

## A split York board won't help education

The suggestion of studying the York County Board of Education, with the possibility of altering its format, is a creditable one, if sanity is allowed to reign.

Ever since the numerous small boards, high school et al, were joined into the monster York County Board, back in 1969, there has been talk that the structure was simply unworkable.

That has been proved wrong. The York County Board of Education — expensive as it is — does work.

When the first budget came down in April, 1969, with newcomer Sam Chapman seated at the head of the staff table, gasps were heard from Steeles Avenue to Lake Simcoe, when the figure — \$30 million — was dumped into the public's lap.

Of course, the figure wasn't much higher than the total of all the old boards put together; it was just that no one bothered to add them all up.

In those days, board members complained about the size of their jurisdiction; the rep from Thornhill didn't know much about Sutton, and likely didn't care. That worked both ways.

Board members today are complaining about the same thing. But the tie between south and north is — as was predicted — closer today than in 1969.

Regional government came along; regional police became a reality; a transit system, bus and rail, joined the huge area.

All those systems and organizations are helping to shrink the size of York Region; and the

Board of Education does its part as well.

Back in December, teachers from Markham District High made it known they are unhappy with the job the board is doing and that different parts of the region might be better served by local school boards — the very essence from whence the YCBE was derived.

But John Stephens, Separate School representative from Thornhill, touched on a point when others were babbling on about studying the board piece by piece and going over it with a fine-toothed comb.

He pointed out the regional board system is designed for the regional system of government; meaning you'd have to redefine at least two levels of government before you begin to effect any change in this province's school system. Really a waste of time, in his words.

Possibly the board seeks to study itself to find out if it can be split into two boards . . . one for the south and the other for the north.

Aside from the incredible expense (imagine paying TWO Directors of Education salaries), such a move would only tend to tear the Region apart.

If trustees are leaning in that direction, we suggest they study all the ramifications before coming to a final decision.

Lord knows, this Region will need all the unification it can get to keep Metropolitan Toronto inside its Steeles Avenue boundaries. And even now, it's a battle that York is losing.



(Liberal photo by Bruce Hogg)

## Ever have one of those days?

### By BOB RICE

## Of blowing snows and robins froze

I am thinking seriously about having another contest.

This time around I want all of you to send in your best reasons why I should go to Jamaica for about a month or so.

Keep the ideas simple, folks, and, if you feel so inclined, slip a few bucks into the envelope along with your entry so that I can have one heck of a good time. All entries become the property of me and none can be returned.

The first prize winner of the contest will, with a friend, accompany me to Toronto International airport and have the fun and pleasure of waving goodbye to me as I walk down the jetway to my waiting flight.

The second place winner can bring 10 friends and the third may invite up to 20.

In the event of a tie, all entrants can come to Malton and bid me bon voyage and then beat it back to the comfort of their cars. Neat idea . . . Huh? I knew you'd love it!

#### WEATHER

The fact that I feel that I might be to blame for all of this crummy weather has really been bothering me since last

Thursday.

If I hadn't done that column a couple weeks back about Spring arriving, if I hadn't picked on our cherished leader, Grand Poobah Wallace, if I had ignored the first robin sightings in Richmond Hill, if I hadn't ordered that 100 lb. bag of sheep manure, if . . . if . . . if . . .

#### WEIGHTED

The hundred kilowattchamaccallit winds of last Friday almost caused me to cancel my latest diet. The last time that the westerlies blew that hard was several years back when I weighed-in at 235 pounds of screaming steel.

I found little difficulty negotiating the open spaces between my car and the office door when those of lesser stature were hanging onto to whatever they could find lest they disappear forever.

This time around I had a problem or three when it came to keeping my feet on good old terra firma. I tell ya gang, those 15 pounds sure make one heck of a difference.

#### WEATHER 2

"Toronto weather office . . ."

"Uh, hi Don, it's Bob Rice calling!"

"Oh hello Bob, what's new?"

"Well, pal, you know what it's like, up and down, down and up."

"Yeah, I know, . . . what can I do for you?"

"Well Don, it's about this snow, . . . how long is it gonna last and how much do you think we'll get?"

