

Doug Sheldrake, where are you?

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The 26-year-old ex-York Regional Police officer, who dropped a bomb on York last summer, has melted into oblivion.

During the summer, Sheldrake accused the police of various wrong-doings, most of which were cleared up in an Ontario Police Commission investigation.

However, one of his charges, that of police officers supplying CPIC (Canadian Police Information Centre) information to anyone who asked for it, has not yet fully been cleared.

As a result a hearing will take place in Toronto February 12, with

a York police officer involved. Much of the evidence needed in the case can only be supplied by Sheldrake. But the police can't find him.

Sheldrake has stated his charges against the police were whitewashed by the OPC, and added he would never bring allegations before the public again.

His feelings of having been shot down in flames by the OPC may be the cause of his disappearance, but Sheldrake owes it to the public to come forth and testify at the hearing.

He fired the accusations at the police; now it's time to step out and prove them.

LETTERS

Reinvestigate educational priorities

So the York County Board of Education voted to hire an information officer — again (Liberal, Wednesday, January 24) with salary estimates ranging from \$14,200 to \$100,000 to placate the taxpayers who would question Board decisions.

It seems to me that the trustees should reinvestigate their educational priorities.

Would not the taxpayers' money be better spent to provide extra staff to help our children with learning disabilities than to provide a mediator between the public and the Board.

After all, we elected our trustees to deal with the public and its reactions to Board decisions.

Therefore, we already

have 20 trustees experienced as public relations or as information or as communication officers.

Why pay extra for a duplication of service where there are other, obvious needs in our schools?

Kathryn Tucker,
8 Eliza Street,
Thornhill

Information officer is public relations post, reader states

My children are not yet of school age, but as a taxpayer I am concerned with the activities of the school board.

Last Monday, the York Board of Education voted to hire an "information officer", which to me sounds like a euphemism

for a "public relations person".

Could the money for his salary, supplies, office space, and support staff not be better spent hiring teachers for severely retarded children?

I have been told that hiring these teachers has been given lower priority

than public relations for the school board.

Voters may want to check their school board trustee's position on this issue before casting their next ballot.

Jane Wilson,
284 Essex Avenue,
Richmond Hill

yesterdays.
By MARY DAWSON

Here's the history of Langstaff P.S.

Threatened with closure because its pupil population has dropped to 80, Langstaff Public School is the successor of the first school opened in this area.

It dates back to 1809 when Balsler Munshaw had replaced his first home on Lot 35, Concession 1, Markham, with a more commodious structure east of the creek.

In the fall of 1809 John Langstaff opened a school in the abandoned house.

It was constructed of logs flattened on two sides, ends dove-tailed and the roof built of troughed logs so placed that one log covered the cracks between two others.

It stood with its gable end to Yonge Street with a small door in the west elevation and a window to the south.

The school was supported entirely by fees paid by the pupils and attracted pupils from as far north as Miles (Richmond Hill) and from as far south as the York townline.

Included were the children of the Arnold, Burr, Bridgeford, Dexter, Fulton, Lyon, Lawrence, Marsh, Miller, Munshaw

and Vandenburg families. Langstaff taught there until the outbreak of the war of 1812-15 when he joined the army.

In 1811 Nicholas Cover set apart one-half acre on the southeast corner of Lot 34, Concession 1, Vaughan, for school and church purposes.

Work was commenced on the new building in 1812 but it was not completed until after the war.

This second school building was constructed of a hewn frame with hewn rafters and covered inside and out with sawn lumber.

The first teacher was Benjamin Barnard from Surrey, England, who taught there until 1816 when he moved to Richmond Hill to open a school there.

He collected a York shilling (25c) from each pupil per quarter and in addition boarded free for a two-week period with every family. The parents also supplied firewood for the school.

The School Act of 1841 provided for forming of school sections and certain school funds by taxation but it was not until 1848 that the trustees of Union School Section 2

Vaughan and Markham

were able to purchase the one-half acre and building. They paid \$30 for it.

When a brick school was built in 1892 the frame school was sold for \$27 and moved to Concord where it served as a shop and wagon shed for many years.

