

Can you justify school lottery?

Every child in a school system across the province has an equal right to a quality education.

School boards recognize that an education encompasses not only academic but also the development of an individual in a social, emotional and physical sense. Unfortunately, depending on the board in question, some kids are a little more equal than others, as the saying goes.

So last week, resigned that provincial support to school boards will continue to decline, Director of Education for the York Separate Board, John Zupancic, unleashed a wild and crazy scheme to the management committee.

He'd like to see the system raise some extra capital funds with the help of a lottery.

Before you withdraw aghast, the plan has been deferred until at least next month so a legal opinion on its admissibility can be obtained.

However, we are still talking about the York Region Roman Catholic Separate School Board, which prides itself on being different. Different, because it offers high quality education combined with an indelible emphasis on religious and family life instruction.

With proper moral and Christian attitudes an inherent part of the program, Catholic schools are not the likely place to introduce gambling.

The kids have plenty of other places to pick up such 'street' knowledge.

The question in most people's minds must be, why have a lottery at all. Mr. Zupancic would like to see two new playing fields built, one at St. Robert's in Thornhill and one at Sacred Heart in Newmarket.

He knows how tight capital allocations are from the ministry,

especially since most school boards are decreasing in student numbers.

With the cost of each field running between \$75,000 and \$100,000 and the ministry demanding that boards make the best use of existing facilities before they even think of applying for capital funding, he knows he's on his own. So the birth of a Catholic lottery begins to take its shape.

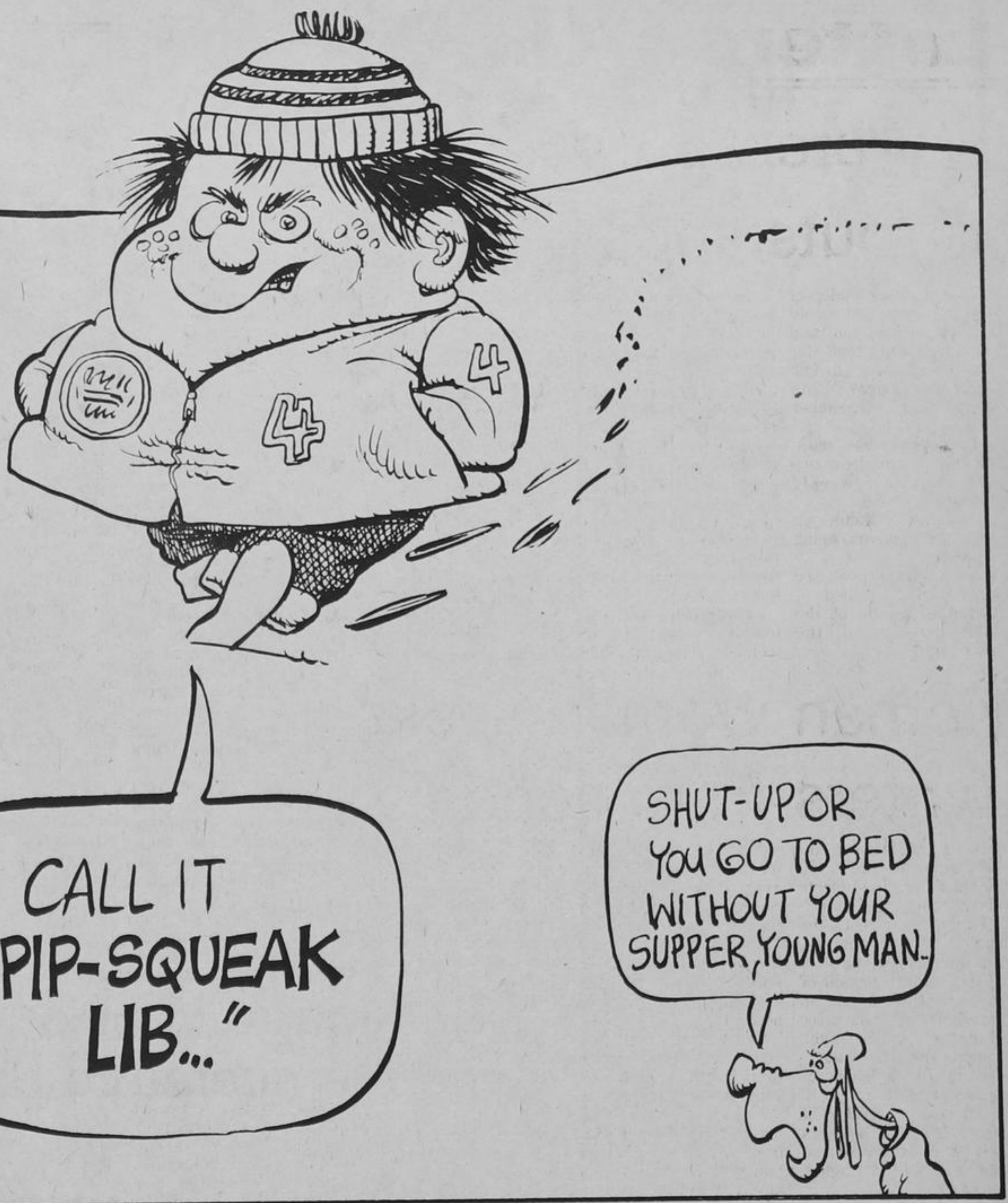
Some of the trustees have already questioned what right the director has to consider such an idea, especially since it has no legal jurisdiction over the private high school at St. Robert's.

