

Concert sellout will give Rotary a loud message

The list reads like a who's-who in York music. The cream of the crop; the best in show; and they'll all be together in one place at the same time.

Unfortunately, the place is a few miles from downtown Richmond Hill.

But that — in future years — could change, depending on public participation.

The Rotary Club is sponsoring a huge concert — so big, in fact, there's nowhere in Richmond Hill large enough to hold it.

So they're taking the show to the Minkler Auditorium at Seneca College's Finch Campus to prove one thing: Richmond Hill needs a concert hall.

Study the list of stars who will be there: The York Symphony Orchestra; The York Choral Society; The Richmond Hill Youth Philharmonic Choir; Bayview Secondary School Band; Richmond Hill High School Band; York Choralliers; The Sweet Adelines; The Roselawn School Choir.

You can almost hear the music now.

The nine groups will appear in two performances (the first five

listed perform at night and the final four in the afternoon) on Sunday, May 13. Tickets are available for either show, and a combination ticket (which saves you a buck) is also on sale.

Area residents travelling to Minkler to see either or both performances will be telling the Richmond Hill Rotary Club to continue its study into the feasibility of a concert hall in the community.

Saying "Richmond Hill is for Music Lovers", the Rotary Club noted last week: "The need for a suitable concert hall in our area is demonstrated by the fact there was nowhere in Richmond Hill and its environs where such a concert could be held."

The quality of music which will be heard at Minkler, May 13, should be so impressive residents will want a regular diet of it.

A full house at the two Minkler performances will tell Rotarians that, and they'll continue to pursue their objective.

The Rotary Club believes "Richmond Hill is for Music Lovers" and you can help prove the club is right by attending the concert.

McConaghy's final students

For the next nine weeks, The Liberal will present, in this space, the final classes of students to attend McConaghy Public School.

In June, the school, which opened as Richmond Hill Public School March 5, 1915,

will close its doors for good.

In 1957, the name changed to M. L. McConaghy Public School.

And in 1979, the York County Board of Education made its decision to close the school.

Therefore, we thought we'd like to record the names and photos of those children who were at McConaghy during its final year.

To get things going the photo below is the morning Kindergarten class.



The 1979 edition of the morning Kindergarten class at M. L. McConaghy School is shown here. Front row, left to right, Amanda Rigby, Cindy Chapman, Heidi Ahlfeldt, Allan Cooper, Michael Menashy,

Sarah Fee, Nicole Pellow, Elspeth Maycock. Back row, left to right, Steven Huke, Paul Harris, Jamie Cameron, Stefan Woronko, Kenny Blair, Peter Reyecraft, Andrew Hammond, Garrett Taylor, Joel

Marshall, Jeffery Beaty, and teacher, Marlene Campitelli. Absent when the photo was taken were Melissa Morin and Kelly Stevenson. (Photo by Canadian School Studios)

By BOB RICE

Memories from McConaghy

Letter

More staggering figures

I was interested to note your amazement and concern about the \$11 billion debt accumulated over eight years by Bill Davis and the \$3.5 million daily carrying charges. Perhaps when you see the results of Trudeau's 11 years in power you will be similarly stunned.

At 1978 year end, the Trudeau gross national debt had reached 80 billion dollars or about \$7,000 for each working

Canadian. — The Trudeau debt for 1979 ALONE is 12 billion dollars or more than the entire federal budget of 1968 (Trudeau's first year) OR more than the entire debt accumulated by Davis in eight years. — The daily carrying charge for the Trudeau debt is about \$18 million dollars. The result of all this wild Trudeau spending is a falling standard of living. From

second in the world in 1968, the Canadian standard of living has dropped to seventh. Look at how little you can buy with a Canadian dollar and then think about the \$7,000 you owe because of Trudeau's extravagance and wild spending. Jim Morrison 42 Dersingham Crescent, Thornhill. ED. NOTE: We are similarly stunned.



YESTERDAYS

By MARY DAWSON

When Richmond Hill was a large lake

Many, many yesterdays ago, in fact 25,000 years of them, this whole area was covered with water. The Liberal of October 12, 1933, stated.

A. Cameron MacNaughton gave a brief resume of a booklet entitled "The Pleistocene of the Toronto Region," just released by the Ontario Department of Mines.

According to the booklet the ridges and hills of King are moraines or deposits left by a glacier which, moving northward, came to a standstill and melted in this area.