The third school served the needs of the section until 1926 when a two-roomed school with full basements was added. Its cost was \$23,000. At that time the school grounds were enlarged to two acres.

In the early 1950s the 1892 school was demolished and six classrooms and an auditorium added to the 1927 school. The school bell was preserved, and stands on a cairn in front of the present school.

I am indebted to Edgar A. James for the above information which was published in the February 17, 1927, edition of The Liberal. The same issue recorded the death of James.

Born in Markham Township in 1873 he had attended Langstaff Public School as a boy,

PSST...WAKE UP
RALPH... I
THINK ONE
OF CHIEF
CRAWFORD'S
STATISTICS
IS BREAKING
IN!!



SCRITCH
SCRITCH



Phillips
the LIBERAL

By BOB RICE

He's into spring catalogues already

Well, gang, there goes January and we have only two more months of crummy weather to endure. I always feel good when we round the corner into February because I feel that we have broken the back of winter and can now turn our thoughts to spring ... tra-la!

Now is the time that I search out last year's seed catalogues since, for some funny reason, I never get this year's issues until well past planting time.

I usually spread out the colored pages on the kitchen table and then take pencil in hand and start to draw the layout of the garden on a piece of paper that I will probably lose between now and when the ground is soft.

Last spring our backyard went through a major facelift in an attempt to repair the damage done the previous year when we had a pool installed.

If you recall, we had quite a bout of rain in early May and the landscaping crew didn't really get started until early June.

In the meantime, we donned our hip-waders and sloshed forth to that area behind the pool fence that we allocate to our vegetables.

We cut back on the plot last year due to the fact that I don't own an all terrain vehicle and as a result our garden was restricted to the growth of some rhubarb, a disastrous crop of cantaloupe and our usual yield of tomatoes.

To this old kid there is nothing nicer in this land than to pull off a perfect red beefsteak and go at it with salt shaker

in hand.

EXPANSION

This year, though, things will be different. If there is any lawn left under the three thousand metres of snow that currently covers our property, we will expand our patch and thumb our noses at the scions of the supermarket chains.

We have decided that some space will be given to several zucchini plants which have found favor with our family in recent years. The tomato area will be enlarged and the cantaloupes will be done away with to be replaced by several varieties of onion.

We have discussed trying our luck with lettuce again, although our last attempt a few years back was somewhat less than satisfactory, and we are also positive that we can yield a good crop of beans.

ROTO-MONSTER

Looking now at the drawing I have made it is apparent that I have one heck of a lot of rototilling to do and I only hope that they have improved the beasts in the last few years.

The last time I used one of these monsters I darn near shook myself to death and in addition to plowing a somewhat reckless path, I nearly uprooted one of our lilac bushes and almost chewed the legs off our girls' swingset.

In the particular area where we live, the ground is a very heavy clay and, as a result, is sheer heck to try to dig by hand.

The tiller, however, has a bad habit of getting away from me and in my past workouts with this instrument of torture I have feared hitting a buried lake or, at least, some prehistoric skeleton of a woolly mammoth or a brontosaurus.

Maybe I can con some other poor soul into doing the tilling ... perhaps with a bribe of a six-pack of Old Vienna and a box of Mars Bars.

PLASTIC TRICK

One little trick that I have employed for the past three years has been the covering of the ploughed area with a large sheet of dark industrial plastic and, I must admit, it has been most successful.

After giving the area a good soaking and mixing in a big mess of sheep you-know-what, I unroll the plastic and peg it along the border of the plot. I carefully puncture it where I wish my plants to go and then place them in the proper size holes that I dig.

The plastic keeps the earth warm and moist and also causes any little thing that ventures on its surface to do damage to my crops to slide right back off.

Unfortunately, it also causes ME to slide right back off when I attempt to plant my seeds and plants.

My wife keeps a close tab on those plants that require dusting and thinning, although we try to keep the chemicals to an absolute minimum.

This year I hope to build a little fence

around the garden ... for the safety of our vegetables.

You see, I have one heck of a time keeping off the plastic when I am mowing the lawn. I usually start the cutting at the other side of the back yard and commence the task full of vim and vigor. However, by the time I reach the vegetable patch I am a little bit pooped and, as a result, overly eager to complete the job.

