

Identify yourselves, we'll try to help

Two people called our office yesterday, and both had the same story.

There's no hot water in the apartment building at 45 Trayborn Drive, they said.

Both — one was a woman, the other a man — said there had been no hot water for a couple of weeks.

One wanted a story which would be derogatory to the owner of the building, the other said it wasn't the owner's fault — "it was a city problem".

Neither — and here's where the problem is — would give a name.

If there is no hot water in that building, that is certainly a serious situation, and one which should be looked into immediately.

Why then, if you were living without hot water would you refuse to identify yourself to the people to whom you were complaining.

One didn't bother to call the town office to lodge a complaint; and the other suggested we

wouldn't write a story which was derogatory to the town.

These two people might very well own another apartment building in Richmond Hill and are hoping our story would degrade the owner of the Trayborn building. We have no way of knowing.

We did, however, check with the Town of Richmond Hill and bylaw officer Bernie Whitchurch said that "according to tenants" hot water has been restored to the building.

In fact, then, there WAS no hot water somewhere along the line, but it has been fixed.

A plumbing company which did the work found the circulating pump not operating and a blockage in the lines. That company advised the health department and fixed the pump and lines.

The Liberal is prepared, as much as is humanly possible, to help anyone who has a legitimate complaint, but don't expect us to come out with both guns blazing if you won't tell us who you are.

Here's difference

There IS a difference between passing a bylaw that the town solicitor thinks is ultra vires and approving a stop sign that the town engineer says is not warranted.

Last week Markham bylaws committee approved an anti-loitering bylaw as requested by Thornhill residents and merchants in a public meeting and by the police in a private one.

If the police can use such a bylaw to order young people to move on, they can charge those who don't with obstructing police, or so the technique goes. A criminal charge for breaking an illegal bylaw.

A family court judge said not long ago that most young offenders would be better off if they never came in contact with the police and courts.

It is obvious that an arrest is a status symbol for a rebellious young man or woman. It is the

parents, not the young people, who feel ashamed.

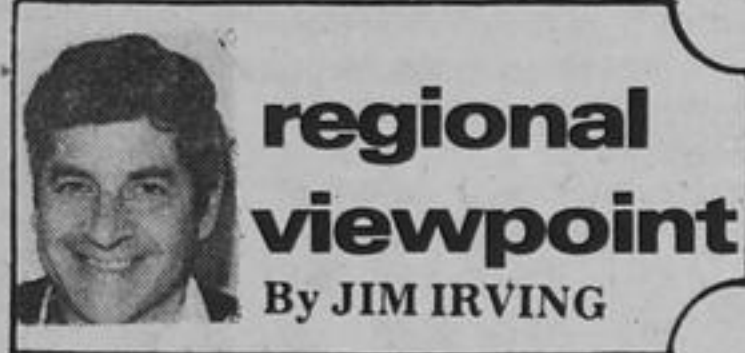
Loitering used to be covered in the criminal code. It was taken out because freedom of assembly is thought to be fundamental to civil rights.

As much as we might like it to be otherwise, those rights apply equally to the losers in teen-aged society as to winners, just as much to the drop-out long-haired pin-ball freak as to the high school quarterback.

It would be a shame to give the freak a cause.

Mississauga took a close look at the same problem as Markham and concluded there were already enough laws on the books including one that provides that parents can be fined if their children under 16 are out after 10 p.m.

It is too bad Markham did not take a closer look because councillors are lumping civil rights with stop signs.



regional viewpoint
By JIM IRVING

"Despite recorded and well-heard objections, all three levels of government (town, region and province) charged with acting in the public interest, have come down in favor of the project." — J. F. McCallum, representing Family Leisure Centre's proposed theme park in Maple at recent Ontario Municipal Board hearing.

It's interesting to note Mr. McCallum's choice of words in speaking to the not-so-leisurely amusement centre. "All three centres... have 'come down' in favor of the project," he said.

How does one "come down" in favor of something, unless one is using a sledge hammer to make one's point, or leaping out of ambush at someone from atop a high point and flattening him on the rocks below?

It would be a little more reassuring if Mr. McCallum had said that all concerned "came up" in favor. At least it would imply that there had been something of a unanimous solution and not the negative picture it does.

One usually pictures people "coming down" with smallpox, or against discrimination, or against secret police, or the mandatory wearing of seat belts, etc.; it's difficult to picture one "coming down" in favor of anything.

However, as that is the way Mr. McCallum chooses to put it, it's probably as good an indication as any of just what a contrary proposal the whole thing is.

Mr. McCallum may not fully understand that, because he goes on to compound his negative arguments.

