

## Could you watch a million people die by drowning?

While it's true bringing Vietnamese refugees to Canada may not solve their problems, ignoring the boat people surely won't help.

The different culture, the strange climate, the ultra-modern cities, the way of life will be a mass of confusion to these people when they arrive in Canada, and may, psychologically, be upsetting to them, but what alternatives are there?

People who sit at home grumbling in their beer will say to their friends — but not publicly — to leave them on the boats. To hell with them, they'll say.

Others will mumble that it's all right for the refugees to come to Canada "but keep them off my block or out of the neighborhood".

Still others will warn that "someday we'll be sorry, when they take over our country".

You may hear some ask, "Why should I pay to educate those children"; "Why should I pay to subsidize their housing"; "How come I can't get a job, when businesses in Canada are promising jobs to the boat people"?

The questions are endless. But, ask yourself, if a member of your family was drowning, would you reach out to help? Or would you turn your back and go about your business?

The boat people need a hand. They ask for nothing more.

They don't want your charity, your sympathy, your dollars, or your time. They merely want an opportunity to exist, a safe place to make a life for themselves and their families.

The figures released by Operation Lifeline, a group with branches in Richmond Hill and Thornhill, formed to encourage private sponsorship of these refugees, are staggering.

One to two million will have fled by the end of 1979 — and it's estimated that half will die while in transit.

This means as many as a million could drown this year. Even the Hiroshima nightmare claimed fewer than 100,000, and that horror is still vivid today, some 34 years later.

Can we stand by and watch a million people die?

Some can. Some will. Some are.

In this great country of ours, surely we can offer some protection, some assistance, to these people who have fled with nothing.

No matter how you apply it — the Christian spirit of helping your fellow man; the Golden Rule; or the Indian law of walking a mile in another's moccasins — keep in mind the operating word through all this is "people".

And as the Richmond Hill and Thornhill Area Family Services will tell you, "People are Better Than Anybody".



## Coffee Break

### LIBERAL SPRINKLINGS

## Summer camp: 'I want to go home'

By STEVE PEARLSTEIN  
Liberal Staff Writer

Leafing back through some of your more memorable issues of The Liberal you may recall on June 20 I made a suggestion for parents about what to do with kids who have nothing but time on their hands for the summer.

Yup. Good old summer camp — an experience sure as shootin' your little Johnny or Cindy will never forget (they won't forget you either, for sending them). Making my first pilgrimage back to Camp Northland in 10 years made me realize how much one could forget and how drastically memories of the good old days could be

wrenched from one's mind (and how quickly).

The occasion was a visit to my younger sister, Kim, spending her first-ever three weeks at overnight camp. Before she left, she was more excited than a budgie in a roomful of tomcats — making plans with at least six friends scheduled to go at the same time.

It didn't take us very long through our visit to discover things just aren't what they used to be. But more on that later.

The camp is situated in the Haliburton Region, nestled alongside Eagle Lake and the Haliburton Land Development. It's a good 150 miles from Richmond Hill and



making the trip in three hours is considered good time. My wife and I started out last Sunday at 9 a.m., figuring we'd be at the camp in time for lunch, with good traffic conditions.

Our car isn't really that old and this was to be its first "extended highway drive" outside putting back and forth to work and driving on weekends. I must say the standard of Ontario driving has slipped pitifully low. We used to drive to Ottawa and on to Montreal without any problem.

Approaching Lindsay on Highway 35, we were very nearly killed by some twit who decided to pass as we reached the crest of a hill. His car, coming straight at us, came within 15 feet. In that situation, you can't cross the median line because of on-coming traffic and you can't drive on the gravelled shoulder for fear of losing complete control. You just have to sit there and turn ermine white — which is exactly what we did.

Amid threats of jumping out if we didn't turn back, I told my wife (who was barely rational) I had called ahead and the staff at Northland were expecting us shortly.

This was confirmed in true camp-style fashion when we arrived and the Section Head asked: "Who did you say you were?" As I thought, they were unprepared for us.

As we waited for my sister, a short reconnaissance to the boys' washroom reminded how putrid and foul places like this could be — even in the middle of nature.

It is now customary that campers do everything in their power to keep visiting parents away from the kybo (washroom) lest they be jerked by the ear all the way back to Toronto.

We tracked Kim down on her way to a general swim. Her greeting has become part of the five most common words new campers are known to utter: "I want to go home." Kim has the distinction of elongating that to six words by adding, "NOW".

Despite her distemper, we were given a full tour — the swim area, ski docks, sailing docks, cabins (visitors not allowed inside) and the spot where you can hear the best music in the camp.

Things seem to have gotten pretty soft, from the way I remember camp. Kids were actually listening to their counsellors. They had the nerve to participate in organized activities — on a Sunday that was unheard of in my day.

The old camp director still hung around, stealing tennis court time away from the campers. He hadn't changed one iota.

To give you an idea what a real PR guy he is: on the way to the swim area, we were treated to watch a rocket launching. You know, one of those remote-controlled missiles that lands in the lake and is picked up by a recovery crew of campers. Well, it took off and reached its apex rather nicely.

"Wasn't that beautiful — a perfect flight, tremendous," said the director.

"Yeah, but the parachute didn't open and it came straight down and nearly hit one of your campers," I answered.

"I lost sight of it though, after takeoff. It was camouflaged by the clouds," he said.

In the old days, campers were more cared for but had far less fuss made over them. As for my sister, she wrote letters to her mother until the day before she left, expressing her disgust with the place. I doubt if she'll ever see the place again.

