

Teachers and board display distrust

For the first time since negotiations began between the York County Board of Education and District 11 of the Ontario Secondary Schools Teachers Federation, both sides publicly talked about their problems last week.

And it was very interesting. We learned why the Board of Education refused to sign its own document; we learned why the teachers refused to lift their work-to-rule restrictions.

But what really came through loud and clear was the lack of trust shown by either side for the other.

The teachers don't trust the trustees and the trustees don't trust the teachers.

And that's no way to run a railroad.

Richmond Hill Trustee June Armstrong said at last week's meeting she hoped the York County Board of Education might spend a couple of months this year working

on staff relations. "So far, it has been all negotiations," she said.

Teacher representatives, meanwhile, referred to trustees as "the people on the other side of the table".

Staff and board relations, obviously are badly needed in York.

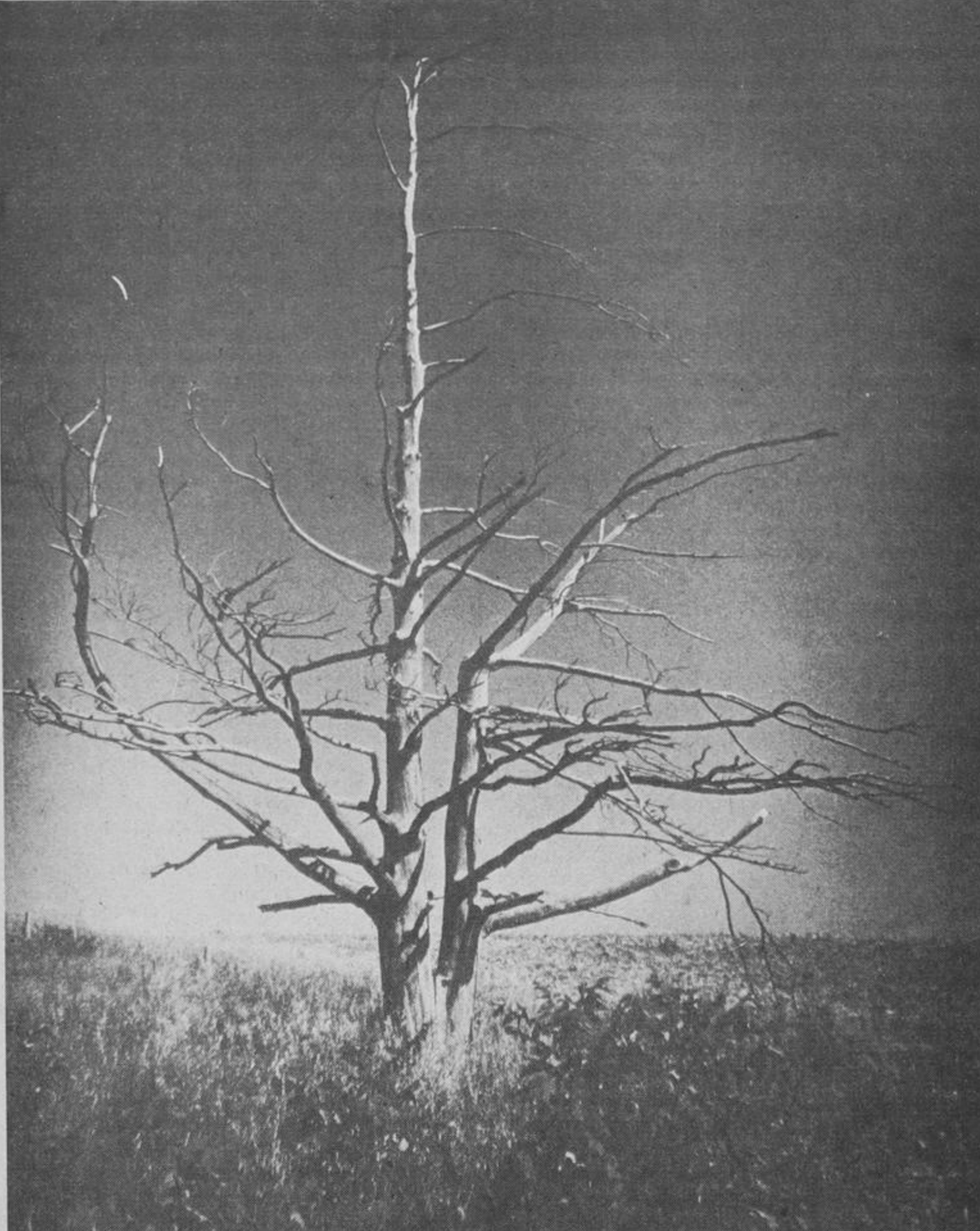
There are thousands of children in York who don't need the aggravation of wondering whether they'll complete any given school year because teachers and-or trustees cause a strike or lockout.

