

Trees, caves housing fate?

Where is the common man going to live? Will it be in trees or in holes in the ground?

Are the only new homes here in York Region to be for high income Toronto commuters who will continue to increase the traffic jams on north-south roads?

Will new local jobs only be filled by middle-income workers commuting from Metro Toronto or Simcoe County on north-south roads?

Is mistaken public opinion going to continue to keep out semi-detached, town and duplex housing? Will this cause worse north-south traffic jams and then a further increase in opposition to housing development?

Will the housing cost crisis just

grow worse and worse?

Surely not! Yet that is exactly the trend of local events in the news this week and during the past weeks and months.

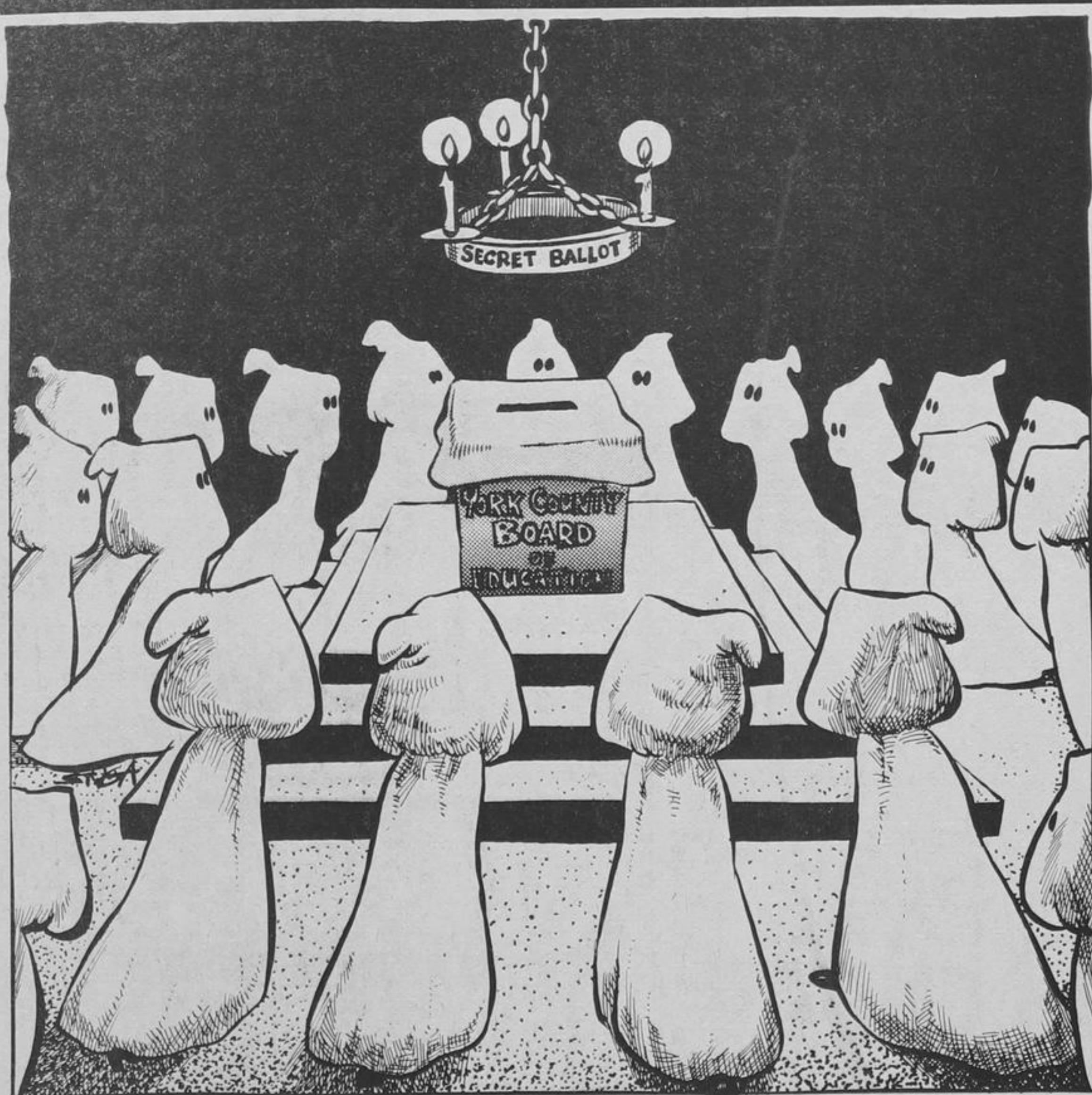
Thornhill-Vaughan ratepayers fight against economical, medium-density, low-rise housing along Bathurst Street.

