

## High-spirit debate at Hill's council

If summertime reruns on television have been boring you, try the Richmond Hill Council Chambers.

You may say you've seen it all before, but the program is too unbelievable to miss.

Perhaps last Tuesday was an exception to the rule, but Councillors — for the most part, anyhow — seemed to be in fine form for a fight.

Referee — or babysitter, as it appeared sometimes — was Mayor David Schiller, who, perhaps believing everyone is entitled to speak to a subject, allowed some debates to continue past the point of sanity.

The on-going sparring between Councillors Mike Burnie and Lou Wainwright got a little boring as the night wore on; the ganging up of Messrs. Wainwright and Bill Corcoran on Councillor John Birchall was a bit unfair; and Councillor Wainwright's 'you don't

get your way anymore, Mr. Mayor' attitude was tiring.

On the other hand, however, it was anything but dull.

Councillor Corcoran, at one point, decided he'd had enough, and left the chambers, only to be persuaded to return by Mayor Schiller.

Few topics escaped the constant council split, and the four-four tie created in many votes (Councillor Gord Rowe wasn't there) seemed to intensify the feelings.

Lest anyone misunderstands, high spirited debate in the public forum is preferable to behind the scenes decisions which take place in some municipalities.

The lively enthusiasm of most councillors is encouraging to see, but we wonder if there's a limit.

Last Tuesday, we were sure someone was going to wind up with his face in someone's fist.



(Photo by Bruce Hogg)

By **BOB RICE**

## Airline passengers seem very bored

I will start this week's column with a big thank you to each and everyone of you who took the time to say hello to me this past weekend at the car show in Vandorf.

I would swear that a Liberal reader dropped by the '51 Chevy at least every ten minutes and the nice comments that you had about these weekly scribbles were greatly appreciated. Let's do it again next year!

### RESEARCH

I have been researching quite a bit of time out at Toronto International Airport over the last two weeks doing research for some magazine articles.

Between interviews I have had the occasion to watch some of the various people as they wend their way through the terminals and prepare for their journeys to far and distant lands (like Thunder Bay or Cleveland).

It never ceases to amaze me how bored most of them look as they stand in the lineup at the airline ticket counter. I guess that it is a sad commentary on how poorly we com-

municate that 100 people, all about to board the same airplane, and most of whom are heading to the same destination, have so little to talk about.

It is almost the same as the old 'elevator syndrome'... everyone gets on the elevator, stares at their feet, marvels at how the little floor number lights blink on and off and then disembark at their floor... without so much as a good morning or howdyado.

### WENDY'S

Get your Adidas ready gang... the big race is about to begin.

I guess you have noticed the new Wendy's Hamburger store is almost finished and the excitement around town has reached a fever pitch as to who will be the first to dash through the door and buy the first 'hot and juicy'.

I admit to being a Wendy's fan and, as far as the golden arches across the road goes, the competition will be good.

I understand there has been some wagering going on among some of our better known

citizens and that Councillor Mike Burnie is currently holding the lead for first to the counter with our own Grand Poobah in second place and an assortment of other luminaries bringing up the rear.

If you want a sure thing though folks, put your money on me.

I've got the whole thing planned that while our mayor and others are still out front sawing through the ribbon on opening day, I'll be inside working on my second Double with a bowl of chili on the side.

### DAN APENIS

I want to close this week on a serious note. The news of the death of Dan Apenis last Friday has left many of us without a friend of the first calibre.

Having known Dan not only through his auto repair but also his great love for flying, I feel qualified to state that Richmond Hill has lost one of its better citizens.

To Anna and her family, on behalf of many of us, I offer our deepest condolences.

## ENERGY SAVERS

Betty Rowland, Chief Librarian at Richmond Hill Public Library came up with this week's energy saving suggestion.

By making changes in the temperature at the main branch and lighting, Mrs. Rowland found that for 1978 energy consumption was down 8.1 per cent and costs were down three per cent.

Locks were put on the thermostats in the main branch and temperature was kept at 68 degrees during the day and 64

degrees when the library was closed.

Fluorescent light bulbs were replaced with watt miser bulbs when they need to be replaced and where unnecessary lighting was reduced by taking bulbs out.

General instructions have been given to staff, said Mrs. Rowland, to turn off lights in staff rooms and offices whenever not in use.

"In particular reductions in lighting have made a tremendous difference," said the librarian.

## YESTERDAYS

By MARY DAWSON

### Years ago, here's what a penny bought

Sometimes I envy today's children. They have so many things that were unknown when I was their age and they also seem to have (in a great majority of cases) parents who are willing to provide the money to pay for these things.

At other times I feel sorry for them, for they will never know the simple pleasures of my childhood days. For instance the hours spent hovering over the displays of penny candy in the little bakeshop down the street, deciding which delectable goody would be purchased with the one cent piece clutched in a hot little hand.

Not only did a one cent piece purchase more (what can a child buy with a penny nowadays?) but the piece itself was a large economy size.

In fact it was the size of a quarter. Some enterprising youngsters, realizing that Grandma Fletcher's eyesight was not as good as it had been, smoothly covered them with lead foil from tea packages and passed them off for quarters.

On display in the large glass case were dozens of varieties of cents candy.

"All-day" suckers (which lasted an hour at least) came in a variety of colors and flavors — raspberry, orange and lemon.

I carefully avoided the green ones since they were flavored with wintergreen, and I still don't like wintergreen.