A glacier, of course, is a mass of ice hundreds of square miles in area which creeps forward or backward a few feet a year, leaving behind deposits of sand, gravel, and sometimes huge boulders. Today this phenomenon can be readily seen in the retreating glacier of the

Columbia Ice Fields in Alberta. As glaciers move forward they pick up vast quantities of sand, gravel, earth and stones, as they retreat these are deposited and a series of hills are built up along the front which are evened out over the centuries.

As the glacier melted in this area a huge lake was formed stretching northward into King Township but it lasted only a few hundred years, according to the booklet.

The government publication also claimed that there has been more than one glacier in this area with at least one intermediate warm period, when vegetation and animals found only in climes much warmer than ours abounded in Ontario.

The sand and gravel deposits in Vaughan and Markham and the deep deposits of earth

throughout the area are mute testimony to the retreat of these glaciers. In fact, according to the booklet the deposit of fertile soil ranges in depth from 150 to 170 feet in most of the area and to 400 feet in Richmond Hill. This has been revealed through the drilling of wells.

The earth was deposited in several layers at different times and under different conditions, and the booklet claimed that the records of hundreds of thousands of years are contained in them.

Also discussed was an alleged underground river through the area from Georgian Bay through Barrie, Newmarket and Richmond Hill, to Lake Ontario.

The writers did not commit themselves to this theory, nor did they absolutely deny it, but rather treated it (if it exists) as seepage only.

Cinders. Do you remember the cinders?

The darn things would cut your hands when you fell on them, tear your pants when you slid on them and get in your eyes whenever the wind blew strong.

Why this mini-editorial on cinders? Easily explained, dear friend.

When the doors of McConaghy School close at the end of this term, they will be shut for the last time.

The children you see entering the building on Yonge Street each morning are members of the final classes at the dear old structure; after them, there will be no others.

The decision to close McConaghy has been made and all the arguments against came to naught. To be sure, the final blow will be argued for some time to come but, despite an excellent opposition led by many former students, this is the way it will be.

I was going to call Dave Semple, the principal, this morning and drop by the school for one last peek around. I wanted, however, to do this column about the McConaghy I remembered and have decided to postpone the tour lest it cloud my memories.

I should tell you, though, I never went to McConaghy. I attended Richmond Hill Public School... yet they are one and the same.

When the Rices moved to The Hill in 1948 there was only one public grade school and that was RHPS.

It wasn't until I was attending Grade 7 that another school was built and as a

result a new name was put on good old number one.

AVERAGE STUDENT I doubt if my attendance at RHPS will ever be chronicled as one of the highlights in the school's history. I was only an average student and my grades fluctuated from 'needs improvement' to 'satisfactory' with only the occasional 'very good' or 'excellent' noted on my report cards.

My favorite subjects were morning recess, lunch, afternoon recess and dismissal with the odd spate of history, geography and literature thrown in for good measure.

I remember teachers such as Mr. Flynn who displayed infinite patience with my fumbblings at math, Miss Prouse who always seemed to be in a good mood and Mr. Neighswander who led us through that difficult transition from public to high school.

In truth, with the exception of a certain Grade 7 dictator, I have fond memories of all of my teachers at RHPS.

I guess that I will always remember the stairways most of all. The sound of thunder would echo throughout the halls as we made our way to our classrooms each morning.

Noise was accepted at this time but, during class, those same stairs could turn a seven-year-old boy into a nervous wreck as he made his way to the washroom.

Each footstep would trigger an earth-shattering, floor-splitting squeak that

could be heard all of the way to Toronto no matter how careful the traveller was.

BEATING BRUSHES Do they still beat the brushes? gee... I hope so.

There was something special about being picked to beat the brushes.

The lucky pupil would be allowed to gather all of the blackboard erasers and spend several moments of pure bliss pounding the heck out of them at the back of the school.

Chalk would fly in all directions as greens mixed with blues mixed with white and eventually settled all over the happy student.

This, of course, necessitated a visit to the washroom to clean up and the total time spent away from class could be further prolonged.

This brings me now to that bastion of delight... the water fountain. Today's water fountain cannot compare with the type that we had.

The bowl was steel, not porcelain, and the head was round and bulbous rather than arched and semi-covered. The fountain could be used as a weapon and many a water fight took place at the outlet near the side door of RHPS.

WATER PROVIDED The fountain also provided a filling station for our waterguns.

With the advent of spring came a new batch of water pistols from the store on the corner of Arnold and Yonge. Some were molded in the shape of Buck

Roger's spaceship and other looked like Lugers.

