

Society will have its wings clipped

It comes as a shock to realize that the Society for the Preservation of Historic Thornhill is having its wings clipped in order to become a registered charity.

No longer, according to its president, will it be able to take up battles like the one against the widening of Yonge Street. The news brings home the significance of the debate in the House of Commons a few months ago over the warning of the Income Tax Department to charitable organizations not to get involved in political activities.

But when does a charity or church action become political? When a cancer society director says the government does not do enough to control industrial diseases, when the Pope speaks out on civil rights, or when someone opposes the destruction of streetscapes in the name of progress?

There is nothing wrong with political donations in the eyes of the government, provided they are made to recognized political

parties. In fact, engineering firms and construction companies that design and build roads like the greater Yonge Street do it on a regular basis. It is a matter of public record.

In fact, a political donation is eligible for a much juicier tax deduction than a charitable one. The space for political donations on the income tax form is large enough to constitute free advertising.

An omen for Willowbrook

With a federal election this year, the Willowbrook area of Thornhill can expect letter carrier delivery to start this spring or summer.

But does it follow that the provincial government won't announce the construction of a new school until 1981? That is when the next provincial election is due.

Takeover opposed

Markham Council approved the takeover of the Milne Conservation Area for a trial three-year period, amid warnings from Councillor Bud Bonner the town would need at least \$16,000 in gate receipts just to break even.

Markham will get a Ministry of the Environment grant for each of the three years — \$7,800 for 1979, \$6,200 for 1980 and \$3,100 for 1981 — by way of transfers from the Metropolitan Toronto and Region Conservation Authority.

Not all the councillors were in favor of last Tuesday's decision to put responsibility for the Conservation Area and Milne's Dam on the town's shoulders, however.

Councillor Elson Miles was able to round up enough votes to shoot down the proposal last December, but it was revived as part of a larger package.

The Metropolitan Toronto and Region Conservation Authority is being asked to rebuild the dam at the Toogood Pond to suit Markham's development plans for Unionville. The town is also getting the four-acre MacIver property on Mill Street in Markham from the authority with abandoned greenhouses there removed.

Councillor Miles felt that the Authority could have been persuaded to do the work at Toogood Pond without involving Milne's Dam. He said it would be different if the conservation area was not developed as a park already.

"The people of Markham can use it now if they want to. They are not going to use it just because we own it."

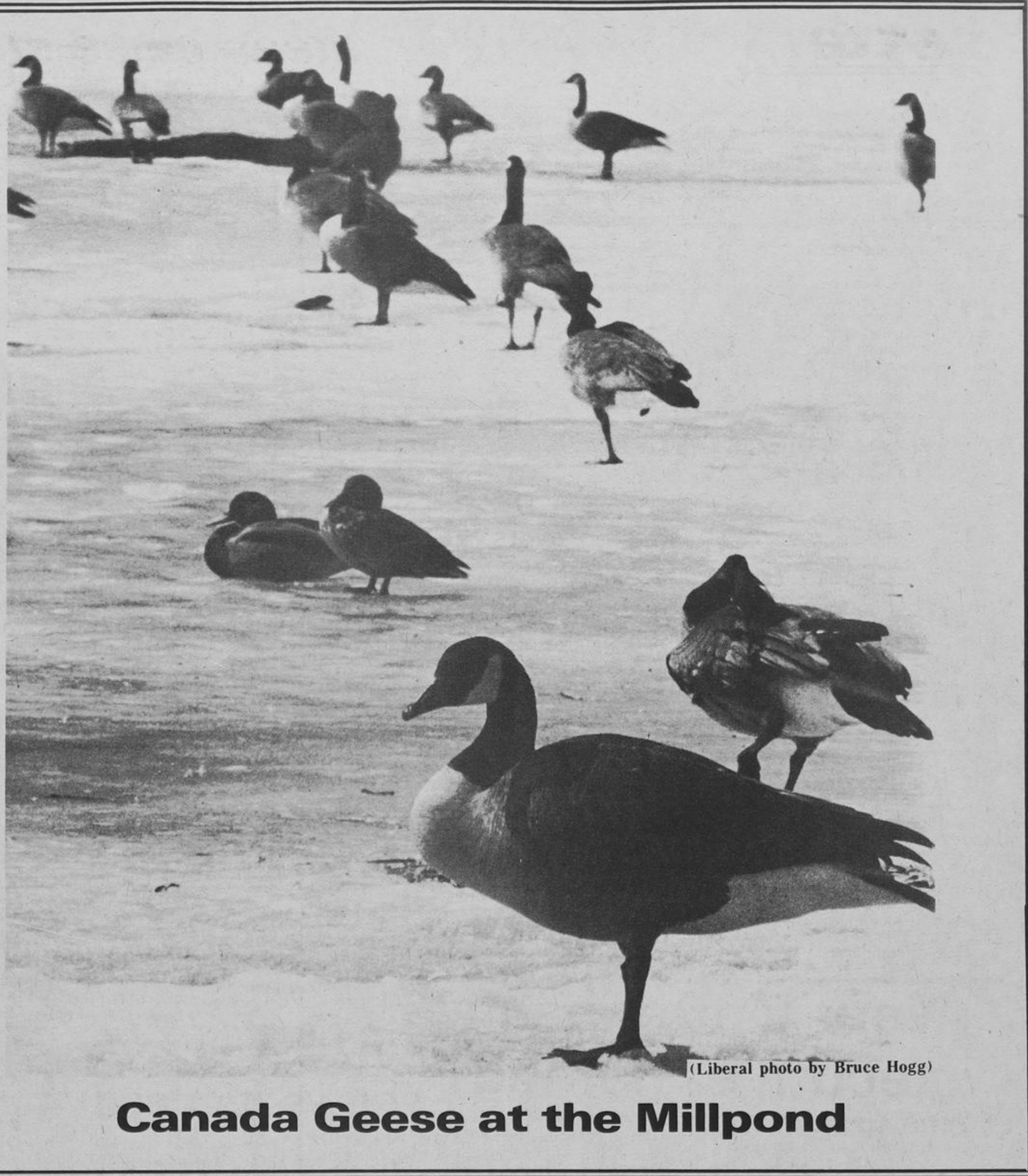
He said he would agree to take it over if he could believe the annual operating deficit of \$10,300 predicted by the recreation department.

