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THURSDAY, APRIL 20th, 1939.

THE CAR WRECKING BY-LAW

In refusing to amend the by-law which would prohibit the conduct of a car wrecking business of any kind here members of Richmond Hill council we think are acting contrary to the will of the great majority of the citizens who elected them to office. The members deserve commendation for their foresight in taking some action to make sure Richmond Hill would not suffer from unsightly car wrecking yards. However we think in their zeal they overstepped the mark by passing a prohibitive by-law.

We would heartily endorse a by-law providing for the licensing of car wrecking plants. Such a by-law would enable council to decide whether or not the location proposed was a suitable site for such a business and provide for reasonable regulations and regular inspection by the proper authorities. A reasonable license fee would more than cover the cost of such inspections. To say that because a license would be granted for a car wrecking business at the Richmond Motors garage, a license would have to be granted to anyone else who applied irrespective of the location, is indeed a ridiculous argument.

A licensing by-law would be sufficient safeguard that car wrecking establishments in Richmond Hill would not be the unsightly junk heaps they undoubtedly are in some places. At the same time it would allow a reputable firm to conduct a legitimate business. Any time the provisions of the licensing by-law were not respected the license could be cancelled.

In the storm of protest which has followed the council action some members of council have come in for severe criticism. While we do not agree with council members in their action we certainly do not agree with those who ascribe to them ulterior motives. We do not think that because Councilors Little and Hill happen to be engaged in the automobile business that they have taken their stand because of any thought for their own business. We believe they are sincere in their opinion that they are, as representatives, acting in the best interests of Richmond Hill. If however the council members think for one minute that the majority of people in Richmond Hill back them up in their action we suggest they ask the people for an expression of opinion. We have no doubt that by an overwhelming majority and with a unanimity which we have not observed on many public questions the people would vote against legislating a reputable firm out of a legitimate business. We hope council members will not continue to ignore public opinion. We hope the now established business will not have to leave town.

GARBAGE COLLECTION

The agitation for some system of garbage collection in Richmond Hill is gaining momentum and that there is a very considerable demand for this service is evidenced by the number of letters appearing in this paper. The apparent demand for some service of this kind should inspire our town council to give the whole matter their serious consideration. Failing municipal action possibly some one among our unemployed could establish a profitable business as a private enterprise.

LET'S BE DIFFERENT

Mr. Leo Dolan, the able and energetic director of the Federal Tourist Bureau, pointed recently to a paradox in civic ambitions. Towns and cities strove so hard to keep up with each other, said Mr. Dolan, that they tended to become more or less alike. This was, of course, valuable in matters such as sanitation, law enforcement and hotel accommodation, but it was bad for the tourist business. People liked to see something new, or at least new to them. They did not wish to travel thousands of miles only to see the same kinds of hats and eat the same kinds of food as at home. So the typical Canadian or U. S. town, while making great strides to become a metropolis on the New York model, was often with the same effort diminishing its chances of gaining a revenue from tourists.

There are some people who do not believe the tourist business is worth bothering about, and arguments can be developed in support of that view. But the consensus favors trying to lure tourists, so it might be well for civic bodies to note the Dolan Paradox and make their towns as different from other towns as would be compatible with good living. Swift Current was successful in this regard last summer when the citizens turned back the hands of time for the Frontier Days celebration, the men growing beards (according to their various abilities) and the women appearing in gowns that might have come west in Red River carts. Most of the women had permanents, however. Other places adopted the same plan, and beards and flounces fluttered in the Okanagan Valley. Towns like Calgary and the Mormon's Cardston have of course long made the most of their former rangeland flavor.

Nearly everyone is a potential tourist, and the potential tourist secretly seeks an excuse to go somewhere. He or she then sublimate that excuse into a sort of duty. "We must show Aunt Emma the Apple Blossom Festival in the Annapolis Valley and the Reversing Falls at Saint John and the Bore and Magnetic Hill at Moncton," says the person seeking an excuse and frowning as at a task to be performed. "We must go to Kingston and see Fort Henry, the citadel of Upper Canada; it's chock full of history."

Actually the seeker after some place to go may not care two pins for Fort Henry. What he wants to do is, simply, travel. But it is the chore of towns that want tourists to provide him with a good substantial excuse for visiting them. He must have something to report to the Rotary Club back home.

CANADA AND WAR

Rt. Hon. Ernest Lapointe, Canada's Minister of Justice, recognized as the leader of the best-informed French-Canadian opinion, minced no words in declaring his stand on the question of the Dominion's relation to the Empire in the event of war when he spoke in the House of Commons on Friday. This gifted orator, one of the oldest members of the House, stated that Canada would stand side by side with Great Britain in the event of a major conflict involving the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Letters from the People

THE DRIP, DRIP, DRIP OF THE GARBAGE

To the Editor of The Liberal,
Sir:—

It is with the greatest satisfaction that I note that the call of Scavenger in The Liberal of two weeks ago did not pass unheeded, and that he is now supported by Scavenger Too.

