

McConaghy's final students

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

Richmond Hill Public School March 5, 1915, will close its doors for good. In 1957, the name was 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.

Gamble's new task will be tough one

The people of English Canada believed Pierre Trudeau, in 1974, when he told them he would save them from wage and price controls. He didn't.

So when he tried to run in 1979 as the only candidate who could keep the country together, the people just did not believe him.

He had been governing for five years on a false mandate already. Nothing could have been worse for national unity.

In order to get rid of Mr. Trudeau, the voters of York North had to sacrifice a fine member of parliament in Barney Danson.

It is ironic that Mr. Danson helped save the historic riding of York North before the electoral boundaries commission and recommended its new boundaries encompassing Markham, Vaughan and Richmond Hill.

It is ironic because if Mr. Danson had chosen to run in his old home turf in Willowdale he would

have stood a much better chance of winning.

But the riding not only had to be lost, it had to be won by John Gamble and the personal political machine he built from the ground up.

He was the first to realize that if Progressive Conservatives were to win in North York they would have to cast aside their millionaire image.

Congratulations are in order for his success in not only taking over the local party, but the riding as well.

He worked hard for two years to win York North.

If that hard work continues, and there is no reason why it should not, he will be well on the road to being a successful MP.

It is up to Mr. Gamble and his leader, Joe Clark, to turn the voter's negative feelings about the last government into positive ones about the government-elect and about Canada.



The above students make up the final Grade 3 class at McConaghy Public School in Richmond Hill. They include, front row, left to right, Annette Thornton, Susan Ioannidis, Martha Monkman, Michelle Pennock, Mandeep Jawanda, Barbie Kirk-

patrick, Angela Zeppieri. Middle row, left to right, Tara Smyth, Charles Stannard, Susanne Primok, Keith Bishop, Derek Plaxton, Stephen Wingate, Jeffery Macey, Natalie Jones. Back row, left to right, Croy Bott, Jane Balton, Michelle Jakma, Nancy

Fitzgerald, Dimitra Paganos, Barbara Connolly, Sandra Dziewiacien, Scott Weir, Richard Van de Leur, Chuck Fraser, and their teacher, Myrtle Campbell. (Photo by Canadian School Studios)

LIBERAL SPRINKLINGS

By MILLIE STEWART
 Liberal Reporter

Life is downright unfair...it really is.

I sit here at this typewriter day after day and my fingers dance merrily across the keys creating new stories, features and general knowledge like it was the easiest thing on earth to do.

But turn me loose near a garden, and those nimble fingers become a mass of thumbs... and not one of them is green.

I couldn't plant a dandelion and get it to grow.

When it comes to communing with nature and the good earth, I am probably the dunce of all times.

I envy my friends with their beautiful gardens ablaze with profusions of red, gold, pink and purple blossoms of every kind and description.

The beautiful shrubs and bushes can be seen at every house on the street except mine.

Oh, I do try. Several years ago, I planted some little shrubs with great hopes of someday having a bit of landscaping at the front of my house.

What happened to those shrubs would make any self respecting gardener run and hide.

They died...that's it in a nut shell. They simply withered up and died.

Now I understand that Mother Nature will take shrubs and bushes and trees...that's right...to a certain extent.

But even Mother Nature can't undo the damage done by a gardening boob. She has to have something to work with.

BULBS GALORE

One year, not long ago, I decided I could plant bulbs and get them to grow.

With my paws full of gladiola bulbs that the man next door told me would blossom forth into a rainbow of glorious hues, I set out to create a garden.

I weeded that little plot where my bulbs were to go, and added some fertilizer, and then, very carefully, I planted the bulbs one at a time, a precise distance apart.

If it didn't rain, I watered the little plot ever so carefully so that my bulbs would have enough moisture, but not too much.

I guarded that little plot like a mother guards her baby.

Weeks went by, and nothing happened. I started to get very concerned about the lack of tiny green shoots in my garden.

Plenty of weeds poked their heads through the earth, but these I quickly eliminated...I didn't want any old weeds to choke my beautiful flowers when and if they ever arrived.

Two months had passed and still no sign of my glads. I decided to

swallow my pride and seek some expert advice.

The man next door agreed to check out the problem for me.

When he had examined the plot of earth and scratched his head in bewilderment, he finally sat back and roared with laughter.

This was no laughing matter...what the heck had come over him? Couldn't he see I was very upset?

After careful consideration, my neighbor began to dig in the earth, and one by one he pulled out all my bulbs.

One by one, out they came...exactly the same as when I had planted them.

There wasn't one bit of growth on any of them because I had planted every one of those blessed bulbs upside down.

I told you I was all thumbs. But this was a blow to my ego.

