



sharon's sunshine

By Sharon Brain

THORNHILL — In Thornhill, we don't have garbage.

We have garage sales. Last time out, I brought home two chairs, two pillows, a coffee top, five paperbacks and a trowel. My companion got a new old coat, a blouse, and some remarkably ugly vases.

And all for the unbelievably low price of . . . That's the nicest part about garage sales. There's nothing like the satisfaction of telling someone about the bargain you just got.

Unfortunately no one ever asks about the things I bring home.

50-cent trunk

My husband thinks the trunk I bought for 50 cents would be perfect for the basement.

I think it makes a charming wood box for my living room.

I may be wrong. I bought my bicycle at a garage sale in London. It only cost \$7.

But then I froze all the way home along 401 because the handlebars stuck out the window. It cost me \$40 to get it on the road.

I still don't really trust it.

Classier junk

The nicest thing about garage sales is you can go and look at someone else's junk and think how much classier the stuff in your own basement is.



regional viewpoint

By JIM IRVING

I was sitting dozing at my desk the other day, trying to figure out why I had one red sock on and one blue one — especially when I was wearing pink pants and purple shoes — when the phone rang and a non-stop voice exclaimed:

"Mr. Irving, this is (Vaughan councillor) Terry Goodwin; you may or may not know me . . ."

That was one of the few remarks of the practically one-sided conversation I really feel I can quote verbatim, both because I can't write that fast — if I had wanted to take it down — and because I quit listening half way through.

But the point that Mr. Goodwin — the presumably responsible politician — wanted to make, was just how irresponsible a reporter I was.

Chapman defense

Not because of anything I had written about him. No, this staunch defender of the little man wanted to go to bat for York County board of education director Sam Chapman, whom I had apparently treated unkindly in a recent front-page news story.

The story recounted the board's action of two nights earlier in seeking Chapman's resignation. After noting that, some background material was added about some of the things the director had been criticized for in the past, such as his salary, the kind of thing essential to any story of that kind.

Mr. Goodwin, however, didn't think it relevant. In fact, I got the impression he didn't find any of the story relevant — it not being in the nice news category — and would have suppressed it if he could.

Or am I being presumptuous when I say that? Just as presumptuous as he was when he lit right in on me, with all the diplomacy of an Arabian hi-jacker and started to tell me why I wrote.

Reader grabbing

I wrote to get readers, he said, and for that reason only. If I really cared at all, I would never have "criticized" Chapman's salary, which wasn't enough for the job he had. Mr. Goodwin seem to equate money with caring throughout.

He also blasted me for the headline on the story, which bore the hysterical legend: "Firing Chapman urged at closed meeting."

When I tried to tell him that he didn't know what I had in mind at any time when I wrote and also that I didn't write the headlines, he sped on in his I-can-outshout-Ian Paisley-any-day-of-the-week voice about my complete lack of responsibility in every department.



yesterdays by mary dawson

Big garbage day

You also feel you are a cut above those rapacious neighbors who want to charge you \$1.50 for a shovel. This is because you know if you were moving into an apartment, you'd give all your stuff away. That's not true, but that's the way garage sales make you feel. Superior.

Garbage festival

The other great junk dispersal in Thornhill is a community festival known as Big Garbage Day.

The town of Markham has, in its infinite wisdom, set aside three days on which we can throw out anything we wish.

We can do it without incurring the eternal wrath of the garbage men. Any other day, only green garbage bags are truly acceptable.

So the day before each Big Garbage Day our family descends to the basement to play "I Might Need It Some Day."

The object of this game is to keep as much of one's own junk as possible, while convincing opposing players their treasures really are garbage and should be disposed of.

Basic strategy

The most strategic position to have in this game of intimidation is that of carry out.

Thus, while the others are organizing downstairs, you get to look over what's to go.

You can hide any thing you truly treasure behind

Dozing at my desk red sock in hand

It was hopeless trying to point out to him what I had written was a news story; that, in filling in the background, I was relating what the public felt — not what I felt, even though I might be of the same mind.

Editorializing

No, no, I was "editorializing" throughout. When I mentioned something about his own political responsibility, he said: "Oh, you know me, do you?"

"Yes," I replied. "And if you turn over a couple of pages, (Viewpoint) you'll see I've even written about you."