Licorice also was sold in a wide range of shapes, but only the one flavor. There were pipes with red beads of candy indicating that the pipe was alight, cigarettes, hollow tubes which whistled, chewing tobacco plugs, solid tubes and whips. Peppermints came in sticks, canes and small cushion candies.

There were barley sticks and a strip of paper to which were attached motto sugar candy buttons. Jaw breakers didn't live up to their name, but provided (at three for a cent) several hours of interest as the various layers disappeared — licorice and hard candy — until the seed at the centre was revealed. Small bags of popcorn with a prize also sold for a cent.

I almost forgot the hard hats, a coconut centre covered by an assortment

of white, pink and brown candy. They sold at two for a cent.

A stick of gum was only a cent and a small package of gum could be purchased from a machine outside the store if one had the strength to push in the plunger. For the same coin at the local drug store a piece of licorice root about six inches long could be bought.

As one chewed away at the woody root a delicious taste of licorice was enjoyed.

And if one should be lucky enough to have a whole nickle to spend the same candy case offered chocolate bars, toffee bars and small packages of maple buds. Why they were called "maple" when they were really chocolate I can't explain.

The fish scale nickle could also be used to buy an ice cream cone but only on Saturdays when the restaurant made its own. A box of cracker-jack, popcorn covered with a sugar coating and containing a prize, was also five cents.

But those days are gone forever, it would seem.

## LIBERAL SPRINKLINGS

### My radio and television debut

By DOREEN LIVINGSTONE

I would never make a good celebrity! As a result of my last Liberal Sprinklings column about my consumer committee I found out what it's like to be on the other side of the desk. I became an interviewee rather than an interviewer, but the grass isn't always greener on the other side.

I must confess that I was curious about what it would be like being interviewed, but first there has to be a reason for it, so I organized a consumer committee and articles in other newspapers failed to bring any results I wrote about it myself.

Sure enough a week later I got a call from CBC's Metro Morning program asking me to come down to their studio the next day for a taping. Never having heard of the program, I accepted.

After telling several people about it I discovered that it's a very popular program — and that's when I got nervous.

I entered the studio the next morning and it was the same downtown studio where the show Royal Canadian Air Farce is taped. Some of its shows used to originate at the Curtain Club in Richmond Hill.

On that day the studio looked entirely different.

There were small cubicles with people busily typing and the stage held a table where three men were seated wearing ear phones.

That day's program was nearly over and my segment for the following Monday was to be taped.

The program is hosted by Joe Cote whom

I had seen on television a couple of times and who seemed quite formal and aloof on the small screen. One of the men around the table I recognized as Joe Cote.

In his more casual attire he didn't look as foreboding and when I was introduced to him I laughingly said "I hope I don't freeze during the interview". He didn't know how to take that comment.

The interview started and when the first question was asked on how the committee was formed, my mind went completely blank.

Mr. Cote suddenly had the strangest look on his face until I managed to stammer the answer. Of course that part was edited. From then on it was clear sailing, and after the taping I even had the opportunity of interviewing him.

On Monday morning the interview was aired and an hour later I received a call from CBC TV news asking me to do an interview. By then I was becoming an old hand and said "sure". When? How about in an hour?

Since this was TV I wasn't going to tackle it alone and managed to round up two other committee members to share this experience. Around 11 a.m. a reporter, a cameraman and a sound man arrived and turned my backyard into a set on TV. I was asked that question again — how was the committee set up and this time I didn't freeze; I just went rambling on until the cameraman said "cut, she's been talking for over two minutes and the whole interview will be on for less than a minute."

After that I found myself answering in half-sentences while looking at my watch.

Although they were at my house for more than an hour only about a minute was shown on the CBC-TV news that evening; and would you believe that the sound and the picture were out of synch making my lips move in one direction while my voice was saying something else. This on the CBC?

After that experience I decided that radio was really my medium. But my life as a celebrity was not over yet. I received a couple of more calls and was interviewed by another local paper and even made the York Durham section of the Star.

The feedback I got from these interviews was not what I expected. Someone heard me on the radio and asked what I was complaining about and someone else saw me on TV and said she liked my new hair style.

I was jolted back to reality yesterday when in the middle of preparing for a party Steve called from the office and said that this column was due a week earlier.

I got no sympathy when I explained that I was expecting 25 people in a few short hours and because of my deadline it had to be done by today.

So if this column is as disjointed as that television interview it's because it was written the morning after the night before with very little sleep in between.

Who said the life of a Liberal correspondent was easy — but there's always radio.



## Letter

### Reader is sick and tired of people who won't help refugees

Canada has done a lot for the boat people. They don't have to listen to the Canadians who are opposed to the idea of helping the refugees.

They are willing to come to Canada and work hard for their living. They don't believe in welfare, unemployment or strikes.

Remember, where they come from unemployment, strikes and welfare are unheard of. I am getting sick and tired of these so called people who are against helping their brothers and sisters.

You don't know what they are going through

out on those boats starving and sitting out there for months on end.

You know, if it was your family or our families out there, we would be out there helping them right away.

We can't let them suffer any more; we must do something right away,

instead of sitting around at meetings talking about it.

We must try and sponsor at least one family right away and see that they get medical aid as soon as they get here, and a place to stay, and jobs.

It would be wonderful if

someone out there could have adequate housing for them when they come here.

These boat people will thank you for sponsoring them into the country. They are so happy to be able to come here and work.

Operation Lifeline. World Vision need donations from us so that they can carry on our work.

If we don't help these people, then who will help us later on?

Fran Sargeant, Oak Ridges

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