Councillor Carole Bell said that the Authority had a policy of turning over conservation land to local municipalities to maintain it once the facilities on it had been constructed.

She favored the takeover partly because "we have to fulfil our obligations if the system is going to work."

She also felt that the park would be used by local residents if it was promoted locally and that the agreement would result in the Authority paying for its share of the rebuilding of the Toogood Dam in Unionville.

Councillor Ron Moran opposed what he felt was a "horse trade"



(Liberal photo by Bruce Hogg)

Canada Geese at the Millpond

By BOB RICE

When the cat's away.....

Tra-lah . . . tra-lah . . . 'tis Spring again . . . tra-lah . . . tra-lah!!!

What could be nicer in Spring than to arrive at The Liberal office and find that the Grand Poobah has gone away on vacation! Surely the gods have smiled upon me to not only bless me with this fine weather but also deliver me from evil.

It goes without saying that Ron Wallace has worked long and hard at his vocation to deserve such a break . . . (his vocation, by the by, is as a member of the Great Canadian Beer Drinking Association) and I hope that he is relaxing and enjoying himself somewhere in the snowy wilds of Vermont. Meanwhile . . . back at the fort . . . his absence is being felt in the deep recesses of the editorial section. Bruce Hogg, the shutterbug at large, has already snaffled a new ribbon for his typewriter and it is a sheer joy not

to have to go over his manuscripts with a dull pencil to try to highlight his typing!

Speaking of pencils, I noticed a shiny new box of Dixons being passed around this morning and the receipt slip from Coles has been carefully placed under the absent editor's desk pad.

One change that has me particularly delighted is the arrival of stacks and stacks of copy paper and I will no longer have to steal half a roll of you-know-what from you-know-where on which to type these unforgettable words!

I have been in the office for more than half an hour so far and it is strange not to hear the usual yelling and screaming that fills the halls from the Office Next Door. The staff from the main floor now brazenly climb the stairs to our upper loft and I even think that I detected a faint smile on the face of Fred Simpson as I

walked past his rubber lined office.

Other signs of our beloved editor's absence that I have noticed include no tire marks in the Executive Parking Lot, the No Smoking signs have been replaced with glass ashtrays and both Millie and Shaaron are not tip-toeing about the building.

Larry Johnston is wearing a louder jacket than normal, indicating his new status as temporary editor, I noticed a pronounced swagger to his walk and he is currently very busy trying to move his personal effects into the Grand Poobah's lair.

I guess I should have clued to Ron's absence when I peeked into his office when I first arrived. The desk was immaculate and there were no empty coffee cups lying on the floor next to the waste container, also the pictures of you-know-who with PET, you-

know-who with the Chamber of Commerce and you-know-who with Winston Churchill had all been removed.

I wish our travelling friend well on his skiing vacation and we all expect to see a 'new' man when he graces us with his presence next week. In the meantime the rest of the office is busy scurrying about, trying to get all of the assignments finished by the noon hour.

At one o'clock the broomball game gets underway, the pool room has been booked for two-thirty and the week-long Monopoly tournament starts at four o'clock sharp.

'Tis Spring . . . tra-lah . . . tis Spring . . . tra-lah . . . when all of the good folk play!

The ol' Millpond Philosopher said . . . "be thankful for the little things in life . . . maybe next year he'll go away for a month!"

yesterdays

By MARY DAWSON

First traffic court in Richmond Hill

To assist the local constable in securing convictions on traffic violations, Richmond Hill village council decided in August 1929 to petition the Ontario Government to set up a traffic court and appoint a local man as magistrate to preside over it. Names suggested were: A.G. Savage, G.H. Duncan, J.R. Herrington, J.A. Monkman and T.H. Trench.

A week later the provincial government reported the appointment of Garnet H. Duncan as magistrate.

The appointee had been a member of the Richmond Hill Board of Education for 10 years and chairman for three years. He had represented the Township of Markham in arbitration proceedings in

connection with the setting up of a new school section.

