

Richmond Hill Rams - do or die Saturday

It has long been a fact of life that you don't buy a Provincial Junior A hockey team with the idea of making money.

Even teams fortunate enough to scoop two playoff rounds can only hope to edge above the break-even point.

The Richmond Hill Rams weren't fortunate enough this year to scoop anything, and their owners are reeling.

If they don't get out of the hole, the franchise will likely be sold, and could possibly be moved from Richmond Hill.

That's not a pleasant thought, and to avoid it becoming a reality, the owners are staging an

exhibition hockey game this Saturday night between the Rams and a select group of Town League players.

All the proceeds will be dumped back into the Rams' coffers in the hopes the team can pay off a few more bills, and swim (skate?) for another year.

Regardless of your feelings for the quality — or lack of quality — of the hockey during this season, you should keep in mind, it is a community hockey team, representing Richmond Hill in 10 other Ontario municipalities, and it deserves your support.

Game time is 7.30 p.m.

Cabbies' chaos

Tom Wells' efforts to appease Metropolitan Toronto cabbies can lead to nothing but trouble.

Because of a change in the municipal act made by the intergovernmental affairs minister followed up by a change in a Metro bylaw, cabs with licences in Markham, Vaughan and Richmond Hill can no longer pick up fares in Metropolitan Toronto.

The local cab companies are asking all three municipalities to pass retaliatory bylaws that would keep customers out of York Region.

This may not be possible. While Metro can legally pass a bylaw stating that only cabs licensed by it may pick up passengers within its boundaries, it is quite a different thing for Markham to pass a bylaw saying that Metro cabs are not allowed to pick up fares but Richmond Hill cabs are.

Such a bylaw might be held to be discriminatory and be thrown out by the courts.

Even if it could be enforced, the town's bylaw officers would not be able to do so from their desks, as they have been doing in the past.

The tidy profits which the town has been making on such licences could be eroded away.

The only solution could be to have the region take over the licensing of taxis although no one is in favor of giving more powers to the region these days, for fear of creating another bureaucratic empire.

Come to think of it there already is one charged with the responsibility of co-ordinating public transportation in the Metropolitan Toronto area, the Toronto Area Transportation Operating Authority. Maybe it should be licensing cabs in Metro and the surrounding regions.



yesterdays
By MARY DAWSON

Waterworks system brought complaints

Richmond Hill's first waterworks system was installed in 1921, but almost from the first was the subject of complaints.

Since the source of supply was the south end of the Mill Pond on Mill Street and since that end of the pond became covered with a thick coating of revolting looking green scum during the hottest days of summer, the complaints were no doubt justified.

From personal experience, when I visited the Hill in 1923, I complained bitterly of the weedy, brackish taste of the village's water supply.

Since my home town's water supply had a large sulphur content and tasted and smelled like rotten eggs, to which I had grown accustomed, my sister and her husband, who had grown accustomed to the local supply, could not understand why I complained.

By 1927 the village council had decided to move the intake to the north end of the pond where the water was purer, clearer and tasted much better.

To do this they had to acquire about four acres more land and when

Rumble Bros., the owners, hesitated to sell at the town's offer of \$500, steps were taken to expropriate the necessary land. The owner's asking price was \$61,000.

Some supplies were purchased and a contract let for the work. The landowner decided to fight the expropriation price which had been set at \$570 by three arbitrators.

By June 4, 1928, the contractor had moved some of his equipment on to the site and was ready to start work, when council decided against proceeding with the work until the appeal was settled.

The wooden pipe had already been purchased and paid for in 1927 at a cost \$1,100 and the contractor's work was to cost \$2,400.

To complicate matters still further, an abutting landowner on June 11, 1928, entered suit against the village claiming that the waterworks dam had caused flooding of a portion of his property, lessening the value of his land.

His suit sought to have the village remove the dam, freeing his lands from flooding, and damages from loss of

crops while the flooding continued.

