

Busting crime ring is neat police work

For the most part, police news tells what the criminals did or tried to do, what they got away with, the value if items were stolen, and the poor victim who got nicked.

If you have been keeping track of it, the break-in (house and business) column has been continually growing.

Thieves have been knocking over private property in our district at an alarming rate. They've been stealing everything. They're getting items out of homes that only professional movers should be able to handle. Grandfather clocks, for example.

You had to wonder where it would end. We were. Would the poor victim ever see his property again?

Today, we're delighted to report that "yes" in all probability,

the victim's property is at 28 Division of York Regional Police in Richmond Hill.

And York Regional Police, along with Metro, and the Ontario Provincial Police, are to be commended for their work in breaking open a crime ring that had accumulated nearly half a million dollars in stolen property.

Hard work and diligent efforts on the part of our police force led to their success in cracking the case which kept getting bigger week after week.

We sometimes wonder just what the police are doing out there. Now we know. They're doing quite well.

Bruce Crawford and company, and the other police forces involved — nice going.

Briefly, then...

The public reconciliation of Markham Councillors Ron Dancy and Ron Felson lasted little more than a month. The two feisty politicians were at each other's throats at Thursday's Standing Committee meeting.

In a discussion of Community Fitness Centres and the minutes of meetings of their advisory boards, Mr. Dancy mentioned all the Markham councillors should consider a program of physical fitness. He noted that his own chest had 'slipped about eight inches.'

Mr. Felson replied he thought there was more than Mr. Dancy's chest that had slipped, making an obtuse remark about his manners.

"I'm going to let that pass," said Mr. Dancy, "and take it where it comes from."

Looks like the end of a beautiful friendship.

PARKING WOES

The Ministry of Transportation and Communications wants Richmond Hill to help in getting rid of a parking problem on Yonge Street

at the Summit View Gardens Restaurant and Disco.

Excellent, but don't stop there.

A similar hazard is created Saturdays and Sundays at the new, and obviously highly successful, flea market which has opened on Yonge, south of Summit View.

Cars line both sides of the highway during the market's operating hours, and people are continually dodging traffic to cross the road.

Hopefully, both these problems can be solved to the satisfaction of everyone... before someone gets killed.