"The public interest far outweighs any private harm caused to

residents of Maple," he says in the kind of reasoning that probably gave Dale Carnegie the idea that there was an obvious need to start telling the world how to win friends and influence people.

"If that's the way people speak when they're in favor of something," Mr. Carnegie no doubt confided to himself, "they're not going to have much left over when they want to speak out against a matter."

With that he dusted off his book of kindly cliches, put them in manuscript form and then sat back to ponder how to spend the royalties.

If one takes Mr. McCallum's argument for gospel, then the residents of Maple are not part of the public. If anything, they are an unnecessary blot on the public landscape, an obstruction in the public path to the funhouse, because they were presumptuous enough to settle there first.

Mr. McCallum's reasoning would seem to be a good indication of just whom the park is really for. Obviously, it's not for the people who live nearby. Don't confuse them with the public, they just live there.

They are merely taxpayers; the money they pay into the town's coffers is to keep their pipes from freezing in the winter, and flowing at about the same rate as council's imagination — just short of uphill — in the summer.

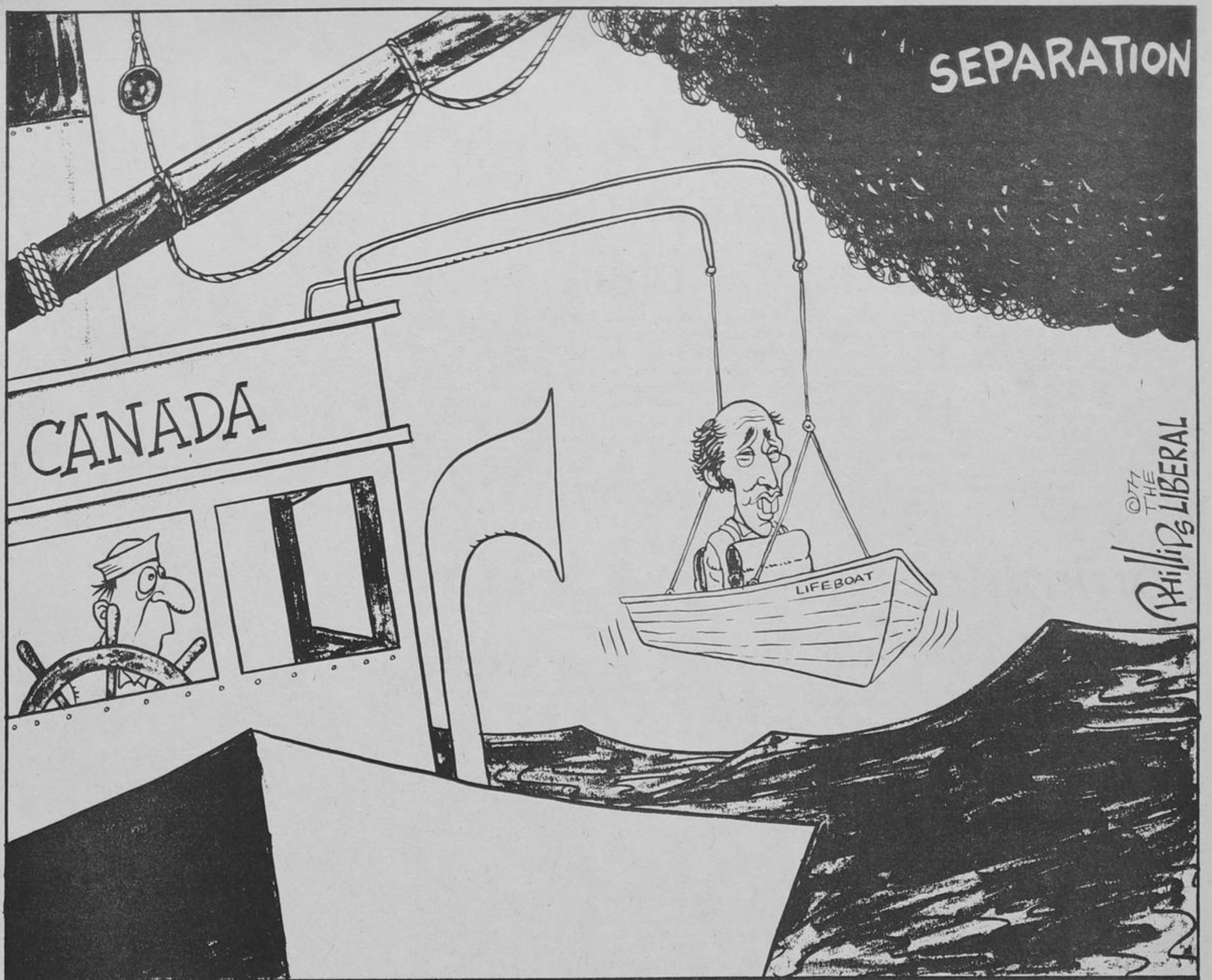
Aside from that, apparently, they are not meant to partake of public ventures or projects in their midst; such schemes are strictly the province of "the public"; private citizens are only members of the public when they leave their doors and drag their kids around amusement parks, or visit so-called public hearings on the possibility of such parks.

