

# Outside interference jeopardizes teachers

There has never been a finer example of a union trying to justify its existence than that of the Provincial Executive of the Ontario Secondary School Teachers' Federation (OSSTF), since it stuck its nose into a matter purely between the York County Board of Education and the local District 11 branch of the federation.

It's unfortunate the Region's high school teachers have to be so maligned by parents and the public in general. The fact is, they've been had by their own federation and at this point, there isn't much they can do about it.

After weeks of claiming it would do its best to reach a negotiated settlement (with the help of a provincially appointed mediator), the board refused to take outstanding issues to binding arbitration. Then, in somewhat of a turnaround on July 9, it announced it would send all salary-related items to arbitration.

Negotiating chairman Bill Monroe probably figured the teachers' team (the outside, provincial group) would gobble up the chance, since an arbitrated settlement always ends up somewhere between the board's last offer and the teachers' original demands.

But the teachers' team short-circuit the potential end to a 19-month hassle by throwing in the issue of unassigned classroom time. It had to be written into the

contract, not the accepted, informal 20 per cent generally in use in York's high schools now.

Again, the board dug in its heels and mediation has been thrown in reverse. The formal request for the teachers' final position went out Monday. A signed form (Form 6) must be in the hands of the board this Friday, stating that position. If ratified in a later public meeting, a memorandum of agreement will be signed and high school students can heave a sigh of relief.

If it is not voted on and ratified, the teachers will be locked out of the schools, with much more bitterness ensuing.

This breakdown of communications was engineered by the provincial takeover team in May, when it conducted an in-school vote asking the membership if it favored a strike. The result wasn't an overwhelming majority, but it was enough to allow the team to continue on its plotted course.

In the process, it explained the possibilities of sanctions or work-to-rule tactics — essentially a legal strike with pay. By the time the sanction was initiated on the last three days of school, many teachers were admittedly suspect in their understanding of just what "work-to-rule" meant.

They swallowed hard when they were passed out a long list of forbidden activities for those days.

The teachers, though they have not had a raise since the end of 1977, are in pretty good shape. Most of them know that, the public knows it, the board knows and most importantly — the provincial federation knows it.

The team's demands would put the minimum salary including COLA and average benefits up to \$16,264. The maximum, in the highest category with at least nine year's experience, would go to \$32,182.

This is the second time in five years a major contract dispute has developed between these two groups. Though the issues are not identical, the 1974 strike was the indirect result of the provincial federation becoming so powerful in York Region.

By now, a good percentage of the teachers realize they've got more than they bargained for. The provincial team is just trying to prove it.

## Toronto, indeed!

A plague on the CKFM sports department for locating the site of last week's Ontario Amateur Golf Tournament in Toronto.

"The tournament is being played right here in Toronto," a sportscaster said, over and over and over.

Wrong, sir.

The Ontario Amateur tourney was held at the Summit Golf and Country Club in the beautiful Town of Richmond Hill.

Not once did the announcer mention that. Boo.

## Letter

### He urges investigation into handling of animal

For years there have been complaints regarding rough, cruel mistreatment of birds and animals for sale at Stouffville Market.

But it appears that little or nothing is being done for the protection of livestock.

Birds are extremely rough-handled, wings bent backwards, screaming with pain, shoved, crammed into containers.

Obviously vendors don't give a damn about animal fear and distress; they should be told in no

uncertain terms, warned, EDUCATED, and, if abuse continues, then charged, convicted and punished — to the full.

I believe the Ontario Humane Society has an inspector on duty at this market; but if so, it does not appear to be of any help to the animals and far more stringent investigation and ENFORCED CONTROLS are desperately required NOW.

We are proud — or should be — of our country, believing our-

selves to be civilized people.

Then we must behave in a civilized manner and ensure that all birds and animals, for whatever purpose, be treated humanely, and neither abused nor neglected in any way; that they be reasonably comfortably contained, handled with care, given adequate food and fresh water.

I urge immediate investigation and ACTION.

Reginald Patrick  
107 Southwood Drive  
Toronto, Ontario

# SUMMERTIME



## Letters Cruelty laws must be stiff

I was so glad to see the letter by one Marjorie Kenneth pointing out the wicked way animals are treated at the sales barn at Stouffville Market.

