

sharon's sunshine

Lop-eared rabbit at Markham Fair

By Sharon Brain

THORNHILL - Markham Fair starts to loom large in our minds about a week before it happens. We all watch the weather forecasts. It calls for rain all weekend.

There are rumors flying about that there will be a party afterwards as usual, but no one will admit it is to be at their house.

Thursday the weather clears. The weekend weather is to be good. Thursday night the phones are buzzing. All the husbands are now willing to be host for the party.

Social surprise

The location is decided. Someone meets the hostess at the hockey rink.

"I hear you're having all of us over after the fair." No one has told her yet. She smiles through clenched teeth.

By Friday everyone is organized. The kids are told. Now rain or shine, the show must go on.

On Saturday, 30 people meet at the tail of the Markham Softball Association's cow.

Since every member of the group has bought at least 10 raffle tickets on the cow, we feel the tail at least belongs to us.

Lost child

One child is missing. He has set off with 50 cents and orders to be back in 10 minutes. One adult stays behind to wait for him. The rest of

us are dragged off to the midway. Strollers can't wheel as fast as the kids can run.

Cries of echo across the fairgrounds:

"Stay together!"

"Who has Boomer?"

"Can I have a drink?"

The group begins to splinter as families look out for their own. The virtues of having one child per adult and foamy. become abundantly clear.

The baseball playing fathers try to strut their stuff and knock down the milk bottles.

Five dollars and many humiliations later, one child is clutching a stuffed bull.

Finally the parents have had enough midway. The kids are dragged off to see the animals - or sent off with tickets, money, a meeting time and dire threats concerning late returns.

Find rabbits

I find the rabbits. Tucked away in the corner crouches a "Rabbit, Lop". Thank goodness for signs. I've never seen one before, but suddenly the word lop-eared has meaning.

A lop-eared rabbit wears his ears like bonnet strings. They curve down around his head and try to touch each other under his chin.

It seems like a sensible position for ears. Think of the warmth on a cold winter night. Think of the unwelcome noises one could shut out.

I want a lop-eared rabbit. I've always wanted an any-eared rabbit, but suddenly at Markham Fair I fall in love and only one rabbit will do.

No one else is that impressed by my rabbit, but everyone else finds something to enjoy.

My husband's happiest moment is when the ride he took with a young friend is over, and he can stop pretending it was fun.

Zucchini win

The gardeners in the crowd are reassured when they realized their zucchini is as big as the first place

The exhibitors laugh as they watch the city folks trying to scrape the cow manure off their shoes outside the cow barns.

We laugh too and feel very rural and in touch with our roots. Finally we all pile into our cars and head off. We straggle into the party one at a time and the kids

wander off to play in the barn and get covered in straw. The adults grab a lawn chair and something cool

It was a great fair.

Topf is calling

kanne schwartz

No one got lost. No one threw up. And I met this rabbit . . .



regional viewpoint

In a letter to the editor of The Liberal last week, Graham Lamont of Maple, declares: "We get the kind of government we deserve."

By Jim Irving

Not a very original statement but, in that sense, it falls in line with most of Mr. Lamont's thinking throughout.

Still, as he and a few others have observed from somewhere around the beginning of time, we do get the kind of government we deserve.

To apply it to other areas, we get the kind of school board we deserve. And judging from the tone of Mr. Lamont's letter, he got exactly the kind he deserves; a board that, among other things, just as Mr. Lamont, is not adverse to indulging in a bit of innuendo when it suits its purposes.

Ousted survey

In Mr. Lamont's case, for example, he quotes Markham trustee Chris McMonagle, as quoted by me in a story the week before, in which she announced she wouldn't be running again.

Mrs. McMonagle was one of those who helped oust the recent guidance project in some of the high schools, which included a secret survey about student habits and fears, with eventual therapy - when

necessary - via a scuba tank. In the story, Mrs. McMonagle said that, when the teachers started to teach and didn't worry about social problems, but turned them over to proper authorities - and guidance counsellors helped students with their careers - they were getting back

to what the system was all about. Wrote Mr. Lamont, covering his reply in as thick a coat of contempt possible: "It is hard to believe McMonagle made such an inane statement. Most everyone understands a teacher must teach the whole child, physically, socially, emotionally - because that is what he receives in the classroom. . . And if guidance departments only exist for career counselling, then why do we bother?

