

Two area events deserve support

Two events in the immediate Liberal coverage area are in the offing this week, and both are worthy of public support.

This Saturday marks the first day of a week-long series of events signifying "Discovery Days" in Richmond Hill. The climax of that will be next weekend, September 23 and 24.

In Thornhill, for a few hours this Saturday afternoon, the Thornhill Jubilee will be held.

We would like to draw your attention to an eight-page tabloid supplement which you'll find included with your Liberal today, which outlines the events of Thornhill's festivities, plus some well researched articles on the history of that community, some of its trials and tribulations, its successes and failures, its people, its life.

And that's what will be on display in Thornhill this Saturday. A walk into the history of Thornhill.

Next week, The Liberal will present another supplement for Richmond Hill's "Discovery Days", and throughout the week, people will be able to visit several locations in town to find out what this town is all about.

In both the Richmond Hill and Thornhill events, The Liberal has provided assistance where it could, but the hours of planning by residents in those communities cannot be overlooked.

Committees in both areas have worked for months on the organizations of these events, given up pleasant summer evenings to attend meetings, given their own free time to make sure everything was ready and the program was complete.

These people ask nothing in return, except your participation at the two events.

And judging by the work that has gone into them so far, both celebrations should be something to see.



sharon's sunshine

Jogging isn't that healthy

By SHARON BRAIN

Every night I look out of my kitchen window and see a healthy looking couple striding down John Street, smiling and talking to each other as they walk off their evening meal.

It all seems very civilized and pleasant. That's an exercise program I could take to.

But everyone seems convinced I should take up jogging instead.

Someone even went so far as to buy me a natty green stretch suit with white lines down the side of the arms and legs.

In it, I look just like a Volkswagen with racing stripes.

The pants are like the stretch ski-pants we used to wear long ago. They have the same foot-loops too, which means that if the elastic in the waist gets weak, you had better run with both hands in your pockets.

Or trust suspenders. When I wore ski pants, I had a ski pants figure.

If I didn't had that figure, people wouldn't buy me jogging suits.

Conversely, only people who don't need to jog should be allowed out in public in jogging suits.

But I don't care. I'm not going to be forced into jogging. For one thing, all the joggers I know are a little odd.

I know one who gets in the car, drives two blocks to the high school, parks the car, gets out, and runs around the track six times.

Then he may be sick.

Then he gets back in the car and drives home.

Another friend goes out running at six o'clock in the morning. That's odd enough.

But then he complains he has to fend off hordes of vicious dogs each day.

I don't blame the dogs. How would you like to be awakened at that time by the sound of panting and pounding feet? It would irritate me too.

Even the government is a bit confused when they talk about

jogging. What about those ads that you see at night when you are sitting down watching TV that say you shouldn't be sitting down watching TV?

A strange way to learn that you shouldn't be sitting down watching TV.

I do give in and go jogging occasionally. But I don't seem to have the right set of mind for it.

I suspect that what keeps the serious people going is the thought that every day, with every step, they are getting healthier and healthier.

Whereas I know that with every step, I am going to be stiffer and sorer and meaner next day.

And did you know that once you do get in shape, you must jog at least four times a week just to stay that way?

Four times a week? I don't have that kind of commitment to anything, not even making the bed.

Last week I dragged myself out of the house in my silly green suit and bounced off down the road. I headed for the valley where I could puff and pant in privacy.

There's a path there that winds along side the creek.

I followed it carefully and slowly. The idea, I said, is not to kill myself. The idea is to exercise my heart.

For thirty seconds, it felt good. For a minute, it felt healthy.

For two minutes, it was torture.

And then I noticed that the Touch Me Nots were just at the crucial stage for popping. So I sat down and popped a couple of hundred.

