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Strikes In Essential Services

Canadians are becoming disturbed at the casual attitude of the federal government toward the current postal strike which began July 18 and which has created hardships for our citizens in all walks of life. The strike by 24,000 workers is an economic threat to the small businessman who depends on the mails for an adequate cash flow for the successful operation of his enterprise.

And now that we are in the midst of a strike, the manner in which negotiations are being handled is frustrating to the innocent bystander in this situation — the average Canadian citizen and taxpayer. Instead of moving at top speed and with a sense of urgency, the federal mediator, Judge Rene Lippe, announces one recess after another for a variety of reasons. This is so different to the attitude of private business when management and labor face an impasse. For example, we note that Pre-Con Murray Limited at Richvale which is strikebound, is negotiating with its union representatives through the day and on into the night in order to seek a settlement. Any businessman knows that a prolonged strike can only result in economic hardship for both sides in a dispute.

The Pearson Government acted much too hastily in 1967 in extending collective bargaining rights to civil service unions. An attempt was made to duplicate the conditions prevailing in the private labor market — even to giving to the unions themselves (with exceptions such as the RCMP) the right to choose whether they could strike or not.

The first few days of the postal strike were taken up trying to agree on an agenda. Ottawa knew a strike was imminent long before it took

place. Surely precious time could have been saved by giving some thought to secondary details before the strike deadline. The agenda discussion was followed by a debate on working conditions with no reference to the primary matter of wages.

The Canadian people should not have to endure the inconvenience of a postal strike while the government and the unions discuss such minor issues as the ventilation in post offices or the condition of mail bags.

Strikes in such essential services as hospitals, postal, hydro, police, fire and garbage services and public transportation can certainly prove disastrous in a modern day industrialized society. It is not a satisfactory method of settling disputes in the public sector of the economy. Some better way must be found to settle any grievances that may exist between management and staff that does not involve throwing the country into chaos. Several years ago the Government of Saskatchewan passed legislation defining what are considered essential services and also provided ways and means of settling any dispute without resorting to strikes. Some outside independent body such as a labor court must be set up to deal with the issues as they arise.

Steps should also be taken by the federal government in conjunction with the provincial governments to establish unions as legal entities, thus placing heavier legal responsibility upon union executives and rendering unions liable for financial damages. In the matter of the post office, consideration should be given to the creation of a crown corporation run along businesslike lines by top flight professionals.

Enforcing Housing Bylaws

In face of the serious housing shortage that exists in most urbanized centres in Ontario many citizens are openly breaking the bylaws that apply to occupancy in single family dwellings. People are converting portions of their homes, such as basements, into apartments. Richmond Hill Planning Board recently expressed dismay at the fact that while one citizen had paid the committee of adjustment the standard fee of \$800 per suite to duplex his home there are other cases of people taking similar action without bothering to consult the town authorities.

Rising municipal taxes and the steady increase in the cost of living have influenced homeowners to convert recreation rooms into basement apartments or a second storey into a self-contained flat and lose the privacy of a single family dwelling. Most of these extra units have been found by the assessors and the owners have been paying higher taxes, although legally the apartments do not exist.

The problem has increased in severity in direct proportion to the shortage of available housing. In Richmond Hill members of town council and the planning board have

spoken out in favor of a full-time bylaw enforcement officer. They feel that such an appointment would bring an end to infractions of housing bylaws as well as other town ordinances.

Every urban municipality faces a dilemma today in the matter of the strict enforcement of its housing and zoning bylaws. Any sudden, rigid enforcement of the rules in the midst of the current housing shortage would create a chaotic situation in most communities. The municipalities have let the situation develop over a period of time and are now faced with the problem of devising ways and means of handling it.

Strict enforcement should have begun years ago with the first signs that the practice was taking place. Early action would also have helped to control the matter of additional children from this "hidden housing" flowing into an already over-taxed educational system.

The situation is no longer black and white and a crackdown by our politicians would seem ill-advised at a time when substitute housing is not available.

Dream Takes Form In Sr. Citizen Home

A dream is rapidly taking concrete shape for Richard Rohmer, former York North federal Tory candidate.