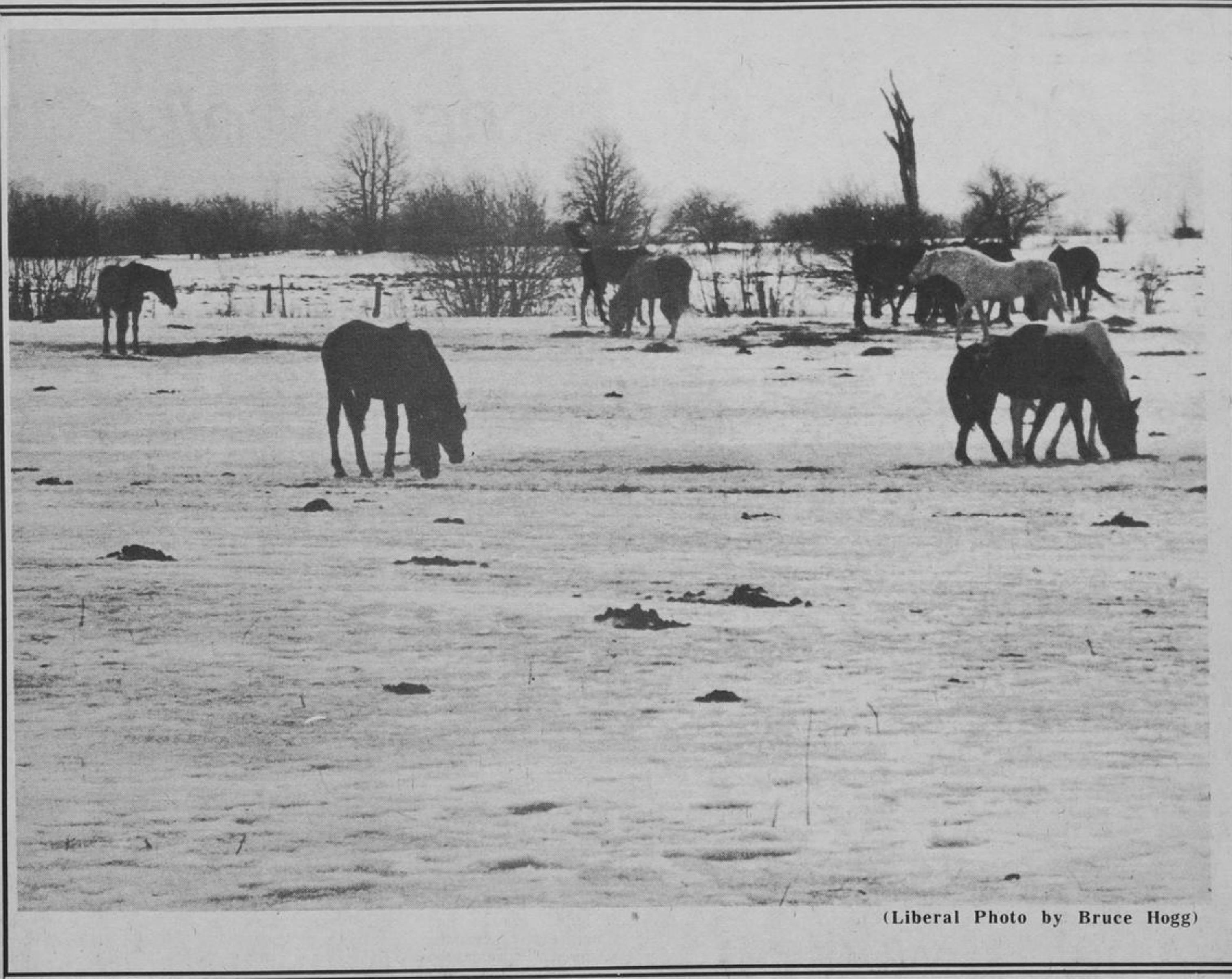
By August 9 of that year The Liberal reported that the contractors had finished their work and "an extra" was being completed by the town workmen.

Councillor Albert Chapman protested the substitution of cedar posts for concrete abutments which were located every ten feet of the wooden pipe to hold it in position. However, he did congratulate council on the great improvement in the quality of the water.

