

## Hallowe'en brings out the worst. Why?

You probably wouldn't recognize them walking down the street yesterday. They're the same youngsters who walked by you the day before and the day before that. Young, clean-cut, they are our youth. We should be proud of them; we appear to be raising them well.

So what happens to them for one night of the year, a night that someone, years ago, called Hallowe'en?

Why do those same kids suddenly think they have been given a license to destroy and steal on that one night?

If a police officer walked into a school, kids wouldn't crowd around

and spit at him, call him a pig, throw eggs at him. They wouldn't punch him in the face. Would they?

No, of course, they wouldn't. They're too civilized. But they weren't civilized Monday night when such an outrageous display of mass hooliganism broke out on Yonge Street in Aurora.

And some, in our area, showed the real meaning of courage by stealing bags of treats from little children while they made their rounds.

Eggs, (good grief, how could they throw away such expensive commodities) were hurled by the dozens at people, cars, police, anything that moved.

Insults were hurled with wild abandon.

It's not fair to young children, and it may not even be fair to some commercial enterprises, but unless this type of nonsense ceases, Hallowe'en should be cancelled.

Before somebody gets killed.

In Richmond Hill, youngsters set fires. None of them was serious, but no fire is if it's caught in time.

Somewhere along the line, the spirit of Hallowe'en has been missed by many of our youth, and it's their destructive ways that will eventually spoil it for everyone.

## Card arrived in lots of time

Wasn't that a lovely weekend with all the sun and warmth? It would certainly be nice if it continued for a while.

Now that we have you feeling good, here's another note.

The Liberal received its first Christmas card, Wednesday, October 26.

Ho, Ho?



### regional viewpoint

## Life is meant for nature

By JIM IRVING

"What was your holiday like?" someone asked me the other day, as I sleep-walked through the office after two weeks testing Florida's blazing sun and sands.

I mumbled some sort of an answer, still manfully trying to adjust myself to the fact that, even though the sun was shining beautifully here, you knew that winter was just around the next concession.

However, I did have a fine holiday and if that questioner is still concerned, perhaps this entry from my journal of Oct. 21, will give him a more complete picture.

So far as it having any significance to the region, perhaps I can rationalize that numerous people from the area have experienced something of the same thing on one or another of their sorties to the south.

Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., Oct. 21, 1977 — The sky is grey today for the first time, and the wind is whistling underneath, the natural accompaniment to such a gloomy overhead.

But it's also whistling away most of that gloom, so that by noon, the sun should be back in its rightful spot as reigning deity.

Right now, I am sitting on the beach on my bathroom towel — you're supposed to leave them behind and rent beach towels — getting ready to take the plunge, as it were.

A couple of young boys with air mattresses, are challenging the waves, while two middle-aged women, some six feet from the shore, kneel down and lower their advancing bottoms into the last-gasp crescent of those same waves, titillating happily with each ticklish return.

But that is the extent of their living life to the fullest; a few more feet out and they would get their hair wet.

Now, one of them is emerging from her watery play pen, looking just the slightest bit smug, as if she had just chased up and down the Himalayas via a roller coaster.

Some 20 feet in front of me, a young mother, her bronzed belly

protruding ever so slightly over the inch or so of string around her that passes for a bathing suit, plays in the sand with her three or four-year-old son.

She is the architect, however. While she fashions a multi-storied castle, he chips away at its foundation with his combination boat and sand scoop. Before she has completed the last turret, the castle will already have begun to list.

In the background, a police siren, as inevitable as the sunshine, declares its autonomy over the streets.

I've never seen the Atlantic like this before, not that I've seen it all that much. It's nature at its most flamboyant today.

I started to go in the water at one point and made some casual remark about it to a couple taking pictures nearby.

"You'd better be careful," the woman said, "where there are small fish, big ones follow."

I didn't know what she was talking about until I looked out a few feet and there was a school of fish — one, long dark shadow on the water — flipping up and down and in and out of the waves with the kind of glee I can never remember experiencing at school.