When Mr. Rohmer was named rector's warden of Don Mills Anglican Church of the Ascension on Overland Drive in 1966, he started planning to use land adjoining the church for something which would benefit the community yet retain the objectives of the church.

Instead of a tennis court or a bowling green he decided that what would serve the community and the church to best advantage was a home for senior citizens.

The million dollar residence will contain 72 rooms and should be ready for occupancy in December, bringing to a successful culmination scores of meetings with an advisory board, architects, government officials, the congregation and synod officials. Work on the three-storey building began this spring.

The Ascension Charitable Foundation has been set up and will receive \$5,000 a bed from the province, most of the remainder of the money has been borrowed from Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation with the congregation having to put up "very little".

The building will be named Thompson House after the 13-year-old church's first and only rector, Canon George R. Thompson. Occupants will be chosen on the basis of need, with religious affiliation of secondary consideration, Mr. Rohmer states.



(Photo by Stuart's Studio)

ARC Benefits From Hockey Clash

Richmond Hill Police Hockey Team suffered a bruising 5-4 defeat at the hands of the Toronto Argos early this spring in the local arena before 800 rabid fans. It was all in fun and all for a good cause.

The rewarding result is pictured above as Director Dolly Ketola ARC Industries (right) accepts a cheque for \$500 from Police Constable John Moorhead (left) who represented the Richmond Hill Police Association.

The sheltered workshop for the adult retarded is located on Enford Road, Richmond Hill.



Rambling Around To Market, To Market

by Elizabeth Kelson

It was a hot July Saturday morning when I turned off Yonge Street into the Thornhill Farmers' Market.

Ed Gladding, owner of Oriole Gardens, was at an outside stand minding his petunias and a host of good-looking plants.

Eva Gladding was presiding over a luscious assortment of greenhouse vegetables inside the market right across from Nels Gage's butcher shop.

It's hard to believe that once there was no farmers' market in Thornhill. Every one used to go down to the York Farmers' Market at the city limits. The market at the limits had to go and a group of market gardeners formed a limited company. They bought 10 lots at 7509 Yonge in Thornhill.

The summer of 1953, the farmers sold their produce in a big tent set up on the front lots. Meanwhile the building was going up behind them and in the fall it was ready for use.

"Strange thing," said Ed Gladding. "We did a terrific business that summer . . . more than we had before at the old market."

At first there were 90 shareholders in York Farmers' Market Limited but some have gone and others have taken their place. W. E. Gladding is the president of the nine member board of directors which looks after the interests of the present 85 shareholders.

THE GLADDING FAMILY

Ed Gladding was not always a market gardener but he married into a family who had been market gardeners for years. His wife was the former Eva Foster, whose mother was the stepdaughter of George Dart who had owned a market garden at Oriole, on Sheppard Avenue, about 12 miles east of Yonge.

So when Ed Gladding came out of the airforce after World War II, there wasn't too much for him to do. He decided in favor of the market gardening (Continued on Page 12)

OTTAWA REPORT

By BARNETT J. DANSON, MP

What does a new MP do? The first thing is to try and get a good rest. In my case it was a trip to the cottage which I had been dreaming of throughout the campaign. A quiet restful time of reading, sleeping and fishing. Well it didn't quite work out that way.

My boat wasn't working. The dock had come apart. The plumbing was clogged and just about everything that could go wrong did so. I went over to Gordon Hurlburt's cottage to find him in a state of collapse in his hammock, but we did hold a friendly post-mortem on the election. As even the fish weren't co-operating, we decided to put off our fishing trip for a week.

Then back to the city to find my business was operating better without me and up to Ottawa to find out where and how to begin.

The corridors and cafeterias were full of other new MPs trying to find offices, secretaries and living quarters. There were also the "old timers" who were particularly helpful, and the sad sight of defeated MPs who returned to Ottawa to clear out their offices and bid their farewells.

Fine men from all parts of the country they had served so well, some like Davie Fulton, for decades. This is the sad part of politics, but part of our imperfect democracy, which, with all its faults, is still better than any other system that exists.