"Is Irving the author of this statement, or McMonagle?'

I admit it

Why, of course I'm the author, Mr. Lamont. Everyone knows that Mrs. McMonagle, who pioneered the business of working with and helping perceptually handicapped children in this area, always insisted such children run red lights on their bicycles, and walk around the ledges of 20-storey buildings in order to face whatever hidden fears they

And, naturally she would hardly object to a child floating around in a scuba tank as a therapeutic measure in this enlightened year of our Lord, 1976. At another point, Mr. Lamont refers to trustee John Stephen's remarks castigating the guidance project, as a means of using the teachers as "scapegoats," in the manner of Adolf Hitler. Which as old Adolf might have said himself, is a case of the topf calling the kanne schwartz.

Defensive tone

Also, in a tone that is defensive from beginning to end, Mr. Lamont speaks about the "constant badgering and show of contempt for teachers as a professional group."

He defends the teachers several more times in a similar vein, although being quick to imply that it is as a disinterested party. His protest is as a taxpayer. "Have we, the taxpayers of York, not been punished

But perhaps Mr. Lamont, as the old phrase goes "doth protest too much." That's why it didn't come as that much of a surprise to find out this outraged taxpayer is also a school teacher.

Why didn't you say so, Mr. Lamont? Or would that have weakened your argument and made it difficult to label others - and the word is



yesterdays

by mary dawson

Vaughan settler

A versatile early settler in Vaughan Township was Captain Edward G. O'Brien, according to Doris M. Fitzgerald writing in The Liberal in 1967. "Never forget your Bible, or that you are the son of

an Irish gentleman." These were his mother's parting words to 11-year-

old Edward George O'Brien when he went to sea as a midshipman in 1810. Nineteen years later young O'Brien came to

Canada, a half pay captain in broken health.

3 careers

In the interval he had travelled widely, met with many adventures, and gained experience in three careers. From his first ship, H.M. Sybelle, he transferred to

the 30-gun frigate Doris, captained by a cousin Robert O'Brien, and served in the China Sea. At the end of the 1812-14 conflict when chances of

promotion in the navy seemed slight, he joined the army and was posted to the West Indies. Suffering from a serious bout of malaria O'Brien was invalided home on pension. But after a period of

convalescence he went to sea again. This time he served in the merchant marine and made a number of voyages to the east, before being

struck down by a second illness. Arrived here

Deciding to emigrate, he arrived in Vaughan in May 1829.

He bought a "pretty estate" - the west half of Lot 19, Conc. 2, for 375 pounds.

Then he set out to learn about backwoods farming. Fortunately he was able to hire help, as he was

frequently laid up with painful bouts of rheumatism and a bad back On good days, however, O'Brien cheerfully tackled such jobs as building a bookcase, digging drains,

roofing a cowshed, or driving a load of oats to the market in York.

Born leader

When ill, or in need of relaxation, he did some

yours - "scapegoats?" Versatile early

Being a born leader and keenly interested in his surroundings, O'Brien soon became involved in local affairs.

He was a member of the book society and was instrumentai in obtaining young clergymen. He taught at Upper Canada College and took ser-

vices in Trinity Church, Thornhill, when it was without a rector. He served on the grand jury in York, "that most

troublesome of public duties.' He electioneered for Benjamin Thorne who ran unsuccessfully against William Lyon Mackenzie for a

seat in the legislature. O'Brien also helped start the Home District Agricultural Society.

Bad roads

A heated topic at the meetings of this society, as elsewhere, was the deplorable condition of the roads. These were made and maintained by statute labor.

Though mud, ruts and potholes caused costly damage to horses, carts, harness and clothes, many farmers were more willing to endure discomfort than to pay taxes.

O'Brien spent many hours calculating the cost and the advantages of stone, brick and plank roads. He finally got up a petition for the establishment of turnpikes.

