

Our letter writers outdid themselves

It's gratifying when people write letters to us. It shows they care...

We are firm believers of giving people the opportunity to speak their minds through their community newspaper...

Therefore, 'nuff said.

Letters

Richmond Hill mayor responds to Marquis

Here we go again! Your February 14 issue contained another letter on the Town's financing by Mr. Marquis.

Between the two of us considerable information is being conveyed.

Unfortunately I usually find myself in a position of having to correct impressions left by him.

Firstly, I am puzzled why Mr. Marquis only compared Richmond Hill's standing on salary costs to total budget with three of the other area municipalities in the Region of York.

Could it be that we stand better than the other five?

Secondly, internal salary costs compared to total budget are greatly affected by the degree of outside contract work any given municipality enters into.

Some municipalities opt to contract out more municipal activities than others and their 'on staff' salary costs are inevitably lower.

Finally, Mr. Marquis makes the error of assuming the total revenues of the

municipality come from property tax.

As a Provincial employee, he must know that is simply not the case.

In 1977 for instance, \$3,943,951.00 was raised by way of property-business taxes towards a total budget of \$6,099,877.

The rest came by way of grants, subsidies, special charges, direct user fees, etc.

'On staff' salary costs to the average home in Town would have been about half of the \$220. he suggests for that year.

H. David Schiller, Mayor

I thought stop signs meant stop, driver says

On Friday, February 16, at about 6 p.m. I was driving my daughter and her two friends back to St. Robert's School after a volleyball game.

While we were proceeding east on Green Lane, a southbound car came onto Green Lane from a stop street.

As this car was proceeding into the intersection just as I entered it I swerved to the right and hit the snowbank on that side.

The other driver got out of her car to survey the scene, then got back in her car, which was not sitting completely in the intersection and drove away.

I took her number and phoned the police as my windshield was broken and two of my passengers were hurt.

P.C. Orr responded to the call and spent an hour getting details.

Today, Monday, he gave me the women's name and insurance company but said no charges will be laid as she did not run into me.

My "over-reaction" (his term) caused the accident.

However, I can get a lawyer and sue in civil court if I wish.

His superior, Sgt. Stephenson, repeated this advice.

I'm curious though. If I

had been proceeding westbound on Green Lane and the other driver had 'eased' into the intersection (carefully, you understand) who would have paid for the funerals for my three teenagers, and her small children.

I have always felt that a stop sign meant stop and don't proceed until the way is completely clear.

Do we now have a new law.

After 22 years of accident free driving, I can still visualize what would have happened to my Volkswagen in collision with her station wagon.

E. J. MacDonald, 170 Duncan Road, Thornhill

"Kid councillors" act irresponsibly, this reader claims

I wonder if, through the courtesy of your columns, I may address an open letter to the two Junior Councilors of our present troubled Council?

Dear Amos and Barrow,

You will undoubtedly have read the letters from Janet Fayle and William Atkinson in last week's Liberal, in which they indicated quite forcibly that the two of you hold what is politically known as the balance of power, and that you are wielding this power in a rather irresponsible manner.

I entirely agree with them and would sum it up by saying that you will be failing in your duties if you continue blindly to prop up three Councilors who appear to be acting in a childish and spiteful manner.

Let us recap some of the things you have done in your less than three months as Councilors.

could be described as "Church Row" is perfectly all right with you. (Since this particular abomination is in Ward 4, I challenge you, Barrow, to check with your Ward and find out whether you were truly representing them.)

2. You have deliberately voted to exclude three Wards from being represented at 50 per cent of the Council meetings.

3. You have shown a spiteful petulance with the previous Council and contempt for the O.M.B. by writing a letter indicating your support for the luxury housing development on Bayview Avenue. (This is the letter that your friend Wainwright implied at a Council meeting that he knew nothing about. "Letter? What letter?" The one that both of you, Rose, Wainwright and Corcoran signed BEFORE the two of you assisted the clique to bulldoze Rowe's resolution through Council. I know what

you're going to say, Barrow - you didn't sign the letter - actually, you signed it, then withdrew your signature, didn't you?

Does that short list sound pretty to you?

Are you proud of your record so far?

If so, I think it would be a good idea to hold a ratepayers' meeting in each of your wards and explain your actions to them in person.

I have already heard you referred to as "the kid Councilors" and I must say, so far, you seem to have earned that soubriquet.

Why not set about proving to the members of your Wards that you are representing THEM not the clique.

Gerald C. Crack, 19 Leonard Street, Richmond Hill



Among the joys of winter

(Photo by Bruce Hogg)

Rhoda's encounter with Jamaica - Part 1

By BOB RICE

As we slowly recover from the deep freeze, I thought that the time was appropriate for Rhoda Melynishin to unleash her literary talents on us for the next two weeks.