There, the viewpoints of 100 or so such private citizens — as they are referred to if speaking in opposition — are quickly pigeon-holed and set aside, where it is then pointed out that they represent only a minor segment of the public.

So you see it depends on which side of the proposed bylaw you sit on. However, the residents of Maple may have just come up with an unwitting supporter in Mr. McCallum.

For, in attacking them, he is attacking the public; in speaking in favor of "the public interest," he has to include the people of Maple as well.

In refusing to recognize those same citizens as bona fide members of the public, he only stresses the inadequacy of his argument, something the OMB may well have decided after hearing his first few opening remarks.



By Bob Rice

Hockey career not to be

I guess the first time I should have realized I was never going to be an NHL star was just after my eighth birthday.

December and January had been extremely mild and it wasn't until early in February that Dad was able to get the rink frozen at the side of our house on Richmond Street.

My brothers and I would spend several hours a week hitting the puck around with our battered hockey sticks and I longed for my birthday on the 27th when my rubber boots would be replaced by my first set of skates.

They were presented to me following breakfast and I eagerly ripped the cover from the CCM box dropping one skate on the linoleum kitchen floor, much to Mom's chagrin.

While Dad tried to glue down the torn piece of floor covering, Mom gave me a hand with the bright yellow laces. It seemed to take forever to get the skates on but soon I was on my way out the side door to show my prowess on the rink.

SLIGHT TILT

The area covered by the frozen water was not what you would describe as completely level. As a matter of fact, there was a pronounced downward drop from the west side of the rink to the east.

I mounted the frozen ridge of snow and stepped onto the ice. Before I knew it my right foot crossed in front of my left, my arms flew up and I firmly planted my uncushioned bottom on the rock hard surface.

There was a slight chuckle heard from onlookers as I tried to regain both my composure and my upright position.

The chuckles turned to outright laughter as I went into an airplane spin and then proceeded to back my way down the slope, across the level section, over the opposite snowbank and into the passenger door of the Pontiac.

My older brother then joined me and attempted to help with his somewhat limited ability.

SHOVEL SNOW

By the time the rink melted I had come a long way from that first awkward start. If the ice was not in the best condition, we would

journey down Richmond and across Trench to the Mill Pond.

Once there, one of us would be elected to shovel enough snow as to have room for a decent hockey game and then we would go at it.

The next fall saw brother Bill and I joining one of the newly formed minor hockey leagues. Each Saturday we would go across town to the Arena and join a bunch of other aspiring Turk Brodas and Teeter Kennedys.

The equipment that we had was not of the calibre available to today's kids but we made do with what we had and somehow survived that first season with a minimum number of cuts and bruises.

My older brother got the hang of the game quite easily but I never knew the difference between offside and icings. All I knew was that when someone shot the puck onto my stick, I had to skate like heck before one of the other players creamed me.

There was many an occasion when I saved my precious neck by ridding myself of the round piece of rubber to whomever happened to be closest to me.

This upset my coach because more than once I had passed the puck to a player on the other team.

At the outset of the second season, Bill was snapped up immediately in the team selection while I was one of the last to be chosen and only then because every lad who applied was guaranteed he would be on a team.

I didn't get as much ice time as I felt I was due and by Christmas I was somewhat disenchanted with the whole thing.

Dad convinced me to hang in though, and I actually started to improve by late January. My skating wasn't as erratic as it had been and I was able to keep the puck on my stick while skating down the rink.

CAREER ENDS

Then came my downfall...the end of my career in Canada's number one sport.

It was, if memory serves me correctly, the last game of the semi-finals. Our team had struggled through the whole season and now we found ourselves among the top four groups with

only one game left to decide the finalists.

The coach had kept me on the bench through the first two periods and I figured he was saving me for the big push.

The score was three to two in favour of the other team when, with six minutes left to play, the Big Boss gave me the nod.

I stumbled over my teammates' skates as I made my way through the door and onto the ice.

I took my position on left defence and watched the faceoff take place.

The puck came toward me and I deftly knocked it onto the stick of our centre who broke away and planted it into the net. Yay...Rah...Hurray...my first assist.

I must have impressed the coach with my action because he left me on for the next play.

We won the next faceoff and the left winger started back toward me in an attempt to find some space through the opposition.

Players closed in on him and he passed the puck my way.