"Snow? Whattaya talkin' about?"

"You know, Don, . . . the funny white stuff that I see falling all around me, . . . sticking to the ground, . . . covering my car, . . . that snow!"

"Gee Bob, we're calling for partly cloudy skies, . . . risk of light drizzle and a temperature around nine degrees, . . . Celsius, that is."

"C'mon Don, . . . haven't you looked out the window, . . . IT'S SNOWING FOR GOSH SAKES!"

"Window? . . . what window, . . . we don't have any windows here at Atmosphere Canada, . . . why the heck would we need any windows in the building?"

"Goodbye Don, . . ."

"See ya Bob."

**WEATHER 3**  
 BULLETIN: THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF CRIMPLEYVILLE HAS ANNOUNCED THAT THE WINTER CARNIVAL IS ON AGAIN AS ORIGINALLY PLANNED.

**WEATHER 4**  
 WINDSOR — Custom and Immigration officials are at a loss to explain the mere trickle of Canadians returning from the south over the past weekend.

Extra staff had been called in Saturday in anticipation of a heavy workload as Ontario vacationers were expected to clog border crossing points on their way home to fine Spring weather.

As of midnight Sunday, customs officials had recorded the crossing of three motorhomes, four station wagons, a rusty Ford pickup and one motorbike. One motorist interviewed stated, "I gotta be outa my cottin' pickin' mind."

**WEATHER DELETED**  
 The ol' Millpond Philosopher said, . . . "??&!!"??

## YESTERDAYS

By MARY DAWSON

## Life in 2,000 A.D. as seen during 1934

On June 21, 1934, The Liberal reprinted from the American Weekly a forecast by Professor Pierre Deveau, a French scientist, describing what domestic life will be like in 2,000 A.D.

He forecast that the ordinary dwelling will be built of thick plates of ground glass, divided by movable partitions to enable the householder to change the size and number of rooms. The partitions would be thick, soundproof and fireproof.

The floor will resemble a pneumatic tire tub blown up to a very high pressure, he said, which would deaden footfalls and preserve fragile items dropped on it. Beds, cushions and divans will also be pneumatic, as stuffed mattresses have been discarded because they harbor germs and microbes.

The garden will be covered by a giant glass cupola under which will flourish many varieties of exotic plants. The atmosphere will be washed, moistened, ozonized, warmed or cooled according to the season, and treated with health-giving and rejuvenating gases.

Bath tubs and showers will have disappeared, being replaced by a "vapor lance", a mixture

of 90 per cent compressed air and 10 per cent lukewarm water in a mist. This will be very pleasant to the skin and will do away with the necessity of using soap.

The kitchen will have been transformed into a laboratory where innumerable utensils of porcelain and nickel are worked by electric current. Electric probes will determine the exact ripeness of fruits and vegetables, freshness of eggs and other instruments will analyze milk, wine and oil.

An electric "baker" will boil all disease germs out of the human system by infra-red rays, with no harmful effects.

The French scientist foresaw the "television room", describing it as having a vast panel of ground glass on which the householder would call up motion pictures in color at pleasure. He forecast that it would play an important part in the private and political life of a citizen of 2,000.

The motor car of that year would have no noisy motor under the hood but would fly along at 200 m.p.h. with perfect steadiness, he claimed.

The driving energy would be received in radio-electric form from

distant stations charged by solar radiation. Car springs would also have disappeared, he said, being replaced by huge tires inflated only to 10 pounds.

Roads would become luminous at night being treated by a chemical substance which will store up energy from the sun. The cars will also be luminous all over and will not require head or tail lights.

The methods of growing whole chickens and other meat producing animals will have been given up, replaced by the artificial culture of live flesh in each home's laboratory.

Pieces of meat will be placed in a lukewarm, nutritive salt fluid which corresponds to blood. The grafts will develop rapidly and furnish a reasonable amount of meat in a sanitary, economic and humanitarian manner.

Bread, sugar and vegetables will be replaced by succulent substitutes obtained from the cellulose of certain tropical fruits.

