

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.

In June, the school, which opened as



Following is a list of Grade 6 and 7 students in room 12. Front row left to right: Allison Kirk, Laurie Anne Bishop, Angie Court, Maria Sperandio, Leanne Ambrose, Sandy Queen, Cheryl Primok and Kathy

Irwin. Middle row: Karen McIntosh, Jamie Monkman, Robert Fayle, George DiGaetano, Joey Cannon, Larry Donofrio, Joe Beatty, Ken Stewart, Pat Kelly, Ms. Leslie Lavery. Back row: Jenny Neal,

Donna Norman, Juli Moyer, Jana Macey, Scott Russell, Susie Reycraft, Darren Barry, Roger LaFleur, Nick Ioannidis, Mike Andrews, Danny McVean, Kevin Graham.

Many facts wrong, but...

There is substance in Sewell's remarks

What strange sight is this? King Township Mayor Margaret Britnell is shouting down the stairs at regional headquarters defending the planning policies of the Region of York. Who could be responsible for such a bizarre twist of fate?

John Sewell, that's who. The Toronto mayor is continuing his bull-in-the-china shop approach to politics in the hope that once all his carnage is swept away some obscure truth will be found on the bare walls.

So far, all he had done is to raise the hackles on a few suburban backs with his objections to the way regional municipalities are not being planned.

Chairman Bob Forhan did not like the Toronto Star calling regional government a dinosaur after just ten years, a headline inspired by Mr. Sewell.

But the phrase is no more unkind than the things Mr. Forhan had to say to unseat his own predecessor who had been chairman since 1971.

The region has also gone through a couple of planning commissioners; it got along without one for many months, and is still working towards its first official plan.

Meanwhile, the major engineering works which that plan will have to work around are already in place.

In fact, the planning commissioner still does not get to see what the engineering commissioner is planning to build before he has them all ready to roll.

And after eight years at the region, it should be obvious to someone up in Newmarket that you can't save land for agriculture or recreation once you run water and sewer lines through it.

Where land is being developed,

the region has simply ignored its own housing study with regard to the need for rental accommodation, carving more and more parcels into small lots so that few such units can be provided.

The region did nothing to stop Vaughan and Markham from having thousands of acres of open space removed from the Parkway Belt planning area. In fact the region will do nothing to oppose the aspirations of an individual municipality whether they are in the regional interest or not.

The politicians from the area municipalities are, in return, allowing the region to go on spending all the money from provincial coffers that it can get its hands on. That is the compromise that has been worked out over the last eight years in Newmarket.

That is certainly not the way regional government was supposed to work. It was supposed to save money through economies of scale. It did not and it appears that it can't.

Nor should rural areas have to support the plan of an urban government and they can do so only by zoning for luxury like King, or trying to keep the development pot simmering, like Georgina.

Mr. Sewell's mathematics is out far enough to give any citizen of Toronto cause to shudder. There are plans to keep most of the growth in York Region in urban envelopes.

He has a lot of his facts wrong, but there is substance to the thrust of his remarks.

And we have really been kind using the Region as an example. We could have referred to the major planning decisions in Vaughan since 1971.

But then, we haven't got the space to write a book.

Letters

Hill Kinsmen Club gives \$2,600 for fight against CF

The Kinsmen of District 8 held their annual convention in North Bay last weekend, and representatives of 76 Kinsmen and Kinette Clubs in the District contributed \$201,868 towards Cystic Fibrosis Research. Most of the sum of money was raised by CF Bubbles, from store representatives of 76 counters.

Bob Rice column keeps classmate linked with home

Bob Rice, The Liberal, Dear Bob:

As a subscriber to The Liberal, I continue to enjoy your column and your contact with the "Happy Days" at Richmond Hill High School.

I have touched base with some old classmates as a result of your column, the latest being Joan Connolly (Bet-tridge) in relation to the McConaghy Year Book.

I am particularly interested in keeping in touch with old classmates and in events of any kind involving these people or former teachers. I would be pleased if you could put me on your list of contacts to participate in any such events.

Warmest regards, David Pattenden, Kingston, Ontario

mond Hill, Aurora and King who generously consent to have CF Bubbles in their places of establishment, and also the patrons of the stores who deposit loose change in the Bubbles.

The Richmond Hill Kinsmen and Kinette Clubs contributed to a total of \$2,600, and the prospective Club in Aurora, which is still in the formation stage, donated \$350.

Money raised in the District is distributed to the CF Clinic at the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto, to the CF Summer Camp at Lake Couchiching, and to Bursaries to five doctors doing research in the field of Cystic Fibrosis.

