

York Region police should be proud of achievements

The New Year is barely out of its starting blocks and already one prominent group in the Region has good reason to be proud.

The York Regional Police force has been cited for doing a "smashing good job" on two fronts — in crime fighting as compared with other municipalities in Ontario and in the prevention of motor vehicle accidents as compared with similar-sized areas right across Canada.

According to Ontario Statistics 1978, York Region had the lowest crime rate (4,699 offenses per 100,000 people) of any region in Ontario. The book, a compendium of facts and figures put out by the Treasury Ministry, is nothing to scoff at.

Of course, the statistics are valid for the year just past, but it was a shot in the arm that our boys really needed.

Let's face it, with some of the shenanigans and allegations of last summer, morale on the force was

lower than a well-digger's ankle. Even though the Ontario Police Commission (OPC) cleared the YRP of allegations made by a former constable, a cloud of suspicion and gloom hung over its head for the balance of the year.

Chief Bruce Crawford, modest leader that he is, refused to comment on his boys' accomplishments. "I think the facts speak for themselves — what else can I say?"

The other good piece of news for the police, and for the residents of York, was uncovered by a consulting firm checking over the year's motor vehicle accidents across the country.

Our municipality apparently had the lowest car accident rate for regions having populations up to 250,000 people. You can bet drivers didn't achieve that all by themselves.

So remember, next time you get nailed for a spot check — it's for the record.

Congratulations, Alf, on a deserving honor

Congratulations are in order to Alf Stong, our Member of the Legislative Assembly, who has received a Queen's Counsel despite the twin handicaps of being a Liberal and under 40.

Just about every lawyer over 60 in Ontario has a QC it seems, particularly if they belong to the right political party.

But Mr. Stong not only belongs to the wrong party, he has qualified at 38 and just 12 years after being

called to the bar, which is the normal minimum.

It is refreshing to note that the Ontario government recognizes merit on both sides of the legislature, at least in their minority situation.

Mr. Stong has an increasingly rare quality of taking the question period seriously.

But it is for his work for his clients, constituents and community that he most deserves to be recognized.

By **BOB RICE**

Summing up

I know that you might think it dumb that I am doing a New Year's column after the great day has passed but... who cares? Actually, this will be more like a post mortem on 1978 rather than a whole bunch of stupid promises that I have no intention of keeping in 1979.

Although the year past seemed to go by at one heck of a rapid speed it was, all in all, a pretty neat year. We can look back on a fairly tolerable winter (unless you lived in London at the time) and we sure as heck can't grumble about Spring, Summer or Fall. It was the year that I learned that it takes more than two people to remove the pool cover unless you really dig having a ton of leaves go sliding to the bottom of the deep end.

It was also the time of my great escape to Montego Bay for two hours of sunshine and sand. Not only did it give my listeners a bit of an uplift in the middle of the February cold, but the Grand Poobah discovered Red Stripe Beer to add to his memorable collection of the great beers of the world.

During the past 365 days I had the good fortune to meet some darn nice folk including the ever humble