And doesn't the system exist for the students, or is that an old-fashioned idea?

Meanwhile, the Richmond Hill Citizens Advisory Group is to be commended for setting up such an interesting evening of discussion.

Hopefully, they'll continue to bring similar community issues into the forefront for discussion.

Thursday's meeting was enlightening and informative. Too bad more people weren't there.



(Photo by Bruce Hogg)

Letters

He can't wait for wintertime

Summer is a time of high sexual tension for me. That's why I'm always grateful for the advent of fall.

Women start putting clothes on instead of stripping them off.

Fanny featuring fashions give way to bundled anonymity.

I become an attentive driver in a car or an absorbed reader on the subway.

Winter is simply less distracting than summer and less frustrating.

I don't know why women do it: the slit in a skirt precisely calculated to reveal: the blouse with a full complement of buttons that are never secured. Security isn't the name of the game.

Not that I'm an advocate of security. My frustration stems from a too vigorous endorsement of a well sprung chassis.

My favorite car was a 1935 Fiat convertible my father once owned that jiggled pleasantly even

when the motor was idling.

There's nothing anti-social about open admiration of a car.

I may, with impunity, run my hand over the curving elegance of a

gleaming fender.

But the same kind of undisguised endorsement gets me into all kinds of hot water when my attention is riveted by other forms of bodywork.

I'm glad winter is just around the corner.

Out of sight, out of mind.

I can cease fantasizing and sublimating inchoate drives. I can stop jogging.

Roll on winter.

Patrick Trant
Thornhill

Keep Lord's Prayer in schools — reader

I want to tell you that a lot of people have been praying for the Lord's Prayer to be kept in the public schools.

Our prayers have been answered.

The biggest Revival is happening here in Canada. In Parliament, there is a Spiritual thirst.

On 100 Huntley Street yesterday we saw a speech from John

Diefenbaker that he had made at a businessman's gospel meeting in Ottawa. It was wonderful to hear this.

Premier Davis knows how important it is to keep the Lord's Prayer in the public schools.

He has ordered the Lord's Prayer to be kept in the schools.

Read 2 Chr. 7-14: "If my people which are called by my name shall

humble themselves and pray and seek my face and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from Heaven and will forgive their sins and will heal their land.

Billy Graham stated that Canada could be the Spiritual leader of the world.

Fran Sargeant
Box 861
Oak Ridges

By BOB RICE

No fame for me in jump to tree

Boy . . . what some guys won't do just to get their name in the paper. Take that Dar Robinson fellow fr'instance.

Here is this guy who makes a living by having fun and just because he jumps off the CN Tower, he has become a household name. Big Deal!

When I was a little kid I used to jump my CCM three speed off wooden ramps on Richmond Street but I didn't see any aspiring cub reporter from The Liberal come after me for my story.

Brian Atkinson and I used to swing from the tree hut, across the entire back yard and land on an eight inch thick branch but nobody wanted to immortalize us in print forever.

Nor was the press on the scene when I first climbed onto the roof of our garage and leaped through space to the Mountain Ash that grew beside it.

Or howabout the time that we sailed our raft from the north end of the Mill Pond right to the brink of the dam and waited until the last split second before jumping to safety.

About the only souvenir of that experience that I can remember was a sore backside when my parents learned of the daring feat.

Oh well . . . I guess my friends and I were just ahead of our time. Now any good lookin' guy can come along, climb to the observation level of the big needle in TO, shake hands with a pal, throw himself off the structure, free fall for six seconds, pop a tiny parachute concealed under his suit jacket, land almost precisely where he intended and collect a quarter of a million bucks.

Somehow it just doesn't seem fair.

SUMMER'S OVER

Well gang . . . summer is officially over and now we can look forward to the onslaught of that typically Canadian season . . . winter.

About the only good thing to look forward to over the next few months are the fall fairs and the spectacular autumn colors that will soon be in evidence in our region.

Some of us, though, were pretty cagey when we planned our 1979 bang in January and, as far as the Rices are concerned, we are now looking forward to our SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

Yeah . . . whoopee . . . it was nip and tuck at times but we're almost there . . . yahooooee!

For the past few months we have been haunting the travel agencies and we finally decided on a small island nation in the Caribbean called St. Lucia.