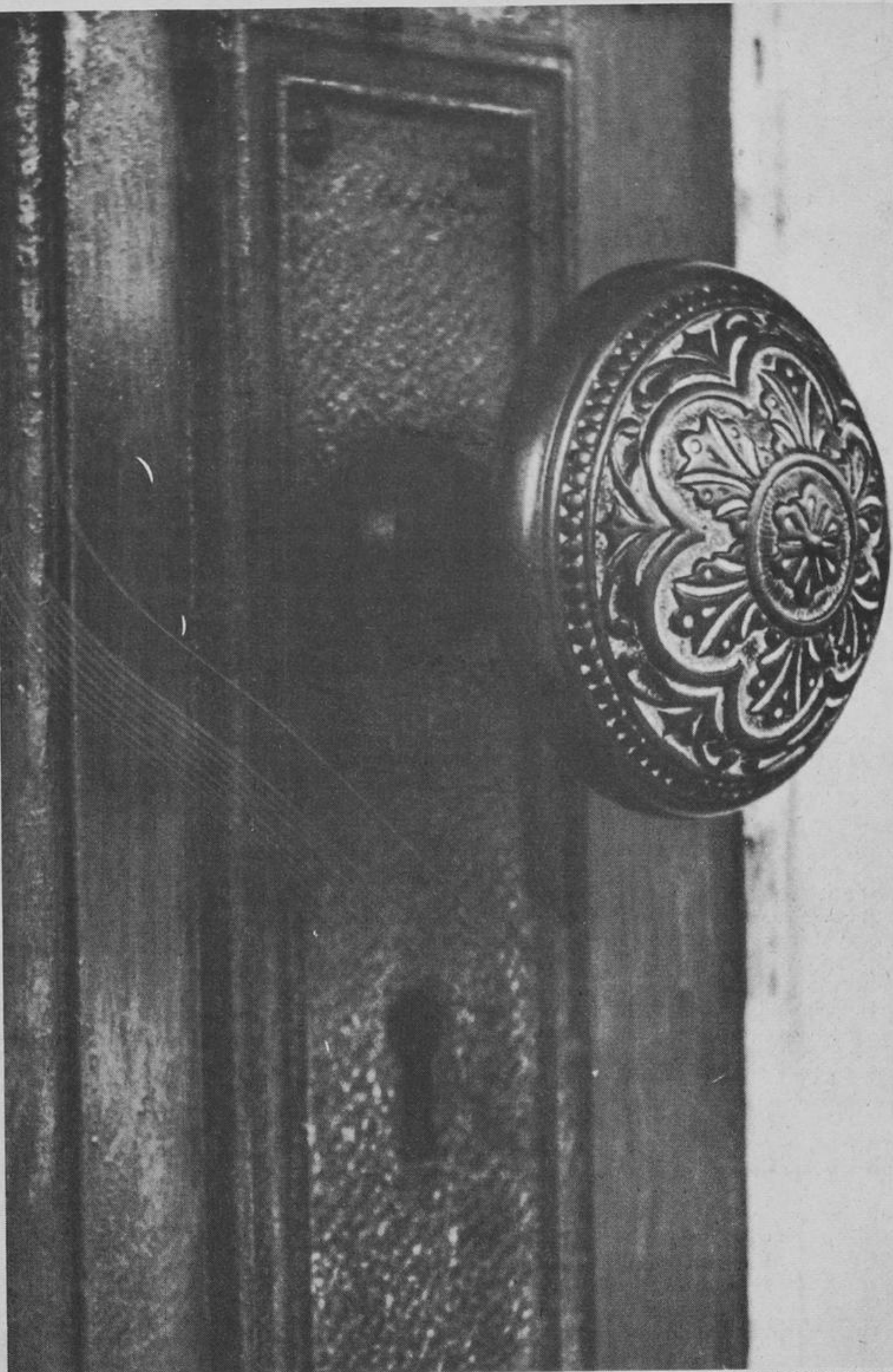
HOGG PHOTO

In the space on this page reserved for a photograph, Bruce Hogg has reasonable freedom in seeking out unusual and interesting pictures.

Last week, Bruce's shot of a log in Bond Lake was one of his best efforts in environmental photography.

And how did we reward him for such an effort? We neglected to tell anyone he took the picture.

Well, he did.



(Photo by Bruce Hogg)

LIBERAL SPRINKLINGS

By RON WALLACE
Liberal Editor

If you're hooked on casinos, the one-armed bandits are now only one hour away.

And Atlantic City — the town with one pier in the grave — is making a phenomenal comeback.

Legalized casino gambling in New Jersey (Atlantic City is the testing ground for five years) has already set the Monopoly town back on its feet. Two casinos are already open, half a dozen are under construction, and 20, 30, maybe 40 will be built in the next 10 years.

The boardwalk never had it so good. Well, maybe the famed boardwalk has seen better days, but, if it survives, it will witness one of the greatest comebacks since the Pittsburgh Pirates.

The boardwalk, that eight-mile stretch of wood along the coast of the Atlantic Ocean, today resembles some of the streets at the Canadian National Exhibition.

Small buildings, barely clutching to the better days, are deteriorating, the famed Steel Pier is falling into the ocean, signs are dilapidated, and the length of the boardwalk smells of death.

Until you read the signs in the windows: "We're moving to make way for another casino" or "We hate to leave, but there's a new casino planned."

Most, if not all of the existing structures on the boardwalk will disappear — no loss there — but the crime comes when you see the big buildings falling under the wrecker's ball.

The famed Claridge Hotel, the Ritz, the Park Lane, beautiful structures with fascinating architecture and that air about them — they don't build 'em like that anymore — makes you stop and wonder if it's all worthwhile.

No argument from anyone in Atlantic City. If destroying the Claridge means the survival of the town, then destroy it.

But the tales that must be wrapped up inside that 20-plus storey structure; the hey-day of Atlantic City's boardwalk, the beauty queen contests, Marilyn Monroe as a parade marshal, hundreds of celebrities, events, activities, and millions of people, flocking to the greatest beach in the States.