There is the pleasant job of thanking all those people who worked so hard on the campaign

The hundreds of letters and telegrams of congratulations to answer. The bills to pay.

Then there are the riding problems to get into. Hundreds of letters and phone calls. The widow who has had her mother's allowance cut. The senior citizens who can't manage on their pensions in these times of rising costs and taxes. The civil servant who was hired temporarily and retired prematurely. The postmen who need a pay raise, but desperately want to avoid a strike. The dozens who have views on how the government service can be improved, and the hundreds who want to be able to buy a home they can afford. These are but a few examples and they all require and deserve attention — which they will get.

It would appear that some 60 to 70% of the problems are really municipal responsibilities. The widening of streets, the removal of ragweed, etc. Another 20 to 30% provincial. Perhaps only 10 to 20% are legitimate concerns of the federal government, but all are genuine concerns of the people and they must be directed to the proper channel.

I am already at work attempting to organize my permanent headquarters in Thornhill so that all problems will be handled with dispatch and I can deal effectively with those which demand the attention of your federal member.

There was the speculation on the composition of the new cabinet. When it was announced (Continued on Page 12)

In the Spotlight



By JOAN HAROLD

I have the most awful memories of learning to swim. Some of the lessons took place at the seaside on otherwise joyous summer holidays, but the daily swimming lesson was a black cloud that hung damply over my head. Until that was over I couldn't savour the thought of a donkey ride or the daily ration of that mouth-watering bright pink candy floss.

In my day (and I'm not telling when that was) the method used was to dangle the victim by the straps of the bathing suit — very often a hand knitted garment of doubtful elasticity — and at the same time shout over the roar of the surf, sketchy descriptions of the breast stroke. Of course one kept one's head lifted well out of the water, and wore an expression of grim determination. After a few strokes, the adult in charge would let go of the unsuspecting student to see if she was getting the hang of it, which of course she wasn't, and the next wave would wash her up on the shore gasping for breath like a beached herring.

Before school broke up for the summer holidays, the agony took place for me weekly at the Teddington Swimming Baths. During the walk there in a "crocodile", as a member of the Mall School for Girls, I would try very hard to get lost but this was an impossibility under the beady eyes of the headmistress, Miss Blacknell.

Miss Blacknell had her own method of drowning pupils. One by one she would attach us to a long rope and walk the length of the pool while our arms and legs flayed wildly either a foot over the surface of the water or a foot under — the most dangerous time of all being when Miss Blacknell's attention wandered to the attractive lifeguard. However, I managed to survive, and even eventually to learn to swim.

I was reminded of all this yesterday when I was watching a group of very happy, confident children at the swimming lessons held by the YWCA at the Centennial Pool here in Richmond Hill. What a contrast! The children are first coaxed out of any fear of the water, and gradually encouraged to put their faces in the water, blow bubbles and eventually float face down with their eyes open, and finally float on their backs. The actual swimming stroke comes much later when they have become as at home in the water as little fishes.

The "Y" has held two half hour classes for children from Mondays to Thursdays for the last two weeks under the expert instruction of Jackie Wright, a Western University student who is spending her summer as head instructor at the Richmond Hill Centennial Pool. Each pre-school child is accompanied into the water by a mother, who later has an opportunity to go for a swim in the deep end, leaving her child with a group of sitters provided by the "Y". These teenagers earn a half hour swim for every half hour of baby-sitting.

Adult swimming classes were held in June, and at the end of the course, Red Cross tests were conducted in the Beginners, Juniors and Intermediate categories. Jackie Wright was assisted by the pool's two lifeguards, Barbara Jo Beresford, a fourth year student at the veterinary college at Guelph, and Bonnie Bodnar who in September will be going into first year math at Waterloo University.

In addition to the junior and adult swimming classes that will start again in September and will be held during the winter months at the York Mills Collegiate pool, the "Y" is adding a new course that is very much in demand. Survival Swimming has been designed by the Red Cross to teach the minimum water safety skills needed to get the most pleasure from water recreation. It includes such things as how to swim with a life jacket on, rescue breathing, and drownproofing. The latter is a method of staying afloat for a long period of time without expending much energy.