I take the corners like Sterling Moss, usually on two wheels, and then try to straighten out as I swoop down on the plot.

Eight times out of ten I am lucky but those other two cause dark green plastic to fly into the air along with whatever poor plant that had the misfortune to get in my way. Ah well ... you win some and you lose some.

This year will be different, though. As I mentioned, I will build a fence along the border and no longer will my neighbors have to pick pieces of polyethelene from their grass and curse me under their breath. No way, dear reader, this year they will love me instead.

When the warmer weather blesses our region I can picture my friends now, bending low to the earth retrieving parts of my shattered fence from their yards and storing them in their garages as kindling for next winter's fires.

The ol' Millpond Philosopher said ... "a penny earned ... doesn't even pay the taxes!"

LIBERAL SPRINKLINGS

The prizes don't inspire her

By SHAARON HAY
Liberal Staff Writer

I have been sitting at my typewriter dreaming about the three prizes offered in the lucky draw by the Richmond Hill Winter Carnival committee just for purchasing the traditional Oookpik button.

A color TV, a weekend for two at the Skyline Hotel and a CB Radio. Very impressive, but ...

We have a color TV and I never watch it.

Granted the snow in all winter scenes is grass green (probably simulating the coming of spring), people's faces are all putrid purple (it's either high blood pressure or they are being strangled) and every now and then all voices sound like they are speaking from underwater, but that's OK — I don't like TV anyway.

It's not that I think there is too much violence or sex, or that commercials are inane and the shows in between aren't much better, it's just that television is such a colossal waste of time.

I'm afraid our kids will turn into eyes — just great, blank, watching eyes and maybe we will all start

laughing, just because everyone else is, not because a remark was funny.

THREE OF US

The only problem with the weekend for two is, there are three of us.

One good thing about the weekend holiday is that I would have the opportunity to test the theory I have expounded to my world travelling friends lately.

The theory is if all they are going to do is visit big cities, and stay in the best American hotels where they don't do much more than avail themselves of the heated pools and Disneyland-type bars and restaurants, they might as well stay in Toronto — it would be cheaper.

Working on that theory I could pretend I was in Alexandria or Athens, two places I've always wanted to visit.

NO USE FOR CB

I have never seen or used — or even more important, never wanted to see or use, a CB radio.

I have enough trouble learning and using English properly without speaking the gibberish of the CBER.

"Ten-four, Smokies on the Horizon ... " or whatever, better I try to learn to speak and write

beautiful, poetic and expressive English.

Anyway, I'm very fond of CBC.

I think I would be happier with prizes like ... "You can wear the brown, furry, Oookpik suit for a day."

That would tickle my fancy. I could experiment with skating again after 15 years of inactivity. Not only would no one recognize the goof laying on the ice with arms and legs askew, they would think it was part of the act.

The big hoops might even protect my feelings.

I wouldn't mind if one of the prizes was acting as Winter Carnival Queen for a day either, especially if the good looks and personality went along with it.

Fair queens or carnival queens always look like they are having so much fun, just like the people on beer commercials ... which I never watch.

All the adulation and admiring glances and being treated so royally would be fun.

If first prize was to drive the horse-drawn sleigh, I would like to try that too.

It must be impossible to keep the

beautiful beasts in line and get them going together rather than in four different directions.

But, it would be fun to look like a Christmas card, just for a while.

Very best of all, I'd like a ride with one of the skydivers.

YOU'VE FLIPPED, SHAARON
Not just in the airplane (like I'm going to do Saturday February 10), but to exit the plane, make the jump, freefall a billion feet, (just long enough to feel the freedom,) and then feel the catch of the chute.

I wouldn't have the nerve to try it myself, but if I could trust someone to take the big step out of the plane, pull the cord on the chute whenever it had to be done and then cushion the smack of hitting the ground, I'd become a skydiver in a minute.

The thrill must be worth the danger — just for the moment of stepping out of the plane and experiencing the silence and the rush of air at the same time.

It must be like the very best of all the other great things in life.

Oh well, I guess I don't need to worry about how I'd like winning anyway, I've never won a thing in my whole life — but I certainly do dream.