But Atlantic City was to live and nearly die on its tourist trade. When the people discovered there really was a Florida, and it wasn't that expensive to get there, and it was always warm, well, the attraction of Atlantic City waned.

Now, the high wire acts, the ocean creatures in captivity, the high diving horses, the "buried alive for 40 days" tricks couldn't compete with the flash and warmth of the sunny south.

Exit, Atlantic City.

Almost. Then, in the mid-1970s along came an assemblyman named Chuck Worthington. He had an idea that if Atlantic City could get legalized gambling, it stood a chance of recovery.

On Memorial Day, 1978, his dream was realized. Resorts International opened its doors to thousands upon thousands of excited gamblers.

Next to open was the Regency Boardwalk, about 10 famous blocks away from Resorts. As you stroll along the boardwalk from one casino to the other, you pass the familiar street names: Illinois, California,

St. James, Indiana, New York, and other household words from the game of Monopoly.

As is to be expected, two casinos will open soon with the names: Boardwalk and Park Place. That should tell you something.

Playboy and Penthouse both have casinos under construction.

One stipulation for developers putting up their betting houses: they must be attached to hotels with a minimum of 500 rooms.

Imagine the construction going on in Atlantic City. On Sunday afternoon, it was like the middle of the week, as workers continued to construct the future of the city.

A bartender at Resorts pointed out that 3,500 people were employed in that hotel-casino alone.

"Before the casinos got here, there were only 4,500 people employed in all of Atlantic City," he said. "Crime was so bad the police would drive you home if you were on the streets at night."

On the other side of the coin, the bartender said, is the intense investigation that goes into anyone applying for a job in the casinos.

"They check back as far as your nieces, nephews, aunts and uncles, and then check their parents, too," he said. "It's a total invasion of privacy, as officials have the right to enter and search your house any time they wish."

The whole point is to assure the mob isn't involved in Atlantic City's casino gambling, but it appears the employees don't care.

They've got the jobs that simply didn't exist a couple of years ago.

Getting there: We bought a package from Conquest Tours in Toronto for \$149 each.

That gave us an Eastern 727 flight to Philadelphia, a rental car at the airport, and one night's lodging in downtown Atlantic City.

We left Toronto early Saturday morning, arrived home before 9 p.m. Sunday.

The car rental doesn't include gas or insurance, but Conquest didn't tell us that. It was another 25 bucks when the car was returned. (Good thing ALL the money didn't go to the casinos). Tolls as well cost \$2 one way.

The key is to find a package that will take you directly to Atlantic City. Once located near the boardwalk, you don't need a car, because all the action is on the walk.

And getting caught in a Philadelphia traffic jam while trying to figure out their system to get you to the airport is something no one should have to endure.

Owners of the hotel where we stayed had tried to fix the place up, but it still felt run-down. Nevertheless, the prices on the back of the door had been scratched out and replaced with figures up to 80 bucks a night.

Hmmm.

That's not too surprising, however, when you learn that most rooms in the casino-hotels will nick you better than a C Note every 24 hours.

With those rates you'd better be lucky downstairs.

Everything taken into consideration, it was an exciting two days, and that excitement can only increase as more casinos open.

Well, if you must know, I lost \$200.

By BOB RICE

Last week I told you I wanted to give a Christmas present to one of my readers and that I have already picked out a gift.

You have probably been biting your nails down to the quick and losing your temper with everyone you meet as you ponder how to be the recipient of my generosity and have that fantastic Panasonic Portable TV-Radio under your tree on December the Twenty-Fifth.

Well faithful public, the time has come to reveal my plan.

Ever since the postal strike a few years back, I have noticed that fewer people are sending Christmas Cards.

Sad to say, we just don't have that much faith in our postal system anymore and, as a result, there have been many bare spots on the back of the front hall door where the Rices usually display the festive greetings.

This year, however, all that is going to change.

If you will take the time to drop a Christmas Card in the mail to me, I'll put all of them into a bin, draw one card and its sender will receive the present. Now what could be simpler than that?