I could really ruin the rest of your week by including little tidbits from the travel brochures about the emerald waters, the white sand beaches and a particularly descriptive item about the beauty of Marigot Bay but . . . I'm really a nice guy at heart and I would like to keep you as readers.

Suffice to say that we're truly looking forward to this holiday.

In the meantime, I will endeavor to continue to keep up the high quality of these columns (as you have come to expect) despite the fact that I am constantly sneaking a peek at the desk calendar and mentally ticking off each day as the countdown continues.

MARKHAM FAIR

Speaking of the Markham Fair . . . I see that the decision makers over at the Town To The East have invited the Skyhawks to open the annual fair this Thursday at noon.

Having worked with many of these gents at various air shows over the years, I can say that this will be one opening you won't forget.

If you are going to be good at anything, you should try to be the best and the Canadian Forces Skyhawks ARE THE BEST. (I personally contend that anyone who jumps out of an airplane without necessarily having to miss a few cards in the deck but then . . . who listens to me?)

The Markham Fall Fair runs through to Sunday and, as you no doubt know, is probably the best in Canada. By the by . . . don't do what I did last year and go to the old fair grounds . . . the home of the Fair is at McCowan Rd. and 18th Ave. and I hope that the organizers have better luck with the weather this year than they did in 1978. Good luck gang and I'll see you at the bakery booth!

The ol' Millpond Philosopher once said . . . "It is interesting to me that a Lobster can look so ugly . . . and taste so good!"

ENERGY SAVERS

This fall the Gulf Service Station at Yonge Street and Benson Avenue will install a heavy vinyl curtain at the entrance to the car wash, to cut down on heat loss.

Operator of the station, Bill Schwartz, said he expects the installation of the curtain will cut heat loss from the car wash in half this winter.

Letter

Reader is disappointed with handling of story

I am so very disappointed in the actions of The Liberal which I at one time considered such a fine newspaper that I am compelled to sit and write of my disappointment in your lack of responsibility in reporting true and correct facts to the people.

A newspaper is generally considered to be the voice of the community and should be so, but The Liberal recently performed such marginal error that I cannot even write it off as complete incompetence but a gross distortion of the facts.

And to make matters worse, the attitude seems to be one of complete apathy by The Liberal staff.

In my opinion, your responsibility to the people has not been fulfilled.

Recently my daughter underwent a very major operation which was highly successful, and, in my appreciation, wanted to inform the people in the community and elsewhere of the dedicated and competent people we do have at York Central Hospital.

I did this by writing an article, touching briefly on the operation, and concentrating on the great ability of Dr. Kerry MacCon, a relative newcomer to this area. Believe me when I say that it is this community's good fortune to be blessed with his residency and practice here.

In writing the article I took care to see that the rules of Journalism were followed, and before submitting the article to The Liberal, I passed it on to Mr. Jim Hepburn, Executive Director of York Central, and Dr. MacCon himself for their perusal and approval as my responsibility was to ensure that the right facts were presented.

I wrote to inform, not entertain, as the oft repeated declaration in the journal world tends to be: "Give 'em what they want".

That, sir, is not Journalism!

Whoever was responsible for writing the article which did appear in The Liberal and, which was grossly different from the facts, is in my opinion so very irresponsible and not fit to be in the journal world, even if it is only a small community newspaper.

I feel that there is probably nothing that can be done to right the great wrong that has been done, and I lay that responsibility on you, sir, the editor.

For years I have been a loyal fan of The Liberal and have done much advertising under my company auspices in it.

Now my disappointment overrides me and I don't feel so loyal to The Liberal anymore.

You have done an injustice to a great man who is a dedicated servant to humanity, and to

think, you didn't even care enough to have spelled his name correctly.

The shame goes to The Liberal.

Herbert Delorey,
Box 78,
Gormley

ED. NOTE: Mr. Delorey is right. We did, in fact, spell Dr. MacCon's first name wrong. It's Kerry, not Kelly. For that, we're sorry. The remainder of his letter, however, continues to baffle us. We took his submission and turned it into a feature story. We concentrated on the little girl, because she WAS the story. Much of the information in Mr. Delorey's submission was included in our story, but we changed the angle. We already know York Central is a good hospital, and to be a good hospital, it must have good staff. We didn't know, however, that a little girl recovered the use of a hand at York Central. Now that's a story.

And, as an aside, we're not aware of any Journalism rule that dictates we must show our stories to everyone concerned, before they appear in print. Mr. Delorey, we believe, is upset, because we changed the way he wrote the article. If he wishes to submit such articles, he should mark them "letters to the editor". That was the case with his submission here.