Was I such a boob about gardening that I couldn't even tell the top of a bulb from the bottom? The answer...yes I was and still am.

LANDSCAPING BEAUTY

I have found the solution to growing flowers. I just trot off to the nearest nursery and come home with boxes of already growing flowers...petunias and marigolds and much more.

At least now I have some flowers in my garden...and if I didn't grow them from scratch, well that's my problem.

The landscaping is another story. We have a good friend who is blessed with ten green thumbs and he has agreed to help us landscape the property.

First I want a tree. The easiest solution is to run to the nursery and buy one...right? Not so, folks.

When I got to the nursery, there were trees of every description and color.

How could I ever make a choice from all these. I want a Crimson Maple, and as long as I remember that I should have no problem. I just won't take the time to look at any other trees.

But the Birches look so regal and the blossoming trees are so pretty and...on and on.

ROCKS ROCKS ROCKS

My dream has always been to have a beautiful rock garden. You know the kind where all those lovely flowers cascade over the rocks and blossom forth in all their glory.

I could never plan such a garden in the first place, and if I ever did, every blessed plant would probably be choked by weeds.

I can dream can't I? Someday, I may be rich enough to hire a gardener to plant my gardens, and then I can just sit back and enjoy.

Until then, folks, my fingers can do some good somewhere...And in the news this week...

Letters

We insulted Boy Scouts, he says

Your editorial of the 16th taking a round out of the leader of a Boy Scout troop puzzled me. It seems that whenever the press want to symbolize some minor inadequacy, the cliché they produce for the purpose insults the Scouts through a confusion of contexts.

Usually these clichés have a touch of condescending Macho swagger; but often their users appear innocent and blissfully unaware of the built-in insult they are using. I'm sure that in your paper the latter was the case.

After downing the Scout official, you went on to say it was election time (time that you were not going to insult your readers by making up their minds for them. However, only a couple of words before, you had done exactly both those things.

For clearly, if an identifiable set of officials is regularly used to depict INEFFECTIVENESS, then indeed insults are being used and as a consequence some changes will, almost certainly, occur in the public mind.

Nevertheless, a much more fundamental question still remains. Why are Scouting movements, along with the teaching profession, singled out in press headlines (The Redneck Editorials) for ridicule, down-playing, and uncomplimentary exaggerations?

One reason may be that the public, already uneasy about the shoddy factory-minded bargains they have encouraged School Boards to foist on children, hope that the media can unearth someone to share the blame for some of the worms in the can, and who won't talk back, won't strike, and whom they the public cannot be accused of electing.

But both Elementary Teachers and Scouting are in double disfavor. While both must scapegoat for the general public uneasiness, each must also suffer for special sets of public and media difficulties. Specifically, Elementary Teachers are in trouble because:

somewhat blurred, the distinction between training-in-"Basics" and basic education is fast disappearing in accordance with a new Greshams Law. The essence of basic education (from time to time swamped in training) is INDIVIDUALIZED PERSONALIZED ENCOURAGEMENT. That is why education is not amenable to the economics of scale (as is Training, or the medias mass presentation of Fact).

That is also why, even with a steady price level, either the pay of those who ACTUALLY educate should rise, or those of a gradually lower level of competence will inevitably be employed and the classrooms increasingly given over to mass-training; this being the Greshams - Law of the classroom in operation. The taxcut promising factory-cum-salesman mind, in its ignorance of actual economic and cultural processes, blames this development on teacher-avarice.

ii. The expanding post-war Federal tax role left locally funded teaching vulnerable to the factory-minded hopes for economies-of-scale; this being in line with the Redneck concept of EDUCATION-AS-MASS-DRILL: Large classes in large schools with "specialized" mass-taught teachers.

Not surprisingly, with the emergence of the two-working-parent family the residues of indoctrinated self-discipline (surviving from the traditional society), dissolved under round the clock tax-financed media pressure, and so the Elementary school teacher was—in addition to the ever expanding multi-cultural complexities they face — left almost alone to replace it.

iii. Parents are now uneasily defensive for virtually withholding the strike weapon from Elementary school teachers by playing on their compassion: these same parents already having used that same weapon for 30 years to wrack-up the price level

under which these same teachers, with their new mind-boggling load of discipline and multi-cultural complexities, must live.

And then Scouting. The disfavor in which Scouting finds itself also comes to it mainly courtesy of the media, via the latter's lucrative anti-establishment forays. Well the media know that the enormous media-saturated and so restive sections of the public who chose not to encourage their children to join secular youth movements can be made suspicious of those who do, and thus feel relieved to join-the-media in belittling what they see as an outside in-group.

Naturally, the media have no great enthusiasm for a youth movement that refused to swallow the concoction of pretentious nostrums peddled by broadcasters and publishers for the last 20 years.