Aside from ethical considerations, Mr. Zupancic is also willing to commit the board as guarantor for \$52,000 at the bank — something it would be solely liable for if the scheme were to run amok. And you know who'd get stuck with the bill.

However, you also have to look at it from the harried director's point of view. Why should his board, one that is expanding at a great pace, be penalized for program and capital funds for its kids just because the majority of systems are in a state of decline? If there is a means to raise necessary monies, why not take advantage of it?

It's almost like meeting the devil on the way to church. Mr. Zupancic deserves much credit for his effort and his chutzpah, but it's unlikely Catholic school supporters will buy his scheme.

York County Chairman Don Cousens said he is personally against schools funding projects through lotteries. Not only does he feel it is ultra vires of the board but he'd rather take the "front door" approach and continue to ask the province directly for more money instead of using the back door and looking for funds from lotteries.



Phillip the LIBERAL

By BOB RICE

We defended The Hill's honor

Back in the dark ages, when the fifties gave way to the sixties, there were a few of us who hung out together in what could have loosely been called a 'pack'.

This was the time in our lives when our cars meant more to us than money, food and girls. Well . . . let me just backtrack a teeny bit and strike the last category from that list . . . I mean NOTHING was more important than girls.

The problem was . . . the car was used as a means of attracting the girls and if you understand this . . . I have some swampland in Florida you might be interested in.

We weren't what you would call wild kids . . . as a matter of fact . . . we made Richie Cunningham and Potsie look like hoods, yet we did share some pretty interesting times.

Most of us had gone through our 'first' cars and now we had moved up the ladder of success to the point that our parents were willing to co-sign with the bank on a better set of wheels. On a balmy summer evening we could be found parked in a perfect straight line beside the T-D Bank at Arnold and Yonge Streets.

Eric's '59 Bonneville was powder blue with an identical interior and mounted in the corners of the windshield were two blue lights that, when lit, turned the inside of the vehicle into a Sultan's harem with plush upholstery and gleaming chrome trim.

My older brother drove a white '59 Ford convertible which he attempted to keep in showroom condition. Other cars included a '57 Fury, a '58 Impala and my '57 Ford ragtop.

From time to time other fellows drifted through our group and there were moments when visitors to The Hill must have mistaken the area for a used car lot.

REAL BEAUTY
My '57 was nothing less than a real beauty! She was jet black with a white top and her interior was done in red and white vinyl.

The big headlights sported a collar of chrome as did the grill and accent strip down the side. FORD was spelled out in heavy metal, not like today's cars with plastic in lieu of the real stuff, and Fairlane 500 was a name that everyone recognized.

