

## Council member off base

Frank Scarpitti is determined to stand up and be counted. But the youthful Markham regional councillor seems to be sidestepping the normal forums — Markham Council meetings — to make his point by purchasing newspaper advertisements to get his message across.

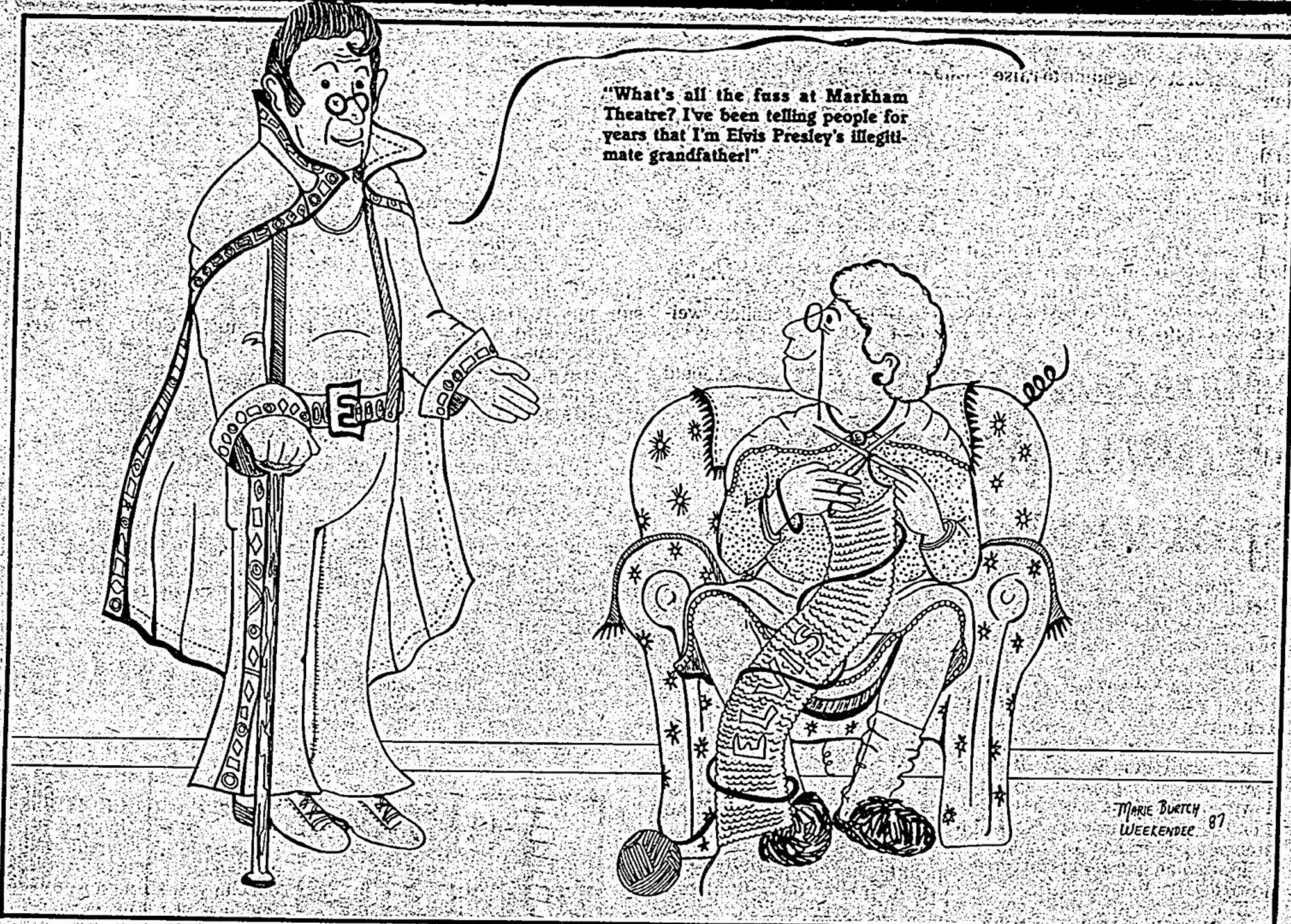
To say such action is bizarre is understating the issue. Mr. Scarpitti's advertisement suggests that he's the only person who cares about council's decision to spend \$23 million on a new civic centre.

While he has every right to purchase advertising space, Mr. Scarpitti is bypassing open, public council meetings where such issues should be debated and has decided to grandstand in newspaper advertisements.

He's obviously worried about his lack of a distinctive image and is pandering to voters in a desperate attempt to stake out an independent position on Markham Council.

Such efforts only show that Mr. Scarpitti is substituting public relations for solid performance as a regional councillor.

— Don Bernard



## Small town boy will stay that way

Fifteen years of rural residency, I'm afraid, have rendered this city slicker a little less than nimble when it comes to negotiating the maze that is the big city office tower.

As a member of a chamber of commerce that for years encouraged town residents to patronize local businesses and services I myself became sold on the familiar simplicity of the main street strip. If I can't buy it in town, I just don't buy it.

But the recent cashing in of my real estate chips left me with a little chunk of change that required an investment strategy with a bit more pop to it than the daily interest offered by my favourite Stouffville bank.

Acting on a strong recommendation from a friend, I made an appointment to drive to the offices of a big city money management firm — gleaming glass tower high rise — traffic everywhere — totally intimidating.