Said Mr. Goodwin, who up until then had rather coyly, I thought, been wondering whether I knew who he was, "I wasn't even going to bother to comment on it."

At the risk of being indicted for my conceit, perhaps that's exactly what he was doing in taking me to task for the news story.

Opinion only

Viewpoint is a column of opinion, based on facts. There was nothing factually wrong in the one referred to that Mr. Goodwin could attack me on, so maybe my comments on Vaughan council approving the rape of its greenbelt, got to him.

Maybe something of what I lamented about going for the easy buck at the expense of some of the quality of life, pricked his conscience a bit, and so he attacked me for this other thing.

I really don't know, because I quit listening to him after awhile, holding the receiver well away from me, while he raved on in the background.

I have a very short fuse, especially when someone charges me with something, has already made up his mind I am guilty and finds anything I try to say on the matter, redundant.

And I feel it's better to walk away when the red flag starts flapping too hard in the wind.

Silence fell

Later, when I detected a silence on the other hand, I picked up the receiver and was asked if I had been listening.

"No," I said, "I've been to the bathroom." Then I told him I felt it was hopeless trying to talk to him and that I was hanging up.

After that, I said goodbye, taking care to replace the receiver with the minimum of show and maximum of care.

But maybe he was right about my "editorializing." After all I did add that line at the end of my story, saying that Chapman's staff was undivided in its loyalty to him.

In the interests of objectivity and responsibility, perhaps I should have left it out.

First York indigent home built in 1881

Believing it would be more economical to care for the needy and homeless under one roof and under proper supervision, York County council in 1881 decided to build a home for indigents.

Available for the project were funds from the sale of the old county jail, according to an article in The Liberal of February 23, 1956.

After several months of viewing farm properties a site was procured on Yonge Street in King Township. The county paid Michael Wesley \$4,500 for 51½ acres of land, complete with buildings.

The original farmhouse was moved back on the property and the Industrial Home was erected by Walter Page for \$17,000.

It admitted its first indigents in January 1883.

Children too

At that time it was not only a home for the aged but admitted anyone in need, regardless of age.

Records show several children were housed there in the early years. Some births were also recorded. Older children were often "bound out" as apprentices to any lawful, trade, profession or employment.

By June 1883 a total of 87 inmates had been admitted. At the end of the year 11 had died and 57 remained in the institution.

Most of the deaths were caused by advanced years, ages being from 75 to 112.

From outside York

In November of that first year of operation, county councils decided that if room was available, applications for admission from outside the county would be accepted.

In 1885 there were 145 inmates and expenses were \$8,619.53.

The first "keeper" was Jared Irwin who received a salary of \$300 plus board and lodging. His wife was the matron at a salary of \$150.

The medical practitioner, J. D. Rutherford, was paid \$100 a year for his services.

Put in solitary

Violation of the home's rules and regulations brought solitary confinement and a diet of bread and water as punishment.

The weekly cost of keeping an inmate in 1885 was \$1.22. In 1886 this was reduced to \$1.07.

By this time the farm was in full operation and many of the inmates supplied the labor.

This helped reduce the costs to the figures mentioned. An addition to the barn was made in 1887 at a cost of \$500.

A severe outbreak of diphtheria and typhoid occurred about this time, but there were no fatalities.

New management

In 1890 two members of county council were appointed to act as a board of management. The members were called "commissioners" and held office for one year.

Running water was supplied to the home in 1895 by connecting with the Newmarket water system.

That same year a fire alarm system was installed and in 1898 electricity was used for the first time.

A new barn and hog pen were built in 1905 at a cost of \$2,686, and more land was added to the farm.

In 1913 a new outhouse was added containing a smoking room and sitting rooms for males and females.

Big fire

The barns and outbuildings were destroyed by fire in 1920 and rebuilt the next year at a cost of \$5,336.

The home was rewired and a new heating system installed at a cost of \$9,000. Radios first appeared in the home in 1925.

In 1927 an addition was made to the home and a refrigeration system installed at a total cost of \$30,000.

By 1932, when old age pensions were introduced, the institution had become a home for the aged.

Pensions began

The home received the old age pension, allowing the resident to keep a small amount each month for pin money. This helped to reduce the cost to the county.