Forty-four years of the 66 years have passed. Do you believe we will achieve this "Utopia in the 21 years remaining until 2,000 A.D.?"

## LIBERAL SPRINKLINGS

### What a way to shape up...

By RON WALLACE  
 Liberal Editor

It was so windy Friday morning, my living room floor was shuddering. T'were no day for man nor beast.

I picked up the phone and began dialing the office number. Not much to do today, anyhow, I mused, thinking about spending a few quiet hours at home. They'll never miss me.

Suddenly, in a flash, I slammed the receiver down before the first ring, and gathered my thoughts.

I MUST go to work today. Simply MUST

Today — the heck with the weather — today is the day I've been looking forward to all week.

Today is the — hold your breath — "The Tri-Bell Country Club Gala Preview". In newspaper circles, they're called "free-bies", I think. And there aren't too many of them anymore.

Beth Slaney of "Beth Slaney Public Relations" had designed this incredible invitation offering everything from squash matches to whirlpool baths at the soon-to-be-officially-opened Tri-Bell Club on Bathurst Street, north of Highway 7.



Tri Bell Club

#### REFRESHMENTS

Wrapped around the various events were various delightful refreshments, which seemed to spring up at you from everywhere.

The Tri-Bell Club — a \$5 million palace — was preparing to greet some 2,000 visitors over the weekend, and the media reps on Friday were first.

While the weather failed to stop yours truly and the world's greatest sportswriter, Fred Simpson, it did play havoc with the city press.

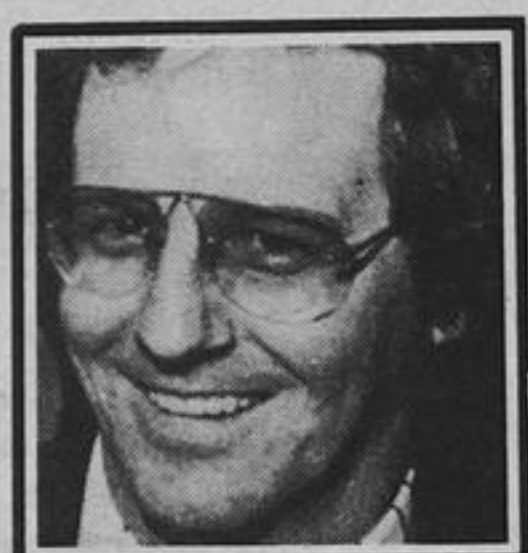
About 100 people showed up Friday, most of them members of the club.

The few media types, however, received the royal treatment from hosts Ernie Lustig, Saul Korman and Mel Richmond.

Specializing in racquet ball and squash (& I asked, but I never did find out the difference), the club also boasts four indoor tennis courts. And it has just about everything else you could imagine.

Nearly 600 showed up Saturday to participate in the various events, then on Sunday, close to 900 were on hand for the official opening.

Some locals included in the Sunday guest list were Police Chief Bruce Crawford; Mayor David Schiller; Recreation biggies Dave Hamilton and Lynton Friedberg; MLA Alf Stong; MP Barney Danson; and former MP of the old York-Simcoe riding John Roberts.



#### 40 YEARS OLD

The Tri-Bell Club is more than 40 years old, getting its start in the Trinity-Bellwoods area of the Big Smoke.

That's where the name came from: TRINITY-BELLWOODS. Presently it has a membership of some 400 families (about 2,000 people) and can add another 100 families before reaching capacity.

Bunny Diamond, Sharon Lustig and Aileen Goodfield talked about the club and its requirements.

It is not — contrary to popular belief — restricted to the Jewish community. Never has been, they said.

But, to get in, two members of the club must sponsor you.

And the cost, you say? Well, Tri-Bell is presently having a sale. If you act now, initiation will cost \$3,500. This Sunday, however, the price goes up to \$4,000.

And if you're tardy and don't act until after May 15, it'll cost you \$4,500.

Annual dues are \$800. Before you start choking on that, consider the initiation pays not only your fees but every member of your family as well, including in-laws and out-laws.

That makes the price seem a little more reasonable.

No, I won't be joining . . . but it is a nice place.

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