

It's hard to imagine school after death

The closing of M. L. McConaghy Public School calls to mind an old axiom that for many years, was found on the front of this very newspaper: "In essentials, unity, in non-essentials, liberty and in all things, charity."

For all the students who ever attended the school in its 64-year history, the parents of current pupils, the community and even the teachers, it's a little late for charity. For many, it would be out of the question after the harangue they've been through.

Not long ago, the Liberal defended the decision to close the school — if that was the right decision, there appeared not much point in delaying it any longer. However, sitting back and reviewing all the study, emotion, controversy and debate that has

This report is lively

In this business, we deal with more than our fair share of annual reports.

Everyone has them, everyone must compile them, and for the most part, they're dull, dull, dull.

Then along came the Richmond Hill Fire Department, and Chief Bob Kennedy's annual report to the Bylaws, Procedures, Fire and Personnel Committee last Wednesday.

Enclosed in a red see-through cover, the report includes graphs, charts, easy-to-read information, and, the highlight of it, a page called "Nozzle News".

Nothing boring about it at all.

Highway 11, it's a mess

Blessed be the motorist who must regularly use the stretch of Yonge Street, between Major Mackenzie Drive and Highway 7. From now until the middle of 1980, the road will be a mess.

We can only suggest that the driver watch his tongue, especially if there are children in the car.

gone on about the school, a clear perspective can be obtained.

The confused, almost wounded look on the faces of trustees Monday night helps to explain that this was not an easy decision nor may it have been the rationalized, justified correct one.

Since the Richmond Hill Study Committee submitted its report last November, it was understood by those concerned that it was not the decision itself, either for or against, but the methods used to arrive at that decision, which would ultimately be the most painful.

And you know that can be backed up when the Board of Education is ready to discuss a rigid policy of closing schools, changing boundaries and school organizations AFTER it has floundered around with administrative misinformation and literally tinkered with the lives of a whole community.

Maybe the fate of McConaghy is only a byproduct of the system and the rest of the system needs re-evaluating. It would be a sad situation if the school had been used as a test-case, a way to make sure similar procedural mistakes aren't repeated. With a pending policy on the books, that's not unlikely.

Declining and shifting enrollment is something the board and the province will be facing more and more in the coming years. Trustees will also face many tougher tasks where extended study can be the only route to informed decisions.

Parents of the Jefferson Public School Community have only been in the fray for the past six months. They now must also make the same choice McConaghy parents made — show that they're willing to fight for something they care about.

As for McConaghy, it will be tough to imagine the building without the noise, laughter and life it has had for so long. It will also be tough to imagine another building in its place that could acquire as much tradition as this has.



Townhouses in the Baif development

(Liberal Photo by Bruce Hogg)

By BOB RICE

Not Australia, but it's nice

Hi there... remember me? I'm the guy who usually fills this space each week in The Liberal... yeah... that's right... good old what-shisname.

When I sent Rhoda Melinyshyn on assignment to Club Guava in Jamaica a few weeks ago, I asked that she file two columns about her experiences but... I suddenly had too many irons in the fire and couldn't spare the time! Oh well... such is the price of success... maybe next year.

Although the family didn't get to explore the great continent down under, we did manage to discover a few things right here in our own area. One of these is Hogan's Inn in King City.

Our first visit to this charming restaurant was made several weeks ago following Sunday Mass. We had noted an ad in the paper that extolled the delights of a champagne brunch at Hogan's and decided to give it a try. The Inn is located at the four corners in King (Keele Street and King Sideroad). Having heard that the brunch was quite popular, we had made reservations the previous day just to make sure we had a table.

The building itself was built in the early 1850s and was the second hotel in King City. The stables and dance hall that were adjacent to the main structure have since disappeared but the old general store across the street still stands and is worth a visit following your meal.

NEAT LOUNGE

Upon entering the inn, the maitre-d' directed us to the cloakroom on the second floor which is situated beside a comfortable lounge where, on busier

days, you can relax with a cocktail while your table is readied.

Logs burn in the glass enclosed fireplaces on both floors and it was next to one of these that we were seated in the dining room.