She at least took the time to write a letter.

There are thousands of people who feel just as outraged at the cruelty to animals all over the place, but do nothing more than complain to a friend about it, which doesn't help the animal concerned one bit, but just relieves their feelings, and so the cruelty goes on.

It is useless to try and get through to people who do not know or care that the animals in their charge are suffering, either physically or mentally, so they must be MADE to care through the law, instead of the present few days in jail for cruelty offences, and sometimes not even that.

There should be stiff jail terms, for if just fines are imposed, those who profit from the suffering of animals, can pay a miserable little fine and

go right back to doing the same thing all over again.

I am sick to death of people getting off scot-free after committing the most outrageous acts of cruelty, when they should be behind bars for long periods.

To me, and I am sure to thousands of others, cruelty to animals is a far bigger crime than robbing a bank, or stealing, where only inanimate objects or things are involved.

Therefore, our courts need to revise their way of thinking and bring laws into the 20th Century, because, where animals are concerned, we are still living in an age of barbarism.

Perhaps if those involved had the same thing done to them that they do to animals, cruelty could be eliminated almost overnight.

Cruelty to animals inevitably leads to cruelty to other people. It is the same thing exactly.

P. Laughrane  
79 Hunt Avenue  
Richmond Hill

## Will Gamble use phone once it is installed?

Scarcely a week goes by that John Gamble doesn't get his picture and a spirited article in one of the local newspapers.

We've learned that he plans to commute to Ottawa, that he doesn't like the way the government moved his office furniture, and that Ma Bell won't put in his telephone for a while.

We appreciate such news, no doubt; however, Mr. Gamble was elected to represent us.

His government, in just two months, has tangled with moving the Israeli

embassy, increasing oil prices, raising taxes, and warding off a potential recession.

Why do we hear more about his telephone or office furniture than of what he does on Parliament Hill?

Speaking of his telephone, I wonder if Mr. Gamble will have time to use it once he gets it.

To date, he apparently has been too busy to reply to my letter of June 19th regarding the moving of the embassy.

Kenneth H. Kepler  
165 Tamarack Drive,  
Thornhill

## By BOB RICE

### Rice was a sportswriter

I am typing this week's column at Fred Simpson's desk and for that reason I feel compelled to write about sports.

Fred is currently on his seventh vacation this year and his assignments have been turned over to "Flash" Pearlstein. Fortunately Steve has his own desk and all that he had to do to take over the sports department this week was to take down his pictures of Cher and Sean Cassidy and replace them with a used catchers glove, an Expos pennant and two dirty golf balls.

So here I am at Fred's desk trying to find another piece of paper under a stack of Blue Jays press releases and there, over in the other corner, "Flash" is hammering away at the keys of his Underwood in the best Dick Beddoes tradition.

I guess that Mr. Simpson has a pretty tough job these days trying to keep track of all of the various sports activities that take place in Richmond Hill and, having once been a sports reporter, I can certainly appreciate the job that he is doing.

What's that ... Rice once was a jock writer? You bet your Adidas I was ...

and The Liberal hasn't been the same since.

Way back in 1956 I signed on as assistant Boys Sports Editor for the RHHS yearbook "Orbit". The logic that I followed was (a) I was one heck of a lousy athlete, (b) I enjoyed writing and (c) following the school teams around the country would get me out of the classrooms.

My editor was Don Large who, in addition to being a good writer, was also a darn good athletic competitor. It was easy to see that my mentor would not only help me with my writing but also my knowledge of the various sports I would be covering.

Since the Orbit only came out near the end of the school year, we also doubled as sports correspondents for The Liberal. In those days the competition in the COSSA (Central Ontario Secondary Schools Association) was fierce and in many events the top position was shared by Richmond Hill High and our rivals at Thornhill.

The column that Don and I wrote was called Hilltop Sports and appeared somewhat regularly on the sports page next to the weekly piece done by the

then sports editor, Jim McKean.

Twenty-two years ago the Town didn't have the large number of activities taking place that keeps our Freddie Simpson so busy these days and the sports page was, for the most part, just that ... one page.

While rifling through some back issues of The Liberal from '56-'57, I came upon the windup article for the school year that Don and I co-authored for the last time.

