## The Liberal

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# Board of Education closing doors again

The Board of Education has come a long way from the days of the small area boards of people who used to sit around tables, munching cookies and sipping tea.

usually did their jobs admirably. tables with the board members, respecting privacy requested, and sometimes participating in the discussions.

Strangely enough, the schools, prior to 1969, functioned reasonably well. The high school boards and the elementary school boards attracted good people from the community, and they did the job well.

Then came the formation of boards of education throughout the province.

York County Board of Education was one of dozens formed, and in its inaugural meeting, it, too, impressed.

These meetings, the board said, would be open to one and all, far and wide. There would be no secrets from anyone, with a minor exception.

hour in camera (closed) meeting before the regular meeting to "personnel" and discuss "property".

Seemed fair. If the board wanted to slap a teacher's fingers it should have the privilege of doing it privately like any other corporation.

Or, if the board wanted to discuss a few acres of land, best to keep it quiet or the price would go up. Reasonable.

Letters

884-1961 if they wish to October 31 deadline.

Christmas decorations up those organizations that

for the November 20 have pledged money to

parade and we ask that our cause to mail in their

This is causing a lot of use of this box every year.

The town is co- tered to date.

operating by having its

box in the post office.

into our mail box.

mistake.

letters to go astray

because my husband only

throws them in the waste

paper basket in your local

post office and our real mail gets thrown out by

Many times we have

not received some of our

utility bills which went by

the wayside because

everything is crammed

into a little box.

third class mail that is put it up?

The more the merrier school floats and one again.

we need clowns.

Parade arrangements

coming along nicely

Anyone with a costume. We also would like to We wish to thank

of some kind is welcome remind groups wishing to everyone for their co-

to contact the committee put floats in the parade to operation to date and are

through Dave Barrow at contact us before the pleased to see the true

participate in the parade. We have only two high munity spirit surfacing

We also wish to remind

to be thrown out - reader

regard to all the junk and mail they are free to pick its proper place.

I am writing with if people want to read this that box number filed in

We have to pay for the

in the Christmas spirit. your donations.

Is there no way to set up So we would like mail

a table or counter so that addressed only to us at

Meanwhile, Regional and local councils were still full of closed committee meetings. The "backroom" meetings where all the decisions were made before being In a casual way, those people simply rubber-stamped in public.

And, in the early 70s, public Reporters would sit around the opinion rose to the point of demanding access to these meetings.

Gradually, one by one, the meetings opened up. Regional and municipal committee meetings, for the most part, are open to the public.

Richmond Hill has had a couple of gatherings in the mayor's office, but by and large, all meetings are open.

So intent on all this information streaming out, the public stopped watching what was happening at the once "open" York County Board of Education.

Then on Monday night, what really was happening became evident.

The meeting, scheduled to begin at 8 p.m., started shortly before 9 p.m., (following a closed session) then ended at 10:30 p.m. They wanted to hold a half- (to allow trustees to go back into closed session).

So little was accomplished in the public's 90 minutes, a second public meeting had to be scheduled for tonight.

It is expected to begin at 9 p.m., but will it? And, it's hoped, the board will clear up what's on the agenda. But, will it?