The menu consisted of several appetizers, four entrees and tempting desserts and the brunch carries a fixed price tag of \$9.50 for adults including a flute of champagne and a lower rate for the children.

The girls started with vegetable plate with yogurt dressing while Deirdre and I chose the Gordons Gin Soup. Jacquie gave me a taste of her plate and I found it quite tasty. The soup is impossible to describe since the technique the chef uses doesn't allow any one vegetable to dominate the flavor. Let's just rate it as sensational.

Both girls ordered veal fricassee as the main dish and Dee and I settled on the Basque Pie. The veal was served piping hot in a bowl mixed with onions and mushrooms in a heavy wine sauce.

The entire bowl was covered with a puff pastry and our two little gourmets gave it the high sign.

The Basque Pie is a quiche and the ample helping on the plate was topped with tomatoes, onions and strips of lean bacon.

The dessert choices included baked apple stuffed with raisins and almonds and topped with a heavy caramel sauce and whipped cream (not too bad but the apples were a bit too tart for our taste), a trifle that one daughter liked and the other paid only passing notice to, as

well as ice cream, a cheese plate and a selection of various teas.

In the past, my wife and I thought that we had found another good dining room only to be disappointed on subsequent visits and for that reason we decided to give Hogan's another try within the week.

The occasion was my birthday and Deirdre and I made the best of the day by visiting the pine shop opposite the inn prior to settling down to lunch. The greeting was even more cordial this time, more like friends who came back to visit rather than clients, and we chose from an impressive luncheon menu. The meal was excellent and the atmosphere cosy as we wiled away a couple of hours in the comfort of the old inn.

GOOD SERVICE

Service at Hogan's is top notch and the owners should be commended for surrounding themselves with efficient and courteous attendants. The linen napkins and tablecloths are a refreshing change in this day of paper and plastic and, for the most part, the prices are what you would expect for this high calibre of food and service.

If you should wish to try something a little different in this day of fast foods and rushed timetables, I hope that you'll give Hogan's a try.

The ol' Millpond Philosopher said... to hurry a good meal is like picking a fresh flower... in the end neither can be enjoyed."



yesterdays
By MARY DAWSON

His new uniform slowed traffic

Richmond Hill's constable in 1939 was a busy man. Sid Barraclough submitted a bill for 174 hours of traffic duty in August of that year to the village council but councillors claimed that his efforts were having no effect on the speed of Yonge Street traffic.

From his efforts in summoning offending drivers to court, the village had received a total of \$23, with \$15 more to come, from the fines levied.

Reeve Jacob Lunau explained that any constable had great difficulty in securing conviction in the county Court. Barraclough received a wage for his other duties of \$43 (apparently for a month).

Councillor James McLean suggested that if the constable had a police cap when on traffic duty he would have more effect on slowing down the through traffic.

At a later meeting council approved purchase of a police cap for

the constable but turned a deaf ear to a request for a \$10 grant toward the cost of a full uniform.

Angered at this decision a group of about a dozen public spirited citizens of the village presented the constable with a full uniform of blue serge. It had been made by a local firm owned and operated by John A. Greene, who was later to serve the village as reeve for several years.

Believing that anything that is worth doing is worth doing right, this group criticized council for hiring a constable and then expecting him to purchase his own uniform, stop watch, badge, gun and baton. They felt the constable should not be asked to risk his life trying to control traffic without a full uniform to indicate that he was indeed The Law.

The generous gift was made to assure the constable that he had the support of the village's citizens.

Constable Barraclough donned his new uniform and cap for the first time on a Sunday evening early in September and it was reported that it was a great help in regulating traffic.

Old timers in Richmond Hill will recall those summer Sunday evenings when Yonge Street was the only highway leading to the cottage country to the north.

At the time this highway was only two lanes wide and formed a real bottleneck.

Cars were lined up bumper to bumper throughout the built-up area and it was possible for a passenger to leave the vehicle, purchase refreshments for everybody in the car and catch it before it had moved half a block.

The traffic snarl up was an interesting sight for residents as they strolled along the main thoroughfare or managed to find a vantage point on which to sit and watch half of Toronto drive by.