The happy students were gone within a few minutes, heading farther down the shoreline — Miami, maybe — a wonderful sight while it lasted.

I went in after that and the waves knocked me every which way; more fowl than fish, I'm afraid; exhilarating none the less.

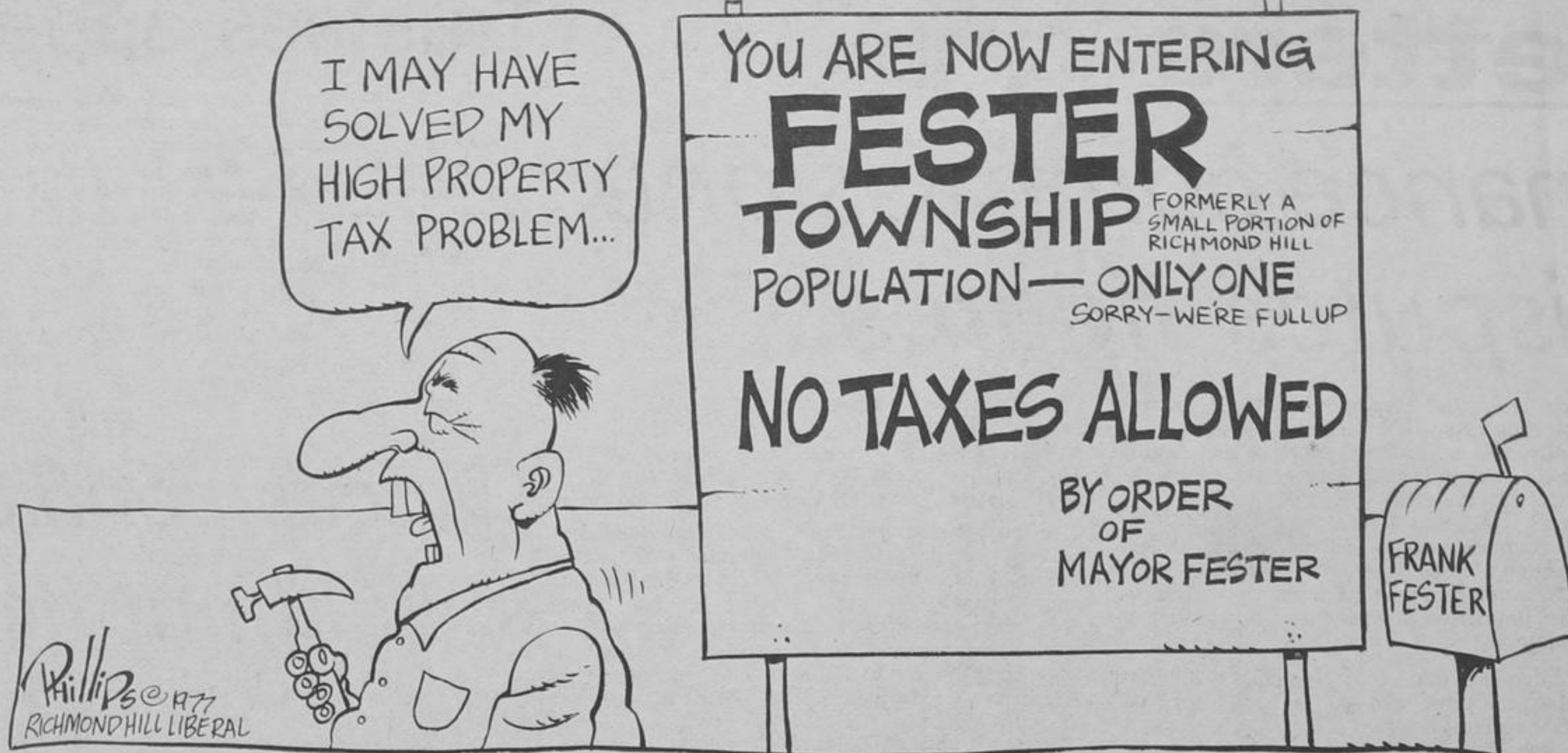
Next came the clean-up squad — the pelicans — first high up above and then skimming low over the surface and occasionally ducking their bills underneath.