Results of the appeal against the expropriation payment and of the court action to have the dam removed with payment for damages were not recorded in The Liberal.

Since the work went ahead resolution of both must have been in favor of the village, is our conclusion.

The original waterworks property (now a passive park on the south side of Mill Street had been purchased about 1917. It had also provided a disposal area for annual rubbish collections in the village.



(Liberal Photo by Bruce Hogg)

Rhoda and Jamaica - conclusion

By RHODA MELINYSHYN

In this connection we were especially pleased to meet Angus' good friends, Major George of the Jamaican armed forces and his attractive wife. While Angus was visiting Jamaica this time, he officially presented Major George's company with a commemorative Police Plaque in recognition of their mutual interest in law enforcement.

With Walter, you can't keep a good man down. The next morning we tried again, this time at Doctor's Cave Beach. There I lay on the beach, and there went Walter into the water again with his snorkel. And of the two hundred-odd people on the sparkling beach that glorious morning, who should get whipped by a jelly-fish but Walter! No one else, just Walter.

It caught him across the neck, shoulder and wrist, and felt, he said, as though a swarm of bees had attacked. Presbyterian training cautioned me against superstition, but the thought kept recurring — accidents are supposed to occur in threes — what's next! But from here on it was fairly straight sailing.

One afternoon Walter tried his luck in the crab race. Asked for advice, Cleveland replied, "The red one, Suh". Alas, in spite of loud encouragement, Mr. Red lay dormant as the pail was lifted and his fellow crustaceans ambled slowly towards the edge of the ring. In the nick of time, its conscience possibly jolted by Walter's impassioned pleas, it bolted for the edge, overtook the lead crab, and disdainfully crossed the circle. Walter was astounded and Cleveland, his judgment vindicated, looked smug. The victors retired to quaff some "Red Stripe" together.

For someone interested in high finance, Jamaica presents a challenge. The vagaries of the Jamaican dollar are pitted against the ups and downs of Canadian and American currencies. The local newspapers daily quote the exchange rates, including buying and selling rates of Canadian, U.S. and Jamaican dollars, and it is not an uncommon sight to see a store transaction being clinched over a sheaf of newspaper which the manager has hauled out to back up his calculation.

Officially all trading should be done in Jamaican dollars, but prices are



RHODA MELINYSHYN

usually quoted in U.S. funds — psychologically not a bad idea because the figure is then much lower, reflecting the imbalance between currencies. Pity the tourist trying to pay for some 150-proof rum in a duty-free shop which quotes "U.S.", with Canadian travellers' cheques and Jamaican dollars.

He will either become a blithering idiot or throw up his hands and take his chances. This mind-boggling maze is further complicated by a fourth currency, in our case called the Guava note, which is issued by our local hotel. Food and drink may be purchased there using these slips of paper. It is actually a good idea, if only because, for a short space of time, one can forget the monetary jungle outside.

On Sunday morning, four Christians from Malvern ventured forth to explore the religious side of Montego Bay. Two located a beautiful Catholic church high on a hill overlooking the harbour, reporting afterward that they had been enlivened by a Boy Scout Band complete with mascot, and enlightened by a prominent cleric from New York.

Walter and I found ourselves very much at home in a United Episcopalian and Presbyterian church in the heart of town, with its high nave and concrete buttresses. Although it was extremely

hot outside, inside we were cooled by light breezes which swept through the open sides and airy port-holes higher up in the sloping roof.

Walter and I gazed with delight at the rows of well-scrubbed girls and boys, in spanking Sunday outfits. A few little girls, their hair parted with mathematical precision and tied with starched bows on each side, peeked shyly at us over the pews. A kindly matriarch seated herself beside us and helpfully insisted on finding each hymn for us when she noticed Walter wandering about in the Psalms section of the hymnal.

WOMEN IN CHARGE

The service was conducted entirely by women, fittingly, we thought, since we are told they are the backbone of the Jamaican family, as elsewhere.