### YESTERDAYS

By MARY DAWSON

## Education in Hill dates back to 1811

The history of education in Richmond Hill dates back to 1811 when Squire James Miles opened a Sunday School in which he taught reading, writing and arithmetic with the Bible as the only textbook.

This remained the only opportunity for acquiring the rudiments of these subjects until 1816 when Benjamin Barnard was persuaded to move to Richmond Hill from Langstaff.

He held classes in a deserted settlement house until 1820 when a new log schoolhouse was erected.

The one-room building was heated by a box stove in the centre of the floor and the wind whistled through the holes where the chinking had fallen out. There was one door and six windows.

Mrs. P. L. Grant, a pupil in that school, as reported in The Liberal February 23, 1928, had described the seats as "being made of slabs with the bark side under. The older pupils sat at a long desk nailed to the side walls. The master made the goose quill pens for his pupils and the cat-o-nine tails flourished."

William Harrison,

recorder of the early history of Richmond Hill, attended this school for one year before it was replaced by a two-room brick schoolhouse, later replaced (on the same site) by the present M. L. McConaghy School in 1915.

But let's get back to 1938. On April 5 The Liberal reported that the inspector had given the high school a number 1 rating. He had particularly praised the public speaking and debating program and participation by the students in athletics.

The April 19 issue contained the auditor's report for the Richmond Hill Board of Education for the previous year.

It showed expenditures of \$12,053 and a bank balance of \$2,991.74 in the public school account. This included teachers' salaries \$7,624.50, caretaker and secretary \$949.96, maintenance \$1,121.89.

Expenditures for the high school totalled \$22,635.52, including teachers' salaries of \$13,659.72, caretaker and secretary \$958.29, and maintenance \$921.29.

The bank balance was \$3,799.12, down from the

previous year's \$6,182.73.

In June the board decided to introduce a two-year commercial course to be located in the old high school (now the municipal building).

In July the board hired Miss Sutton, who taught previously at Carleton Place, as the new commercial teacher.

Before this, young people from this area who wished a commercial course had to travel to Toronto.

The board had also had three resignations from the high school teaching staff.

These were replaced "from scores of applications" by Miss Edith Jones of Southwold (mathematics), Miss Dengate of Montreal (French and history), and Miss Stirling of Agincourt, (art and history). The salary in all cases was to be \$1,900 a year.

That September, 198 students enrolled in the high school, including 27 in the new commercial course. At the public school heavy enrollment of 58 in the fourth class caused 12 or 14 junior fourth pupils into a class in Miss Richardson's room.

### By BOB RICE



## Two good examples of preservation

Accompanying this week's column you will have noticed a picture which shows, in my humble opinion, two excellent examples of preservation. The first is the old Chevy Coupe and the second . . . is me.

You may recall, dear reader, that last year at about this time I told you about the annual antique and classic car show that is run by The Whitchurch-Stouffville Museum near Newmarket.

Well gang, here I am doing the same thing again but this year there have been a few changes.

The first is the fact that the Museum has moved to Vandorf on Woodbine Avenue which puts it about ten minutes away from Richmond Hill.

The second is the exciting news that, despite repeated pleas by museum curator Mary Hopkins and the entire motoring public of York Region, I will be making an appearance in my 1951 Chevrolet.

I can almost hear the cheers of delight as I turn into the community park, sitting upright behind the wheel with my proud family at my side . . . Aaah . . . the wonder of it all!

(I guess, though, that I should be honest and tell you that the car is really owned by Ruth

Ragan of Gormley and that she is letting me have it for the day but . . . that would spoil my dream . . . so I won't).

This will be the sixth annual show by the museum and the Rice's have had the pleasure of watching it grow over the years.

In addition to the cars (of which there will be many) there is also a bake sale, steam show, quilt raffle, a band concert, craft demonstrations and a whole bunch of other things.

The Museum has reopened at the new location just recently and now occupies the old OPP station until the original Bogartown School building is moved to Vandorf from its present site some time in September.

By the way, I almost forgot to tell you when the whole get-together takes place. The gates open at noon on Sunday, August 12, and the show runs until about 4:30 p.m. I hope you'll plan to attend and I promise that if you are really nice to me and say well things about The Liberal, I'll let you touch the steering wheel of the Chev.

The ol' Millpond Philosopher once said . . . "I have learned that if you arrive at the museum in a vintage or classic car, you will be admitted free of charge . . . This explains why Rice borrowed the Chevy!"

**Liberal**

VOLUME 102, NUMBER 6  
TELEPHONES

Editorial, Display 884-8177  
Classified 884-1105  
Circulation 884-0981  
Toronto customers 881-3373

Subscription rates: By mail \$13.00 per year in Canada \$26.00 per year outside of Canada. By carrier, 80 cents every four weeks. Single copy sales 25 cents. No mail delivery where carrier service exists. Second Class Mail Registration Number 0190.

Ron Wallace - Editor  
Fred Simpson - Sports Editor

The contents, both editorial and advertising of The Liberal, Richmond Hill are protected by copyright and any unauthorized use is prohibited.

**METROSPAN**

Printing & Publishing Ltd.  
METROSPAN - NORTH DIVISION

John C. Fergus, Publisher  
Ray Padley Jr., Advertising Director  
Norman Sturden, Production Manager  
Denis O'Meara, Circulation Director  
Rose Reynolds, Accounts

Metrospan Community Newspapers publishes The Richmond Hill/Thornhill Liberal, The Banner, The Oakville Journal Record, The Halton Consumer, The Mississauga Times, The Etobicoke Advertiser/Guardian, The Etobicoke Consumer, The North York Mirror, The North York Consumer, The Scarborough Mirror, The Scarborough Consumer, The Woodbridge & Vaughan News and The Bolton Enterprise.