Wed visitor

In May 1830 Edward O'Brien married Mary Sophia Gapper, a talented young Englishwomen who was visiting her brother on Yonge Street. Her letters were published and paint a colorful and descriptive picture of pioneer life in this area. The book was reprinted a few years ago.

O'Brien was appointed government agent for a new settlement at Lake Simcoe at Shanty Bay in 1832. This was to have been a negro colony. But only

about 20 negroes took up land. They drifted away because of the severe climate. The O'Briens' lived for a time in Toronto but died in 1875 and 1876 in Shanty Bay in their comfortable log



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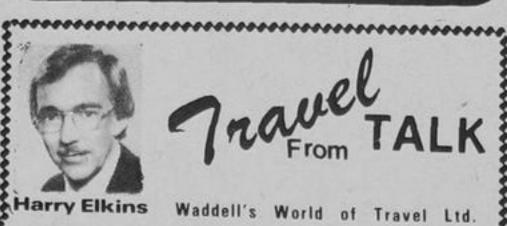
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- 15°), takes you from the main ferry warf through the crowded old business district and shopping center and past the dark red Moorishstyle bull ring.

Then there's the

cool off as you ferry across the Tagus river in 15 minutes. For the fare of 2 escudos (about 7½°) you can see the whole panorama of myriad colored buildings jumbling down hills to calm silvery - blue water. On the opposite bank, a row of seafood restaurants serve everything from grilled sardines to octopus and lobster. For less than 100 escudos (about \$3.25) you can have a complete lunch with wine.

ferries. You rest and

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PUBLIC MEETING

Crosby Heights Public School THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21st at 8 p.m.

The public is invited to assist the Municipality in the long range planning of what kinds of facilities might be considered for a Community Centre in your area.

This is your opportunity to let us know your ideas and suggestions.

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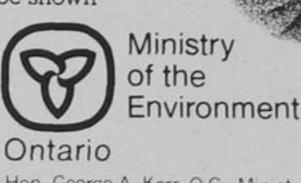
Remember the days when all pop bottles were returnable and refillable? Your Ontario Ministry of the Environment wants to bring those days back, because there were a lot of advantages to the refillables.

Their re-use saved energy and raw materials involved in bottle manufacture. And, more important, people returned refillable bottles. So they didn't become the litter and garbage disposal problem that throwaway bottles and cans are causing today.

On October 1, 1976 a new law went into effect. It says that within six months, retail vendors will be required to stock and display in refillable bottles any size, flavour and brand of soft drink they offer in non-refillable bottles.

In other words they have to offer you a choice. It also requires that retailers selling soft drinks in refillable bottles must now accept and refund cash deposits of at least 10¢ on small sizes and 20¢ on large sizes. And the amounts of these deposits must be shown separately from the actual price of the pop.

Your Ministry of the Environment thinks that a return to refillable bottles will save energy, help alleviate garbage disposal problems, and reduce the number of landfill sites. It will be a step toward a clean, unlittered Ontario.



Hon. George A. Kerr. Q.C., Minister Everett Biggs. Deputy Minister.

Notice to Ontario Retailers

Effective October 1, 1976, you will be required to accept deposits on refillable soft drink containers of 10¢ on small sizes and 20¢ on large sizes. You will also be required to refund deposits in these amounts on all reasonably clean,

intact, refillable soft drink containers which you normally handle. This information is

covered in a notice which must be displayed by soft drink retail vendors. These signs are provided by the Ministry of the Environment and are available at our offices in these locations: Barrie, Belleville, Cambridge, Cornwall,

Don Mills, Gravenhurst, Kenora, Kingston, London, North Bay, Oakville, Owen Sound. Ottawa, Pembroke, Peterborough, Sarnia, Sault Ste. Marie, Stoney Creek, Sudbury, Thunder Bay, Timmins, Welland and Windsor

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Environment Ontario

135 St. Clair Ave., West

DEPOSIT REFUND FOR REFILLABLE SOFT DRINK BOTTLES

Regulations of the Province of Ontario under the Environmental Protection Act provide that a cash refund of the full deposit will be paid for up to 48 intact and reasonably clean refillable containers in any 24-hour period of a brand and flavour of carbonated soft drink sold here in containers of the same size within the preceding six months.