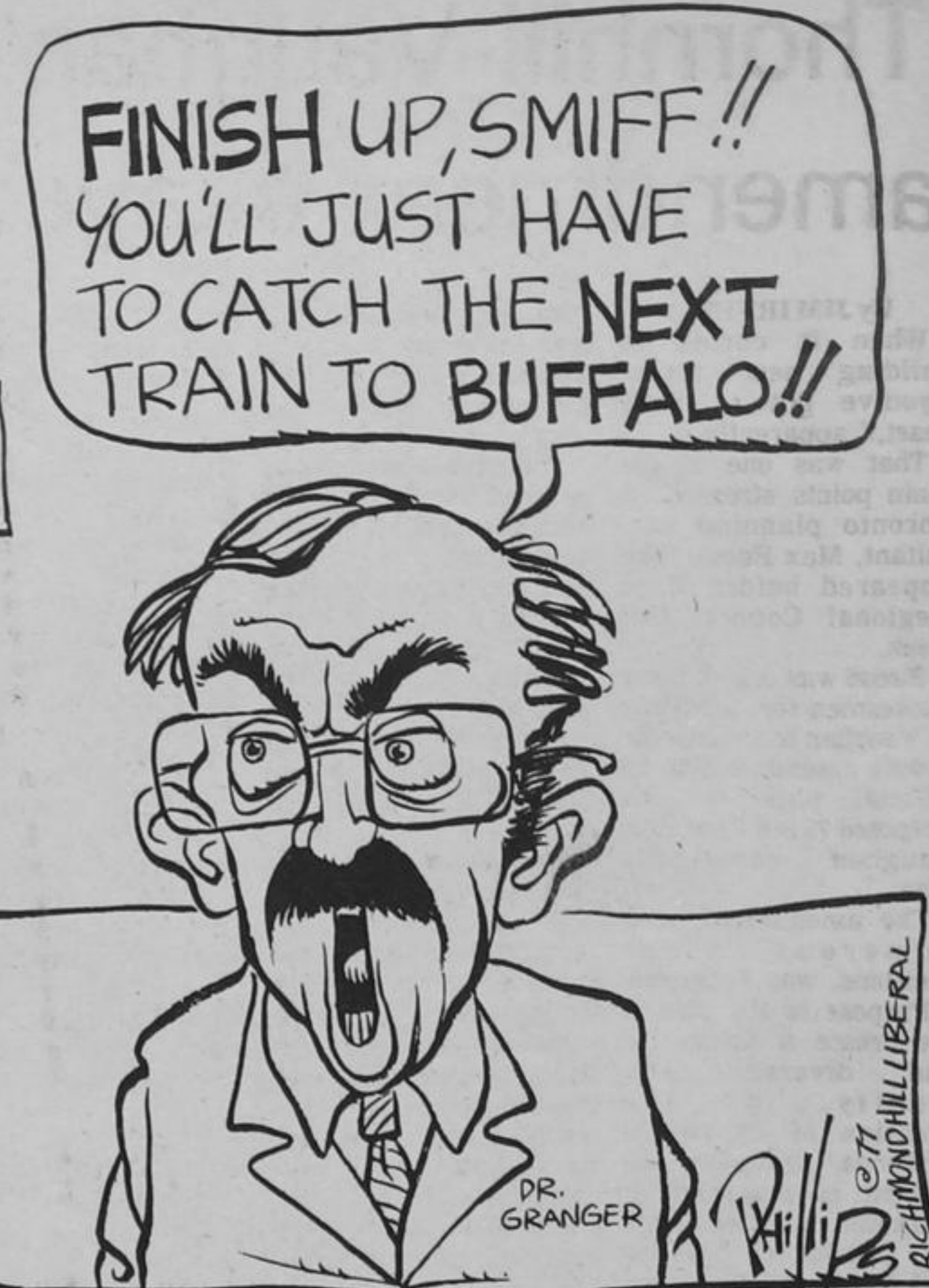
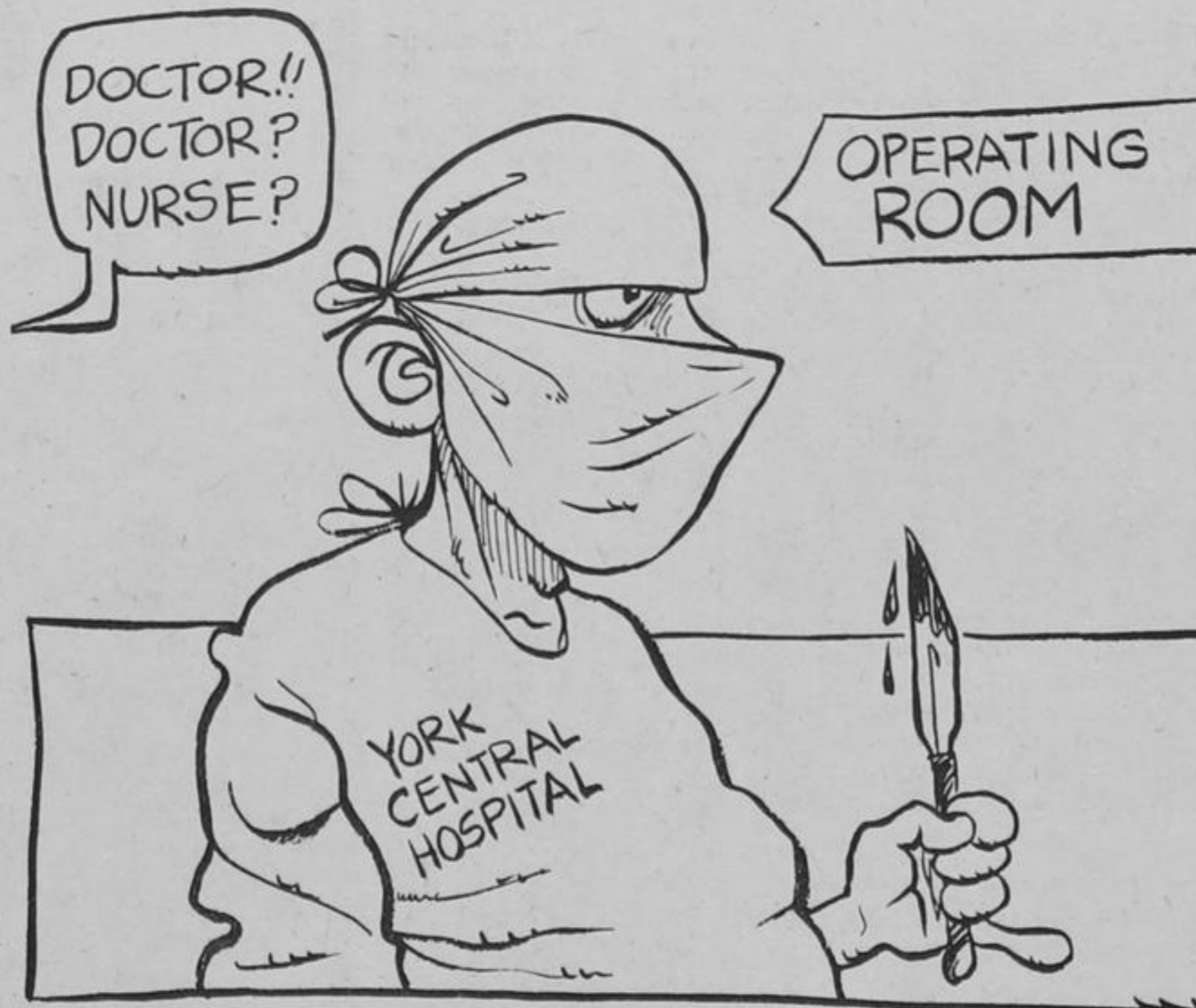
I was just getting up when I saw a pair of ducks sitting on the water. I waited till they drifted out of sight.