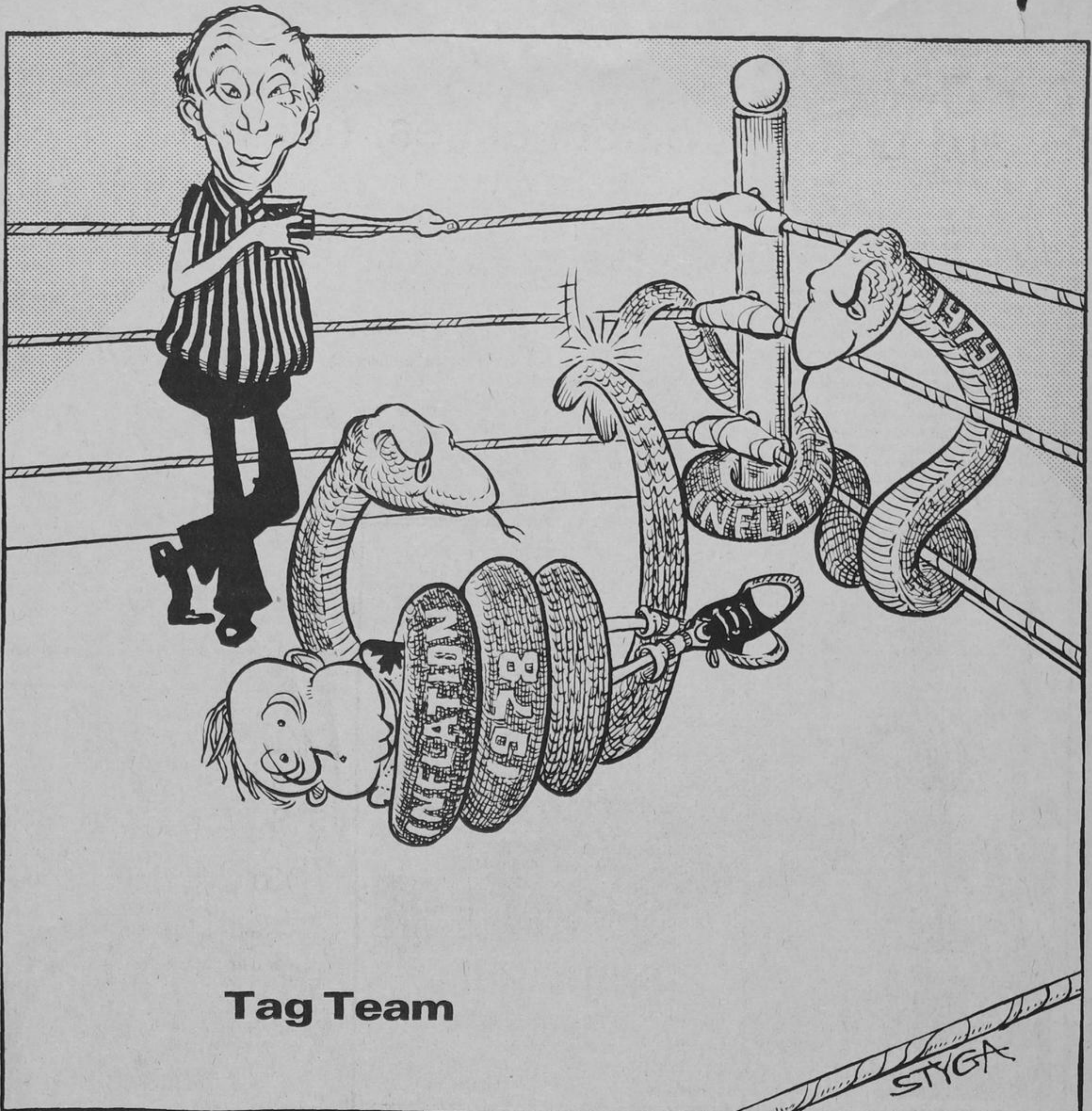
Gene Taylor, funny lady Barbara Hamilton and Nina Mashin, one of the great people in Richmond Hill.

I was educated to the fact that my long-awaited Thunderbird drank one hell of a lot more gas than did my former Japanese Jaguar and that shopping in downtown Toronto is a pain in the neck compared to spreading the cash amongst our local merchants.

It was the year of The Great Big Richmond Hill Contest and of Assignment: Jamaica. It was also the time when the decision had to be made to relieve our twelve-year-old poodle of the pain that had made life almost unbearable for her.

1978 was also the time that I discovered Pina Colodas (at the expense of my sleek, svelt waistline) and cut back dramatically on the amount of ciggy-boos that I was smoking.

Now... what about 1979? Well, to be honest with you... I don't really know. Anyhow, what does it matter... as I said at the top of the column... I probably wouldn't keep any resolutions anyway! The ol' Millpond Philosopher said... "be true unto yourself... and keep everyone else guessing!"



Tag Team

yesterdays
 By **MARY DAWSON**

History behind Heintzman House

Heintzman House on Royal Orchard Boulevard in North Thornhill is in the news again.

This historic residence is now a community centre operated by the Town of Markham and the centre's board is proposing to remove a wall separating the former living room and conservatory to provide accommodation for large wedding receptions.

A group of interested citizens is protesting this change.

The 163-year-old home was built in 1816 by Colonel Alexander Cruickshank of the 71st Regiment, who received the original Crown grant of 200 acres, according to an article in The Liberal, on October 31, 1929.

A storey and a half frame house preceded the 13-room mansion and was retained as an auxiliary building until 1929 at least.

About 1881, the 200-acre property passed into the hands of the Francis family who retained possession of it until 1929

when it was sold to Charles Heintzman for \$100,000 cash.

By this time building lots for at least seven homes had been sold on the Yonge Street frontage and only 192 acres remained in the Heintzman property.

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The then Township of Markham acquired the house and some land to use as a community centre in the early 1960s prompted by Alan Sumner, who was then a councillor.

Thornhill Lions contributed substantially to the furnishings and Mr. Sumner continued to take an active interest in the centre for several years

as the township's recreation director, for a time working from an office located there.

Among the many unique features of Heintzman House are seven rooms downstairs and six on the second storey. They are very large, four of them measuring 16 by 25 feet, and each had a fine mantelpiece of carved walnut.

Originally on the ground floor six French windows opened onto a wide verandah which stretched across the entire front of the home.

These were protected within with shutters made of two inch thick walnut.

The front door was also made of this valuable wood and was fastened by a wrought iron lock more than 12 inches long. It was locked and unlocked with a seven-inch key. Inside were shutters which also locked and provided additional protection.