Before discussing the garbage question from my personal standpoint I should like to point out that theoretically, by carefully chosen menus, it should be perfectly possible to run a household without garbage. Such foods as bread, milk and butter do not make garbage. All tinned goods, also, are relatively garbage-free. But the tin can policy, if pursued too relentlessly, leads to problems of its own since the village has no tin can collection in the winter time. By the first of April the tin cans have become camels in the tent of our garbage, and the larger tin can which we are pleased to call a car must needs be parked in the driveway. But if, in menu planning, we admit a hankering for a cup of tea or coffee, or a modest orange, or even get reckless and buy fresh peas in the pod or corn on the cob, then we must confess to the existence of garbage in the household. The citrus fruits are notorious garbage-makers, and doubtless there are people who feel that the children should not be deprived of their orange juice simply because one does not know what to do with the peels.

But to burn the garbage in the furnace, as Scavenger Too suggests, is not for our household. There is in this village at least one house (I know because I live in it) in which the combustion products from the furnace are not carried to the upper air by a common and every day sort of chimney. Instead of a chimney, a stove pipe six inches in diameter begins at the back of the furnace and pursues a purposeful path through the house. It goes quite directly up the side of the living room wall, but when it reaches the front bedroom it really asserts itself by turning a right angle and crossing the full length of the bedroom along the ceiling. At the far end it connects with a pile of yellow bricks which grace the outside gable of the house so that to the external eye the house is a normal one, possessed of a chimney. A relative of mine who makes occasional visits from the States gazes upon our thirty-five feet of stove pipe with a gleam of real admiration in her eye, and says, "Canadians are such thrifty people. That pipe system doesn't allow one particle of heat to escape from the house."

It is quite true that the pipe does not allow a particle of heat to escape from the house. It is equally true, as we have learned to our sorrow, that it does not allow a particle of garbage to escape either. During our first winter in the house, cheerfully and confidently we placed the parcels of garbage on the furnace. It was with some reluctance that they disappeared, but disappear they did. This satisfactory state of affairs continued for some months until presently the pipes in the bedroom began to drip—to drip a sticky substance impervious to all ordinary cleaning methods. The drip was timid at first, making only modest splotches on my best bedspread, but it soon sensed my helplessness and increased in strength. Black rivulets began running down the vertical pipe, gathering momentum as they went, until they finally reached the living room. Here they were readily accessible to the inquisitive children. It took the kiddies only brief experimentation to discover that the sticky blackness could be transferred to the fingers. But it took them a much greater degree of experimentation to discover which of the available fabrics was the most suitable for wiping the fingers—the window draperies, the sofa cushions, or just the plain velvet portieres.

This unhappy state of affairs might have continued indefinitely in our household, as our untutored minds did not perceive the cause and effect relationship between garbage in the furnace and pipe-drip in the bedroom, had not our furnace gone on a sit-down strike and refused to proceed. When all home-made efforts and a shift in the wind failed as remedies, official help was hastily summoned. The tinsmith removed one of the bedroom pipes, showing it completely filled with undefinable matter. "Green wood," said the tinsmith, shaking his head sadly in sympathy, "might do that." We had not burned any green wood, but we had burned plenty of other green

things.

As I gazed at the twenty-three feet of pipe in the bedroom filled full of metamorphosed garbage, I was reminded of the lines of Virgil encountered in high school days.

Facilis descensus Averno;
Noctes atque dies patet atri ianua Ditis;
Sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est.

The garbage's descent to the underworld is easy enough, but in our house its ascent to the upper air is so difficult as to be impossible.

Bucket after bucket of the sooty, sticky, smelly substance was carried from the front bedroom and dumped in the back yard. As I watched the process I came to the inescapable conclusion that if the garbage was going to end up in the back yard anyway, it was a sheer waste of time and energy to route it there via the cellar and front bedroom.

No longer, therefore, do we struggle to volatilize the garbage in the cellar only to have it solidify and deposit in the pipes in the front bedroom. But momentos of our era of trust and confidence are still with us in the form of permanent black drip marks on the bedroom pipes. As I look up at them I say to myself reminiscently, "Yes, those were delicious grapefruit, but I

really must train my family to eat the peels too. It is much the easiest way."

NOW WE ARE THREE.

IT MUST BE THE ALTITUDE

Editor, The Liberal
Sir:—

Can you tell me why Richmond Hill every so often with the regularity of the seasons has to pop up with some ridiculous situation which makes us the laughing stock of the world. Most towns and most town councillors are on the constant alert to attract new business. Apparently in Richmond Hill it's different. If you want to start a business here you must run the gauntlet of whims and fancies. What Richmond Hill really needs is a by-law to prevent councillors from passing by-laws.