Catching it on the end of my stick I started up the ice and suddenly realized that I was about to be smeared all over the rink by two huge opponents. Looking for a teammate, I backhanded the puck just prior to the collision.

Kapowee...they hit me like a ton of frozen fish and when I regained my senses I saw the black orb about a foot in front of me and nobody between me and the goal.

I started across the blue line and collected speed as I raced past our cheering bench. I thought the goalie looked puzzled as I slid into the crease and tucked the puck into the left corner.

I rose from the ice to accept the accolade that I deserved and instead was greeted with a stunning silence.

My first goal... my big claim to fame... my ultimate performance.

I guess it would have helped our cause if I hadn't scored on our own goalie!

The ol' Millpond Philosopher once said, "We will all make mistakes in our life...but be sure to make them when nobody is looking".



sharon's sunshine

By SHARON BRAIN

I know there are people who go to the hairdresser at regular intervals. Some even have pre-arranged appointments; as in, every other Thursday at three fifteen.

But not me. I approach the hairdresser more gingerly. I have a healthy respect for them, based on fear.

It's a fear that was bred in me from childhood, when my aunt cut my hair. I always wiggled and my bangs always showed it.

I don't know why my father didn't cut my hair. He cut my brothers', and the screams and shouts of anguish, and the cries of "too short", "you're pulling" that accompanied those occasions were doubtless more than enough for him.

Maybe he didn't feel capable of dealing with his daughter's tears as well.

My grandmother, ever impeccably coiffed, would occasionally trot me off to her hairdresser, but that was an extravagance in our family.

SPECIAL

'Having your hair done' meant a special occasion. Going to the Prom.

Or being a bridesmaid. The rest of the time, you did your own hair, and slept on rollers, or backcombed frantically as the style demanded.

And then something happened to hair. It grew. Long and straight, male and female, we all gave up the barbers and hairdressers, shunning them on principle.

It was a golden time. But it's over. One day, someone pressed a button, and we all marched back to the hairdresser's scissors. The only difference was that the men came with us.

They sit beside the women at the hair-cutters, discussing cuts and styles, and submit gracefully to the dryer and the curling iron.

Once, long ago, that was impossible, remember? Once, men who used hairdryers locked themselves in the bathroom to do so, and when the children asked

A \$50 frizz job

what that noise was, they were told daddy was vacuuming the bathmat.

At the malls now, the hairdressers are open to view. Anyone can watch the action as we sit, men and women together, being clipped and curled and washed.

I was there this week.

I WANTED CURLS

I had packed my book off to the publishers, and I wanted to celebrate. I wanted a new me. I wanted curls.

Yes, curls. Curls all over my head. Piles of them, tumbling in quaint little tendrils down over my ears and forehead.

Not waves. Not frizz. But curls.

I went aimed with pictures of indescribably beautiful women beneath towelled masses of curls. I marched in and met Joe, the stylist. We'd never met, but he seemed sincere enough.

"Here," I said. "I want to look like this."

I put the picture in his hands. He looked from it to me to it again.

For a horrible moment, I thought he was going to point out that he was not a plastic surgeon, and therefore there was not much hope.

"Sure," he said.

I got nervous.

"But I want curls," I emphasized. "Not frizz."

I looked at his hair. He had frizz.

"Easy," he said confidently.

So I was washed. And cut. And curled. And permeant. And neutralized. And dried.

It took three nail-biting hours. And when he finally said "there, nice soft curls," I realized he was done. Frizz. Like his.

FINAL INSULT

The final insult was at the cash register. "Fifty dollars?" I squealed, and I dug out my credit card.

And I went home.

Those who wish to be kind told me, after the initial shriek of disbelief, that the style grew on them.

I wish it weren't growing on me.

Those with no wish to be kind reminded me of the permanent I had in Grade 10.

Letters

Law Association meeting private, president says

The news media has recently given publicity to a special meeting of the York North Law Association to consider whether there is a problem with police misconduct in the Region of York.

We wish to make it clear that the meeting was to be held in private, discussions were to be confidential, and nothing, including the fact of the meeting, was to be made public.

It has not even been determined that there is a problem and the purpose

of the meeting was to ascertain if there is a problem.

It had also not been determined what, if anything, would be done about any problem.

The Law Association did not intend to make public the notice of the meeting and its being made public was possibly due to a misunderstanding by a recipient of the notice.

Robert F. Evans
President
York North
Law Association

Majorettes say thanks

The Richvale Lions Majorettes would like to thank you for going to the trouble of having a picture taken of our "Pee Wees" for today's paper and explaining the error about the Corps' name.

It is a sweet picture and the write-up is terrific.

Thanks for giving us a chance to show off our trophy.

Gail Rudyk
Thornhill