

Talk about fence sitting

It would be the answer to a beautiful dream for Richmond Hill to have a 35-acre park and civic centre property facing on Yonge Street.

And the Loyal True Blue and Orange Home's Centennial offer of something like such a property in 1973 seemed like the answer to a dream.

Golden hearted the offer certainly was. And the town is sadly lacking in this kind of public spirited giving.

But the Orange Home hasn't been able to guarantee to make its land available to the town for longer than 20 years.

The town council has to look very carefully at any expenditures it makes on property to be leased for so short a time.

Unfortunately it would be much too costly to spend the \$130,000 required under the Orange Home lease. Even \$35,000 for the necessary fence would be hard to justify.

It may have seemed like fence sitting for the town to study the offer for two years. But the council

can hardly be blamed for keeping up its attempt to take advantage of such a desirable and well meant offer.

And we understand that even yet the door isn't entirely closed on the proposal.

There is no doubt the town could hardly ever have a more desirable property if the land could be somehow set aside permanently for public use.

We would even dare to hope a little that such a wonderful thing might come about.

The town should be making every effort toward prudent investments in land for future park, recreation and civic uses.

But development of such land takes many years of planning and building. Unfortunately 20 years is hardly more than enough to get started.

Therefore any amount of money like the \$130,000 mentioned for the Orange Home property should be spent on buying the best available land for future use on a permanent basis.

Our hospital needs continued support

The communities of southern York Region — in Markham, Vaughan, King, Whitchurch and Richmond Hill — have written a fine record of support for York Central Hospital.

After all, the existence of such a facility is necessarily a reflection of community effort and spirit.

Such institutions don't just happen, they are created.

Last week the hospital came to another milestone with the happy announcement the province will pay a \$1,900,000 share of a \$2,500,000 modernization required at the original building.

Most residents, no doubt, were aware a fine and much larger addition has been in operation for more than a year beside the previous hospital building on Major Mackenzie Drive.

The local communities served

by the hospital will be called upon to support this next modernization with \$600,000.

That is quite a sum of money, but there are also close to 100,000 people in the area the hospital serves.

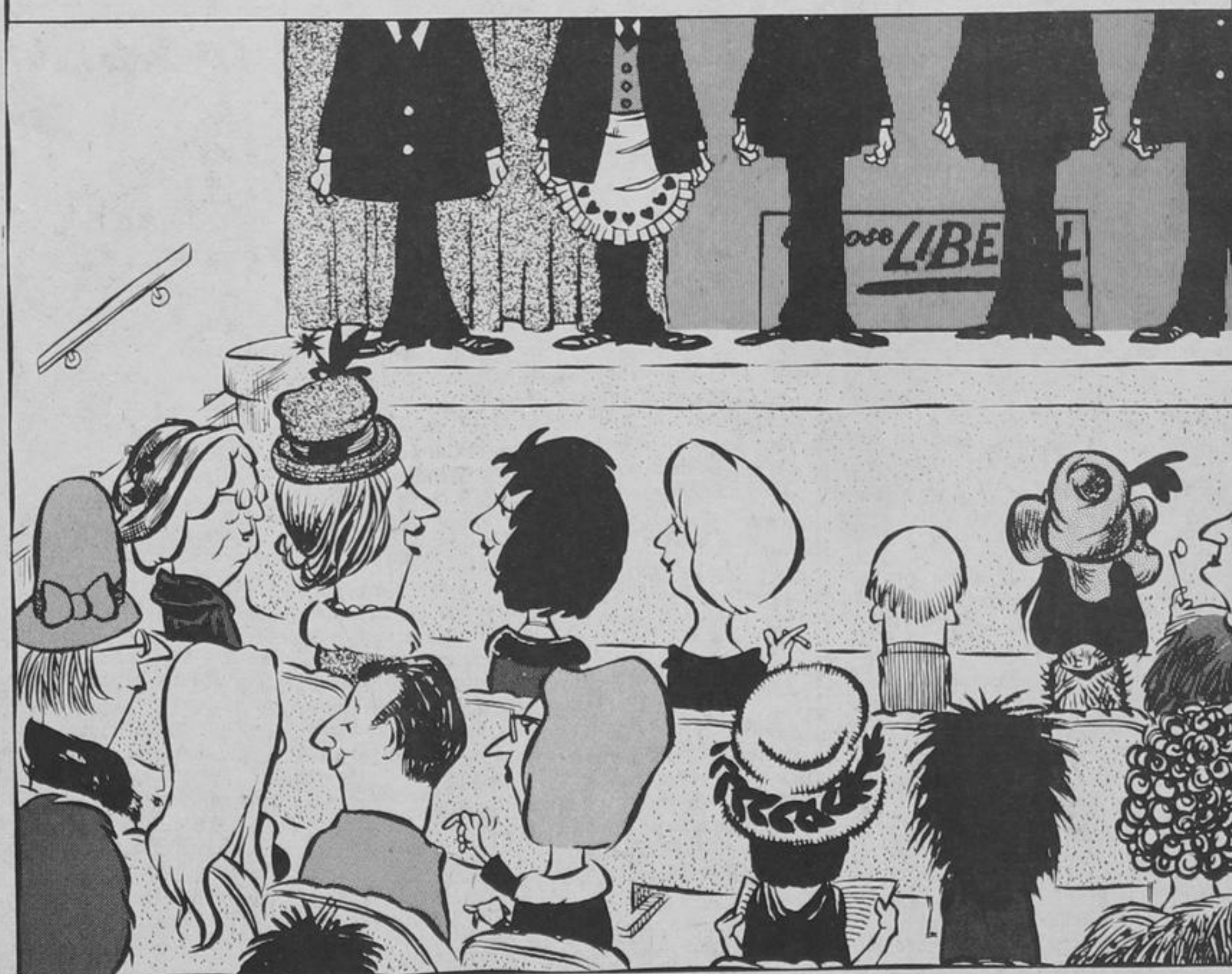
That's only six dollars per person and certainly isn't a frightening amount.