The outer walls are almost two feet thick. At the time of purchase, it was reported that

Heintzman planned to raze the house and build a new country estate residence on the site. However, he changed his mind, making some structural changes. These included removal of the verandah and construction of the pillared porte cochere which allows cars to drive

up to the front door and their passengers to alight protected from the weather. He also added the conservatory and modernized the kitchen. A gallery in Mrs. Heintzman's bedroom allowed her to look down into the conservatory and admire the blooms.

He retained the original

staircase which sweeps gracefully upward from the entrance foyer. It has been brought from England by Cruickshank.

He added the Cork Room in the basement and a bar room off the living room which he had constructed on a pseudo Spanish theme.

Letter

Woman agrees with statements

Re: Sex education, December 20, 1978.

This is to say that I am in complete agreement with the statement made by Rev. Robert Quick.

That sex education should be taught with moral responsibility and family life education. Without these it is just

something else for the young people to indulge in.

We all love our freedom but one thing we must remember: with it comes responsibility. We can't get away from it.

No man is an island unto himself. Someone besides ourselves suffers

for what we do in society. Our young people need whole education in this area — not just part.

Furthermore, parents have the right to be informed of what exactly is to be taught before it reaches the classroom.

Mrs. Adele Shearer, Richmond Hill

LIBERAL SPRINKLINGS

Back to the pond for hockey

By **LARRY JOHNSTON**
 Liberal News Editor

It is almost impossible to tell minor hockey players apart these days. They step out on the ice wearing considerably more protective equipment than Roman gladiators.

They, in fact, look like spacemen, about to step into an alien environment-fraught with the dangers of sharp elbows, high sticks and flying pucks.

The object of hockey, I believe, is to score goals but there was one singularly bad contest at the Rosetown Pee-wee Tournament last week in which the name of the game seemed to be to knock one's opponent out of the end of the rink.

Before I am besieged by irate minor hockey nuts, I would like to congratulate the Thornhill team which played far better hockey to win the tournament and, mercifully, was not involved in this particular game.

The two teams that were involved came from south of Steeles. Both, it was obvious, were excellently coached as they fought through half the game for control of the boards, treated the goalmouth like a wrestling mat and the puck like a hot potato. No one wanted to handle it

too long in case he lost it and got sent to the end of the bench.

One team wore white and the other red. While a manager or a parent or somebody in a team jacket yelled "hit him" from the stands, the white players tried to do just that, but they couldn't.

THREE FLATTENED

The red team's goalie got mad and knocked over three opponents in about 30 seconds, one with a perfectly placed elbow to the back of the head. While two opponents were tied up knocking him down, the red team got the winning goal.

But both teams were, in the end, eliminated and I was left wondering if on a beautiful afternoon like Thursday, they might not have had more fun on the Mill Pond.

I know I would. I was introduced to ice hockey on the pond near our home when I was seven. (I was a veteran of shinny in the basement by then, but this was the real thing.)

I was taking my first tentative steps on skates and my brother's team needed a goalie, so I was given a forward's stick and told to defend the space between two rubber boots and one end of the rink.

The star of the other team deked everybody and was barreling down on top of me. I didn't know what to

do, so I closed my eyes and fell over. The puck bounced on top of my chest and stayed out.

It was my first big moment in sport.

The next Christmas, the goalie stick I had asked for appeared under the tree. I still wobbled on my ankles on my hand-me-down skates, but that stick made me the star of the pond goalies.

NO PADS

Pond hockey had its peculiarities. You had to pass accurately, or lose the puck in a snowback. No one wore pads, so there were no raises and there was a hole in the middle of the ice which never froze, adding a dimension to the game never contemplated on a conventional rink.

Weekends, games started about 10 a.m. and lasted until you couldn't see the puck at night. Weekdays, there was a race to see who could be first on the ice after school.

It was more fun than just about anything.

It seemed like no time until my generation were the big kids on the pond. There was a gang of us who took on all comers, if there were enough "outsiders" to make a go of it. Good skates had freed me from the goal by this time, but I still played back in important games.

When it snowed, we had to shovel the pond ourselves. No plough could

reach it, but there was still one year when we had ice from mid-December until March 1.

But all good things have to come to an end, especially when you are growing up. The team was aging. Some of our best players were moving to the suburbs, but that was not what finished off pond hockey.

It was parents, not our parents, but those of the little kids who tried to organize things. They decreed that the whole ice surface should be given over to free skating every hour.

GUESS WHAT

The obvious happened. The hockey players went to other rinks and there were not enough bodies left to cope with a snowfall.

Parents are great at making rules, but they do not have the time or the energy to shovel a pond full of snow.

That pond has not been skateable for more than a few days any winter since.

Youngsters in Richmond Hill are luckier. There were four games going simultaneously when I drove past the Mill Pond last Thursday.

Maybe if we build a few more ponds, (drainage engineers are all for it) and fewer arenas, a new generation will grow up that can shovel its own snow.

Hockey may get back to its roots.

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