She was, in fact, my fourth car having been preceded by an Austin A40, a Renault Dauphine that someone smashed to heck one cold morning leaving me lying in the centre of Bayview Avenue, and a forgettable '53 Meteor that saw fit to drop its transmission on the passing lane of Yonge Street right in the middle of a Toronto rush hour.

As the odd spot of rust made an appearance on the body of my convert I would rush off to Canadian Tire for a repair kit and try to patch the damage. About the only concession I made to 'customizing' the car was the in-

stallation of a set of lake pipes that I never had the courage to hook up.

I admit that we did leave a bit of rubber on some of the out of town roads in the area and, in retrospect, there were times when I probably pushed my luck a bit but, all in all, we took pretty good care of our cars and ourselves.

We did have one problem though . . . the guys from Willowdale.

In 1960 Richmond Hill was still considered to be in the 'sticks' and every now and then a convoy of machines from Willowdale would head north to show us hicks a thing or two.

Word would usually reach us at the bank via some courier who had spotted the cars stopped at Harvey's on South Yonge. For some reason or other they would delay their entrance into town until nightfall and then they would parade up and down the main drag in front of our noses as if laying claim to Richmond Hill.

THEY WOULDN'T DARE
Being the gentlemen that we were, we would allow them their moment of glory and then we would start our engines and quietly depart our parking lot. The only time that we would take exception to their presence would be if they dared insult any Richmond Hill girl.

They could race their engines all they wanted and even make certain unfavorable remarks about our cars but . . . they never were allowed to belittle the fair roses of The Hill.

Drag racing in the town was not tolerated by either ourselves or the local constabulary. As a matter of truth, contrary to popular opinion, there was very little dragging done around Richmond Hill at that time. Our main play was what was known as 'The Gormley Sucker'.

Our cars would head north from town with the Willowdale boys close behind and then one of us would turn toward Gormley on the Stouffville Sideroad. The rest of our group would fall behind as the southerners took off after the solo car. While not really speeding, the first car would lead the others across the hilly road and then suddenly back down when approaching the railway crossing in Gormley.

Sensing victory, the nerds from you-know-where would pass the slowing car and then careen off into space at the ramp-like crossing.

As we triumphantly drove back into town, the 'heroes' were left to pick up mufflers, tailpipes and other paraphernalia that they had left on the roadway.

As I said before . . . we weren't bad but . . . the honor of Richmond Hill was at stake.

The ol' Millpond Philosopher once said . . . "to try to do everything in one lifetime . . . is not giving reincarnation a chance!"

Year of the Child — here's some hints

To observe the International Year of the Child, the provincial government has already instituted numerous programs, and several municipalities throughout Ontario have expressed a desire to join in the celebrations.

The International Year of the Child was proclaimed by the United Nations as a means of focussing attention on the well-being of children.

While there has been no indication from Richmond Hill, Markham, or Vaughan Councils, the government does have some suggestions on how the event can be observed by individuals or groups.

Some of these may seem redundant, but in the interests of children everywhere, we give you the government's list:

— become a Block Parent or set up a Block Parent Association if there is not one already in your neighborhood.

— invite a guest speaker to your club or organization to talk about positive parenting, education, day care, handicapped children, children with special needs or any area pertaining to children that would be of benefit to your members.

— contact your local Children's Aid, "Y", Big Brother or Little Sister Association or other voluntary organization regarding volunteer work.

— contact your local Children's Aid with regard to becoming a foster parent.

— make a personal commitment to your own children,

grandchildren, nephews, nieces, to set aside extra time in 1979 for an educational or recreational experience; e.g., trip to zoo, museum, conservation area or art gallery; camping or sporting events.

— construct a special children's recreation area in a local park or school yard.

— develop a children's theatre group.

— hold an art, music or drama festival for and by children.

— set up a system of volunteers to help teachers in the classrooms or on field trips.

— plan sports or games events.

— develop a family project which involves your children's creative talents; e.g., build a playhouse, set up a greenhouse, make your own greeting cards, start an aquarium, learn to sail, camp, explore nature, start a vegetable or flower garden.

— offer to babysit for a single parent family.

— is there a latch-key child on your block? Arrange lunch or after school supervision for children of working parents.