A good service is being provided by York Central Hospital, a service which is certainly needed by a fast growing population in southern York.

Every citizen, local organization and business endeavour has a stake in the hospital's future.

We would urge each and every one to keep that fact in mind, and to be ready to take a fair part in supporting the hospital when the time comes.

Candidates for the provincial leadership of the Liberal party face female forum...



"Pass the word... We like candidate number two..."

Parade lacked publicity

Dear editor:

I appreciated the letter in the Liberal (Jan. 14) thanking Charles Brown of the Plumbing Mart for his co-ordinating of the Richmond Hill Santa Claus parade.

The pool Liberal coverage of this event was most disappointing. As part of the Richmond Hill recycling department, the children dressed like clowns with us, could not see the rest of the parade and were counting on seeing something in The Liberal.

I found only picture of a child onlooker and no article at all.

I must admit that it wasn't advertised sufficiently, but it is difficult when you have different people or organizations running it some years.

The people who saw it seemed to enjoy the excitement of a parade.

MARLENE TURNER
147 Chassie Crt.,
Richmond Hill, Ont.

(Editor's note — Advance stories were carried on page one and page three of The Liberal in the weeks before the parade took place.

Bennett's policies recalled by reader

Dear editor:

Your reference to R.B. Bennett (Liberal, Jan. 21) interests me.

I never voted for Bennett and I was campaign manager for Stevens' Reconstruction Party.

However, I admired Bennett and I think it a shame he seems to be remembered chiefly as the creator of the Bennett Buggy, while his accomplishments are forgotten.

He was prime minister during eight or nine years of perhaps the most difficult period of Canadian history.

He was a proud and forceful man who was forced to admit, like King Canute, that there were some things he could not control.

In his first election campaign I heard him make the statement that he would blast our way into the markets of the world and eight years later in his last campaign I heard him declare only the grace of God could save us.

Of course, that grace came in the form of world war.

Among other things, Bennett established the Bank of Canada, and most of the proposed reforms men-

tioned in his famous radio address have since become law.

I had correspondence with him relating to these items and I know that he knew the establishment of his party would reject his program, and that he would probably be defeated at the polls.

Of course he knew better than anyone that he was advocating a policy in direct opposition to what he had promised in the beginning.

And for a man of conviction, as he was, that required great courage when it would probably end his political career.

He became thoroughly convinced his former position was wrong, and I think the history of the years since proves that, or at least supports that view.

I have a hand-written letter from Bennett after he became viscount, which really describes a humbled individual.

He was a victim of the times. As Solomon said, "there is a time for everything."

PAUL E. ANGLE,
349 Paliser Cr. S.,
Richmond Hill, Ont.

Crackdown applauded

Dear editor:

Principal George Domina's crackdown on smoking by students at Richmond Hill High School property should be highly commended.

After warnings, well publicized on the school's public address system, it was found necessary to suspend 15 students one week because these students thought the rules did not apply to them.

Domina will receive full support of his actions from the majority of parents of the students suspended.

But there will probably be a backlash resulting from a small group of adults who will claim Richmond Hill High School is denying students their freedom of choice.

