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### Parkway belt

# Hooray, Darcy

Darcy McKeough is one cabinet minister who bureaucrats like working for and the public distrusts.

But he made a decision for the people of Langstaff last week, overruling a couple of bureaucratic machines that had stumbled over them.

The provincial treasurer may still have a cash register for a heart. If Ontario Hydro had had its way in Langstaff, the treasury would have had to put out millions for property acquisition not to mention compensation for more than 100 small businesses.

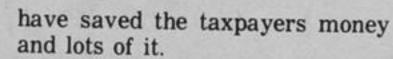
Expropriation hearings would have dragged on for years.

It would have been a colossal blunder, but it might well have happened if it were not for the spirited defence of their community by the property owners of Langstaff.

This is one case where citizen input into a planning decision may

sharon's

sunshine



Some of that money can go to acquire open space in the parkway belt.

McKeough wants more open space than the hearing officers recommended.

If their recommendations had been adopted, "parkway" would have been nothing more than a flack's invention.

One Thornhill golf course is being turned over for development this year and another will also be swallowed by the Thornhill-Vaughan plan.

If it had been left to Markham and Vaughan politicians, there would not have been a significant piece of open space left for future generations between Don Mills and Dufferin.

McKeough wants to keep the provincial control on Uplands, the Thornhill Country Club and the German Mills Creek valley, and we think he is right.



## By Bob Rice

## Our debut was frozen solid

It's still a small town

I've just been reminded that furiously self-contained. Thornhill is still a small town.

It's kind of reassuring, especially after a day like the Village Festival, when we wandered about all afternoon, and saw only four people we knew.

And that was out of a possible fifty thousand, give or take a few. But sometimes living in a small town is a problem.

This week I was involved in a surreptitious mission that demanded utter secrecy, great tact, and a private hour or two in an apartment building in Thornhill.

I was outside the apartment looking for a place to park. I had cruised around the building and found no spots.

I headed back to the street, but

I never made it.

Bang! I collided with a car emerging from the underground parking.

I looked at the man behind the wheel. His distinguished features were somewhat marred by the look of fury on his face. Words were emerging from his mouth. I was gratful both our windows were closed.

I stared back at him with the righteous look of an innocent bystander witnessing an act of amazing incompetence.

Meanwhile, I cast about wildly trying to figure out where he had come from and how I had run into

### WON'T APOLOGIZE

As I got out of the car, I decided to be firm and not admit my guilt. I decided not apologize no matter how hard he yelled. And I decided not to try.

"Oh boy," he said, shaking his head. "What a mess."

He moved his car, I thought about writing down his licence number just in case he decided to "Leave the Scene."

## CONVERSATION STRAINED

We looked at each other's car and at each other. Our conversation was strained, since we were trying to avoid any reference to the quality of my driving or the quality of his. We were both

I gave him my insurance card. He gave me his.

My hand was shaking so hard I couldn't read it. He pointed out his

name. I looked at him again. Distinguished, yes, and in spite of his rage, he looked exactly like his son had years ago when he sat in the back of my math class.

I used to watch his son a lot and wonder why he never watched me

Then my mind traced our connections a little further.

When his wife met my motherin-law at their church group, of course, she would mention the accident.

And when he dropped over to their house, wouldn't he recognize

the car? I was caught mid-secret

mission. "Hey," I said, "I know you.

You're . . ." He admitted it.

Things got a little friendler then, but no easier. Now we were both apologizing for the accident. We did agree that insurance

agents weren't the best people to call in a case like this. And we agreed that it was nice to run into each other after all

these years. He said he hoped he wouldn't

find himself in The Liberal. I said I was glad we hadn't

started shouting at each other. DISTINGUISHED He said he was relieved I didn't

hear what he said when we first collided. I said nothing. I guess he

doesn't know that all teachers take courses in lip-reading at the College of Education.

But I'll forgive him, as long as he forgives this article. After all, I did say he was

distinguished looking.

Next morning, my mother-inlaw asked casually what I was doing at that apartment building.

She'd heard about the accident. She hadn't heard about it from me.

Small town, Thornhill.

It was certainly a good idea at the time.

Here we were, the Richmond Hill District High School Band, all spiffed-up and ready for our first marching appearance. Hup-two-three-

Too bad it didn't come-off the way it had been planned.

I don't really know when the first band was formed at R.H.H.S. and I doubt that it really matters. But the band of 1958 . . . now THAT WAS A BAND!

Our leader was Warren Atkinson . . . one heck of a good music teacher and not too bad at math either.

I'll never know the politics involved but, somehow, in that second year of my high school life it was made known to all and sundry that "this year the concert band will have real uniforms and will even be taught how to march."

Why, it was enough to make you want to polish your spit valve.

One dull October morning the band room was transformed into Tip Top Tailors. A couple of folk measured us and displayed a few pictures of what the outfits would look like.

A TIE EVEN

The green jacket was worn over a white shirt (with a tie even) and the trousers were also green, as was the peaked cap. All that was missing was some gold braid and a few stars and we could have fielded any army instead of an orchestra.

Don't get me wrong though . . . we were darned proud of the uniform. Then came the drills. Hup-two-three and all that. Left foot first then pivot on the right . . . short steps on the inside turns . . . long on the outside . . . swing your partner and dosee-doe.

Gosh . . . did we march. Finally, after two struments. weeks of constant drilling, we repeated the

same thing all over again . . . but this time with the instruments.

Listen ol' buddy . . . it's one thing to trudge up and down the football field trying to keep in step with the rest of the crowd . . . but try the same thing with a trumpet at your lips and you are asking for trouble.

It was at this point in my musical career that I switched to drums.