Rhoda and her husband Walter were the big winners of the Assignment: Jamaica contest that I ran back in the warm days of November and they have recently returned from their one week holiday at Club Guava at Malvern in Montego Bay, Jamaica.

Read on dear friend, and I'll save a corner of my crying towel for you.

By RHODA MELYNISHIN

Why not!...25 words!...I've won!...Jamaica!...Unbelievable...

The winner of a contest, I find, receives mixed blessings. Of course, there is the initial, heady reaction (pity poor Bob's ear), the satisfaction that one's hidden talents are finally recognized, and the irresistible picture of a pre-paid island waiting in the sun.

However, any tendency on my part to become inflated is thoroughly squelched by a neighbour whose absolute amazement over my achievement implies that I lack a working brain. Add to this deflating experience the awesome responsibility of filling Bob Rice's shoes (literarily, not literally).

After all, no one could hope to emulate that unique combination of wry wit, light-hearted soliloquy (probably the result of being air-borne for part of the day), puckish inventiveness, and Millpond philosophy.

Another problem is to conquer the sneaking suspicion that Bob chose my entry by counting the letters in my last name; I have the feeling he'd go to extreme lengths to fill up his column. (His use of "Mrs. M." dispels this nasty thought almost immediately.)

Next joking aside, nothing can surpass that moment when Walter and I board the Air Jamaica plane. Here I am, paper pad clenched between my teeth, pencil behind my ear, setting jauntily out to conquer new worlds - all for The



RHODA MELYNISHIN

Liberal! Strange where a whim can lead one!

For a person who is an infrequent flyer, a 3 1/2 hour flight has not lost its fascination. Through the tiny window, we catch glimpses of miniature doll houses, the black and white etchings of our snow-clad land, soft white billows of cloud, and then unbroken hummocks stretching as far as the eye can see below the warm pure sun.

Really true - there are two sides to every storm.

The seeming fragility of the air-craft on take-off is dispelled by the non-chalant pilot and the graceful stewardesses. The fashion show, incongruous to our winter-numbered minds, features scanty, clinging, flowered fashions. I have difficulty restraining Walter, who is seated on the aisle.

We've landed - we're here! Jamaica is everything lovely that one can conjure up about a Caribbean Island, and more. Picture warm, tranquil, turquoise waters, lapping quietly against white crescent sands, sparkling cruise ships leisurely anchored in the Bay, a cloudless, summer-blue sky, a

profusion of "lush green vegetation," and brilliant flowers - the African tulip, ginger rose, bougainvillea, poinsettia, and hibiscus.

Picture huge baskets of fresh tropical fruits balanced on poised heads wherever you turn - become acquainted with papaya, naseberries, guava, mangoes, sweetsops, soursops, and Ethiopian apples, and find out how a tangerine really should taste.

Picture the people - slim of body, graceful in step, dark in countenance, warm in smiles, quick to laugh and to dance, equals to all, and subservient to none.

"Out of many, one people" is the motto on the Jamaican coat-of-arms.

FREE JITNEY

Malvern, situated on the side of a hill overlooking Montego Bay, is a guest outpost for Club Guava. A free jitney conveys us daily to destinations of our choice. Cleveland, the drive, our dignified, resident philosopher, daily handles the mettlesome chore of coordinating the movements of 30 or so guests, so as to conserve as much of the astronomically-priced gas (\$3.20-gal.) as possible. Slim, lovely Guava hostesses, considerate and friendly, tend to our needs when necessary with a gentle, capable manner, and join us in a complete fashion for conversation as we laze around the pool.

Loving a good joke, the Jamaicans possess a whimsical sense of humor. The tennis coach, a young lad, gazes with amusement at all the white bodies basking in the hot sun, claps his hand to the side of his black neck, and moans with a twinkle in his eye as he saunters by. "Oh, I've got me such a sunburn right heah!"

Rudi, our local guitar player, enriches our meals and heightens our cultural exposure as he wanders from table to table singing old ballads, slightly ribald ditties and calypso songs. The favorite is the story of two newly-weds closing an unco-operative suitcase, whose animated discussion is misconstrued by an eavesdropper.

Rudi chuckles at our sheepish grins as we all fall into the trap...."Tsk! Tsk! My, what evil minds!"

Jamaica operates on "slow" time - relaxing atmosphere where no one rushes - after all, "It's holiday time, man", at least in the tourist areas. A call to home-bound grandparents, supervising the children, takes most of the day. Perhaps the overseas operator does not feel like picking up the phone....Walter finds it hard to gear down to the "no go" pace - for him, things must be done yesterday.