School was out by the time they arrived, however. But maybe it was only a kindergarten class and they were after the graduates.

I'm sure Mother Nature knew what she was doing. She always does.

I think life was meant for nature, alone; it knows all the rules and follows them.

Man has never been able to do that.



By Bob Rice

## Wandering through the RHHS yearbook

When was the last time you took a long, lingering look through one of your yearbooks?

The yearbook was the big thing and, I certainly hope, still is.

You could divert all your money to lesser evils such as 45s, jawbreakers, twenty-five cent pack of Trump cigars and maybe a second plate of chips but you always made sure that your form rep had gotten your payment for the annual catalogue of school events.

At R.H.H.S. the book was named the Orbit. Pretty jazzy... eh?

A recent trip to Belleville uncovered a few of my books and I have spent the odd hour or two leafing through the contents amid the odd chuckle or comment from the rest of the family.

In a way, the most important issue to me was the Orbit for 1957. This was my first year in the hallowed halls of Wright Street.

I guess most yearbooks were the same no matter which school you attended.

Our school colours were green and white and these were prominent in the bound cover. The first page generally listed the staff of the Orbit and within the next few pages faces of past friends and teachers stared back from 20 years past.

The student's council for '57 was almost a family affair. Kitty, Tom and Martin Pick all served on the executive along with President John Passmore.

I don't know what a student council election campaign is like nowadays but let me tell you, back then it was a rip snortin' affair with everyone and everybody trying their darndest to get your vote.

### DANCE COMMITTEE

Then comes the picture of the dance committee. In this issue it took only half of page eight but what a terrific job these 10 people did.

There was the initiation dance, the Witches' Whirl at Hallowe'en, the Sadie Hawkins' Dance and the highlight of the school year, the Annual Prom.

Add to these the ever increasing number of 'sock hops' and you can see how busy the committee was.

The graduation class of '56 was featured on the next three pages and then we get down to what high school life was all about.



### sharon's sunshine

I like leaves.

I like to walk along on a sunny fall day and kick through the yellow and brown carpet that rustles and crackles and dances with each scuff of my toes.

The weather has been kind this year. It has permitted those tantalizing little creatures to hang above us on the trees, promising to drop down today, tomorrow, or someday soon.

The leaves have not been wrenched off kicking and screaming by a rude wind. This year, they have been allowed to descend gracefully, at their leisure.

It has been an autumn of quiet surrender, of gentle driftings down, of long sunny days when the light was filtered through curtains of yellow and orange, and reflected up from floors of bronze and gold.

Have I waxed lyrical enough yet?

Because I am about to turn practical.

For leaves are all very well if they are covering vacant lots that don't belong to me, or on sidewalks maintained by the town, or in disarray in someone else's yard.

But when they are knee deep on my lawn, and someone has placed a rake suggestively across my doorstep, I find the little critters less than delightful.

It is not until fall that I realize the drawbacks of Too Many Trees. Briefly, it is Too Many Leaves.

### SOLD OUT

Last week our grocery store was sold out of green garbage bags.

First there was the Music Club. Our fearless leader was Warren Atkinson whose initiation to teaching at R.H.H.S. was to have me in his class.

Next comes the Library Club whose function I never really understood. This was not because there was no need for such a group (there certainly was) but I was too busy practising in the music room.

There are also features about the Camera club and the Drama Club and then comes one of my favourite pages... the cheerleaders.

Let me tell you, Jake... good ol' green and white had some of the best girls in the whole of Canada... bar none.

Barb Bain was Captain in '57 and the rest of the squad consisted of Sandy, Dinny, Nancy, Gail, Bonnie, Sherril, Leslie and Judy. I wonder if they can still remember some of the cheers today?

### BADMINTON

The Badminton Club President was Dave Semple. I would like to state right here and now... no one could dance like Dave Semple... period.

Dave stood about five foot nothin' but when the music started there was no way of holding him down.