Each year research gets us closer to a cure or a prevention for this dread childhood disease and again I would like to thank the merchants and their customers for making this money available.

Bob Elliott, Kinsmen Club, Richmond Hill

The other afternoon while I was lazing around the pool studying the buildup of Cactus-Fractus clouds on the horizon, I heard a voice through the fence ask if I wanted my lawn mowed.

By nature I am not what you would describe as a real hard worker but, at the same time, I have also been accused of being CHEAP.

I queried the teenage businessman as to how much such a task would set me back and he quoted a price of five dollars. Needless to say, I continued to study the clouds and my lawn continued to grow.

When I was just a little bitty boy (yes, folks, I was small . . . once) I can recall many a Saturday morning spent earning a few shekels by visiting several homes on Richmond and Centre Streets and toiling behind the ol' Iron Horse.

I think Keith and I charged the grand sum of 25 cents for an average sized yard and the top fee for a real biggie was about 40 cents. That sure as heck is a far cry from five smackers.

Not only did we do a complete job (cutting, raking and disposing) but we also supplied our own equipment, or more honestly, our Dad's equipment. To be sure, 25 cents sure went a lot

farther in those days, but the rule of thumb was never to charge more than your weekly allowance otherwise some other guy would undercut your price.

Prior to my father purchasing the gas mower, the little fat kid had to make do with a cantankerous old manual machine. Today's youth will never know the frustration of having the blades and wheels lock whenever a stick or stone got lodged in the cutters and the bruises on the tummy that followed as the mower continued forward as the mower came to an abrupt stop.

The arrival of the Iron Horse freed me from such danger and it seemed that, except for the occasional boulder, the marvelous invention could handle just about anything it encountered. Sticks were immediately shredded into toothpicks as they came in contact with the rotary blade, paper changed to confetti as it exited the machine and, with a little practice, I could eliminate the need to rake the lawns by making an extra pass over the cuttings and transforming it into a mulch that disappeared into the surrounding greenery.

The biggest advantage of the new toy was in its ability to handle the doo-dos.

Doo-dos, for those of you who don't know, are those little (and BIG) things that doggies and pussycats and other animals leave around your yard in the exact spot that you want to step.

When using the hand mower there was only one way to deal with the doo-dos. As time consuming as it was, it was always necessary to walk the entire yard before starting to mow and scoop up all the doo-dos you could find.

As careful as you were, however, there were always one or two of the offending things that were overlooked and these always ended up clinging to the blades or, worst of all, stuck to the soles of your shoes.

Not so with the Iron Horse . . . gang . . . No sirree. The advent of the rotary mower spelled an end to the danger of the doo-dos.

I will admit that it took a certain amount of skill and cunning to whip the doo-dos but, within two weeks, I managed to triumph.

The secret was in the blade height and a combined wrist-and-foot action. The wheels were set as low as the terrain would allow and, upon encountering a doo-doo, the mower was pushed quickly over the object and then suddenly pulled back while at the same time the left foot stopped its

progress and the wrist was flicked to cause the machine to tilt.

The result of this clever maneuver was one doo-doo sent flying off into space.

There were, of course, several variations of this basic method that could be employed and, as time went on, I was able to fire a ripe doo-doo more than 30 feet through the air with the greatest of ease.

There are two rules that should be strictly adhered to if you want to be successful in doo-doo launching.

(1) Make sure that the doo-doo is directed to an area that you have already mowed or to the neighbor's property.

(2) Be careful to ensure that the neighbor isn't home.

As the memories of past victories against the doo-doo filled my mind, I noticed that the clouds had moved closer and scattered pellets of rain were interrupting my reverie.

As the wet stuff got heavier I quickly lowered the umbrella, covered the barbecue, folded the chairs, locked the gate, hurried to the shelter of the house and . . . stepped onto a fresh doo-doo.

The ol' Millpond Philosopher once said . . . "the enemies made in the past . . . will dog you 'till this day!"

LIBERAL SPRINKLINGS

Try sending 'em to summer camp

By STEVE PEARLSTEIN, Liberal Staff Writer

It's getting around that time of year when kids are thinking about that final, stubborn Friday when they'll be able to race out of school doors and savor eight weeks of their own time.

Many will go away with their parents. Others, who are older, will try to make as much money as possible the easiest way they know how or maybe take off with some friends out West, for an extended trip through the States or — yes — see the interesting sights of Canada.

