

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.

In June, the school, which opened as

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.

Seeing is believing

So, the Ontario government is handing over provincial planning powers to city councils and regional governments, or so the press releases put it.

We will believe it when the local government protests are heeded on the location of railway tracks, airports, super highways, hydro transmission lines and power stations.

As it is, local governments can do little about the location of hydro towers through Markham, Vaughan and Richmond Hill.

In our opinion, regional council (not the staff) abdicated its responsibility with respect to locating houses near railway tracks in Thornhill and Markham could not even nail down the facade of the new post office. It was under federal jurisdiction.

The Ontario government cannot do anything about that, but its new plans for the planning act will have to be studied carefully so we can be sure they are not a device to keep Ontario development sputtering along before everyone moves to Alberta.

LIBERAL SPRINKLINGS At least he had a parachute

By SHAAHON HAY
Liberal Staff Writer

A number of people in my life have indicated for one reason or another they think I am out of my mind, but I have never given the thought any credence. That is until last Friday, at 2 p.m. when I found myself seated on the floor of a Cessna 172 where a seat had been just a few hours before, facing the tail of the airplane with a seat belt loosely strapped over my legs, and on my way to Thornhill (as the crow flies.)

As if that wasn't bad enough, the door of the plane had been removed and there was nothing that looked secure enough to hold on to.

The occasion was a parachute jump by Ken Patry of Thornhill for the young students of E.J. Sands Junior Public School on Henderson Avenue in Thornhill.

Ken called to tell me about the jump because I had expressed the fact I was miffed when our photographer, Bruce Hogg, rode in the plane when Ken jumped onto Mill Pond for the Winter Carnival last February.

Believe me, there were moments Friday afternoon between 2 and 2:30 p.m. when I wondered what on earth I was doing, and why.

Three thousand feet above sea level travelling about 160 miles per hour, without a seat or a door, I thought Ken was the lucky one — at least he had a parachute.

THEN HE JUMPED

That is... I had that thought right up until Ken leaped from the plane.

I must say I admire him. His last words as he jumped into the unknown were not some private words to his God or, "Wish me luck", but rather a concern for the dumb reporter from The Liberal.

"Hold on", he shouted as he let go from the plane, (it even drew my attention from my own peril for a few minutes).

Parachuting as a sport is often called skydiving, but I don't know why. Ken did not go head first but rather feet first with his arms high in what I would describe as a position of surrender or praise.

His descent appeared to be slow to me, and beautiful. Magically his parachute opened and he guided the blue and white billowing canvas right to where we could see hundreds of school children waiting.

When I talked to him afterwards at the school he said he landed right on-in the school yard.

Immediately on landing the kids "mobbed" him, he said, shouting questions, wanting to touch him and pressing for autographs.

"The kids asked questions such as 'Was it fun?' 'Was it cold?' 'Was it windy?' and the most priceless was 'Were you glad when the parachute opened?'"



"Naturally, I said yes," Ken told me.

After answering questions and signing autographs for about half an hour, Ken went inside to talk to his son Robbie's Grade 1 class.

Marilyn Cutler, the Grade 1 teacher had her enthusiastic class write Ken a note telling him how they liked the event and most I saw afterwards had added a picture, which was most enlightening.

Robbie's importance in the school certainly jumped a couple of points, kids could be heard shouting "Hi Robbie" from all corners of the playground.

When asked whether he had plans for another jump in the area, Ken answered he did not but if any school or organization were interested he would be quite pleased to try to accommodate them.

I would like to say a special thanks to Ken Rawlins, the pilot for the momentous flight and a flight instructor at Maple Airport who was kind enough to offer support in many ways including the comforting hand on my shoulder each time we took a right turn angling toward the door that wasn't there.



This is the final Grade 4 class at M. L. McConaghy Public School, Richmond Hill. They are: Front row left to right: Garnet Rushton, Heidi Krumm, Jodi Moyer, Patty Neal, Wendy McIntosh, Leslie Fraser, Marcella

Leyden, Tammy Wilson, Jackie Mitchell. Second row: Jennifer Santos, Jason Maxey, Pat Fleming, Jeffery Justice, Warren Payne, Bobby Kirkpatrick, and the teacher Mrs.

McLeod. Back row: Bobby Kennedy, Wanda Creasor, Ann Marie Matisko, Linda Harvey, Rita DiGaetano, Patricia Richens, Michael Connolly, Brett Frederiks and Alex Fayle.

By BOB RICE

Four legs are not always better than two

Please folks... no more crutch jokes.

Since last Wednesday I have been hearing smart aleck lines like "here comes Hopalong" or "Gee Bob... you sure look better with four legs instead of two" and other such nonsense. Enough is enough.

This is the first time in my young life that I have ever had to hobble along on crutches and I sure as heck sympathize with anyone who has had to do the same.

It all began when I was closing the gate to the pool and our somewhat energetic poodle decided to leave for parts unknown. We usually keep him on a chain but, on this balmy evening, we relaxed our rules somewhat and this would prove to be my downfall.

My wife had taken some things into the kitchen and the girls were folding the patio chairs when the little devil took off. I caught sight of his shadowy form disappearing around the fence into my neighbor's property and I immediately gave chase.

It was already dark and the lights from the pool area did little to help my vision as I rounded the corner to my next backyard but I was able to pick out his figure near my friend's back porch.

I called him and he dashed back onto our property with me in pursuit. That's when it happened.

CRUNCH

Just as I was getting up a full head of steam my left foot dropped into a post hole and down I went. As I fell I heard a loud snap and then I was lying in the damp grass. The pain followed about five seconds later and I was sure that the ankle was broken. I called out to the girls to fetch their mother and with their combined help I was able to limp into the house.

