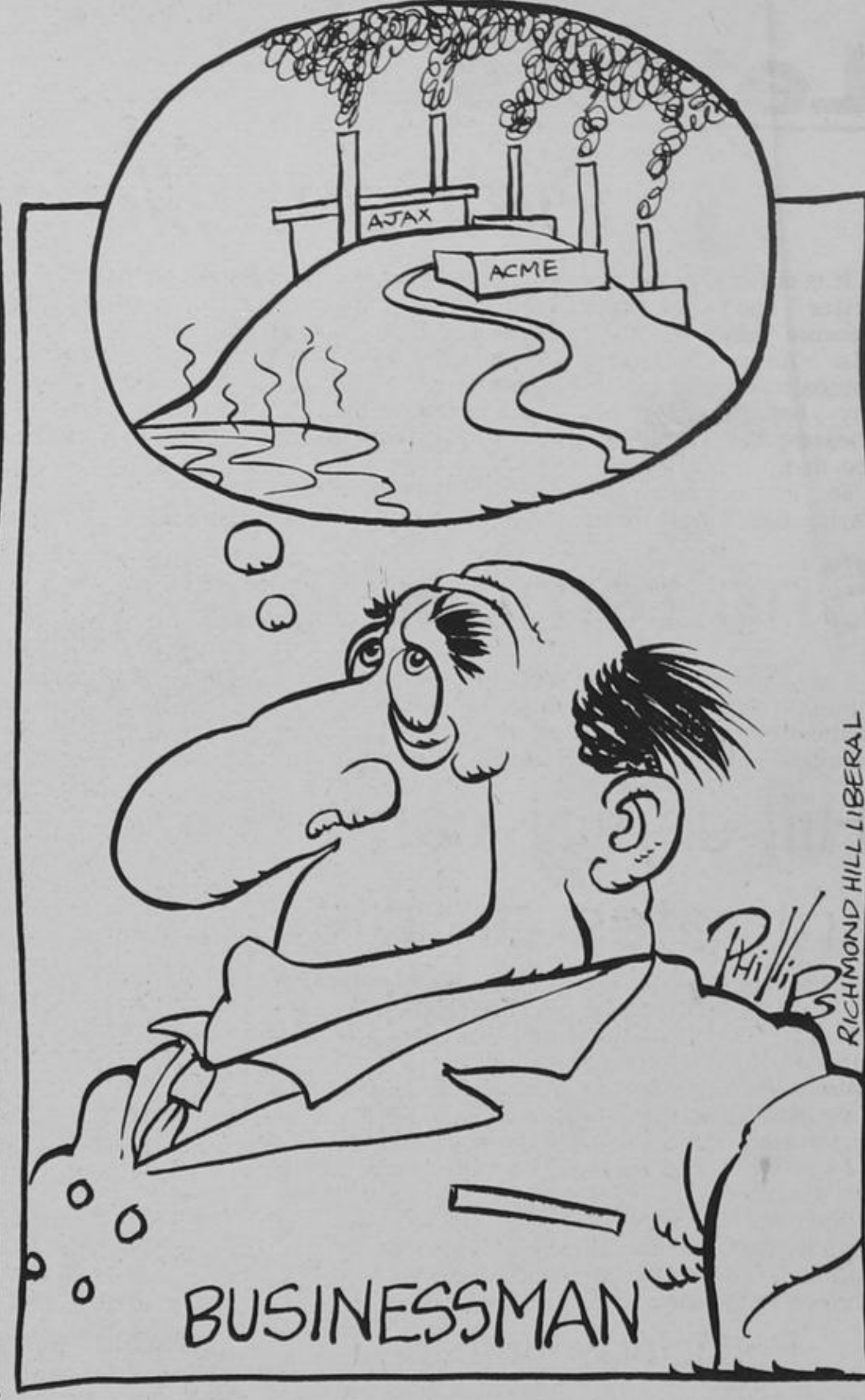
One is from G. T. Waugh, written September 30 and mailed in Richmond Hill. It arrived at The Liberal October 7.

The other is from Sydney, British Columbia, written by Suzanne Rangel October 4. It arrived Thursday, October 6.

Could we expect mail from Australia to arrive in 10 hours?



POLITICIAN



BUSINESSMAN

RICHMOND HILL LIBERAL

## Richmond Hill in two extremes

By Bob Rice

## Smoking and flying a no-no

'The Smiling Assassin' . . . a man whose name puts fear into the hearts of all aspiring students pilots. When he enters the room a chill runs up and down the spine . . . conversations cease and grown men cringe.

In the annals of aviation his name is legend. . . his feats are unquestionable and his name is spoken with reverence.

Many times during my training he spoke to me . . . always the same words . . . always the same sardonic grin on his face. I'll remember those six words for the rest of my natural days . . . they are etched in my memory. Six little words that made me shudder and shake as I drove into the airport that sunny morning and caused me to doubt my future as a pilot.