What puzzles most of us poor humans is why the sudden craze for the beautiful. We have never noticed those commendable traits so outstanding in certain people before. If the desire were sincere and permanent we might well look for this charming village soon to blossom forth as the beautiful among the most beautiful. Looking about town we noticed the official town dump, presided over by our council I suppose, and I suppose it too is beautiful. A trip around the town reveals many other instances in the face of which our town fathers have remained for years dumb and speech-

less. Some places of business, even some garages selling new car parts could hardly by any stretch of imagination be called nature's beauty spots. The logic I suppose is that junk from a wrecking plant which would be invisible is by far worse than junk from any other place which is visible.

Seriously speaking Mr. Editor the council's action is beyond my comprehension. If there is any explanation for these periodical flights into the ridiculous on the part of our village would you please enlighten me. In the meantime I am,
THOROUGHLY DISGUSTED.

R. H. KANE

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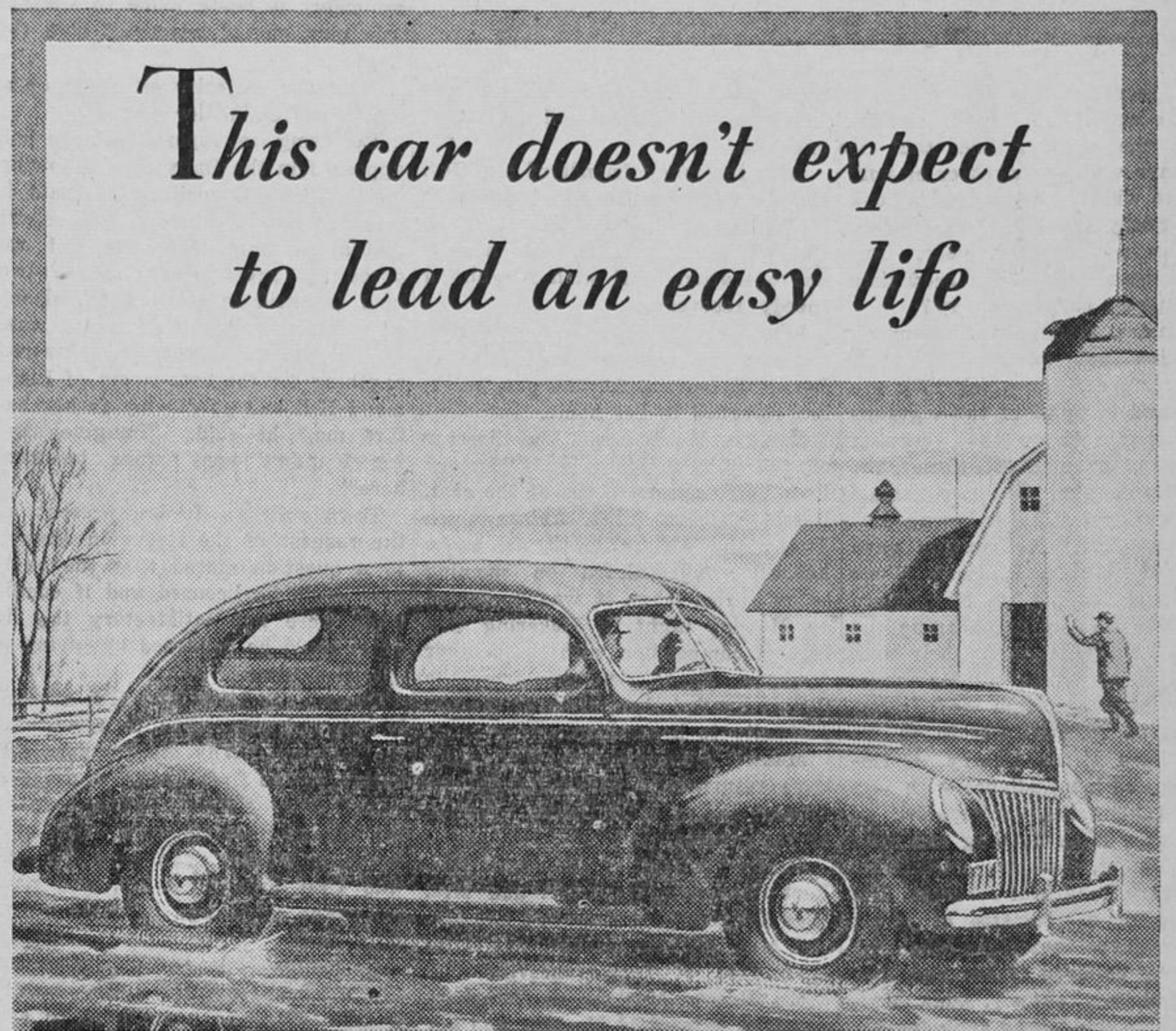
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