Then I noticed there were birds flying overhead. And that if I lay back and looked up, the clouds were quite delightful.

And if I closed my eyes, the sun was warm and soothing.

Half an hour later, I woke up and went home.

At a slow walk.



By Bob Rice

Fact: Richmond Hill has two community swimming pools.

Fact: A whole bunch of people have their own swimming pools.

Fact: Those who don't have their own pools go to their neighbours who have one.

Comment: Big Deal.

Now don't get me wrong, I'm not against swimming pools, as a matter of fact I have one also. But... whatever happened to the good 'ol swimmin' hole?

In 1978 there will probably be an increase in swimming lessons at the Town pools and this is no doubt justified by the increasing cost of maintenance and all that other stuff the Recreation Department has to pay for.

But I can't for the life of me ever remember having to pay to go swimming at Rumble's Pond.

Situated at the corner of Bathurst and Mill Streets, the pond was only one of three choices that we had back in the early fifties if we felt like cooling down a little.

There was also the Millpond and a small body of water on the south side of the Vaughan Sideroad near York Central Hospital.

But there was a special challenge at Rumble's Pond.

Mr. Rumble!

In later years I realized Mr. Rumble didn't want us in the pond for reasons of our own

safety. He didn't mind us being on his property but I guess he feared something would happen to us in the water.

The pond itself was fairly deep in the middle and had a muddy bottom. You know the type... nice yucky mud that you could get all over yourself and spend hours washing off.

The trick was to get in, have a good swim, clean up and get dressed before Mr. Rumble could catch up to you on his Ford tractor.

You could always hear the darn machine, working away in the field and over a period of time you could judge just how close the infernal thing would be, from the drone of the engine.

Every now and then, though, you would go up and Mr. Rumble would look down on you from atop the rig and suggest that you go elsewhere to swim.

The Millpond (you notice that I don't separate the two words... that's how we said it... that's how I spell it) was a good alternate to Rumble's.

The bullrushes at the north end hid our rafts from view and also our makeshift fort. If you thought that Rumble's Pond had a mucky bottom, then you should have seen the Millpond!

I mean this was a real slurper. Wading in from the shore it was only a matter of a few feet before you became stuck.

You didn't actually swim in the Millpond

... you just sort of stood there... sinking.

In the second summer of the fort we were raided! The scoundrels not only tore down the building but also sunk our rafts.

I was nearly in tears as I stood on the shoreline gazing at my trusty craft sitting in four feet of water with its broken mast recklessly swaying in the light breeze.

As a final indignity, the finks had posted a crudely lettered sign at the fort entrance pronouncing the defeat of the Richmond Street Navy.

I only swam twice at the third location. There was no problem with the owners here, nor was the bottom of the pond undesirable.

However, on my second visit I witnessed a young groundhog fall into the jaws of the BIGGEST Snapping Turtle I have ever seen! Scratch one swimming hole.

Tonight I'll dump another five ounces of stabilized chlorine into my pool. If the wind has been strong I'll have to vacuum it for a while and by Saturday I'll have to give the grass another mowing.

It just isn't the same... is it?

Until we get together again next week... ponder the words of the old Millpond Philosopher... "It is better to have loved and lost... than to have owned a camel!"

regional viewpoint



In case you weren't home last week and so missed the fact that the kids had gone back to school and the house was yours again, or if you've been trying to preserve summer via the calendar and still haven't ripped July off, let me tell you, it is now September.

And while that should mean the start of the football season, instead of practically the end of it, like everything else nowadays, the fall has been rushed.

But then, don't we all rush toward a fall?

I digress.

What I'm leading up to, I think, is that nothing is sacred anymore in our mad dash to the edge of the cliff. Even the months, it seems, while still given 28 to 31 days to live each time around, don't really stand for particular seasons now.