Now on the aforementioned small town main street strip, when you want to shop, do your banking or see your lawyer or



accountant, you just pull up in front of the joint in your car and walk in. Simple.

Not so with these shiny, mega-storied office towers. The only practical means of penetration of these babies would be by helicopter. I must have driven around this seemingly impregnable fortress three times before, finally cracking the code to gain entrance. As big city logic so often has it, access to a building that is on the left side of the road requires that you first turn right, and head off in the opposite direction.

Any signs that do exist are confusing and misleading, especially when you are reading them with one eye, the other trying to sort out the scrum of drivers behind you, as they follow so close behind as to suggest intentions of mating.

I finally found the appropriate underground parking lot. After a dizzying number of circles, in search of a vacant "visitors" parking spot, I gave up and backed into a little space with white lines painted all over it, intended for firetrucks, tanks or whatever.

Emerging from this underground patty stacker, having written the number of my parking area boldly on the palm of my left hand, I was thrilled to see that there were two identical towers. Obviously some corporate planner's idea of a really funny joke. Of course, I tried the wrong one first.

When I did manage to ferret out

the correct building, through the process of elimination, I quickly headed through the foyer to the elevator. I was only 20 minutes late for my appointment by this time.

Now elevators scare me. I have this fear that some day I'm going to be trundled off to China in an elevator that forgets to stop on its way down due to a computer malfunction.

I walked in, watched the door close and heard a voice. As I was alone in the elevator, this caused me a slight anxiety. It was, of course, the official voice of Mr. Otis himself, telling me that this car was going up. "Let's hope so" I muttered.

What the disembodied sucker didn't tell me was that this bus didn't make any stops until the tenth floor. I wanted the fourth. At this point I decided that if my new investment advisor was to suggest putting any money into Otis Elevator shares, I would decline in protest.

I somehow found my way into the suite of offices belonging to

the money maestros. But my jeans jacket and cowboy boots made me feel like, well, a country boy in the presence of these financial analysts in their tailored three-piece suits.

I listened attentively while the man tried to explain the difference between a convertible debenture and a sunroof. "Speak slowly," I implored him. "You're talking to a guy whose only previous investment experience saw me get sucked into sinking a couple of hundred bucks into an oil well with the unlikely name of "Red Rocket Explorations."

When it was all over I rolled back into the comforting surroundings of my little town, and pulled up in front of the first business establishment I encountered. Walked in humming a few bars of John Cougar Meloncamp's "Small Town", told them what a terrific little business they were running, bought something I didn't even need, and headed back out the door.

Yes sir. Small town, that's me. And darn proud of it.

<p><b>Economist &amp; Sun</b></p> <p><b>Weekender</b></p> <p>BRUCE ANNAN Publisher</p>	<p><b>The Tribune</b></p> <p>9 Heritage Rd., Markham, L3P 1M3</p> <p>294-2200 495-9440 640-2100 649-2292</p>	<p><b>DON BERNARD</b> <b>JIM THOMAS</b> Editors</p> <p>EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT — News Editor: Jo Ann Stevenson. Reporters: Paula Crowell, Steve Houston, Chris Shanahan, Alan Shackleton, Paul Pivato. Sports Editor: Frank King. Photography: Sjoerd Witteveen, Bill Lanning.</p>	<p><b>CHRIS BERTRAM</b> Manager</p> <p>BUSINESS OFFICE — Shirley Lee, Irene Ramsperger, Sharon Graham.</p>	<p><b>JENNIFER HUTT</b> Distribution Manager</p>	<p><b>PATRICIA PAPPAS</b> Advertising Manager</p> <p>ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT — Retail Advertising Manager: Charles Canning. Retail: Terri Bernhardt, Lorne Hillier, Jo-Ann Van Maunik, Chris Griffith. Real Estate Manager: Dorothy Young. Real Estate: Karen Heise. Classified Manager: Debra Weller. Classified: Phyllis Ritchie, Joan Marshman, R. Stephen Mathieu, Caroline Thompson, Brenda Marshall.</p>	<p>DISTRIBUTION DEPARTMENT — Assistant Distribution Manager: Barry Goodyear, Jean Middleton, Doreen Deacon, Sandra Kiteley, Lea Kitler, Sue Hutton, Donna Saxon.</p> <p><b>Distribution Dept. 294-8244</b> <b>640-2100</b></p>
--	--	---	--	--	---	--

Published every Saturday by Metroland Printing, Publishing and Distributing at 9 Heritage Rd., Markham, Ontario L3P 1M3. Tel. 294-2200. Second class mail registration number 1247.

The Markham Economist and Sun, published every Wednesday and Saturday at 9 Heritage Rd., Markham, is one of the Metroland Printing, Publishing and Distributing group of suburban newspapers which includes: The Acton Free Press, Ajax/Pickering News Advertiser, Aurora Banner, Brampton Guardian, Burlington Post, Etobicoke Advertiser/Guardian, Georgetown Independent, Milton Champion, Mississauga News, Newmarket Era, Oakville Beaver, Oshawa/Whitby This Week, Richmond Hill/Thornton/Vaughan Liberal, Scarborough Mirror, Stouffville Tribune, Topic Newsmagazine, Willowdale Mirror, Metroland Printing, Publishing and Distributing is a division of Harlequin Enterprises Ltd.

NATIONAL SALES REPRESENTATIVE — Metroland Corporate Sales, 493-1300.