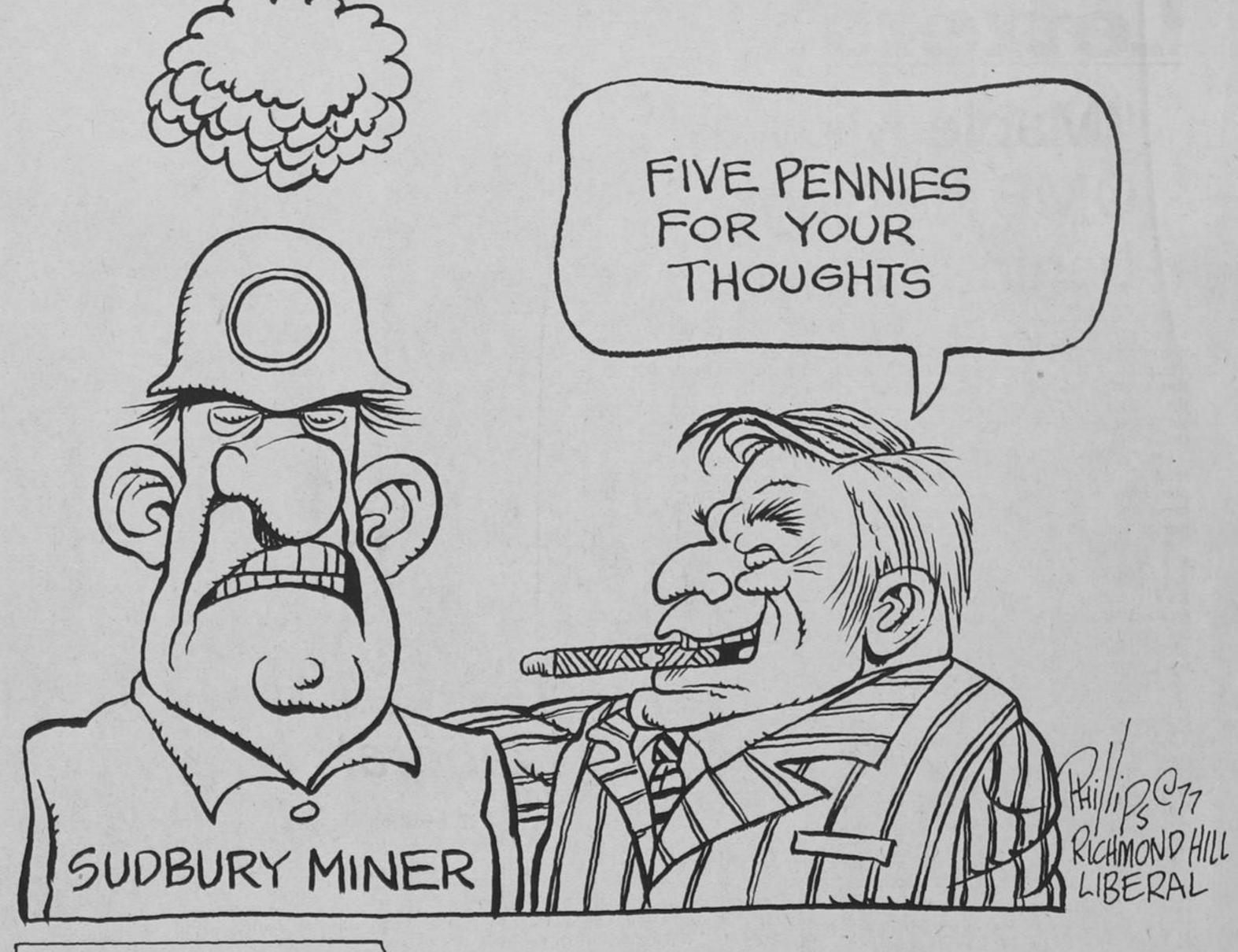
York County Board of Education. . . what are you hiding?

Richmond Hill com-

Co-chairman

Santa Claus

**Parade Committee** 



### By Bob Rice

## Do you remember the milkman?

Lorne Travis was a milkman. For some of Saturday morning which was collection day. the younger readers I would like to point out that a milkman was (and in some communities my way here or there and through these short still is) a person who delivers milk.

I know the whole idea may sound quite strange in this day of three quart jugs and nineto-eleven convenience stores but that is the way it was in the not-so-distant past.

In earlier days the milkman made his rounds in a horse drawn wagon, one of which still worked in Richmond Hill up to the early fifties.

Then came the milk truck with a stand-up driver's position (if he got tired a seat would swing into place) and the large blocks of ice to keep the dairy products cold.

In the latter fifties these vehicles were replaced by units that had their own refrigeration systems and there are still some of these trucks working in certain areas of the country.

Lorne Travis was as much a part of Rich-The Santa Claus parade businessmen along the cheques as we have mond Hill as was Yonge Street and the Three arrangements are route also co-operate in committed ourselves to Spires. coming along nicely but this to help get everyone bands on the strength of

While Stan Ransom snipped hair and listened attentively to all of the problems and pleasures of his customers, so did Lorne Travis share a part of his life with those he came in contact with.

Lorne worked for Roselawn Dairies which was located on Yonge opposite the present site ... ho ... ho! public school float en- See you on November of Harvey's Hamburgers.

In the late forties and early fifties it was Dave Barrow hard to ignore the large farm on the west side of the main route to Toronto with its grazing herds of Holstein and Jersey cows.

