



regional viewpoint

Camus man's town plan

By Jim Irving

Disa and Data — Albert Camus once wrote a story about a man who was going to write the perfect novel.

It was to be a novel to end all novels. Not a word too much, not a comma misplaced, not a phrase that didn't flow. The story, itself, would be perfect, leaving everyone who read it with a glow that would last them the rest of their lives.

The book never got written, of course; in fact, the writer being the perfectionist he was, never even

completed the first sentence. And, so far as is known, he is still working on it, trying to get it just right.

If Camus were around now, would his protagonist still be a would-be novelist . . . or would he now be a politician working on the town's official plan?

Weller mad

Last week, at a meeting of York County board of education, Trustee Norm Weller of Aurora, got mad, good and mad.

And the reason for Mr. Weller's anger

was he still hadn't had any satisfaction to his request that the trustees have access to board files at all times. He then made a motion to that effect.

Mr. Weller is not the most eloquent man around — orally, that is; he could probably express his eloquence better with one of those big, football-like fists of his. Still, with a good bit of shouting — his words leapfrogging each other in their haste to get to the front of the line — he managed to finally get across to everyone there that he was tired of the administration's closed-door policy whenever he sought information; information that was

every trustee's right to see.

Mr. Weller said he was twice turned back by Education Director Sam Chapman, the latter's excuse being it would take too much staff time.

Watered motion

The board didn't agree with Mr. Chapman all the way, only just enough to water down Mr. Weller's original motion, so that it still leaves control in the director's hands. Mind you, the board no doubt convinced itself that it is master of its own slates.

Or else why would it have allowed such leeway in its amended version of the motion?

Instead of "at all times," the board felt "at all reasonable times" would be more prudent.

It also added that, "where a claim of confidentiality is asserted by the director of education — are the trustees not trustworthy enough to gaze on so-called confidential files? — the matter shall be brought to the chairman's committee for a decision as to access."

By that time, even the impatient Mr. Weller will have learned to move with the same compromising gait as the rest of them.

And the files will remain as hidden from view as ever.

Sunday closing

Up in Newmarket about the same time as the board was broad-mindedly voting itself out of any ready access to its own files, regional council was putting more locks on doors in the northern part of the land.

Only this time it was to a sporting goods store in Queensville, which wanted the Sunday closing "bylaw" amended to allow it to remain open on that former day of rest.

Staff had dropped from 42 to seven, the owner claimed in a letter to council, and sales were down from "approximately" \$30,000 to \$40,000 on

weekends, to "approximately" \$5,000 to \$7,000.

Council, among other things, however, said the problem wasn't theirs. If the owner wanted recourse, he would have to check in at the provincial legislative buildings.

Provincial problem or no, and with all blessings on the sporting goods store man for extra-fat sales during the week, it's kind of nice to see the blinds drawn on his establishment for one day, anyway.

Kind of nice

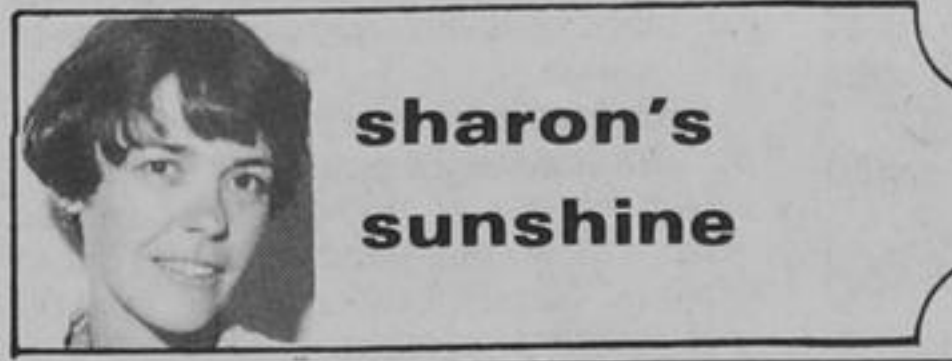
It's kind of nice to think that, even if Sunday and the church aren't the unifying forces they once were, the day itself hasn't been completely taken over by those who feel that every day should be part of the treadmill, with stoppages only for a quick take-out sandwich and a quicker check of the till.

It's nice to think there's still at least one day in the week in which people are able to wander through the parks and watch the leaves change color, or pick apples, or go to art galleries, or visit, or have dinner with the rest of the clan.

Or maybe just sit at home and watch the football game, or experiment with that new recipe for creole cooking.

Or even write a column for today's paper.

Although it would be kind of nice to get it done on company time for a change.



sharon's sunshine

By Sharon Brain

THORNHILL — When you don't have kids around, you tend to forget what big stuff Halloween is.

On the Chaos Scale, which is the rule of thumb teachers use to measure the undercurrent of excitement in their classrooms, I would say the Halloween tremor starts earlier, lasts longer, and goes higher than Christmas.

I know one teacher that got tired of fighting the current and skipped Thanksgiving so she could get right into Halloween.

One child I know is planning to be a centipede.

By himself.