No wonder we see a phui-to-Scouting tip of the muddled-child iceberg; and how wonderfully ironic that the media, endlessly trumpeting the virtues of International Commonalities and the Potentials of Youth, nudge Scouting aside at pretty much the same rate as the children of the world flock toward it!

The outstanding example for Canada of such a politically-free child preference was in 1972. In that year, YOUNGSTERS FROM 83 COUNTRIES, representing most of the world's major racial groupings in a wide spectrum of excited enthusiasms and colorful costumes, met each other in Toronto.

On that occasion, the cold-shouldering of the media was apparent and extensive: one typical press effort including a large headlined photograph drawing attention to the fact that one small child in one of the parades was out of step!

In a country where the top-radio and top-periodical (the studiously Canadian Newman-Frum axis) never tire of embellishing Canada's Multi-Cultural orientations, how can such models of nationality

decide that Canadian meetings of world-girding youth would bore "their" publics, however

much it might be an indifferent source of the sly sips they ladle out to slake the sour grape thirsts that

they have for so long cultivated so assiduously.

Woodburn Thomson
 Richmond Hill

Rice's column brought 71 orders for yearbook

Re: Your last chance for Yearbook — By Bob Rice — May 23.

I would like to use this space to thank Bob Rice for his super column he wrote last week regarding our McConaghy Year Book.

His article did our book justice and told it just as it will be, except that there will not be a colored picture of the school of 1957 — it will be a black and white one.

The public have been reading Bob's column, because to date I have taken orders for 71 books.

Bob Rice's writing has put me in touch with former teachers, former students — some from my years — the daughter-in-law of the man who built the school and even from Mrs. M.L. McConaghy's

grandson in Toronto.

I certainly have had some interesting phone calls from people in Richmond Hill, Thornhill, Gormley, Kleinburg, Keswick, Oak Ridges and Toronto.

Wednesday, I am putting my order into the publisher for books for all the present students at McConaghy and staff, my 45 sponsors, the 71 orders from the public and some extra copies in case someone missed Bob's column.

I am hoping to have these books by the last week in June.

Some people have been buying these as gifts, to send out of town to Ottawa, Orillia, Georgetown, Atlanta, Georgia, and other places.

I did enjoy putting this book together and on the back cover have said thank you to the two ladies who have worked so hard with me, namely Mrs. Pat Justice and Mrs. Avonelle Monkman.

Together we would like to express our thanks to Bob Rice, for putting us in touch with the public through his columns.

Joan Connolly,
 (nee Bettridge)
 37 Elmwood Ave.,
 Richmond Hill

ED. NOTE: The 'nee Bettridge' is significant in the signature. In Bob's column, he called the author Joan Beveridge. "He never never could get my last name straight," Joan said. Bob and Joan were schoolmates at McConaghy.

Tie your newspapers

The Richmond Hill Recycling Committee would like to ask everyone to 'String along with the newspaper recycling pick up in Richmond Hill.'

For several good reasons, it has become necessary for us to request that you tie your newspapers to be put out on your regular garbage day.

String is the most common material, but it can be tied with anything, but not wire, please.

Papers must be clearly visible from the roadway, on the other side of the driveway to the garbage.

Our crew does not follow the same time schedule as the garbage trucks, so please put your papers out about 8 a.m.

Please no paper bags, telephone books, glossy magazines or books. Some boxes and plastic bags contain other materials, and the sorting of these is consuming too many labor hours.

we would ask your cooperation in taking down their license number and calling Marlene at 884-6671.

Mortgage interest deductibility should have been introduced while the price of homes was reasonable, possibly in the \$14,000 to \$20,000 bracket and while the average citizen could afford a house.

To suggest it or introduce it now, when new homes are being commonly sold in excess of \$100,000 and interest rates are in excess of 11 per cent, is nothing short of buying votes or bribery by the Progressive Conservatives at the expense of those many, many citizens who can no longer afford a home.

I have always voted N.D.P. and will continue to do so, but to the so-called Solid Liberal riding of York North "Shame on You".

You have sold out,

Marlene Turner
 Secretary,
 Richmond Hill
 Recycling Committee.

York-North "sold out"

tossed your so-called principals out the door for what... \$300 to \$350? And that, if the Tories keep their promise.

And to you, John Gamble "Shame on You".

You had a car sitting outside the polling station at Crosby School with Vote for Gamble signs set up in it to further encourage people to vote for you contrary to the Elections act, as you well know, being a lawyer.

And as to you, Joe Clark, and your ideas regarding Petrocan, as another right winger, John Wayne, would say, "Remember their Arrow...AVROE, that is.

Allan Miloff,
 126 Talmage Ave.,
 Richmond Hill.