While my brushed lips healed, I practised my paradiddles. In retrospect . . . we weren't too bad. To be

sure there were some rough edges to our performance but, on the whole, we were confident that we were going to 'knock em dead'. RIM SHOTS Al Broderick, now a Captain with CP Air,

was our lead drummer. This guy could hit consecutive rim-shots like nobody's business. I wonder if he still takes out his frustrations

on the old skins? Bob Lovell and I shared duties on the other

snares and I'll be darned if I can remember me. who toted the bass on that infamous day. John Hayman was responsible for blowing tuba while the rest of the group was comprised

of numerous clarinets, trumpets, baritone heck horns and other toys. Yes women libbers . . . we had quite a representation from the distaff side too. Linda,

Phyllis, Barb and many others were also present on that fateful sojourn. Bayview Plaza . . . 9:30 a.m. . . . I don't think we will every forget it. The sun made its tap.

appearance whilst I was downing my bowl of Crunchy Munchies. My uniform lay spread out heard. on the bed awaiting its official debut. Dad drove Keith and me to the rendezvous tap

point at precisely 9:15 where we joined our comrades awaiting the arrival of the in-

The girls shivered behind the corner of a he wears elevator shoes."

building while the hardy males braved the breeze that had started to make its presence

#### **GUESS WHAT**

The instruments arrived and shaking hands started to assemble them with downbeat time rapidly approaching.

I think it was Dave who noticed it first. He had just completed putting together the various tubes that make up a trombone, slid the mouthpiece into its receptacle and placed the bare metal to his lips.

"PPHHHFFFFT"

I beg your pardon! "PPHHHFFFFTTT"

Whassamatter, Dave?

"PPHHFFFFTT" Good Grief . . . it's frozen.

"BBRRACKKKK"

What the heck was that?

"BBBRACKKKK" That sure doesn't sound like a trumpet to

"PPHHHHFFFT". "BBRAACKKK" "SQURICKLLE". "THWOOOP".

And that was that. Our big debut all shot to

Oh we marched to be sure . . . three miles

. down Bayview . . . across Markham and then up Yonge.

NARY A NOTE

Tap . . . tap. Tap...tap...tap...tap...

Three miles . . . with nary a note to be Tap . . . tap . . . tap . . . tap . . .

While you ponder our plight, I am reminded

of the words of the ol' Millpond Philosopher . . "Taller is the man who can say nay . . . than if

## Letters

# Cartoon disappoints Chamber's president

disappointment in the 'businessman' average homeowner.

Firstly, the fact that who happens to have his living or raise his Our organization only of "our" community, there was no editorial material to accompany nor explain its meaning and secondly, the picture it portrayed of the "businessman".

There is not one member of the Chamber of Commerce nor any businessman for that matter who wishes Richmond Hill to look like the that you painted.

characteristics that make bylaws. it a unique community.

To have a community that will provide jobs and housing for its residents. along with a balanced level of services.

This can only be done by broadening the labour force and improving our financial position by way this reader of increased assessment by providing suitable ED. NOTE: The following frustration. locations and ample land letter is unsigned for I contacted "Parent for industrial and com- obvious reasons, and was Concern' and met a mercial uses.

Developing standards and criteria for this Your article on the I now have peace of one-day effort. development along with "Parent Concern" group mind and loving feelings in Richmond Hill with my daughter. relocating of existing (Liberal, October 5) was To others who might be

industrial committee great difficulty raising a LONGER". actively involved in the child. in conjunction with the total despair and

I am writing to express municipality.

"editorial cartoon" in you portray is merely your October 12 paper. another resident in Town He doesn't wish to earn

more at stake than the family in a polluted Rich- hopes to encourage a Richmond Hill

vou do.

mond Hill any more than municipal level of

government capable of dealing with the problems

David C. Barrow, President. Richmond Hill Chamber of Commerce

# Committee approved 14-inch rear yard, reader complains

mond Hill socially and because they were in breaches of the law. economically with substantial disagreement

Recent weeks have It is most alarming that borhoods. picture of smoke belching seen at least three in- a major municipal infactories and cess pools stances where decisions stitution whose prime made in full view of the zoning bylaw requires 25 by the Richmond Hill function is to ensure that Our aim is to promote Committee of Adjustment laws are followed, should committee whose work is inches when the bylaw the development of Rich- had to be appealed be caught committing apparent only to a few says five feet, is unac-

Zoning bylaws and the citizens. recognition of the with existing zoning Official Plan are there for the protection of neigh-

'Parent Concern' group assisted

Livingston.

reminder for myself.

Liberal beautiful person who, to Correspondent Doreen this day, I have a great

industrial uses is all a a very meaningful afraid to make this big step, I say: "DO NOT We have a civic- I have in the past had HESITATE A DAY

> You will never regret it. Sincerely

public, but not by way of a feet, and a side yard of 14 specially interested Naturally, there is the

possibility of an appeal procedure, but the ensuing legal costs and efforts are considerable. Appeals to protect the public interest should not

be necessary if the Committee is functioning well:

McHappy Day nets \$1310

McHappy Day, October 12, was a grand success. The sum of \$1,310 was raised locally during this

The Richmond Hill Lions Club would like to thank all those who came out and ate "Big Macs" and also all those who

helped dispense them. Ted Mansbridge Chairman, Lions Crippled Children Committee

To permit a rear yard ceptable whatever the Any changes must be of 14 inches when the circumstances.

G. Springer 52 Roosevelt Drive Thornhill

## Thanks from auxiliary

The York Central vertising our campaign. Hospital Auxiliary On behalf of the comrecently held a "Family mittee I would like to Hair Cut-A-Thon' which thank The Liberal for was well received by the their participation.

the response by the

One of the reasons was preciated. newspapers in ad-

It was very much ap-

Mrs. H. Mueller Project Publicity

More letters Page A-5