He said them to me continuously and, as fate would have it, they came true.

"Rice . . . I HOPE I TEST YOU!" We met in one of the classrooms and I immediately spilled my cup of coffee. He smiled . . . told me not to be nervous . . . said that he wasn't as bad as his reputation made him out to be . . . and then we began.

Right off the bat he stumped me with the first question. "What is your full name?"

I muttered something about 2,000 feet above ground and three miles forward visibility.

He watched over my shoulder as I plotted the cross-country flight portion of the exam and cleared his throat loudly as I tried to make sense during the weather briefing.

My mouth was dry and I asked if we had enough time for a coffee.

We resumed the ground section following a short break and then it was time to proceed to the aircraft.

He scrutinized my pre-flight check and asked the odd question about why I was doing this and what would happen if that fell off?

I was a nervous wreck by the time I hit the starter but at least I had the presence of mind to put on the parking brake.

The time passed too quickly and soon we were airborne.

The initial part of the flight was occupied with the cross-country exercise whereby the candidate chooses a course, altitude and destination. He is expected then to fly that course, maintain that altitude and reach that destination. Ridiculous . . . ain't it?

Well, I tried my best. I correctly got on course and identified a landmark I had circled on the map. Unfortunately I was about five hundred feet higher than I should have been.

I then corrected my altitude but started drifting off course.

I got back on course, flew the proper height but now I couldn't figure exactly where I was.

He just sat there . . . grinning!

After he was satisfied that I would be able to find Canada, he then gave me an alternate airport to find and wanted me to fly there. In spite of him, I was starting to settle down a little.

We found the alternate and then we did some steep turns, climbs and descents.

Then he reached for . . . The Hood.

I put the plastic shield over my head and, as I explained previously, my field of vision was confined to the instrument panel.

We started with some mild turns and then progressed into the difficult stuff. I tried to put all of my powers of concentration into the task at hand but, every now and then, I thought that I heard him chuckling.

After several minutes of torture he said . . . "Robert . . . you seem a bit tense . . . would you like a cigarette?"

I replied in the affirmative and heard him flick his Bic twice.

He passed the Cameo to me and I immediately took a long draw. That was my big mistake.

Try to picture it if you can. Here I am . . . all up tight over this test . . . sitting next to the most dreaded examiner in Canada . . . with this plastic shield positioned over my head and extending forward like a long tube about a foot long . . . with my mouth full of menthol laced smoke.

The law of nature states that if we inhale . . . then we must also exhale.

I let the smoke out and it was game over! The tube filled with the stuff and now I couldn't see the darn instruments. For a heart stopping moment I didn't know if I was right side up or whatever and I was coughing and gagging to boot.

"The Assassin" took the controls while I tried to get my act together and somehow complete the flight.

In spite of myself I passed the test. A month later I rode with the same cheerful spirit to obtain my multi-engine rating and he and I are on speaking terms.

However, whenever I ask him as to whether he planned that trick with the cigarette he never gives me an answer.

He just sits there . . . with that same damn grin!

It was the old Millpond Philosopher who once said . . . "The journey through life is fraught with perils . . . even an aardvark has his bad days."



## regional viewpoint

By JIM IRVING

According to a Toronto newspaper, the windy city of Chicago has now added its acclaim that way by featuring an obscene telephone call club.

Women can join for free, but men, because presumably they are the ones who will make the calls, pay \$19 a year for the privilege of obtaining the women's numbers.

Business is booming, because Chicago, it seems, is well represented by people who get their kicks by hearing someone of equally-limited emotional development on the other end of the line, whisper sweet loathings in their ear.

As I haven't got \$19 at the ready, and as the paper will only pay mileage, I can only surmise how one of these conversations would go, whether in Chicago or York Region, if it ever comes to that.

(Phone rings . . . )  
Woman — (answering phone) Hello.

(Heavy breathing is heard at the other end.)  
Woman — Hello? — Yes?

(More heavy breathing, followed by considerable throat clearing, comes across.)  
Woman — Oh, is that you, Deep Throat? Haven't heard from you for a couple of days. What's on that perverted little mind of yours today?

(Heavy breathing speeds up.)  
Woman — What's the matter? Surely you know me well enough by now not to stand on ceremonies? C'mon, out with it. And I didn't mean anything by . . . besides, you're the one who's supposed to come up with the naughties.

(Heavy breathing — punctuated by a few chokes and gasps — becomes even faster.)  
Woman — Look, don't have a heart attack on me. The last time somebody passed out like that, I had to pay for the extra time until they

hung up the phone at his end two days later.

(More throat clearing is heard.)  
Woman — Lookit, I didn't answer the phone to entertain you, you're the one who's supposed to cater to my quirks, remember? So far, you haven't done anything. How about a libidinous limerick, or something?

(Heavy breathing, followed by more throat clearing and occasional chuckling and an attempt at rhyming, all mixed together.)  
Woman — What's that? . . .