Instead, football, hockey, baseball, soccer, tennis, golf, swimming, rape and murder all open their gates to the preying public, summer, spring, winter

and fall. Perhaps in that order.

So you can watch the Argos and the Leafs compound their felonies the same day and then go home and catch a round-up of the other major disasters that evening on TV.

And so, while the bible may chant that, to everything there is a season, I'm not so sure. And, above reminders aside, I was thoroughly hit with that fact the other night when I came home and found an envelope full of Christmas address labels for me from the War Amps.

Even with my aging reflexes, plus the fact that there was only a slight bit of snow on my car windshield, I knew it wasn't winter, or anywhere near it.

Yet, here were the labels with their little bells and ribbons in the corner, which I knew either were symbols of the Yuletide season, or else notices from Bell Telephone announcing the installation of fancy, red cables in the area, and an ac-

companying rate increase.

However, along with a fat Santa on another card, there was this notice: "A cause de la possibilite d'une interruption du service des postes, nous vous envoie des bonnes heures."

Luckily, it was also in that second language on the other side, so I was able to discover that: "Due to the possibility of an interruption in postal services, we are mailing your Christmas stickers early."

Stable times, ness paw? Isn't it great to know that you can count on such services as the post office, just so long as you get your order in three months ahead of time?

What next to further increase our over-all feeling of security?

Well, why not start right at the beginning? Why not make sure everyone gets off on the right foot, even if they're only crawling at the time?

So that's why I wasn't too

surprised to see this notice from a nurses' organization floating around the other day, although I can't vouch for anyone else having seen it.

In fact, I even lost my own copy, but as I recall, it went something like this:

"Due to the possibility of negotiations for our wage contract for 1978-79, ending in a stalemate after the 10-month deadline, thus leaving us no alternative but to strike, any prospective mothers, who have been deliberating as to when to have that baby-or babies-would be well advised to embark on that little undertaking immediately, if they want to make sure of professional help later on.

"So act now. Next month could be too late."

Merry Christmas, everybody.

And by the way, if you're in the neighborhood Christmas Eve, drop by, I'm planning an Easter egg hunt.

R.B. LUXTON
Oak Ridges

Letters

Reader says Liberal is 'middle of road'

My fears were confirmed on viewing your editorial cartoon August 31, 1977.

Obviously a desperate request for stimulating opinion, preferably from your readership.

Having subscribed to your inert publication for just over a year, you have convinced me, at last, that editorially, The Liberal offers no opinion at all.

Your approach follows that old fashioned formula; if you print enough photographs, devote unnecessary large amounts of space to local sports activities and publish enough columns

on "gossip", your subscription list will, at the very worst, remain constant and thereby warrant local advertisers to maintain your necessary operating income.

Albeit, a newspaper should report the news. But to remain passive, and therefore be out of harm's way is neglectful and irresponsible.

Your competitor, the Northstar, is much hungrier. Although their editorial content could be characterized as somewhat subjective, they, nevertheless, offer a stimulating alternative to yourselves.

Your publication's business aim is obviously to show a profit, preferably by making sure no one's feathers are ruffled.

Play the safe "middle

of the road" policy, comforted in the knowledge the safe advertisers will pay the dividends at the end of the year.

It is a sorry comment in

your endeavors if original opinion must be initiated via "letters to the editor", even though, as you suggest, they be signed anonymously.

Perhaps the powers to

be at The Liberal should end their anonymity and begin to fulfill their accountability as the free press.

R.B. LUXTON
Oak Ridges

An invitation to flower show

The theme of our annual flower show is "Our Mythological Garden of Eden".

The directors and I cordially invite you to view our show.

We are pleased to have the co-operation of the Kiwanis Club of Thornhill this year.

Our shows are held at the Heintzman House, Royal Orchard and Baythorn Avenue in you.

Come, bring a friend; a warm welcome awaits you.

EVELYN CALLA-DINE
Thornhill
Horticultural Society

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