In these days when so many people are water sports enthusiasts, this course is an essential addition to the basic swimming instructions.

So whether you want your children to learn to swim, or improve your own skills, the "Y" will have it for you in September. It is a far cry from the days of punctured water wings!

Events Of December 4, 1837, In Richmond Hill, Told In Story Of "The Two Colonels"

(The following article, written by Richmond Hill's historian, William Harrison, appeared in the "Canadian Magazine" in 1907 under the heading, "The Two Colonels". It was written before Reeve William Pugsley of Richmond Hill, purchased the Moodie residence and moved it from Lot 49 Markham Township, south into Richmond Hill.

An historical site marker was unveiled on the original site of the home of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Moodie July 25 — and we thought this an appropriate time to reprint this article.—Editor)

The demolition of the old Moodie homestead at Richmond Hill to give way to a branch of the Metropolitan Electric Railway, sacrificing it to the unfortunate necessities of a utilitarian age, removes one more of the few remaining landmarks incident to an epic in Canadian history that is growing in significance year by year — the Rebellion of 1837. A Loyalist meeting to consider portending emergencies was held in this house on December 4th, 1837, seventy years ago. Among those present were Col. Moodie (who was shot dead that very night) and Col. David

Bridgeford strolled over from the farm to "The Hill" in a quest of the latest news, and was immediately arrested by Lount as an adherent of the Family Compact.

Lount and Bridgeford had been schoolmates and apart from politics were on friendly terms. Bridgeford was offered his liberty if he would go straight home. He agreed, and did so, but hearing that it was the intention of the invaders to take the city that night, he became very uneasy and, notwithstanding Mrs. Bridgeford's most earnest entreaties with him to stay at home, he crossed over to Col. Moodie's house and found the Colonel in consultation with Capt. Stewart. Parties on the look-out had brought word that the insurgents had placed a guard across Yonge Street at Montgomery's hotel to intercept any who might endeavor to inform the city. Moodie and Bridgeford at once decided to ride through the guard and apprise the Government.

Just as the two Colonels had come to the conclusion to mount their horses and ride away, Mrs. Moodie appeared upon the scene with an emphatic protest. To Mrs. Moodie as to Mrs. Bridgeford, there appears to have been a vivid presentiment of danger, which prompted immediate action. The lady had

been taking in the situation with an attentive ear behind a half-open door. "Moodie shall not go," was an imperative declaration that demanded attention. Moodies and his fellow-officers never feared the face of man in peace or war. But this was a woman. Belligerent conditions were different. A fusillade of feminine artillery had not been provided for in their code of military tactics. Hostility measures were resorted to. Duty and necessity were strongly urged. The parley ended in a compromise. Col. Bridgeford became surety for Moodie's safe return, and Moodie was to be guided by Bridgeford's advice.

Had Mrs. Moodie persisted in her protest that day there might have been one tragedy less in Canada's struggle for responsible government. The officers mounted their horses and rode to save the city from the spoiler.

As they neared the hotel they saw the guard across the road. The "Patriots", who were assembled in large numbers, presented a rather formidable aspect. Bridgeford, with his characteristic prudence, suggested a longer but a safer route. Moodie replied that he was too old a soldier to play the coward. Firing his pistols right and left he made a dash toward

the guard. The moon shone brightly upon him, presenting a target too tempting to be resisted. In the excitement someone fired and Moodie fell. The wounded man was taken into the hotel, where he expired in a couple of hours. Dr. Scadding remarked that it seems a strange fatality that a brave and efficient officer in the regular army should pass through all the dangerous experiences of battles that have brought about important results in the history of nations and finish his military career in a skirmish in a colonial quarrel.

Col. Moodie fills a soldier's grave in the Church of England Cemetery at Thornhill. The marble slab bears the following inscription:

Sacred to the memory of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Moodie, Late of the 104th Regiment, who on the night of the 4th of December, 1837, was shot by a party of Rebels while on his way to Toronto to give information to Government of their intended attack upon that city.