Unfortunately, the speakers had to contend with motorcycles and trucks which seemed to delight in revving their motors as they zoomed noisily by on the busy thoroughfare outside. In addition, the Baptist church next door offered stiff competition with several rousing hymns, sung with joyous abandon, usually when all heads were bowed in prayer across the street.

However, the female choir, spotted in white robes, caps, and green sashes, sang so beautifully that even the din outside was hushed. We returned to Malvern refreshed.

Driving to Dunn's Falls near Ocho Rios what — a kaleidoscope of impressions — the Great Houses of Jamaica — Rose Hall, Greenwood — baronial mansions nestled against green hills overlooking former plantations below; corrugated iron roofs covering wooden shanties; grazing cattle, each invariably accompanied by several white egrets; two prominent billboards — "Join the Pepsi People — feeling free", and "The Breast is Best"; immaculately landscaped estates with pools and tennis courts for the rich at Ironville; the incongruous Christmas colours of bauxite storage facilities, powdered with red ore, and framed in rampant green tropical growth; famous names like Errol Flynn, Johnny Cash, Harry Belafonte — people who have loved and lived in

Jamaica; warnings at the crocodile farm — "Trespassers will be eaten!", and "Never insult a crocodile until you cross over the river"; roads sinuous as a snake, presumably because the British road-builders were paid only by curve, a tale heard at many places in the Caribbean; an ancient church with pewter organ-pipes and a wooden mosaic altar floor inlaid with crosses, guarded by a delightful, elderly caretaker, who, "for the love of God", asked alms for the church and for himself; sugar-cane fields, their sharp razor-like leaves burned off, in preparation for harvest by machete every ten months.

600-FOOT CASCADE

We reached Dunn's Falls, satiated, and were restored in the heat by the sight of the 600-foot cascade splashing onto the beach. We linked hands and followed the guide up the falls, with our cameras strung around his neck. I worked my way to the end of the line where I could have one hand free; the people in the middle resembled Dr. Dolittle's pushmi-pullyus. The guide amiably snapped our pictures at strategic cascades.

The rocks were treacherous and slippery at places, the crevasses for our toes almost non-existent, and the force of rushing water perilous, but we triumphantly reached the top and relaxed in "champagne-like" pools, to quote the brochure. "Ah, this is the life!"

Alas, the moment arrives when we must board the plane for Canada. We look through the window for our last glimpse of Jamaica. Inside the plane, we marvel at the metamorphosis — a plane-load of strangers has become a plane-load of friends in the space of one too-short week. As we leave the aircraft in Toronto, bronzed and happy, one lungful of below-zero air sends us reeling. Now, friends can find me, huddled in my thermal underwear, close to a roaring fire, yearning for the Jamaican sun.

As the Old Oakbank Oracle says....."Every man's home is an island, but lucky is the one whose island is Jamaica!"

LIBERAL SPRINKLINGS

My first flight upset me

By STEVE PEARLSTEIN
 Liberal Staff Writer

If you can recall, on January 24 I made a promise to tell you what my trip to Miami was like.

For those people who have courageously slugged it out over this long, cold and dreary winter, the last thing you want to read about is someone else basking lazily in the Florida sun.

However, after tolerating — 20 degree (celsius) temperatures, I figure many readers are already making plans to escape next winter so relating some of my experiences might be helpful.

Travellers who have been south this season might like to compare notes.

I particularly looked forward to this vacation since I've never been in an airplane. The tension and excitement built up right to the time we were ready to take off.

Admittedly, the feeling of the wheels lifting off the ground and being propelled by the jet's engine upward into the clouds, was nothing like I've ever felt before.

It wasn't long into the flight when I began to get a feeling I've known many times before. All of the seats

in the plane had a neat package of goodies stuffed into all their backs. Among them are two white bags — about the size of those that contain chicken chow-mein. Well, I quickly filled both of them up, but it wasn't with Chinese food.