Kleinburg ratepayers get a municipal board decision favoring estates over regular housing.

Woodbridge ratepayers seek to limit the extent and density of housing development.

Markham planners move against realistic densities planned by Vaughan along Bathurst, thus seeking to force Vaughan to repeat the kind of mistakes already made by Markham.

Where will it all end?



THE CAST

Youth is spreading happiness

Dear editor:

Perhaps I may have missed an article in your paper on the subject I am about to mention.

If so, you may not want to repeat it. It would warm a lot of hearts to read about the fine young people working weekends at York Central Hospital.

They give up social activities to further their education, to help out at home or for various other unselfish reasons.

I recently was a patient at YCH. I must say it gave me such pleasure and encouragement to meet these fine examples of our youth today.

They are neat, polite, cheerful and compassionate.

They are a strong contrast to the seamy side of so much of our young society, the side we see and read about.

I know it raised my spirits tremendously. It probably aided my recovery, just to see the bright smiling faces at my door with the meals and the juice wags.

I would be very remiss in not mentioning also the candy strippers and the volunteer workers who are so willing to do any chore required.

Unfortunately I don't know the names of all.

Outstanding in my mind is a young man who works on weekends and Christmas Day, coming around with the juice wagon. He has a smile and cheery word for each patient.

The work of these people is a great human interest story.

It should give us all some encouragement that our future will be better with the presence of these dedicated and willing workers.

(MRS.) ELINOR HUNNISETT,
32 Uplands Ave.,
Thornhill, Ont.

Letters

Beta Sigma Phi thanks shoppers

Dear editor:

We would be pleased if you could print this letter of appreciation to the shoppers of Richmond Hill and area who so generously patronized the Beta Sigma Phi gift wrapping service held at Hillcrest Mall prior to Christmas.

The financial success for this particular project far surpassed our expectations.

We credit it to the patience and generosity of Hillcrest Mall's patrons. The proceeds will be put to use in some form of community service work,

but the recipient(s) have yet to be determined.

When a decision is made, we will try in some way to publicize it so that those who utilized the gift wrapping service will be made aware of the final results.

Thank you for your co-operation and the most sincere wishes for a prosperous 1977 to all who helped our sorority chapter succeed.

BETTY PEDERSEN,
Xi Gamma Mu,
10 Knowles Cres.,
Aurora, Ont.



regional viewpoint

By Jim Irving

"The Human Comedy," Balzac once called it, refusing to take it all that seriously.

Had old Honore been at York Region council's inaugural meeting Thursday, he would have seen nothing's changed.

Not that the meeting was a laugh, not at all. But it did have its farcical moments. It also had its dramatic ones, although in retrospect, they could be seen as part of the farce.

The meeting as you are no doubt aware, put Garfield Wright of East Gwillimbury, back in the head chair for another two long years, council giving him the nod nine to seven over Mayor Bob Adams of Markham. Ascension to the regional throne from another direction just wasn't to be. The gods — including those in the backroom — had ordained otherwise.