The same backlash will argue long hair will be the next to go, then blue jeans, then no slacks for the girls, only skirts.

I have seen this reaction every time one of your local school officials attempts to eliminate some of the negative aspects which have crept into our educational system.

The 15 students may find the one-week suspension overly strict, but it is better to lose one week now than three months in their later life when their hearts finally rebel.

ROBERT THOMPSON,
173 Trayborn Drive.,
Richmond Hill, Ont.

Viewpoint from the regional desk



No centrefold!

BY JIM IRVING

In practically everything one comes across these days, the subject of personal identity comes up.

It's not enough that we have our names and addresses, hospital insurance number et al, printed clearly on at least half a dozen slips of paper inside our wallets, or tattooed prominently on our forearms.

No, there is something of much more importance or depth missing.

The real us just isn't there.

That's why, it seems, we have all manner of strikes and other walkouts; it's not only a matter of money, but a seeking for identity, as well.

Who am I? is not just a game played on TV, it's a 24-hour pastime apparently, played by almost everybody.

I always felt I knew more or less who I was — give or take a few bad reactions here or there, that always set me back an eon or two in my progress.

But basically, I thought I had my number.

However, a few things that have happened recently, have got me wondering all over again.

And I don't particularly like wondering this way, because one likes to feel secure in oneself and not be constantly reminded of just how vulnerable one is.

I see I am starting to sound very sombre and serious and I don't really mean to.

Because I still feel the same; just a little less casual about it all.

In fact, I probably wouldn't have given the matter much thought if it hadn't been for the reactions of a couple of other people in a couple of other instances.

For example, last week I attended a dinner meeting, and at one point in the conversation at the table at which I was seated, I related a little anecdote which seemed appropriate at the time and which I felt was light and insignificant.

It concerned a phone call I received late one night several weeks ago from a man, who introduced himself as — from Montreal.

He had got hold of a slightly dated resume of mine from a Toronto casting agency and had called me for that

reason.

The resume, complete with pictures and a little background data, was one I got up several years ago when I was doing a bit of acting in Toronto, and which the agency had since retained.

It was fine for me, because every couple of years or so when the CBC needed a few bit players for cops or priests, I seemed to be among those who got the nod.

The roles didn't require any acting skill, just a short haircut and the ability to remember a couple of lines, such as: "Gimme police headquarters," or "Bless you, my son."

Also, the money was good, and one could do it all in one's lunch hour. So why not?

And that's how the man from Montreal got a line on me.

The resume had listed me as an actor, writer and model; the latter designation, I must admit, threw me somewhat.

I had never really considered myself a model, I told him, even though that was the area he seemed most concerned about.

So we talked along that line for a minute or two, until I asked him what he had in mind.

"Would you be interested in doing a nude layout?" he inquired.

If there had been any identity problem up to then, that certainly resolved it.

"Thanks," I said, realizing as I said it, how astounded I was at the request, "but forget it."

Back at the table, one of the men — maybe he was kidding, I don't know —

seemed amazed that I would turn down the offer. He would have grabbed it, he said.

What was the matter? Was I ashamed of my body?

It had never really been a matter of debate before, I started to say, when he plunged on.

"I would have done it for nothing," he continued.

So be it. I wouldn't have done it under any conditions. There are certain parts of the body which are called privates, and not without reason, I feel.

If one must place them in the public domain to appreciate their significance, then they're obviously not doing their job properly.

A couple of nights later, a friend of mine saw me in a different light again, describing me in terms I was hardly prepared for; none of which was meant to flatter.

Besides being deflating, they induced a mood of introspection for quite a prolonged period. And I don't like to brood; it's far too devastating.

So I was feeling a bit subdued, if not somewhat confused as well, wondering just what it was all about, as I drove along the parkway into Toronto the other night, coming in off Richmond St., an exit I had taken for the first time only a couple of weeks before.

And then I saw it again. Bright glittering and reassuring.

Blinking from the top of a church just at the turnoff was a big neon sign with the following message: "Get ready. Christ is coming. Call Jim - 9- —"

That was more like it. So nice to know you belong again.