All of the highlights of the trip would have held you spellbound as you read on for the next few weeks except for one little problem... I didn't go to Australia. That's right, faithful reader, for the

LIBERAL SPRINKLINGS

Another male bastion tumbles

By SHAARON HAY
Liberal Staff Writer

Finally, the last male stronghold in Richmond Hill has fallen.

Thanks to two women, Wendy Powell and Marilyn Rumble, the Richmond Hill Racquet Club has opened its doors — however begrudgingly — to women.

Richmond Hill Racquet Club WAS a "men's key club" offering squash facilities to a screened, limited membership, and with bylaws definitely stating "No women allowed".

Because the rules have excluded women, because the building housing the club is so interesting (no apparent doors or windows) and because the club is hidden away in a part of Richmond Hill rarely frequented by women (Ohio Road?), I have always wanted to know what it is like inside.

Would the decor stun even the imagination of Hugh Hefner? Or, was it decorated in "army barrack austere"? What really goes on inside those solid impenetrable brick walls?

What is the attraction of this relatively new sport called "squash", an attraction that persuades diligent business men to cancel luncheon appointments, take hours away from bustling businesses in town and even get up early on Sunday mornings?

Anyway, all of that is no longer of any importance. The secret is out.

The doors are almost open. "NO MEN ALLOWED"

To the horror of many male chauvinist squash players, two mornings each week, from nine to eleven, the smell of fragrant after bath lotion, the soft sound of women's voices and for some men, worst of all, the noise of pre-school children, can be heard drifting from the Richmond Hill Racquet Club.

To some, this seems to be THE unpardonable sin.

Now it is "No Men Allowed". Deposited — at least for two hours Tuesday and two hours Thursday.

I have always found it deliciously exciting to be somewhere that I shouldn't be doing something frowned on, just to see why the item is out of bounds.

That is why I was thrilled to be able to join the women who invaded the men's racquet club last week. I was surprised to look around once I was inside.

The racquet club is not at all like I had imagined... just like I'd imagined, and... just as it should be — a racquet club, complete with two courts, locker facilities, man-style shower (no stalls just one large room with two nozzles), sauna, exercise equipment, kitchen and lounge area.

Simple, workable, practical, and pleasant.

The best thing about the racquet club, the reason why I hope to be able to cancel appointments, take

time away from business and even get up early, is because the game of squash is fun, it's "neat", and I love it already.

INSTRUCTOR

One of the members of the Richmond Hill men's club, Larry Sanders, has offered his time to instruct the women for the first few weeks.

Larry capably explained the basics of the game, how to hold the racquet, how to hit the ball (the toughest part for me) and generally how to get started. The instructions are a great idea for either sex.

Already 30 women have signalled an overwhelming interest, forcing the problem on Wendy and Marilyn of finding a way to allot time to the growing number with only two courts (two players at a time) for four hours.

Perhaps the men would consider adding a women's wing to the existing club, rather than compromise themselves by allowing the feminine use of their sacred space.

There is more to the game of squash than I thought. It is not just the practice of chasing a small black rubber ball back and forth as long as one's legs or wind last... it's fun too.

Liz Carlisle, my first opponent, had this amazing capacity to be able to hit the ball — probably a prerequisite.

But, never fear, with persistent practice, self discipline and sheer determination I will soon be able to



connect with the ball. Next I will try to hit the wall.

For those males out there saying "I told you so, it's a man's game", I would like to say I am not a good example of what is going on at the racquet club Tuesday and Thursday mornings.

SOLD OUT

Some of those women are really great.

They are quickly learning a snappy back hand to trip their opponent and a ceiling ball to wear down the best of opponents. These lovely ladies might even issue a challenge to the men at the end of the three-month trial period imposed by the Board of Directors.

Now the bad news. Marilyn Rumble said the group is already full. Marilyn and Wendy are afraid of a deluge of calls if they get any publicity as they are swamped without published notice.

All the two can promise is to make up a waiting list of names of those women interested in playing squash. For information, call Wendy Powell at 884-9067 or Marilyn Rumble at 884-2577.

Sorry, guys.

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