LIBERAL SPRINKLINGS

By RON WALLACE
Liberal Editor

So, they're having trouble in customs offices, are they? Things aren't that great in immigration offices and at border crossings, huh?

Hope they ask me. I'll give 'em a few stories.

First of all, I should tell you I'm Canadian, I'm white, I'm over 21, I speak reasonably good English, so race discrimination really doesn't enter this story.

But last month, five of us, touring from Richmond Hill to Kentucky, via Detroit, had one helluva time getting out of the country (U.S. Customs) and then, in New York, had an even worse time getting back in (Canadian Customs).

It was a Friday at supertime rush hour when we arrived at the Windsor-Detroit crossing to catch I-75 south.

There must have been at least a zillion cars waiting to get into the States after crossing the Ambassador Bridge.

The officer (are they called officers?) who stopped us was right out of television. Gun slung low on his hip; sun glasses that reflected everyone in the car; hat at the perfect angle. (Where have I seen this guy before, I wondered).

The couple in the front seat, Jack and Jan McBride, teachers at Stouffville District High School, answered all the questions, introduced their son, Dan, in the back seat, then told the officer the other two (Len Greenwood and yours truly) were simply friends of the family. Which we are.

The questions he fired came from a machine gun. Each one seemed designed to prove we belonged behind bars.

I produced my birth certificate, but Len didn't have one. (That was our fault; we should have assured we were all carrying the proper identification).

Len started producing papers from his wallet. Social insurance number, driver's license, etc., etc.

"Just give me the whole wallet," our friend demanded.

Len, brought up in a province where police refuse to touch your wallet, continued to hand the officer identification one piece at a time.

Imagine, if you will, the lineup of cars behind us by now. I'm sure it was back to Chatham.

"Gimme the damn wallet, boy," the Sun-Glass Kid ordered. "Give it all to me right now."

Wondering if the officer was going to fire a warning shot into his head, Len handed over all the documents.

And then, the lecture started. "You folks are lucky, you know. Another five minutes and I'd be off this shift, and the guy who takes over from me, would have turned you around and sent you home," our Mr. Wonderful told us. "It would have spoiled your whole vacation. But a big part of this job is discretion, and so I'm going to let you go through. Next time you may not be so lucky."

The monologue continued, and was finally concluded when the officer noticed the sea of cars behind us.

Feeling like five people who had just been plucked from the electric chair seconds before the switch was thrown, we cleared Customs, the area, and shortly, the State.

On the way back, after touring some eight states, including Vermont where I treated myself to a new pair of skis, we elected to take the southern shore of the St. Lawrence River, and cross back into Canada at the Thousand Islands Bridge near Gananoque.

We had been told we could issue a verbal declaration up to \$50 worth of goods, and a written declaration up to \$150 without having to pay duty.

It would have been simple to stay in the car, say we had all spent less than \$50, and hope no one would bother to look.

But we went the other route. Honesty, they call it.

With an unwritten policy of "guilty until proven innocent", the Canadian Customs officer did everything but flatten the tires of the car to prove we were doing something wrong.

Jack had a written declaration and so had I. Don't I wish I could get skis for less than 50 bucks.

He simply didn't believe what we were telling him.

"It's my job," he said flatly, "to keep you honest."

"I can save you a lot of work," I responded. "I'm already honest."

He wasn't too crazy about my seemingly smart-ass remark, but dammit, he was starting to get to me.

Well, he searched the car. Guess what, there was a pair of skis in the trunk, just like I said. He removed all the luggage, he searched the ash-trays, he went through the interior like a man possessed.

Then, he said, "if we weren't short-staffed, I'd really give this car a going over."

Obviously we had diamonds and jewels stashed away; obviously there were millions of dollars worth of drugs hidden in the tires; obviously we were all escaped convicts making a break.

Customs officers probably have to deal with all of the above, but please don't tell me everyone who crosses a border is a crook.

What these so called border guards need is a good course in public relations.

My desire to return to the United States and then try to get back into Canada is almost gone.

Think I'll just stay home.

TELEPHONES

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

Subscription rates. By mail \$13.00 per year in Canada \$26.00 per year outside of Canada. By carrier \$1.00 every four weeks. Single copy sales 25 cents. No mail delivery where carrier service exists. Second Class Mail Registration Number 0190.

Ron Wallace - Editor
Fred Simpson - Sports Editor
Steve Pedrastein - News Editor

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

John C. Fergus, Publisher
Ray Padley Jr., Advertising Director
Norman Stuntin, Production Manager
Doris 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.