2 overheard

I overheard two young adults aged nine and 10 discussing the coming event.

"Are you going out this year?"

"Naw. My little brother'll get enough stuff for me too."

Luckily there are still some adults who don't know the only reason for anyone over eight to go out is to fill two garbage bags with candy.

Last year on Halloween afternoon, a little old man looking somewhat down on his luck walked into my father's business.

He looked vaguely familiar. My father was polite and concerned.

The gentleman seemed to have trouble breathing, let alone talking.

Grandma's revenge

Did he want a cup of coffee? Was he ill?

Strange noises issuing from his guest finally convinced my father all was not as it seemed. Upon closer examination, he found he was correct.

It was my grandmother, out for her annual Halloween visit.

I wonder who she'll call on this year. When we were kids, we would get out the lantern and gathering friends along the way we would go from house to

house.

The neighbors would open their doors and we'd trek into their kitchens and stand and shuffle and giggle while they tried to guess who was who.

They would put on their best surprised faces when we pulled off our masks.

"Look who it is! I never would have guessed."

Moaning figure

As the night got darker and colder we would head home. Somehow at the end of our long lane, there was always a figure in white moaning soulfully.

"Dad?" we'd call out hopefully.

But he would never answer and we were never sure.

So we'd run. But no matter how fast we'd head down the lane, we'd always find him sitting at the kitchen table when we got there.

Last year I was nearly frightened to death by a strange creature lurking in my backyard.

It was my brother. Certain quirks must be hereditary.

Morning after

The morning after Halloween, my father would spend half an hour looking for the mail box.

I could never understand why it made him so mad. After he thought the pranks of Halloweens long past so hilariously funny.

Especially the idea of moving a wagon up to the roof of a barn piece by piece and then reassembling it. How serious is a mail box compared to that?

But my favorite story was always the one about the manure spreader.

My grandfather told me that one. But if you've lived in Richmond Hill long, of course you've already heard it.

We were talking about it just last week. Perhaps we shouldn't drag up old scandals.

Spreading joy

Anyways, if it happened today, I'm

sure the police would never be so careless as to drive that close behind a loaded manure spreader.

I doubt a tractor pulling such a load could even back right up to the front door of the municipal building any more.

Surely the present town council, if they came running out to see what was going on, would be more cautious and watch their step.

And with the width of Yonge Street now, a manure spreader could hardly cover the street from one side to another with a single pass.

Besides, it's hard to get nice fresh manure like that any more.

No. All in all, I don't think that story needs retelling.

Perhaps it's just as well the under-eight crowd have taken over Halloween.



yesterdays
by mary dawson

Last week's story on Langstaff mentioned the toll house located on Yonge Street in that area.

In 1926 Edgar A. James (who had been chief engineer of the Toronto and York Roads Commission and senior partner of the engineering firm of James, Proctor and Redfern) wrote a series of articles for The Liberal on the development of York County.

He told of the introduction and demise of toll roads.

The Vaughan and King Plank Road Company received a charter in 1850, he wrote.

The company was to build a plank road starting near the city of Toronto at Yonge Street and Davenport Road, proceeding west on Davenport and northerly along Bathurst to St. Clair, thence by way of the Vaughan Road to Fairbank; north on Conc. 3 of York West and Vaughan to Lot 15 Vaughan; thence westerly to Conc. 4 and north to King City.

Planks good

Plank roads were good roads, according to Mr. James. They were smooth, yet gave good traction.

To pay for construction and maintenance the company was permitted to

erect toll gates and charge a rate approved by the government of Upper Canada.

Toll fees were 15c per team and 10c per single horse.

The road was constructed on the westerly side of the road allowance so the heavy loads would ride on the planks on their way to market in the city.

The empty wagons then would travel northward on the dirt roadway.

1851 contract

A contract dated June 1851 refers to the grading, ditching and planking of the Vaughan Road north from the York townline, the price per rod of six shillings or \$1.50 being an outstanding feature.

The contract read:

"I propose to open, ditch, grade and lay plank on part of the road on Conc. 3 of Vaughan starting at the townline, running north one mile and a quarter or less, the plank to be three inches thick laid upon four boards one inch thick. "One hundred and ten rods of the

ditches to be eight feet at the top and six feet at the bottom and to be 23 inches deep. The remaining part to be five feet wide at top and two feet at the bottom and 20 inches down.

"The said plank to be laid from the tramsters on the outside of the ditches, the whole to be done according to the plans and specifications and all the aforesaid work to be done in a workmanlike manner for a sum of six shillings per rod.

"I propose to excavate the hill according to plan and specifications for the sum of 30 pounds and to excavate the hill north of the creek and widen the road now in course of construction for the sum of 12 pounds," said the contract.

Sawmill contract

Another contract, dated the same year, was signed by Nicholas Cober, sawmill owner on Lot 34, Conc. 1 Vaughan, for supplying road plank at \$6.25 per thousand.

(For this price 100,000 feet of three inch plank and inch board were to be

delivered at the roadside about five miles from the mill. The planks were to be eight feet long and from six to 12 inches in width, the boards were to be 12 inches running measure.)