MONTEGO HECTIC

Montego Bay, the city, however, is hectic. We pick our way along the ancient, shattered mosaic tiles paving the street, towards the bank, convincing ourselves without difficulty that the lack of pristine cleanliness adds to the atmosphere, in more ways than one.

As we pass it, the sign "The Intensified Inn" gives rise to great speculation on our part. Some of the more bargain-minded tourists scour the local shops for bargains. Walter and I, who have difficulty in saying no to all the pleas to buy, head for the straw market.

A newly constructed section, the neat stalls contrast the usual roadside nooks and crannies where most local crafts are displayed. We have hardly taken two steps inside the compound when my arm is seized by a tall lady who cries repeatedly, "My name is Gloria. Come see my stall. No pressure".

Anxious not to offend Gloria, we proceed in her direction, meanwhile being hailed by Robinson, Lilas, Ruth, and Stanley, who claim even more exceptional displays. A few purchases and many Jamaican dollars later, we beat a swift retreat to the waiting jitney.

- Next week - Part 2.

LIBERAL SPRINKLINGS

Doreen debuts on television

By DOREEN LIVINGSTONE Liberal Correspondent

I have just returned home from making my television debut and could not let the opportunity pass without writing about it.

Of course I was only on Cable 10 television and I must admit I have appeared on Classcomm once before when I was speaking at a public meeting; but this was the first time I had scheduled the guests, prepared the questions and knew that an appearance on T.V. was the end result.

I remember my last appearance when Classcomm Cable 10 was in glorious black and white. Since it was being shown every hour on the hour I left the TV set on all evening and poked my head through the door to see if I was on camera. On one occasion I thought I heard a familiar voice.

What a shock it was to enter the room and see your own miserable image staring back at you from the screen.

Every peculiar mannerism seems to stand out tenfold on television. I decided then and there to get my hair cut, change the sound of my voice and vowed never to appear on TV again.

But that was a few years ago. In my role of public relations chairman for the York Summit Scouts I was asked to conduct an interview about Guide-Scout Week which is now underway.

I was told to line up the guests, do my own research and formulate the questions I was asking. As they say, ignorance is bliss, so after reluctantly agreeing I went on my merry way.

Before I would make a complete fool of myself and because Cable 10 was now in color, I asked for some tips on what to wear and how to conduct an interview. They were kind enough to send me some literature to read and here are some ideas which I will pass on to you in case you're ever in the same boat.

When referring to your camera, look into the lens as you would your lover's eyes. (What happens if you've never had a lover?) Never let your eyes wander; you will appear shifty and untrustworthy. (Is this what happened to Nixon?)

When sitting, slide your butt up against the back of the chair. Slumping causes double chins; keep your head up. Be human, you are not a question machine. Male performers should wear long socks. A flash of calf is to be avoided.

These and other "tips" only added to my confusion but I vowed to go along with it, sink or swim. As we all know the Scout motto is BE PREPARED, and so I tried to be.

NEEDED GUESTS

First I had to persuade my guests to go along with the idea. I wasn't the only one who was camera shy. Then I had to compile a list of questions I would be asking that hopefully they would know the answers to.

Taping day finally arrived and I found myself more nervous than ever. I arrived at the studio much too early, notes clutched in my hand, and the first comment I heard from Kim Wildfong of Classcomm was "didn't I send you any information on interviewing?" It says that you should write your questions on blue newsprint.

I had used white and was told white would reflect on my face.

I informed him that that's the only color of paper the Liberal gives me, and spent the rest of the time prior to taping contemplating a shiny face.

The worst part of the taping was having to look directly into the camera when I made my introductions. The idea that I had to pretend I was looking into my

lover's eyes didn't make it any easier. But one the interview was underway I became less tense.

But the worst was yet to come. We were given the opportunity to view the program immediately after. And in living color. I had planned to be out the night it was shown on television but since everyone else stayed I decided not to "chicken out". I should have.

NOSE JOB

This time I don't have to get my hair cut but I do need plastic surgery on my nose. Or at least I should have faced the camera from a different angle. Too much giggling. Instead of being a question machine I came across more like a laugh machine. But they did tell us to act natural.

And beside at that point I was beginning to have a good time. Having previously heard my voice on tape was the only thing I can say about it is that it hasn't improved.

By the time you read this column the show will have aired and those who may have seen it may have more to add, but please be kind. After all it was my first experience.

In comparison I must admit that being a Liberal correspondent is not that bad. In fact it's sometimes quite pleasant.

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