I never went through the dairy operation but then again, I have yet to set foot in the

Junk mail causes 'real mail' David Dunlap Observatory either. Despite this, Roselawn Dairies and Lorne

Travis became an important part of my life. OUR MILKMAN I can't remember exactly when I first met Lorne because he always seemed to be 'our'

milkman. When we lived on Richmond Street I would usually pass him on my way to school near the corner of Elizabeth St.

Although most of his customers were still in bed while he was filling their order left in the empty bottle the previous night, they were able to spend a few moments chatting with him on

I would catch the odd ride on his truck on

meetings a friendship developed. I was 11 years old when, during one of my usual rides, Lorne asked if I would be in-

terested in helping him on the Saturday deliveries. Although I jumped at the opportunity it was

suggested that I obtain my parents permission first. Believe it or not, that was the way we did things back then. The pay wasn't going to be too much (two

dollars seemed like the Treasure of Sierra Madre to me) and I would have to meet him at six o'clock in the morning . . . rain or shine! What the heck . . . I didn't need to sleep in anyway.

That afternoon the deal was set and the next Friday evening I went to bed with thoughts of my new found wealth making it difficult to

There is something unique about the early hours of a Spring morning that, 23 years later, I still find hard to comprehend.

Perhaps it is the freshness of it all, the dew on the grass, the single strand of a spider web strung overnight right in your path that caresses your cheek before snapping or the solo chirping of an early rising bird. Whatever the magic, it was certainly there that Saturday morn.

I dressed quickly, and then set out to rendezvous with the red truck.

NO SIGN OF HIM

The muffled bark of a neighbour's dog broke the silence as I ran to the corner of Richmond and Yonge.

The brilliant colours of dawn were reflected in the windows of Bob Craigie's store as I shuffled my feet in anticipation of the arrival of my new employer.

Panic set in when my watch marked six and there was no sign of Lorne. Perhaps he was sick . . . maybe the truck broke down or . . . worst of all . . . he had forgotten about our deal and had gone on without me.

No way that could happen . . . it was his idea to hire me . . . he said he could certainly use the help. Ten past six and still no truck.

pavement . . . probably some poor soul heading for some non-descript job in the city. I bet he wished that he worked on a milk truck.

Six-fifteen and now I could hear it . . . that unmistakable sound of the ratchety grind into third gear as it burdened up the hill past the Anglican Church.

Soon the headlights came into view passing Arnold Street and on down the gentle slope past Centre. The very slightest squeak as the brakes were applied announced the commencement of my new job.

"Hi, there, Bobby . . . bet you thought I had forgotten you . . . eh?"

"Oh no, Mr. Travis . . . no way . . . I guess I didn't set my watch correctly . . . I'll make sure it's right next week."

The ritual began at exactly six-twenty that fresh Spring morning and continued through the summer and again the next May through September.

I learned a lot from Lorne, how to be at ease with my elders, how to humour those who needed it and how to sympathize with the un-

fortunate. I fondly recall the 'cream top' bottles long since departed, sucking on a piece of ice and rubbing it on my face and neck when the sun

was unbearable. I remember Lorne's whistling . . . he was

one of the best. I even bet that if I were to walk the route

that we worked I could probably peg most of the orders that we left in countless milkboxes and doorways.

CHOCOLATE MILK

One thing I'll never forget was the chocolate milk. In addition to being paid, I was also allowed all of the milk I desired and I usually reached for the tall brown bottle caked in its own supply of chipped ice.

I understand that Lorne Travis passed away several years ago following a rich and full life. He must have had a good time while he was among us because he shared this feeling with everyone who knew him.

Someone once said . . . "give as much as you can to others . . . and you will receive

much more than you dreamed." It could have been the ol' Millpond

Philosopher who said that . . . or maybe it was a milkman.

