

## Gas bars outreach some church spires

Towers are ugly, or so the planners have decreed. No one should be allowed to tower over their neighbors.

So Bayview Avenue in Thornhill will have its nearby churches, two synagogues, a Buddhist temple, maybe even a mosque, and everyone will zip right by as if they were not there.

Few religious institutions on the street will be able to match the grand proportions of the Gulf self service gas bar at the corner of Bayview and Steeles Avenue.

Take the Buddhists for example, who had to cut back their building from four parts to two and whose eastern style pagoda will squeeze under a western zoning restriction — a 35-foot height limit.

Of course, towers, steeples and spires are impractical. They waste space. If they contain anything at all, they hold bells that are rung Sunday morning to wake up a neighborhood that would rather sleep in.

The bells may even violate the anti-noise bylaws.

At one time, church designers could get away with murder. As long as they did not run out of money and the Protestants did not pillage the Catholics or vice versa their edifices stood.

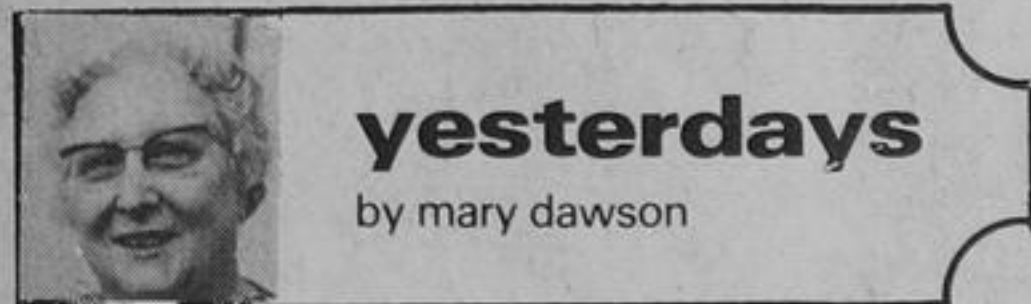
But today, church planners must tailor their vision to fit the setback, sideyard, height and parking restrictions of the local municipality.

Richmond Hill residents can be thankful that there were no such restrictions when its spires were built.

Markham has a unique opportunity to make something special out of the entrance to Thornhill on Bayview Avenue. It will be missed if inspiration is drowned in suburban conformity.

In the city, banks tower over cathedrals. In the suburbs, gas bars are bigger than churches.

Does this say something about the way the world is going?



### yesterdays

by mary dawson

## Medical care here in early 19th Century

Richmond Hill, Thornhill and surrounding areas were fortunate in having professional medical care from the early part of the 19th century, but for many illnesses the farmer's wife prepared her own home remedies. Some of these were learned from the Indians.

Scurvy was cured by drinking a tea made from balsam bark.

The juice of the touch-me-not plant was rubbed on the rash caused by poison ivy or poison oak and served as an antidote.

Before the winter got underway, children and adults began wearing necklaces with pendants of sacks of garlic or camphor crystals.

No one, with or without a cold, would venture too close to such an aromatic person.

Black currant or elderberry juices were drunk to prevent the common cold. Since both contain vitamin C, they probably were quite effective.

Goose grease mixed with turpentine was rubbed on the chest to relieve colds.

A more ambitious cold cure was a medicated

ointment made by heating half a pound of white vaseline with one large cake of camphor, half a dram of menthol crystals and one dram of eucalyptus oil. This was applied liberally to chest and back.

A mustard plaster was an accepted remedy for chest colds. It was created by mixing three tablespoons of Keen's mustard with nine tablespoons of flour and enough warm water or milk to make a thick paste.

This was spread between two squares of cloth and applied to the chest area.

In severe cases of pneumonia the plaster was applied both on the chest and on the back. Sometimes this cure was at least as bad as the disease, as, if the plaster was left on too long, a badly blistered hide was the result.

When diphtheria epidemics occurred, some families burned sulphur on coals several times a day to protect their families.

Sulphur and molasses provided a good spring tonic.

Red hot coals in a bucket to which a handful

of corn meal was added was recommended as a remedy for chilblains. The sufferer was advised to hold the feet in the dense smoke, renewing the coals and corn meal until relief was experienced.

Sliced onions heated in goose oil and then placed in a cloth bag and applied to throat and chest areas was recommended for croup, and a dirty sock wrapped around the neck was a sure cure for a sore throat.

Skunk oil warmed and dropped into the ear cured earache, but if that failed a small bag of hot salt held against the ear was recommended. Skunk oil was also applied warm and rubbed in well to relieve the pain of rheumatism.

For a nosebleed the patient was advised to inhale cigar smoke and for a toothache brown paper soaked in vinegar, then sprinkled with black pepper and held against the face, was advised.