In 1854 James McKilvery signed a contract to "plank part of Conc. 4 Vaughan from the terminus of the present planking to whatever distance the company will supply me with plank at the rate of four shillings and six pence per rod."

He was also to install a culvert near the end of the existing planking.

1896 purchase

The plank wore out and the holes were filled with gravel and stone. But still the company continued to collect toll until at last the cost of repairs were greater than the revenue.

It was not until 1896 that the townships agreed to purchase the road and close the toll gates.

This was done only on the condition that the city of Toronto abolish market fees.

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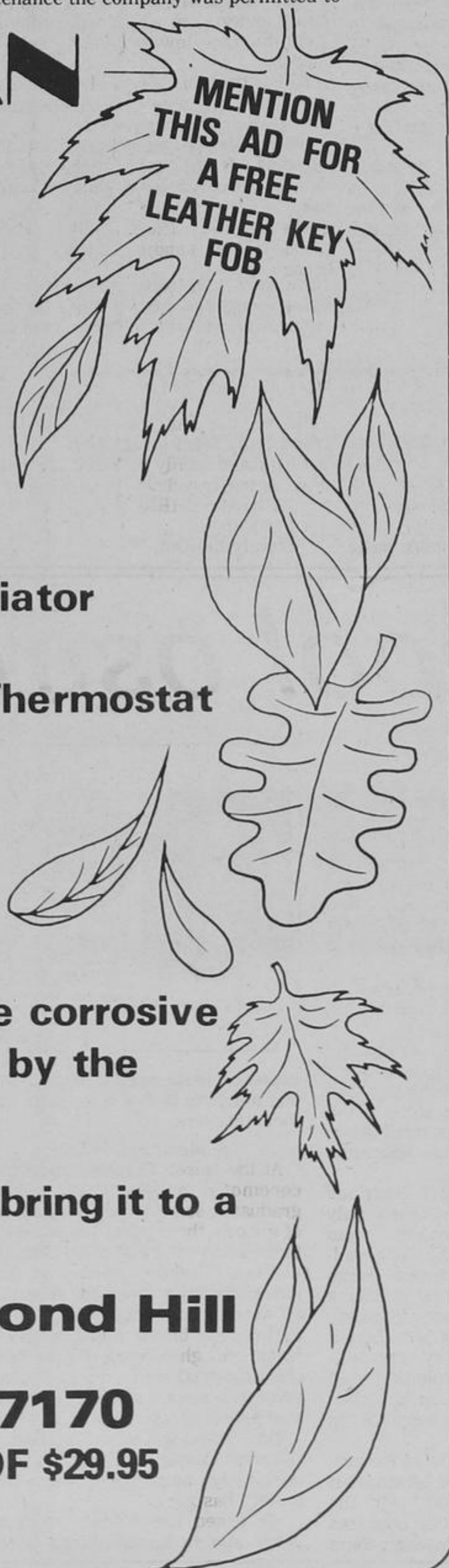
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In 1976, its Golden Anniversary Year, The Royal Canadian Legion has decided to organize a very special campaign, known as OPERATION SERVICE. It is aimed at making contact with every war veteran and ex-service person and their survivors, to make sure that they are fully aware of their rights and privileges.

The Veterans' Charter, one of the best in the world, represents tangible recognition of Canada's debt to those who gave their services and, in some cases, their lives for their homeland. Yet, astonishingly, large numbers of ex-service persons and probably an even higher percentage of widows, have failed to seek the benefits to which they are entitled.

ALL EX-SERVICE PERSONS AND THEIR DEPENDENTS ARE INVITED TO EXPLORE FULLY THE POSSIBILITY THAT THEY MAY BE ENTITLED TO BENEFITS BY VIRTUE OF MILITARY SERVICE PERFORMED. THIS MAY INCLUDE CERTAIN CIVILIAN CATEGORIES WHICH WERE ENGAGED IN SPECIAL WAR WORK, SUCH AS, MERCHANT SEAMEN, AND IT ALSO INCLUDES ALLIED VETERANS IN CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES.

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1. (a) Did you have Military Service (including Merchant Navy, Auxiliary Services, etc.) with Canadian or Allied Forces in:

W.W.I. _____ W.W.II _____ Regular Force _____

Special Duty Area (e.g. Korea, Egypt) _____
or Allied Forces _____

Yes _____ No _____

(b) Are you the widow or widower of a veteran/ Ex-Service Person? _____

NOTE: If response to 1(a) or (b) is "Yes" please complete the rest of the Questionnaire.

2. What is your full Name and Address? _____

_____ Tel. No. _____
(Postal Code)

3. Are you interested in receiving information regarding veterans and/or dependents benefits? _____

4. Are you 60 years of age or over? _____

5. Do you receive a Disability Pension as a result of military service, or are you a War Veterans Allowance Recipient (Civilian War Allowance)? _____

CANADIAN VETERANS ONLY:

6. Were you a Prisoner-of-War W.W.I _____

W.W.II _____

7. Are you in receipt of compensation, W.W.II only? _____