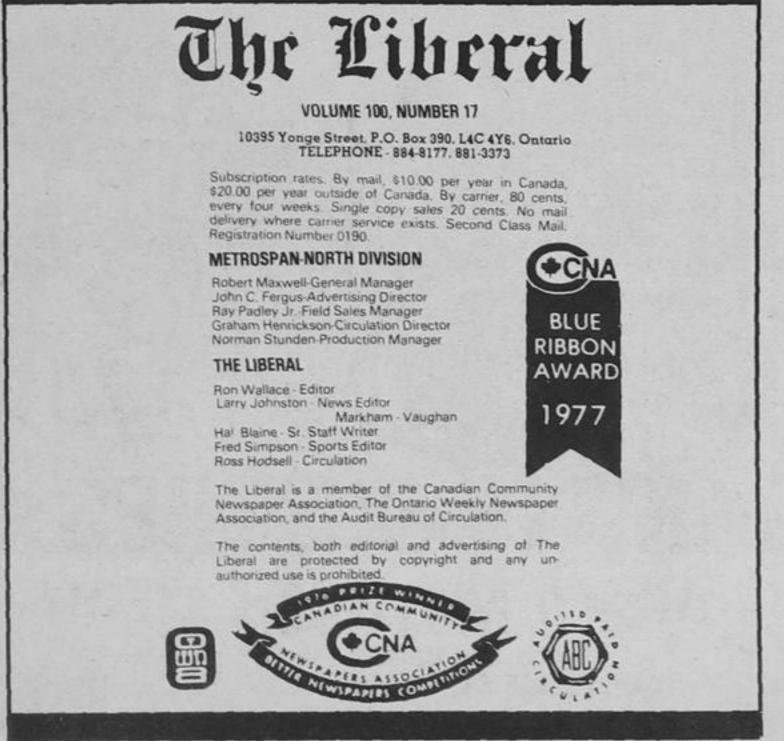
### A lone car groped its way down the Big chance was shattered

# More letters, Page A-5

J. Baker

Box 681

Oak Ridges





This week I almost became a

reporter.

It happened because I ran my last pair of stockings Tuesday afternoon. So Tuesday night, I headed over to Markham Place, the new mall in Thornhill.

I arrived at the main door beside a man in a three-piece suit, complete with red carnation. The guard at the door smiled at us and held the door open. A nice touch. Inside, the mall was packed.

All the people there were impeccably dressed and I wished I had at least brushed the library paste from the front of my jumper. None of the other women had library paste on their Ultra-suede suits.

But though the crowd looked prosperous enough, they weren't doing any shopping. They were just looking in the windows as they chatted to friends and tossed back glasses of whatever.

Had I gotten into the lounge by mistake?

There was a full orchestra

## playing in the glass-roofed cour-

tyard. It seemed a civilized way to But then, by keen observation

and careful experiment, I discovered that the drinks were Could business be that bad?

I absently ate one of the anfrilly apron as I pondered the less taciturn interviewee. situation.

"The readers of The Liberal questions simpler. will want to know about this," I thought. My editor would be stores were open, the clerks looked delighted.

the headline could read. Or "Plaza registers were not registering. kept crowded by canapes."

I needed some facts. I reached jumbo pad. for my notebook. A good reporter is never without one.

I was without one.

**BEGGED PAPER** 

I went into Bonita Shoes and nice to talk to strangers. begged some paper. The clerk gave foot square. I would have preferred something less conspicuous.

While I was there, I conducted my first interview.

"Nice store," I said.

#### Then I noticed a woman "Yes."

"Yes."

"Nice plaza."

"Been busy?" "Not yet."

"Is this working?" I said, nodding at the people lapping up give-aways outside.

I wasn't getting very far. chovy covered canapes offered by Perhaps employees had been told a woman in black dress and white to keep it quiet. I left to look for a

Next time, I would keep my

I wandered about the mall. The eager, but even the orchestra could 'Shoppers wined and dined," not conceal the fact that the cash

I made a few doodles on my

I looked for someone to talk to. But everyone was already talking to someone else. And not only is it not nice to interrupt, it is also not

Besides, I could hardly walk up me a pad of old order forms, one to someone and ask why, despite the free drinks and food, he wasn't buying anything.

mission.

That is a rude question, only to be asked by sales clerks on com-

talking and laughing with a man with a red carnation in his buttonhole. She was asking him questions, he was smiling as he answered them. In her hand she had a teeny

little note book and she wrote rapidly as he talked. Another reporter? The Star?

The Globe, even. She looked classy enough. But this was my story.

"What newspaper are you from?" I asked in a tone of voice that insinuated she had no business

"The Liberal," she said. "What about you?" I tried to conceal my square

foot of note book. "I write for them too," I stammered.

"Well, Larry sent me." I don't even know who Larry is. It was Doreen Livingstone. She had been invited to the party I had,

I went home, my dreams of being a reporter shattered.

crashed.

My powers of observation may be keen, but my skills in inference need honing.