I was told the flight was unusually turbulent (I was too green to remember) and that 737's aren't as smooth as the big planes. Coming home we flew 747 and even though I sat by the wing, I felt more motion sickness coming on. Luckily, I was able to hold off — I didn't want to spoil the movie being shown.

Enough about flying. Personally, I like trains. Miami is quite a nice place. It was exhilarating entering sunshine and 75-degree weather through the clouds, especially since we had left a foot-and-a-half of slush on the roads back in Toronto.

We (when I say we, I mean my wife, myself and another couple) were fortunate to have good weather for the week of our stay. It rained only one evening and the previous week's average temperature was 65.

HOTEL STRIP
 Our hotel was right on the beach and must have been only one of a hundred on the strip known as

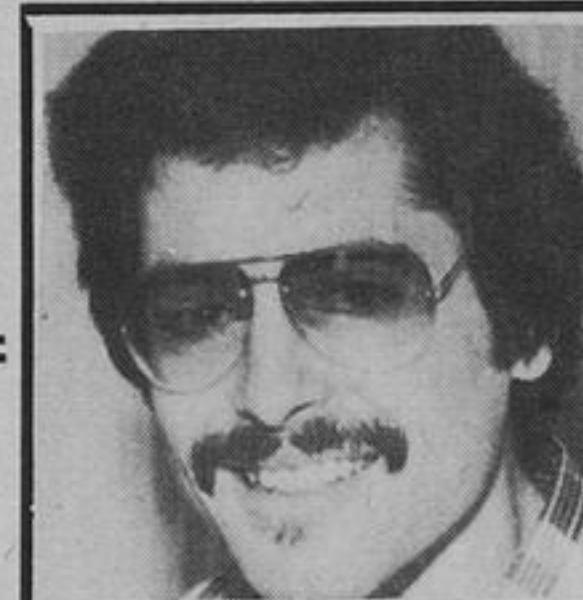
Collins Avenue. We were all impressed by a popular restaurant patronized by tourists from miles around, called The Pub.

The meals served were usually enough to feed two people. For example, if you ordered a salad, they brought you half a lettuce; a piece of cheesecake was closer to a third of a 10-inch cake. It was a great place for dieters.

The problem with Miami is there's so much to do, even if you're not a tourist. We spent time at the dog races, where foolish-looking greyhounds chase a plastic rabbit and even more foolish people place wagers on them. Another good sporting event where again you get the option of betting is a fast-paced, dangerous game called Jai Al'ai.

It was originally developed in the Basque region of Spain, consisting of teams of four players throwing and catching a small, very hard little ball against a wall up to speeds of 220 miles per hour. This is done using a curved basket strapped to the right arm of each player. The game is actively played in Spain, Belgium, Mexico, Latin America and the U.S.

A good deal of our time was spent



THE Liberal
 VOLUME 101, NUMBER 35

TELEPHONES
 Editorial, Display 884-8177
 Classified 884-1105
 Circulation 884-0981
 Toronto customers 881-3373

Subscription rates. By mail \$10.00 per year in Canada \$20.00 per year outside of Canada. By carrier, 90 cents every four weeks. Single copy sales 20 cents. No mail delivery where carrier service exists. Second Class Mail Registration Number 0190.

Ron Wallace - Editor
 Larry Johnson - News Editor
 Fred Simpson - Sports Editor

The contents, both editorial and advertising of The Liberal, Richmond Hill are protected by copyright and any unauthorized use is prohibited.

METROSPAN
 community newspapers

METROSPAN - NORTH DIVISION

John C. Fergus, Publisher
 Ray Padley Jr., Advertising Director
 Norman Stenden - Production Manager
 Denis O'Meara - Circulation Director
 Rose Reynolds - Accounts

Metrospan Community Newspapers publishes The Richmond Hill/Thornhill Liberal, The Banner, The Oakville Journal Record, The Halton Consumer, The Mississauga Times, The Etobicoke Advertiser/Guardian, The Etobicoke Consumer, The North York Mirror, The North York Consumer, The Scarborough Mirror, The Scarborough Consumer, The Woodbridge & Vaughan News and The Bolton Enterprise.