For awhile, though, it looked as if ever there was going to be a change, it was going to be then. There were certainly two good candidates on hand to do battle with the chairman — Mayor Bob Forhan of Newmarket was also running at that time — and the setting was just right.

People were standing in the aisles and the corridors, and some even managed to get a seat. All the newsmen were there, of course, plus councillors and mayors from Aurora to Zimcoe.

Were they there because they sensed a close fight and they wanted to be at ringside when it happened? Or was it because that was the first time they had been able to get out of their driveways since the snowstorm?

If it was because of the former, they got it, Wright needing Vaughan Mayor

Garnet Williams' final vote to clinch it. *In the bag*

However, even though the audience sensed the drama, the race was really over before that, Mr. Wright, sitting along the wall awaiting the formal announcement, didn't even have to tug at his pipe in nervous anticipation.

Wright's reprieve came earlier during Mayor Forhan's address when the latter started right off by pointing out what a poor candidate he (Forhan) was.

Prematurely grey, with a round, good-looking face, and dressed in a dark suit and vest, Forhan had a nice, Mr. Smith-Goes-To-Washington quality about him when he stood up to give his speech. Which, incidentally, turned out to be a bit of a bombshell.

He related how he had wrongly reprimanded his son one night and when he went to apologize later, his son said: "What good are fathers? You're never home, anyway; you don't listen."

Forhan said it made him wonder if, perhaps they acted without listening at council, too. Did they ever check with administration first on various things, before acting?

Maybe it was best he stay where he was. He then announced his withdrawal from the race and his decision to back Wright.

Dramatic moment

It was a dramatic moment and for a while it looked as if Adams had a chance, until you remembered that, if Forhan was giving his vote to Wright, no doubt his nominator, Mayor Tony

Roman of Markham, and his second, Mayor George Burrows of Georgina, would too.

In fact, the implication later was that the Roman nomination was a token one; that he knew Forhan's decision beforehand.

Roman skirted the issue — albeit in a light-hearted way — when asked about it afterwards, as did Forhan.

But the answer obviously was yes. Just when Forhan decided to bow out is not known, however.

Adams was upset afterwards, although he did his best to take it in his brisk stride. It was obvious with him, too, he felt he had a good chance there for awhile. That was Thursday; thinking about it the next day, he seemed to be wondering how he ever could have been so optimistic.



yesterdays

by mary dawson

Thirty years ago Thornhill was a small village of 10 streets, featuring many homes which had passed the century mark.

Today it has burst its boundaries and spread eastward, southward and northward into Markham.

Hundreds of acres of fertile farmland are covered with luxurious detached homes, smaller homes, townhouses and high rise apartment buildings.

The near future will see this spread jump the busy Highway 11 and bring a

small city to the Vaughan portion of the one time police village.

Bay Thorne Village

Ten-year-old Bay Thorne Village includes nine streets and 333 homes. It was developed by Wimpey Homes on part of the 190-acre crown grant to John Lyons in 1796.

This was Lot 33, Concession 1, Markham. Lyons was one of the Americans encouraged by Governor Simcoe to settle in Upper Canada.

As such he was permitted to bring his household effects across the border, duty free.

Brewing, milling

Brewing was one of his occupations. He also was part owner of the first saw and flour mills in the hollow of John St. from 1806 till his death in 1818.

In 1820 Lyons' widow sold 84½ acres to Benjamin Thorne and Thorne's brother-in-law William Parsons from Sherborne, Dorset, England, Doris Fitzgerald recorded in The Liberal in

1967.

First postmaster

The two men had capital and business enterprise.

Besides buying the mills they secured a post office for the settlement which began to prosper under the name Thornhill.

Parsons was the first postmaster His office was located in a small store attached to his house on Yonge Street. The Rev. George Mortimer, first rector of Holy Trinity Anglican Church,

purchased land from Mrs. Lyons in 1835. He built a commodious house.

Another portion of the Lyons' land was purchased for a Wesleyan Methodist Church and a small cemetery behind it.