— drop in on a new mother to see if she needs any assistance or even just some reassuring talk.

— hire young people for home maintenance jobs.

— start a young people's program at your place of worship.

And, if we at The Liberal, may be permitted to add one item to the government's list: Every once in a while, give your child some room to breathe; and every once in a while, listen to what he or she has to say.

LIBERAL SPRINKLINGS

Here are a few of my pet peeves

By DOREEN LIVINGSTONE

Do you have any Pet Peeves? During the course of a day, a month or a year you may become involved in incidents that would qualify as pet peeves but when you are asked the question, the incidents are usually forgotten.

When I decided to write a column on pet peeves I made a list of anything that really irked me. Perhaps some of the following might hit home.

Most of us have spent many long hours in the emergency ward of a hospital. Cartoons often depict a patient being wheeled in with only a few breaths left, or a pregnant lady about to give birth; but before they can be admitted they are asked for their name, address and social security number.

Recently I rushed a patient down to the emergency ward with a cut and bleeding finger that required several stitches. He was covering the cut with some tissues and applying pressure in an attempt to stop the flow of blood.

After giving all the pertinent information he was asked to sign a form enabling him to have stitches.

Since both hands were occupied he said this was impossible. No one else could sign the form for him. He was asked by three different people as he moved from one section to another in the emergency ward, before they

got the message and allowed him to sign after the fact.

While waiting with several other patients in a small cubicle the patient and I could see several doctors in animated discussion. All this time the small cubicle was gradually filling up.

We asked a passing nurse how much longer we would have to wait and she obliged by providing the patient with a bandage to help absorb the blood. Several minutes later the patient was called out of the cubicle and coincidentally one of the doctors left the group. It turned out he was the one we had been waiting for all along. What's the point of rushing to the hospital, if when you get there you still have to wait?

SHOPPING CARTS

Did you ever try to enter the doorway of a supermarket only to find it blocked by several shopping carts, or better yet have you tried to park your car near a supermarket and find the space taken up by a shopping cart.

The clod who is too lazy to return the shopping cart to the store causes a hazard and when a customer is conscientious enough to do so, the supermarket employee should have the courtesy to make sure the entrances are kept clear.

When checking out make a point of observing the cashier as she rings up your items. On several occasions I

have found errors. Even an item that was marked down in price was incorrectly rung up. Apparently the cashier had not had time to check the price of the discounted item.

CLEANERS

As a rule I don't have a problem with cleaners and laundresses, but nobody's perfect. I sent in my son's parka to be cleaned. On its return it was hung in the closet awaiting the first cold day. He put it on, zipped it up and attempted to do up the buttons. No buttons. I checked in all the pockets and only came up with lint. The cleaners claimed they never remove buttons before cleaning them.

The mystery of the missing buttons may have been solved when the driver who picked up the dry cleaning suggested that the buttons may have melted during the cleaning process. Just another of life's little frustrations.

One thing about Consumers' Gas. When you need them they are there. I wasn't concerned when our furnace broke down recently because in a short time a serviceman appeared at our door and after careful examination said we needed a new part. He had problems relighting the pilot light but once it was lit he said it would be all right. I jokingly said I hoped I would not have to call him back that night.

Just ten minutes after he left the

pilot went out again. On his return he added another new part. It still would not light. It seems, he said, that the first part put in was defective. Could he replace that part?

As he looked in his car for a part I had visions of all of us huddling around the fireplace the rest of the night. But this was not to be for the furnace was finally repaired and he promised us he would not have to return. What was that I smelled as I drifted off to sleep?

The next morning another call to Consumers' Gas. Another serviceman arrived saying he didn't really smell anything but would check. Sure enough, a gas leak. The furnace had not been put together properly the night before. At least I can be thankful for such prompt service.

Some short pet peeves. Who says teenagers are impolite and noisy. A misconception. Before Christmas my daughter's class at Thornlea Secondary School visited our home. They were well behaved and well mannered. Have you seen a group of adults at a party?

A timely pet peeve. Did you give or get a toy for a child this Christmas? Are you still trying to put it together? Where, oh where, is that missing part?

A final pet peeve. The post office. Need I say more?