Since I found that I could wiggle my tootsies, I used an ice pack and went to bed. I awoke at midnight and the pain had changed from a dull throb to unending agony. It was at this time I figured I had better get to the hospital.

I was still able to walk, though with some difficulty, and I drove to the emergency entrance where I presented myself to the smiling nurse.

Following the usual questions ("What is your OHIP number? How do you pay your premiums? Do you floss? etc.") I was shunted into a wheelchair and moved into the centre of the waiting room with the assurance that "the doctor will be with you shortly".

An hour and a half later I was wheeled into an examining room and 20 minutes after that the doctor made his entrance.

I should point out in all fairness that a woman had been brought in prior to my arrival and her possible heart attack was certainly more important (than my ankle).

ONLY SPRAINED

"Okay Mr. Rice. It seems that the ankle is only sprained. We're going to give you some pain killers and bandage the ankle but, just to be sure, I would like you to come back in the morning and have it x-rayed. In the meantime the nurse will give you a set of crutches so you'll be able to get around a little."

A few minutes later the two nurses appeared with the wooden helpers. Neat-o gang, I've always wanted to have a go at crutches... it always looked so easy.

Wrong, wrong, wrong! In the first five minutes with the darn things I almost fell on my you-know-what twice, stabbed an orderly with a wild swing and nearly uprooted a potted rubber plant in the waiting room.

Upon arriving home I attempted to negotiate the ONE step leading to our front door and, had my wife not come to my rescue, I am sure I would still be there to this day.

As my foot decided to continue to swell the next day (the x-rays confirmed that no bones were broken) I succumbed to the effect of the pain killing pill (helped along by a strong drink of Government Licensed liquid) and I zonked out.

It wasn't until Friday morning that my friends at the airport got to witness my artistry on the wooden helpers. As I entered the coffee shop the jokes started.

"Hey Bob... gotta match?"
"Gosh Rice... do you think they'll take all that weight?"
"Hey gang... anyone wanna play kick the crutch?"

IMPROVED

As you can imagine, I didn't finish my cuppa and I beat a hasty retreat for home.

Over the weekend I got better and better on the darn things and now I can scale the stairs in the house with the best of them. At the same time the swelling is starting to go down and I can gradually put more and more weight on the damaged foot.

By the end of this week I should be completely mobile again and I will return the crutches to the hospital and fork over four dollars for their use.

I have deliberately avoided visiting The Liberal office during this period because no matter how bad the kidding was at the airport, it would be tending at the hands of Ron, Larry, Millie, Shaaron and Fred.

Sorry to disappoint you gang but a fella can only take so much besides... I think I've heard all of the jokes by now.

The ol' Millpond Philosopher once said... "A dandelion is more than a weed... to another dandelion!"

Letters

Richmond Hill's "best" is a swamp - reader

Tonight my son's soccer team played its first league game. (Wed. May 30).

The team is Dynes Jewellers Minor Mosquitoes in the Region of York Soccer League.

One had to be in attendance to fully appreciate the appalling condition of Richmond

Hill's "best" soccer field. This is the Crosby Park field, used only for older players and for exhibition games with teams from as far away as Mexico.

There were holes in the field with as much as six inches, in depth, of soil. One entire side of the field could only be described as a swamp.

Can you imagine the injuries that could be sustained by players under such adverse conditions?

As for the parents in attendance, we were completely embarrassed at having to host a visiting team on such a terrible field.

One would think that

with over 600 soccer players in the Richmond Hill area, at least one properly maintained field would be available.

The Parks Department

will be dispatched on Thursday morning to make the necessary repairs and I fully intend to go over and see if the

promise has been kept.

Mrs. A. Surowiec,
442 Alper St.,
Richmond Hill

Students seeking Canadian friends

As an English teacher at Kukje High School in Seoul, Korea, I take this pleasure of writing to you on behalf of my students.

Well, my school has some 3,000 students, with ages ranging from 13 to 18.

Korean students learn the English language from the first grade of junior high school and they practice it through their English Conversation Club to improve their English.

So, I have realized that so many students are very eager to have their friends in your country.

I surely believe that their friendly

correspondence between students of our two countries will contribute

to international fraternity and better understanding. Furthermore, Korean students would like to learn more about

students' life, traditional customs and various other topics in mutual interest.

They will have fun in exchanging items in their hobby collections, too.

So, I eagerly hope you will let the Canadian students inform us of their names, addresses, sexes, ages and hobbies in their first letter for the best result.

All Korean students will be great and good friends to any boy or girl student who wants to share

friendship with Korean students. I hope you could accept this appeal of Korean students by reflecting in your esteemed

newspaper, if possible, at your earliest convenience.

Your consideration will mean so much to the young hearts.

With all the best wishes and regards to you all from Korea.

Miss Ok-Hee Kim,
P. O. Box 5550
Central Seoul,
Korea

Pop City soaks Seales

Recently Pop City Soft Drink Chain filed for bankruptcy. They were owned by Hillstead Ltd.

Pop City Customers, Seales Frozen Foods Inc., are out of pocket to the tune of a \$4 deposit for every case of empty bottles.

Seales has estimated approximately 1,000 cases of empties in stock and 50 skids (\$5 per), total value approximately \$4000.

We wish to thank our Pop City Customers for their patronage during

the past year. Frozen Foods is still and always will be the mainstay of our business.

Thank you very much for your understanding. Phil Beale, (President) Richmond Hill

Get going Gamble

Open letter to Mr. John Gamble (PC).

Congratulations on your win, in the recent election.

Seales for those on limited incomes.

The cost of such drugs has risen sharply during the past five years.

J.M. Duncan,
Box 522,
Richmond Hill

Liberal

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