If the brown paper trick failed, then the sufferer could pick around the offending cuspid with a sliver from a tree struck by lightning. This was guaranteed to be 100 per cent effective.

## Letters

# School board introduces country kids to country

I notice from a newspaper report of its last July meeting that the automatic spending machine, familiarly known as the York County Board of Education, is in a fine fettle, whizzing

### Student Manpower records successful summer

This has been the most successful year to date for the Richmond Hill Canada Manpower Centre for Students.

More employers have hired a student, and more students have found a job through this office, than ever before.

We are grateful to The Liberal for your help in promoting the "Student Summer Employment and Activities Program".

A sincere thank you is extended on behalf of the students of our community, to all local employers who used our services, and hired a student this summer. Employers wishing to hire a student for part time work during the school year, may call the North York office at 221-9343, after the Richmond Hill office closes on August 26.

KATHY FRISE  
MAUREN MAGEE  
Student Placement Officers,  
Richmond Hill.

something like a windmill in a whirlwind.

This latest frantic flurry was to do with the expansion of outdoor education.

The big idea now is to make our country boys and girls more acquainted with — what? Why, the country!

To give them more outdoor experience. We send them abroad. We send them insane. Now we're going to have them slogging around in conservation areas, staring the facts of Nature in the eye.

(I've got a hunch they've already done that, if you follow me.)

Markham Trustee Stephen Taylor, who seems to be related to the

## Here's easy way to fill cheque for Manse Fund

We wish to thank you for your excellent front page article on moving the old Presbyterian Manse to Pioneer Village. (Liberal, Aug. 17).

Our committee appreciates your help in acting as a drop-off point for donations and for recording the weekly Journey of the Manse.

To simplify making out cheques for donations, they need only be marked MTRCF (Manse Fund)

Rothchilds, or the Rockefeller (by the way he talks), plumped for the Board developing its own assembly caper, land being on the present bargain list.

There's a man who'll go far. Let's hope it's a helluva long way from where he can dip into our pockets.

Although the Board is without a policy of commitment to this program, and is generally vague about it, there was realization of the prime, the vital need, to budget regardless.

To get its hands on the money.

So they did, voting to spend about \$33,000 on introducing the children, the country children, to

rather than spelling out the full name: Metropolitan Toronto and Region Conservation Foundation. As a result, more space will be left on cheques to fill in the amount!

Let's hope the Manse (fund) doesn't get stuck somewhere along the road to Pioneer Village. Even a penny will keep it rolling.

DAVID C. F. FAYLE,  
Chairman, LACAC,  
Richmond Hill

the birds and the bees, why is the grass green, and the sky blue.

(It was considered prudent to avoid study of why taxpayers' faces vary from fiery red to ashen grey.)

Their haste to budget was motivated by fear. Trustees Quirk and Zajac advocated rushing in and on, pointing out that unless the Board picked up its option at

Scanlon Conservation it would lose it, thereby facing the disgrace of involuntarily reducing its

spending.

Apparently the school board of Metro Toronto is just lying in wait, ready to rush in and pick up any unused days for its own wee bairns.

It's all part of a sort of spending contest between rival school boards.

So, like ladies at a knickers sale, Trustees Quirk and Zajac, horrified by thoughts they might be left without any, spread terror thro' the trustees, heading the rush to put clamps on the funds for optioning 100 days,

Dancing and singing groups, musicians, puppet shows, games, bands and a raffle are being organized for the entertainment of members young and old as well as their friends and neighbours.

A special etched plate (about 3 x 4 inches) is also being prepared to commemorate the occasion. Activities and displays will take place in both the Christ Church Parish Hall and the old mill-pond site.

Signs will also be made to identify the older buildings in Kettleby.

whether they're needed or not.

Who can plumb the depths of education in Ontario?

Let us be thankful for this further example of the dedication of school trustees to the principles of culture — and economy.

Let us ourselves visit some quiet conservation area.

To be violently sick.

SID. H. BRITTON  
84 Hillview Road  
Aurora

## Silver Jubilee festival is planned for Kettleby

The Kettleby Silver Jubilee Festival Committee, under the chairmanship of Mr. Frank Beatty, is well along with their preparations for this year's Festival to be held September 24 in Kettleby Village.

Dancing and singing groups, musicians, puppet shows, games, bands and a raffle are being organized for the entertainment of members young and old as well as their friends and neighbours.

A special etched plate (about 3 x 4 inches) is also being prepared to commemorate the occasion. Activities and displays will take place in both the Christ Church Parish Hall and the old mill-pond site.

Signs will also be made to identify the older buildings in Kettleby.

Once again, we are asking our members for donations for various booths.

We shall require books of all kinds for the second-hand book sale, articles of any kind suitable for both the flea market and the auction, fruit and vegetables from the orchard or garden for the farmers market, preserves and baking of all kinds for our preserves and back tables.