The name York Manor was adopted in 1954. The old building was replaced in the late fifties by today's attractive and modern York Manor, a very pleasant place to live.

The original building was used for many years by the county's emergency measures organization.

the garage until the danger is past.

Past games have featured such highlights as a tug of war between mother and son over books of piano music, the piano having long since disappeared, and squabbles between husband and wife over whether or not tin funnels could really be converted into hanging planters.

By the time the game is finished, no one is speaking. Everyone retires to lick his wounds, making sure he has a good view of the junk heap.

Excitement mounts

Excitement begins to mount as the first car slows down.

"Look. Someone's stopping."

Differences forgotten, we crowd around the window.

"He's taking that chair."

"Someone really wants those steps?"

"I told you that lamp was worth saving."

We go out for a walk and survey other garbage heaps. Sometimes something catches our fancy.

One's prestige in the neighborhood is measured by the number of cars stopped at one's house.

After dark the professionals come out in their pick-up trucks. By morning, our lawn is clear of debris.

I used to think that the Big Garbage Truck came very early. Now I know there is no such vehicle.

The town of Markham knows us better than we think.

Headford dump

When I was a child, the Headford Dump was alive and flourishing. On the days it was opened for business my father would load up the truck and head off.

He went alone. Garbage was men's business. Three hours later he would be back, smiling happily. The truck was not one bit emptier, but the junk was someone else's.

On garbage day, men who were not strong in their resolve would find themselves sheepishly making a quick return trip.

There was a rumor floating around Headford that the stove that heated our skating hut had been bounced from five other homes in the community.

If left to its own devices, a community will take care of its own.

After all, one person's junk is another person's . . .

Money can't buy this kind of advertising.

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THE ANTI-INFLATION PROGRAM

Where we are and where we're going.

1.

After one year, the anti-inflation program is doing what it set out to do.

The most important achievement has been the drop in the inflation rate. A year ago, consumer prices were rising at a rate of 10.6%. By August 1976, that rate of increase had dropped to 6.2%. This fall some unavoidable increases in energy costs and municipal taxes will affect the rate of inflation. In spite of this, the first year target of an inflation rate of no more than 8% will be met.

Increases in all forms of income — wages, salaries, fees, profits, dividends — are also being successfully restrained. On the average, prices have gone up less than wages this year. This means that most Canadians can cope a bit better, we have more buying power than we had before the program began.

2.

The goal of the second year of the anti-inflation program is to bring inflation down even further, to no more than 6%. This can be achieved only if increases in everything slow down together.

In our kind of market economy, prices have to be able to move up and down to some extent. But the anti-inflation program does put an effective restraint on prices by controlling profit margins. In the second year, the price and profit controls are being changed to make the rules simpler and to apply restraint more fairly among different companies. They also include important incentives to encourage the investments the country needs to make the economy grow and create new jobs for Canadians. New investment credits will make allowances for company profits re-invested to boost production and productivity.

In the area of wages and salaries, the second year Guidelines limit increases to 6% as a protection against price increases, with 2% more added as a share of national productivity.

3.

Nobody likes controls. Not the people whose private decisions are affected by them. And not the governments that have to enforce them. But controls were and are needed, to bring inflation down and to assure a growing economy. The program will be terminated by the end of 1978. Until it is ended, the government is committed to making sure the controls work hard to bring about a continuing reduction in the rate of inflation.

Inflation has to be cut down to protect our personal buying power, our savings and pensions, and jobs for Canadians. If last year's spiral of rising prices and incomes had continued, Canadian-made products would soon be unable to compete in world markets. Imports could easily undercut goods produced and sold here at home. It's especially important for us to keep our prices and costs competitive with the United States, and on both counts the U.S. is still doing better than we are. Finally, inflation also hurts investment. And when investment goes down, unemployment goes up.

After a year of controls, inflation has come down. Progress has been made, in protecting Canadian jobs and improving Canada's well-being. The success of the anti-inflation program so far has depended a great deal on the co-operation of many Canadians. With continued co-operation, we can all look forward to sharing a more prosperous and growing economy.

THE ANTI-INFLATION PROGRAM
A REVIEW
YEAR ONE



Government of Canada

Gouvernement du Canada