The son of Mr. and Mrs. John Duncan, he was born in Markham Township and was a descendant of one of the pioneer families in the county. A staunch Conservative he had served as president of the East York Conservative Association and was a life member of the York Pioneer Society.

He said his aim in carrying out his duties would be to create a respect for law and order and a desire to become better citizens on the part of those who appeared before him.

It was expected that the court would be in operation by the end of September that year, although no definite date

or frequency of sittings had been set. It was surmised that the court would be held in the council chambers temporarily until permanent quarters could be found. Later this court was held in the hall in the Masonic Lodge building on Yonge Street.

The Liberal's editor Jack Smith commented that "the establishment of this court will greatly facilitate the machinery of justice as cases of offenders in the North Yonge Street district and this section of the county can be brought expeditiously before the magistrate without the necessary delays and loss of time incurred by the necessity of taking them to the busy county court in Toronto."

LIBERAL SPRINKLINGS

Happy birthday, springtime

By MILLIE STEWART
Liberal Reporter
The great day has finally arrived. So why is no one jumping up and down for joy?

Today, March 21, is the first day of spring.

It's supposed to be a time of new life, rejuvenation, and starting anew. Tell me why everything is still mucky, washed out and blah.

There are signs that spring is coming, but you have to look closely to find them. Last week, a small piece of ground looked a little strange to my winter accustomed eyes, and on close scrutiny I discovered buds of new growth. They were gingerly poking their little heads out to see if it was safe to keep on growing or if, like the groundhog, they should turn tail and hide for a while longer.

The coming of spring brings with it many wonders. Parking lots that just a few days ago, were skating rinks, now have more holes than Swiss cheese. If you don't drown getting to and from your car, the engine will, as it wades merrily through the new found lakes to get to dry land.

The dry cleaning stores do a landslide business, because transport trucks, buses and even cars . . . yeah, you fiends, persist in splashing as many pedestrians as possible.

SCRUB-A-DUB-DUB
With the arrival of spring, most women somehow get the urge to

remove the grime of winter from their homes.

It's a tradition called 'Spring Cleaning' and I, for one, think it should be abolished.

Spring is supposed to be a time of celebration . . . not slavery, and since I loathe, hate and despise housework in any way, shape or form I will not conform to tradition.

Who in their right mind wants to spend a glorious spring day up to the elbows in pine scented water scrubbing walls and ceilings.

Once you wash the walls, all you see are streaks where you missed or where the dirt was too heavy to come off with the first swipe.

So you have to wash each wall twice. It would be so much easier if you could just take a hose to the whole mess and have it done with.

Ceilings have to be the absolute livin' end. There I am perched precariously on a ladder or chair craning my neck to see what I'm doing, and I have scrubbed my way to the middle of the ceiling, when the phone rings.

As I fall off my perch, I land, one foot in the bucket of pine scented gunk, sloshing it all over the floor only to pick up the receiver to hear . . . bzzz.

After I control my tongue, I look up to see a definite line where I stopped scrubbing . . . ceilings . . . blah.

THE PANE OF IT ALL
The worst is yet to come, and it has to be my most dreaded chore.

Those nice sparkling windows of last October are now covered with

six months worth of grime, both inside and out.

I don't really care if I can see Yonge Street, but my husband does.

So we clean windows. Getting the little blighters out of the frames is usually no problem.

Then, armed with a roll of paper towels and the large economy size of window cleaner, I set to work.

Each pane of glass has to be attacked at least three times on each side to remove the grime, and when I add up all the windows in the house, I will clean 24 panes of glass times three adds up to 72.

Oh gad . . . I should give up now while the getting's good.

But hold on, folks, the worst is yet to come.

As I said, getting the windows out of the frames is the easy part . . . now I have to get them all back in without smudging them with finger prints and hopefully, without dropping them out the other side.

Carpets are another of my very favorite chores.

The best way to clean them is to have someone else do them.

If it was only that easy, but we're economizing, and I trot down to the supermarket to rent one of those do-it-yourself carpet cleaning monsters.

With my luck, the thing blows a gasket and all the soapy water escapes and makes its way merrily down the stairs.

There is a solution to all this nonsense.

I can hire one of those firms that



sends out three people to clean the entire palace in one day.

Wouldn't that be heavenly, but with my streak of good luck, they'd tell me 'Sorry, we don't do windows'.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY
March 21 does have its good points.

Today is my husband's birthday. I would get murdered if I told you how old he is, but I will tell you, he now qualifies to join old-timer hockey leagues.

He enjoys the first day of spring, because it's the one day of the year when he can sit back and be spoiled rotten . . . not that he isn't spoiled every other day of the year, but this is his day and his alone.

Our exalted editor, The Grand Poo-bah, also celebrates his birthday today.

There is no telling how old he really is, although I can tell you, he is over 21.

At present, he is skiing in Vermont trying to hang onto winter. Some people never give up.

Since he's not here, I will tell you all in on a little secret . . . I think he qualifies as an old-timer, too.

A Happy Birthday to both of them, and everyone else who shares this day with them, but an extra special Happy Birthday to spring.

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