For further information re items required or the collection of items please contact: Frank Beatty (farmers market) 727-5343; Fred Coburn (flea market and auction) 939-7005; Margaret Coburn (bake table) 939-7005; Eleanor Gallagher (preserves) 939-2072; or Maida George (book sale) 727-4414.

FRED COBURN,  
President,  
King Township,  
Historical Society.

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# Former Richmond Hill man recalls Elvis frenzy

ED. NOTE: Bob Rice, a native of Richmond Hill and presently residing in Newmarket, was just at that age when Elvis Presley broke into stardom. Rice, who does traffic reports for Toronto Radio Station CKEY, recalls what it was like in Richmond Hill.

By BOB RICE

Our den wasn't too big and when my father moved the TV set in there in early 1956, it didn't make much sense to me.

Maybe he felt that the one-eyed monster had worn out its welcome in the living room where it had

lived since joining our family on Grey Cup Day in 1951.

Or perhaps it was the demise of the old radio shows that left an empty space in the den when the upright Spartan console was relegated to a dark corner of the basement never to be heard from again.

For whatever reason, here it stood that Saturday evening completely unaware that in a few moments it, and tens of thousands like it, was about to present a new face to those who chose to tune in a particular show that otherwise normal evening.

The Dorsey Brothers, a name that brought back memories to our parents, the last holdouts of the Big Band Era, had been afforded national exposure once again through the advent of a summer fill-in series.

Never ones to dwell completely on past victories, they took a chance on a young singer from Mississippi and gingerly presented him to us.

### NERVOUS

He was nervous that first time out on the big tube, but by the time he finished his first song, he had made his mark.

Elvis Presley had arrived.

Enough has been written and said this past week about Elvis himself. Some of it is familiar and some of it I would prefer not to hear.

What about us, though? What happened to us during the changeover from Hot Diggity to Hound Dog? And what was it like to be here, in Richmond Hill, during the explosion? In the late Fifties, the town was going through a massive change.

New subdivisions on the east side had caused a swell in the population figures but, to most minds, Richmond Hill was still Yonge Street.

Bill Waters operated the Dairy Bar and this was our "Arnold's". If Bill suffered from our after-school attendance he certainly never showed it, and from 3.30 each afternoon, the regulars took over.

If memory serves me correctly, a single selection on the Seeburg set me back a nickel and six tunes could be played for two-bits.

The guys pushed buttons in favour of Gene Vincent and the Bluecaps, Buddy Holly and Bill Doggett (remember Honky Tonk Part'?) while, for the girls, it was usually Elvis.

### "THE INN"

Our host always kept a Patti Page or Frankie Laine on hand but I think they were for his own listening pleasure when things were quiet.

If you felt like a change of scenery (or a bigger meal other than a cherry Coke and french fries) you could always swing down Yonge to the Town Inn mid-way between Centre and Arnold Streets.

"The Inn", as we called it, was run by one of the nicest men that this town was fortunate enough to know.

Bing Lew got along with almost everyone.

Although strict at times when the crowd got a bit noisy, he was respected, not only for his well run business, but also his warm generosity.

Not only did The Inn serve good Chinese food, but also an excellent hot hamburger sandwich. Within a few months of Elvis' arrival you could already see the changes taking place.

Ducktails and sideburns started appearing in the corridors of good ol' Richmond Hill High (Green and White... that's all right) and the girls sported binders with Elvis written on the covers with lipstick.

A new Presley record was as important to us as was the annual announcement of the new car models to our parents.

His detractors were many. He was called a freak, a bad influence on our morals (Hey, dad, what's petting?) and a danger to society.

### MOVIES

The PA system crackled with the warning that "no sideburns or ducktails will be tolerated at school and those wearing them will be expelled."

The edict was rescinded shortly thereafter following numerous complaints from not only the kids but also their parents.

During this time the movies came out. "Loving You", "Jailhouse Rock", "Love Me Tender" . . . none of them great, but all immortal.

Then, in April of 1957, Elvis came to Toronto.

It was a flotilla . . . storm the beaches at whatever cost . . . Maple Leaf Gardens or bust.

I don't really know how many cars made the trek from The Hill to the Big City. I couldn't count how many busloads were full on the TTC run to the south. But there were sure a heck-of-a-lot of us.

The screaming, the fainting, the crying, the small figure of gold and silver shaking to the twangy guitars and pounding drums and then . . . the lights came on and it was all over.

He was gone. Every town had its own Elvis, of course.

At RHHS, it was a likeable guy named Laurence Sturdy. He could do an Elvis imitation that would knock you off your feet.

Maybe Larry would prefer that this remain a part of his past, and not be brought up again, but, on the other hand, I think that during this past week, a lot of us have been remembering things we thought were completely forgotten.

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