As soon as Moodie fell, Bridgeford, who had a young horse, rode around the hotel leaping the fences, and though fired at several times, succeeded in reaching Yonge Street on the south side of the tavern. On his way to

the city he fell in with Powell, who was afterwards Mayor of Toronto. Powell and Bridgeford were the first to reach Government House. His Excellency Sir Francis Bond Head, when aroused in the middle of the night, was extremely incredulous of the uprising, and said to Bridgeford: "You country gentlemen are easily alarmed."

"Easily alarmed or not," replied Bridgeford, "the rebels will be down on the town in two hours."

The Governor then told them to order the bells to be rung. This was the first alarm given to the city of the impending danger.

In the arrangements for the defence, Col. Bridgeford was commissioned by Col. Fitzgibbon to raise volunteers for immediate active service. Before starting on his mission it was agreed that if on his way north he should get into difficulty Bridgeford was to signal by displaying a silk handkerchief. This subsequently proved of service, for shortly afterwards he and his assistant, Mr. Perine Lawrence, were taken prisoner by the Mackenzie party near Montgomery's. The Colonel seeing a chance for his man, secretly handed him his papers and Lawrence made good his escape.

As soon as Bridgeford was taken prisoner a consultation

was held and it was decided to execute him as a spy. Mr. David Gibson, the well-known land surveyor, whose residence was burned, suggested he be held as a prisoner of war, became his security, and saved the Colonel's life.

With several other prisoners, Bridgeford was relegated to the ballroom of the Montgomery Hotel, and placed under a guard. Here he was interviewed by Mackenzie himself, who asked him the latest news. The Colonel replied that he (Mackenzie) ought to have it as he had stopped the mails.

Mackenzie then said: "Do you know what is to be done with you?"

Bridgeford said "No."

"You are to be shot tomorrow at 12 o'clock; have you any requests to make?"

Bridgeford answered that he had but one, and that was that the execution be deferred until 2 o'clock.

"Why this delay?" asked Mackenzie.

"Because" was the reply, "you will then have enough to do to look after your own life without attending to mine."

When the troops from the city, led by McNab, Fitzgibbon, and Jarvis, with an overwhelming force, appeared, the silk handkerchief was

hung from the south window of the hotel, and the Loyalists fired their shot clear of the room where the prisoners were confined. The "Patriots" were unable to maintain their ground, a general stampede ensued, the hotel was burned, and the seat of war transferred elsewhere.

The house whence the two Colonels started, as well as the farm of 200 acres on which it stood, was owned by Col. Moodie, who was a half-pay officer in the regular army, having been Lieutenant-Colonel in the 104th Regiment. He distinguished himself as an able officer in the Peninsula War, under the Duke of Wellington. He was also engaged in active service during the war of 1812. Like many of his fellow-officers he had retired in order to enjoy domestic comforts and farm life. One of his daughters was married to Col. Halkett, aide-de-camp to His Excellency Sir Francis Bond Head.

Of Colonel Bridgeford we are able to say more. His name is to be found among the earliest records of the village of Richmond Hill. He was born in New York City in 1792. His father was the owner of a vessel which plied between New York and Greenock, Scotland each pas-

sage occupying two months. Having drawn a large sum of money from the bank, the father was murdered and his body found at the foot of Broadway. The widow came to Canada, bringing with her the son David, then a lad of seven years. Arriving at York (now Toronto) they put up at the McDougall Hotel, kept by the grandparents of the late Hon. William McDougall. Their next trip was to Richmond Hill, then not out of the woods; their conveyance an ox-cart; their right of way an axe, and the time two days from "York" to "The Hill". Mrs. Bridgeford then married Mr. Robert Marsh, the first of the Marsh family, whose members have been prominent in local affairs for nearly a century.

The family was not long settled before there was something to do. The war of 1812 was declared and a draft made on every available man. Young Bridgeford in his dilemma went to Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Strachan, who shrewdly advised him to avoid the draft by joining the volunteers. Men were badly wanted at the front. On the 29th July a detachment of volunteers under command of Colonel Allen was ordered to be in readiness for active service, and to be at the

(Continued On Page 12)