The lineup at the fountain was greatest on those warm days of May when we had carefully concealed our weapons in our pencil cases.

Following the morning recess we continued our classes in a somewhat soggy state and before the last bell of the day sounded it was almost impossible to find a dry piece of clothing in the whole school.

The best play area at McConaghy was the series of small hills of earth and pine way back at the southwest corner.

For several minutes each day we could forget Dick and Jane and substitute instead The Lone Ranger, Hopalong Cassidy, Gene Autry and Red Rider.

The waterpistols became Colts, our scarves transformed into ropes and on more than one occasion a pupil was known to have been left tied to one of the trees while the rest of us answered the bell calling us back into class.

AND THE CINDERS

As soon as the weather permitted we took our gym classes outside. This was when we played baseball, floor hockey and track and field and got more than our share of bumps and bruises.

... then there was the cinders-in-your-skin cinders.

The ol' Millpond Philosopher once said... "Our accomplishments should not only show on paper... but also in the heart."

LIBERAL SPRINKLINGS

Gremlins due mesh up noospapers

By MILLIE STEWART
Liberal Reporter

There are many people in the newspaper business who would give absolutely anything to get their hands on the tiny invisible creatures who create havoc on newspapers. The creatures are called typographical gremlins, and no one is certain whether they're man, beast, elf or what they are, but they sure are hated.

The pranks these little devils indulge in can cause acute embarrassment, downcast frustration and even fits of uncontrollable mirth.

In these nasty little gremlins can you read on.

Years ago, after the Blue Water Bridge, joining Sarnia and Port Huron, was built, there was a severe storm and several people ended up spending the night on the bridge... one of them was the Mayor of London, Ontario.

The headlines announcing this event read 'Mayor spends night on bridge'.

A little touchy, maybe, but definitely not an error by human hand. It had to be the work of the gremlins.

These little creatures don't favor any one area of any particular country.

NO FAVORITES

They're everywhere... well everywhere there is a newspaper. No matter what size paper... large or small; daily, weekly or monthly, the gremlins haunt its production department and every so often they make their presence felt in grand style.

No one ever sees them, but their handiwork is seen and laughed or cried at by thousands.

Closer to home... in fact right here in Richmond Hill, we have seen glowing examples of the gremlins' handiwork.

Several years ago, an Ontario Provincial Policeman was chasing a stolen car up Yonge Street, and in the excitement five shots were fired.

The story about the incident was fine up to a point, but the 'o' and the 'i' are so closely related that the word "shots" came out entirely different.

It caused a bit of embarrassment to the newspaper people involved, and it took a long time for the laughter to settle down in the community and in the newspaper office.

Some of the games played by the gremlins in the dead of night have startling repercussions.

Pictures have appeared in almost every newspaper with the wrong outline or caption beneath them.

An award winning story about a champion hockey team can be preceded by a soccer headline and on and on in this manner.

Is there no end to the pranks of these little darlings?

BELOW THE BELT

Very recently, the gremlins made their presence felt in Richmond Hill again. I think they're still here and I wish they'd hurry up and move on to a new location.

A picture of our mighty editor appeared in the paper a few weeks back and directly under his picture were the words 40 YEARS OLD in glaring bold type.

You should have seen his hackles rise at that one.

It wouldn't be so bad if he was 50 wishing he was 40, but he isn't. He's younger than 40 and wishing he was even younger.

What really got to him was the ribbing he took from his friends and those he thought were his friends.

Editors do tend to get a bit upset when the gremlins mess around with their newspapers.

Every once in a while, the gremlins get really nasty. Not too long ago, they changed the date on the front page of the paper... not only did they change the date, but they changed the year.

Now really, fellas, that's taking fun just a bit too far. That's playing

dirty. What did we do to deserve all this? FOREVER AND EVER

A picture on the editorial page of the paper ended up upside down. I had a hard time convincing the photographer that I didn't do it. It had to be the work of the gremlins... no one else would do such a dastardly deed.

This column won't put a stop to their antics. What it might do is make everyone who reads the paper aware that there are little creatures who mess up the paper and take great pride in doing so.

They will be around as long as there are newspapers, and when you see a glaring goof, stop and think about the gremlins in the dead of night in some dark production department saying to each other 'that's another job well done'.

ED. NOTE: Everyone in this business has a gremlin story to tell. Mine happened back in the late sixties, when, as an employee of The Banner in Aurora, I watched the gremlins change Aurora Police Force into Aurora Police Farce. Shortly after that, the York Regional Police crew was born. Any connection?



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