"There was a young man from Lebrét — Who thought he was very like Rhett — Til once on a jaunt — His credentials did flaunt — And the girls are all laughing yet." . . . Not bad? No, it's not bad; in fact, it's not bad enough. How did you ever get my phone number, anyway? Are you sure you paid your dues? I heard better — or, I mean, worse — than that when I was in grade three. You couldn't even turn on a tap. Why don't you try some other number, like the local zoo? Or better still, why don't you go down there? You'll probably find your partner as soon as the tour train starts, providing you don't stay on it too long, but get off and mingle with the rest of the inmates.

(Caller starts to say something.)  
Woman — Or call the local jail. That's where you're calling from? Just visiting, huh? Sort of a cell-eration? Ugh. Not only are your jokes bad, but they're clean. Why didn't you say you were at the jail. I know a lot of the guys there. They're all in for making obscene phone calls. That was before it became legal.

(Mumbling is heard.)  
Woman — They're not guys? What do you mean?

(More mumbling is heard.)  
Woman — You're what? a trans — what? Goodbye! (Slams down receiver). Geez! Must think I'm sick or something.



## sharon's sunshine

By SHARON BRAIN

I'm sure you've heard the one about the two pink flamingos who moved to a house in the suburbs.

The first thing they did was buy some nice plastic pipe for their front lawn.

I used to tell that joke a lot. I figured to point out that I was a person who recognized bad taste when I saw it.

I knew that small plaster men in red coats with arms outstretched to grasp the bridle of your horse were not works of art, whether their faces are white or black.

Bird baths made me nervous. Too often in the middle of them stands a cement cherub with barely draped flesh, and a very silly face.

In short, I have always prided myself on my good taste.

But now, in the middle of my lawn, in the shade of a fluted bird bath, there sits a large white plastic duck.

CAN'T SAY THAT  
I wish I could say that I don't know how he got there.

Or that I could shrug and confess that one of our less tasteful friends gave him to us.

But it's my fault. I bought him. I was wandering about our huge new hardware store on the hill looking for a furnace filter when I saw him.

He was Reduced for Quick Sale.

Something in me snapped. I took him to the check-out, and

glared at the clerk when she giggled.

Then I took him home and pushed his spike into the lawn and left him there.

You get the best view of Duck out of the bathroom window. Every morning I stand there brushing my teeth and watch him watch the cat watch the sparrows taking a bath.

NEST OF BAD JOKES  
It's a nice start to the day.

Duck has hatched a whole nest of bad jokes around the house. I make some up on my way to work, and my husband makes up others on his way home on the subway.

The time of composition may have a direct bearing on the poor material we produce.

For example: did you know that to start their meal, ducks always order soup and quackers? or that the owner of the Duck Hockey Team in Toronto is Hallard Ballard Mallard?

As you can see, once you give in a little to poor taste, there is no stopping it.

When my parents first bought their cottage, I was the self-appointed taste inspector. I went through the place and threw out all the questionable things the previous owners had left behind, like the bull and bullfighter plaques, and the printed slogans on the walls.

I also got rid of all the strings of colored lanterns hanging on the porch.

My father took them away as I

ordered. He did it quietly, without complaint.

Two weeks A.D. (After Duck) I went to the Keswick Hardware and bought two more strings of lanterns. Father found me hanging them on the porch.

Without a word, he went to the garage and found the strings I had ordered destroyed ten years ago.

We hung them too.

A very colorful display.

MUST WATCH MYSELF  
But in terrible taste.

Now I find I have to watch myself all the time.

I've started cruising through

plaza art stores looking at oils on black velvet. I'm considering crocheting all my Christmas presents ever since I found a pattern for toilet paper roll covers shaped like poodles.

I'm starting to see the potential of artificial flowers, and I'm looking into a fountain for the front lawn. I have my eye on one which features a lady in grecian garb pouring water from a never empty jug.

And next year, for sure, I'm buying five ducklings to follow Duck across the lawn.

I think I'm really quacking up.

## Recreation club for disabled adults to begin in Maple

A recreation club for disabled adults in York Region will be held in Maple at Joseph A. Gibson Public School beginning later this month.

The club, sponsored by the March of Dimes, the York Region Committee of Special Needs and members of PRO (the Promotion of the Realization of Opportunities for the Disabled) gets underway Thursday, October 27, from 6.30 to 10 p.m.

Transportation for handicapped people will be provided. A feature of the club will be a

wheelchair basketball team. Also planned will be arts and crafts, information sharing, and relaxation exercises and activities for those interested.

Anyone wishing to become involved should contact Jan Virtue at 883-2087, Richmond Hill, or Sharon Galway, at 727-3878 in Aurora.

Also required for the club are volunteers. Anyone interested in coaching or refereeing the basketball games or in teaching arts and crafts should contact Ms. Virtue or Galway.