I understand that Dave now lives near Newmarket and is still actively engaged in work with the Air Cadet League as he was back then.

The pictures on the next two pages cover the initiation and I doubt there is one of you who will ever forget those days.

Several different assemblies are then covered prior to the pages that highlight the various literary talents of some of the pupils.

I was feeling a bit down about the fact that I was never asked to contribute to this section in all of the years I spent in high school but, I understand that the editor of this paper was never asked to either.

Various socials are then highlighted including a somewhat obscure line in the feature on the Hallowe'en Dance.

"A little lady in flowing skirts and blond curls fluttered away with third prize and identified himself as Bob Rice."

Me? You've got to be kidding!

The Prom pictures come next and there in the corner is a picture of the '57 Prom Queen,

Gail Kingsley receiving a kiss from Gil Christie.

Honour Grads and Commercial Grads front and centre and then into the Sports section.

Pages upon pages... the basketball teams, the football teams, the house leagues, the girls' volleyball, senior and junior basketball teams... our winning track and fielders and then into the real nostalgia.

### FORM NEWS

I guess when the yearbook came out almost everyone turned immediately to the class picture and the Form News.

The Form News was that wonderful section wherein one member of your class had been chosen to immortalize his or her fellow classmates for posterity.

One never knew what was to be written about one and therein lay the mystery.

Some people's names may be familiar to a few of you and others will be as unknown to us now as they were back then.

Barry Smith from 11B — 'His hobbies... football, basketball, girls.'

Stewart McCowan from 11A — 'Keep your eyes on Julius Caesar and not on shapely Marney.'

Burt Winstone in 10B — 'Ambition — Architect, Fate: Building Demolisher.'

Marylou Lund from 9E — 'Who took my lock?'

Ronnie Cosgrove in 9C — 'Who wants a cigarette?'

And finally an old school chum from a long way back who is quite active in Richmond Hill today, Mike Burnie, who resided in 9B at the time — 'A big man with a small mind.'

Well, they can't be right all of the time can they?

Me? Oh yeah... I almost forgot. Let's see... there it is on page 63... Bob Rice in 9E — 'Always looking for an argument from a certain girl.'

### HUH?

Do you want to know the truth... I can't, for the life of me, remember who they are referring to.

While I ponder some of the signatures on the last few pages I would like to leave with you some words of wisdom from the ol' Millpond Philosopher... 'to stand up and take your licks... means your chair is too low.'

## Stuffing leaves is no fun at all

That is because everyone in town is stuffing the junk of crushed foliage, and saying unkind things about modern technology when the bags refuse to withstand the pressure of even a fraction of the leaves from the tiny tree that was planted with such joy last spring.

They sudder to think of the investment in Ethylene that will be required to give decent burial to the produce of that tree in five years time.

But the worst part of bag stuffing is that there's no fun in it.

### BURN 'EM

You know of course what should be done with leaves. They should be burned in huge bon-fires in the ditch beside the road.

The air should be acrid with smoke. Kids should be underfoot poking the fire with sticks. Adults should be yelling at the kids to get away from the fire, and using the space vacated by the children to stand before the blaze and poke it with sticks.

But the ditches have given way to storm sewers, and the leaves of Markham may only be burned in barrels, which we don't have, and which I won't remember I need until leaf-raking time next year.

That still leaves us knee deep this year.

Like you, I have been brain-washed into believing that removing leaves from our lawn is the primary civic duty of fall.

So this afternoon, we stormed the yard to rake and pile and stuff

stuffer, who was asking too much of mere plastic, or the purchaser, who insisted on buying inferior merchandise.

The third argument concerned the wind that sprang up just as the leaves were all raked into neat piles. One side held that it was the responsibility of the person who deemed this to be a proper day for leaf raking.

The other side considered the wind to be an Act of God.

Yes, I do like leaves, but in their place.

Hanging securely from branches, or extending the table for dinner.

"Fun for who?" asked the cat.

### SPLIT BAGS

The garbage bags kept splitting. There was a debate about whether that was the fault of the

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