But what about that metamorphic age group. The 12-14-year-olds who are too young to work, to old to hang around and do a lot of nothing but old enough to have discovered how to cherche les femmes and young men.

The solution, and many parents shudder at the thought, might be to send 'em off to summer camp.

I remember my first and only experience with summertime overnight camp. It was the only time I went not because I got kicked out or anything, I just got too old the next year.

The place was set nicely in a black fly and mosquito infested corner of the Haliburton region, near a place called Eagle Lake. Skiers might recognize the place because Sir

Sam's Inn, a purported hot bed for Apres Ski, is not far away. Anyway, I had just turned 15, heard a lot about these expensive resorts and was resigned to get as much 'sport' in as I could in three-and-a-half weeks.

My age put me in the oldest cabin in camp. I have no idea why they called them cabins — ours was more like an oversized gazebo with a couple dozen Army surplus bunks, serving as beds. From my first step off the bus, I realized I had a lot to learn about camp life.

The bus driver threw the last two duffle bags, which happened to be mine, out of the bus' luggage compartment and into the dust. There was a tanned, well-groomed guy standing next to me who said:

"Those yours? If they are, I'll give you a hand."

"No thanks, sir," I quickly responded. "I can take care of it myself — just show me the way we're going."

He glared at me like I was a fool, but with those two heavy bags on each of my shoulders, I climbed a 100-foot, 45-degree hill. Puffing and perspiring by the time we got to the cabin, my counsellor said to me:

"The first thing you learn when you come here is if someone offers you a hand, never, never turn him down."

I had a penchant for learning all my lessons like that, but in spite of

my own basic idiocy, I grew to like my counsellor.

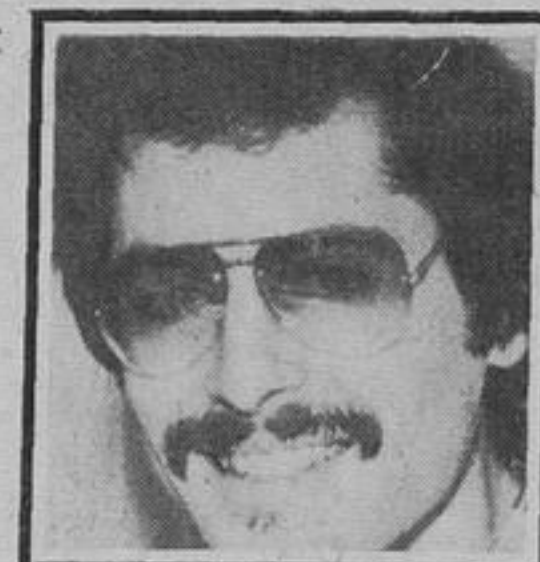
If you think sleeping with a bunch of strange guys takes some adjusting, you really have to pace yourself when you're practically forced to live, eat and travel in the same group. Not that we spent all that much time together in good old Cabin 6-6.

For example, take Mikey. He had an insatiable lust for Penthouse and Playboy magazines. He bunked next to me — I was on the upper and he was on the lower. The peculiarity was he would only read his skin

books in one condition . . . like he was the next candidate for the centrefold of Playgirl. Yup, he'd just lay there nude, oblivious to whatever else was going on in the cabin. He'd have been in great shape in case of fire.

Well, one morning old Mikey was doing his thing when one of the campers from the girls' section sauntered into the cabin. She walked the length of the aisle not realizing our cabin kook was lying there in his birthday suit.

She was a nice girl, clean complexion . . . until it was flamed by what she saw lying in the bunk next to mine. It must have affected her vocal chords, because we didn't hear one peep out of her. She just did an about-face and walked out in the same leisurely pace she came in.



There are a number of other incidents I could talk about but for the lack of space. Like the time our cabin got caught in girls' camp (a no-no after 10 p.m.) at four in the morning, stringing toilet tissue and a mixture of underwear and bathing suits which had been drying (just the suits, not the paper) through the trees.

On one occasion, I incurred the wrath of both my counsellors because they felt I indulged in too many French Fries one Friday evening. That was the night we were customarily served fish and chips, and you couldn't have traded the Plotnik diamond for a portion of French Fries.

I couldn't help it if I was a growing boy.

It all ended too soon. I was sorry to go home and as I recall, camp was worth every penny of the \$400 my parents spent. After all, it was their money.

The next summer wasn't nearly as fun — I already had to start pretending I was an adult. But parents, all those ugly stories you hear about camp, especially around the time you have to decide to send your kids or not — are true.