As with anything of this nature there has to be a rule or three and here they are:

All cards must be MAILED to me, not hand delivered.

You may enter as often as you wish BUT each card must be mailed separately.

All cards must be postmarked no later than midnight, December the Ninth and the draw will be made on December the Twelfth.

There it is... simple and straightforward, no box tops to send in, no money to pay. RICE HAS DONE IT AGAIN!!!

Just in case you were in Uganda last week and missed the column, here is the Christmas present that I am giving away.

It's a Panasonic TR-535C five-inch portable television set with built-in AM-FM radio that runs on either electrical current or batteries.

At the touch of a button the dark tint screen pops up and shuts off automatically when depressed back into the cabinet.

The set is 100 per cent solid state and the AM-FM radio is built into the front of the panel for easy tuning.

Not only that, gang, but you can take the 535 anywhere you want to go and run it on the house current or on its own rechargeable batteries.

I hope that you will start sending in the cards right away and, as I mentioned previously, you can send as many cards as you like but they must each be sent in separately.

I guess it would be helpful if I gave you the address otherwise both of us will be very unhappy. Send your cards to: BOB RICE CHRISTMAS PRESENT, THE LIBERAL, BOX 390, RICHMOND HILL, ONTARIO L4C 4Y6



Letter

Britton responds to Meles' letter

I am glad to hear from your correspondent, Andrew Meles, that he and our 'most wonderful democracy' are so generously tolerating me and my 'extremist views on mankind'.

Of course, I can't really be held responsible for these, since I was brought up in that notoriously totalitarian country, England. Which, with the Balfour Declaration (1917) was the prime architect and instigator among the great powers for establishing a Jewish homeland. Which, unique in history, was the first great empire to dissolve itself in peace and with honor, and found its separate constituent parts ready and eager to resume friendship and collaboration in the Commonwealth.

Mr. Meles wishes I too would recognize the need for understanding and tolerance, and didn't appreciate my putdown of 'a fine journalist and human being', your staff writer Kevin MacLean. I didn't appreciate this 'fine journalist and human being' heaping his insults on me recently, and inviting me to leave this country. All centred on your editorial page.

On that occasion I don't recall the kindly Mr. Meles had anything to say about THESE 'extremist views'. And would surmise that if I were to suggest that chronic Black malcontents and criminals be deported, every liberal in the land would shake with rage and demand I be at least hanged, drawn, and

quartered. Recently another great wit, in Aurora, denounced me as a Fascist. I was around when Fascist Mussolini bullied his way to power. And, with other like-minded young men in the England of 1935, was ready and eager to stop him when he invaded Ethiopia and showered the natives with mustard gas.

We knew it was time to act. Our government didn't.

As another exercise in intolerance, in the fifties, and then with three dependent children, thro' the Unitarian relief organization I financially maintained a Korean war orphan till he left school; wrote him regularly and sent Christmas parcels.

I must leave some kindly liberal to think up dirty names for my saying things like that. Also, I must answer Mr. Meles' question about how I manage to keep the ultra-white peak on my Ku Klux Klan nightie erect.

These days most Klansmen are also active members of The Western Guard, and are issued rifles.

On Klan night we simply wear them, fixed bayonets, at the middle of our backs, sticking the corks from our generous whisky ration on the bayonet tips.

It eases wear and tear on the sheets.

Sid Britton
84 Hillview
Aurora

ENERGY SAVERS



Clerk of the town of Richmond Hill, Dave Weldon, makes the first suggestion to kick off the town staff energy conservation suggestion box program. Town employees are invited to deposit an energy saving idea with a prize of \$50 each quarter.

Catherine Hunt, leader of the Energy Action Richmond Hill project gives her stamp of approval to the program implemented to increase awareness. There are seven such suggestion boxes in municipal offices in town. (Liberal Photo by Bruce Hogg)

THE Liberal

VOLUME 102, NUMBER 19

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 Pearlstein - News Editor

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

METROSPAN

Printing & Publishing Ltd.

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, The Bolton Enterprise, and The North Star Consumer.