Historic drawing series

Below is another in a series of historic drawings being published in this newspaper. The Liberal has exclusive rights to Richmond Hill artist Helmut Haessler's drawings in two gift sets of six prints each, size 8½" x 11", suitable for framing. They are on sale at The Liberal office, 10101 Yonge Street, for \$2.50

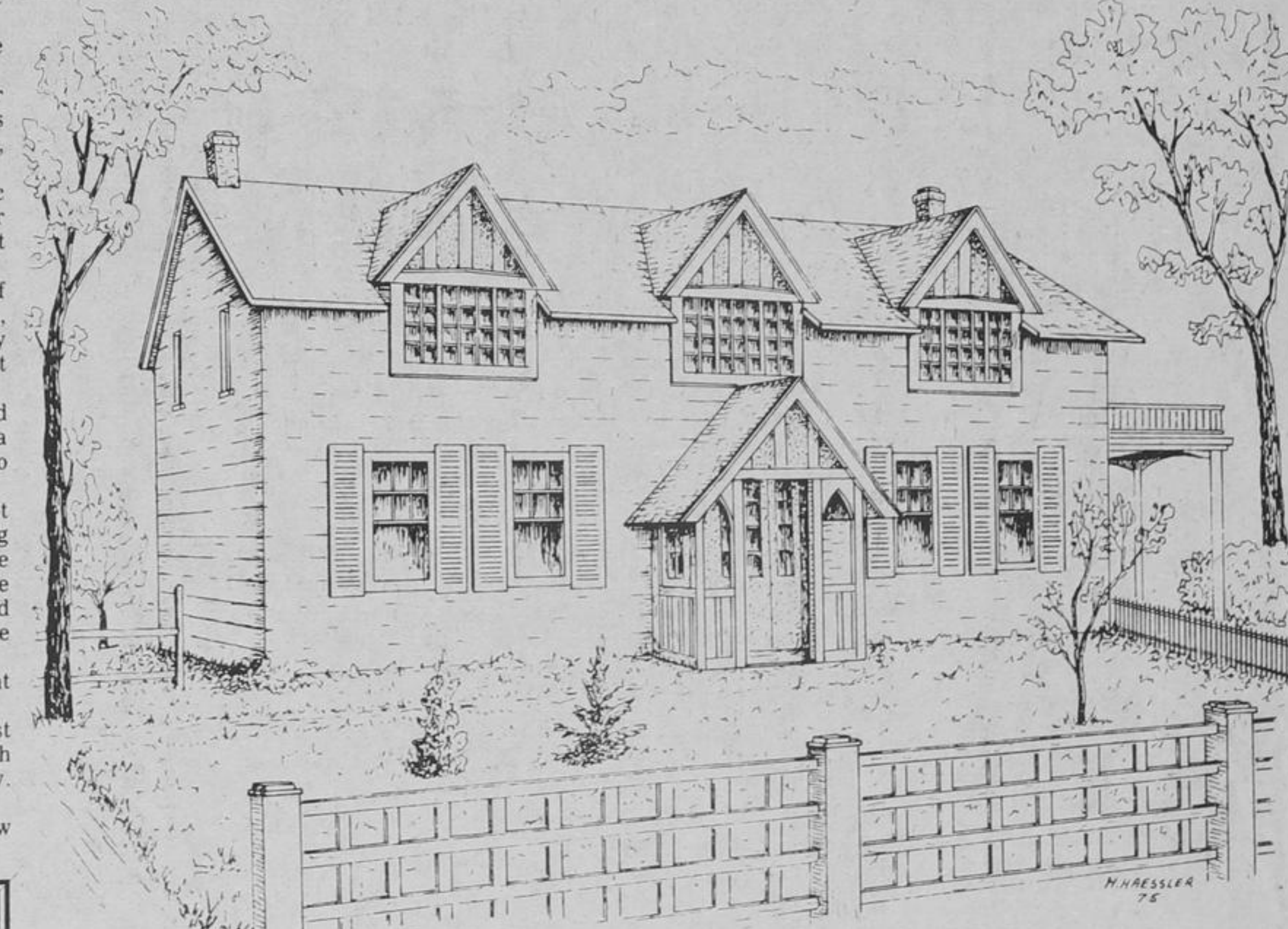
per set. In set one are Anglican, Presbyterian and United churches, Old High School, Palmer House and Crosby Hall. In set two are Burr House, Newbury House, Stockdale House, St. John's Anglican, modern Yonge St. and Yonge St. at St. Mary's Catholic at the turn of the century.

How Well Do You Know Canada... by Jack N. Oldham



It looks like a library. Well, that's what it is. But do you know where it is?

ANSWER: In Ottawa. It is the Library of Parliament, and incidentally it happens to be the one room in the Canadian Parliament Buildings where visitors are permitted to take pictures. This photo was taken by a photographer with the Canadian Government Travel Bureau.



One of our oldest

One of the oldest buildings in Richmond Hill is the Newberry house, sketched above. The original building, erected in 1840 on the east side of Yonge Street, north of Elgin Mills

Road, was constructed of logs. The three dormers, showing the influence of the English country house, were added in 1925.