Add to this the Lyons' married children and their families each living on a portion of the original lot.

This lot had further been decreased in area when 50 acres at the rear were sold to Henry Miller.

On the amalgamation of the Wesleyan and British Methodist congregations in 1852 the church was moved from Lot 33 to Centre Street.

Long a church

It served the Methodist, United and Dutch Reformed congregations as a place of worship until recent years.

Some graves were moved to the John St. cemetery, the remaining headstones were set in a cement slab in the early 1960's and the grass kept cut by the Markham Cemetery Board.

Increased by 33 acres, the Parsons' farm stayed in the family until 1929.

Then Stewart Wilcocks sold it to George Davies. He kept race horses there.

The next owner was George Wright, a mining magnate who had just purchased The Globe & Mail.

Newspapermen shared

He shared the farm's facilities with George McCullagh, publisher of the Globe, whose horse Archworth was trained there and won the King's Plate.

Charles Smith bought the farm in 1950. He later sold the Parsons' house to Dr. H. E. Palmer of Thornhill Veterinary Clinic.

The remaining 116 acres were purchased by Wimpey in 1965. Construction of the subdivision started in 1966.



sharon's sunshine

Thornhill, Ontario

Dear Mum and Dad,

We got your postcard today. Your motel looks nice, and it must be great to have a maid come in every day to clean up.

I'm glad you don't have to do it yourself. Sand is such a wretched thing to try to get rid of, isn't it?

Not like snow. If you leave snow long enough, it just goes away all by itself.

The weather sounds pleasant enough, though I suspect you will be bored by all those high 22 degree low 16 degree temperatures after a while.

But it's never boring here. My car has turned every morning into a will-it, won't-it drama.

It seems to be reliable at anything over -2 degrees, as long as I take the wind-chill into consideration.

New winter friends

We are making some new friends. The man at the service station is becoming just like one of the family. He's the only person I've ever talked to before 8 o'clock.

And you know that man who gave me such a hard time when I complained about his dog eating my garbage bags every time I put them out? (He never touched the garbage, just the bags.)

Well, he smiled at me on his way to work. I was stuck in the snowbank at the time.

He didn't stop, but at least he smiled.

My lovely holiday

I had a lovely holiday quite unexpectedly the other day. I was on my

way to work. Both the road and my car became impossible.

My car and I quit at the same time. I suppose to you, lolling around on the beach all day, walking two miles through a snowstorm doesn't sound like much fun.

But thanks to my snowmobile suit, my mukluks, my touque, my mittens, my scarf, and my goggles, I made it home in spite of a 30 mile-an-hour wind, in less time and with less damage than you might expect.

If I hadn't been so well prepared and well outfitted, perhaps passing motorists might have realized I was not out for a stroll.

So don't try to tell me a morning walk along the beach is keeping you fit and healthy. To that I say "Humbug!"

Fit from unfit

It takes a walk like mine to separate

the fit from the unfit.

I am now in bed with something the doctor says is not quite pneumonia.

That's why I have a holiday, and time to write a long letter.

You say there are all kinds of Canadians down there luxuriating in the warmth of the sunny south.

I call them cowards. The people who are left here are the ones who have made this country the great nation it is today.

It took a lot of nerve for our ancestors to stay here when they knew that every year they would have to face anew the rigors of winter.

But think where we would have been if they had all done what you are doing. We would all be natives of Florida.

We wouldn't know how to play hockey or wear fur coats or shovel snow.

Think about that.

Time to close now. We miss you.

Can come home

Remember you can always come home early if you're bored or feel guilty.

But give us lots of warning. We'll get the plumber to do a rush job on your pipes.

It's nothing serious, just a couple in the basement. It was cold enough that the pool table didn't float far before it froze.

Love, Sharon.

P.S. Roger just got home. Took him three hours. We may have a little surprise for you. Are there any vacancies in your motel?