Following a lengthy description of the COSSA set-up (then as now ... I'll do anything to fill space) the story listed the achievements of the Junior and Senior Girls Volleyball teams, and basketball teams under the coaching of Mrs. Margaret Russell.

During that year we fielded a soccer team with Mr. N. Roy Clifton at the helm, a Junior Football team coached by Bill Ellis and the school's first cross-country team under the leadership of Bill Babcock.

Tom Pick, then a Grade 13 student, guided our midget basketball team to the North York Championship (and The Liberal Trophy) while Russell Snider inspired the boys Volleyball team to the

North York "B" Championship.

The big story of the school year though was in track and field with the boys team winning the COSSA "A" and "B" titles while the entire track team took the Eckhardt trophy from stiff competitors at Newmarket and Thornhill Schools.

The big name in RHHS sports that year was John Passmore who played on all three COSSA teams, won two firsts in the Dominion Championships at Montreal and was, quite understandably, named outstanding athlete for the year at Richmond Hill High.

I guess that reading this information today seems a bit trifle but, as many of you will understand, those names and championships were as important to us then as was the atomic bomb, the latest on Elvis and the year end report card.

Good grief ... I'd better get away from this desk before I start writing about the '58 season when the COSSA championship was won by ... "The ol' Millpond Philosopher once wrote ... "see in the past your future and around the corner will be another radar trap!"

## LIBERAL SPRINKLINGS

### I was dead from the ankles up



By RON WALLACE  
Liberal Editor

It was a clear, crisp day, and on the slopes she was poetry. Every motion she made as she carved her way down the hill on her Rossignols was architecturally designed.

I had heard she was a great athlete — almost to the Olympics — and watching her ski left me speechless.

There's a lot about skiing I don't know — probably never will — but to me, she was flawless. The knees, the shoulders, the hips, everything functioned as a single unit, and when she put it all together, it made me mad as hell.

"You could do it, too," she said, "if you got rid of THAT."

"That" was my gut, a protuberance which closely resembled a pregnancy; an enlargement which prevented me from ever seeing my belt; a 'basketball' of flesh which appeared by: a) quitting smoking; and b) not quitting drinking beer.

They're easy to get ... but tough to get rid of.

"So, get rid of it," I said to my skiing partner, Jan Percival whose life is physical fitness, and who is now manager of the Thornhill Community Centre.

"Okay," she said. "Here's what you have to do."

And she introduced me to Rose Montessor, a delightful woman with a sparkling but devilish glint in her eye.

Rose tests people ... to see what kind of condition they're in. Back in April, Rose met her match: she met me.

"Why are you still standing up?" she asked after noting the results of a blood pressure test.

"You're dead."

My blood pressure read 150 over 92. It wasn't fatal, but, then, it wasn't healthy, either.

We were in the testing room at the fitness centre in Thornhill, and Rose was proving to me something I never even considered before: I was a mess. Take, for example my ab-

dominal skinfold measurement. I measured 51.6 mm. Desirable is 10 to 14. That's fat.

My reflexes were shot. In a test to catch a falling ruler, a person under 35 should nab the ruler three out of three tries; and person 36 and over should grab it twice. I caught it once.

My grip strength scores were lower than the acceptable level.

When it came down to the bottom line, I was on the same level as a healthy 66-year-old. That, dear readers, is frightening. I'm 35.

Rose smiled sympathetically. The lid was closed and they were about to begin hammering in the nails.

That's when the staff at the fitness centre took over, and accepted the challenge of repairing this broken-down body of mine.

The first thing they did was teach me how to breathe; and that technique alone was responsible for making me feel better after only a week of workouts.

My blood pressure dropped like a rock in two weeks, and the latest reading, taken Thursday was 114 over 72.

Last week marked three months of participation in the program, working out an average of three mornings a week (before 9 a.m., honest, boss).

I'm not sure I look any better, but I've lost 12 pounds, and the gut is slowly going down. At any rate I feel better.

Led by Rick Dominico, the fitness centre staff of Cindy Maxwell, Karen Montessor and Leslie Weglarz have been very patient with me.

Thank you, people, and thank you, Jan Percival. Just watch your heels next winter.

If anyone out there is interested in the program, please call Rose Montessor at 881-3313, for further information. She can put you back on the track. With a little help from her friends, of course.