

**"THE LIBERAL"**

Established 1878  
AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY  
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT RICHMOND HILL  
THE LIBERAL PRINTING CO., LTD.  
J. Eachern Smith, Manager  
Member Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association  
Subscription \$1.50 per year — To the United States \$2.00  
Covering Canada's Best Suburban District  
Advertising Rates on Application. TELEPHONE 9

**A NEW COUNCIL TAKES OFFICE**

Electors of Richmond Hill made it a clean sweep Monday and elected an entirely new council for the coming year. In no uncertain voice the ballots of the electors expressed the disapproval of two major mistakes of the 1939 council, the car wrecking by-law and the expensive lawsuits with John Sheardown. The new council has a clear and unmistakable mandate to make an early settlement of both cases which have held fire during recent months and resulted in large legal bills for the town. In the case of the car wrecking by-law the mandate of the people can easily be carried out by the rescinding of the present prohibitory by-law and the passing of a new by-law licensing car wrecking places. As we have so often pointed out there is nothing dangerous to the best interests of the town in such action as under a licensing by-law strict provisions can be made and any time the place might become in any way objectionable to the community the license could be cancelled. There are several angles and details to the Sheardown case but we have no doubt the new Reeve and Council will be able to sit down in conference with Mr. Sheardown and come to a fair settlement without any further reference to the courts. This is the will of the people who have spoken very definitely in favor of such a policy and very definitely opposed to expensive legal entanglements.

Reeve J. A. Greene retires after a long and busy municipal career. To serve the municipality as Reeve for seven years is a privilege given to few men and he can look back on many worthy accomplishments in his municipal career as councillor and Reeve. He gave freely of his time and energy in carrying out his municipal duties and his defeat Monday should not in any way be interpreted as ingratitude for his years of service. Reeve Thomas H. Trench enters upon the duties of Richmond Hill's war-time Reeve with the strong endorsement of the electors of the village and the whole-hearted best wishes of the people of Richmond Hill. Rich in municipal experience and possessing good sound judgment and a refreshing sincerity of character he is well fitted for the tasks which lie ahead. He will be assisted by an able council. The popularity of the candidature of Dr. J. P. Wilson was clearly evidenced by the record vote polled for him, and he enters municipal life with as near unanimous endorsement as we have ever seen accorded a municipal candidate. Councillors Bill Neal and Wes Middleton both have previous municipal experience and councillor R. D. Little enters council after serving several years on the Board of Education. Councillor Christian Nelson retires after three years of devoted service to the town's affairs. While we differed with Mr. Nelson on some matters of policy we know him to be sincere in his convictions and as a councillor he was devoted to his duties and was attentive to all the work falling to him as a municipal councillor. James Butler, the other defeated candidate, is one of the town's most public spirited citizens and no doubt will be heard from again in future contests.

Next Monday the new council at the inaugural meeting will usher in a new era in Richmond Hill municipal history. We wish them well and we hope in piloting the municipal ship of state they will steer clear of the breakers on which the 1939 municipal ship came to grief.

**LOOKING FORWARD TO 1940**

The New Year is traditionally a time of optimism. No matter how pessimistic we humans are at other times we nearly always greet the approach of the coming year with hope. We believe that it must have better things in store for us than the one which has passed. New resolutions are made, and we talk of turning over a new leaf and starting again afresh.

What of 1940? Can we be optimistic about it? We cannot begin with a clean page. Three major wars are raging in different parts of the world. Never at any time in all history was there such widespread human suffering, more rampant wickedness, violent oppression and persecution. In some sections of the globe civilization has retreated a thousand years. The dictators have outdone the jungle. One third of the world is fighting another third, while the remainder tremblingly watches in fear lest it too be drawn in.

God knows the picture is black enough. We need not, however, despair. There is great reason for hope. The world is nearer turning over a new leaf than ever before. More solid thinking is being done having as its end the formation of a world federation, a parliament of man, than in all past history. The common people of the nations will not be satisfied this time with a patched up peace, an armistice between wars. They want a far reaching settlement of the problems that cause wars. They demand a peace that will last because it is just, because it provides opportunity for all nations to live and prosper, and because it assures the fundamental rights of free men.

There is reason for optimism also in the fact that the great democracies of Europe have taken up the challenge of Might against Right. They have come to the aid of the weak against the tyranny of the strong. They have determined that no longer shall brute force be free to wreak its will, and that bad faith must give place to integrity. The struggle will probably be long. It is quite possible that more countries may be involved. The twin devils of Nazism and Communism may completely unite their forces in their effort to upset all that Christianity stands for. Other nations, neutral and bewildered at present, may finally see that their own destiny as well as that of Europe is imperilled. There can be no doubt of the final result. "Good must be the final goal of ill."

There is reason for thankfulness and hope in that the call to humanity's nobler instincts has brought a ready response. Men have responded to the call to the colors, not in the gay, adventurous spirit of 1914, but because they know there is a serious job which must be done even though it costs all. Grim and purposeful the peoples of the democracies are resolutely giving of their best. Despite any appearances to the contrary the free peoples have not lost the capacity to sacrifice for the right.

There are many other things that we might cite. The greatest reason of all for hope, however, lies in the character of God Himself. Ninety-five years ago James Russell Lowell wrote words which will never die. It was like this, a time of crisis, when men were wondering why God allowed the seeming triumph of Evil. Here they are: "Careless seems the great Avenger. History's pages but record

One death grapple in the darkness twist old systems and the Word...  
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne.  
Yet this scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown  
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His Own."

**THOSE CAMPUS CUT-UPS**

(Readers' Digest)

Ye olde-tyme college prank had all the subtlety of a tomato flung at a high silk hat. A generation ago, no semester was complete until some college comic tethered a cow to the chapel bell-rope, or balanced a bucket of white-wash over the door of the Dean's study. The college prank persists, but it has lost its bumpkin warts. It is safer than of yore; in fact, it is often quite bright.

One crisp October morning a small band of outdoorish looking chaps appeared on the broad lawn of the president's house at Amherst. There they set up a surveyor's transit and began to squint through it with much shouting and waving of hands. Aroused by the hubbub, Prexy ambled out to ask the men what they were doing. "Making a survey for a new aqueduct," mumbled the chief surveyor.

"What aqueduct?" queried the astonished Prexy. "Why, from the Berkshires to Boston. It passes right across this lawn. In fact, it cuts off the corner of your sun porch."

"But they can't do this!" protested the president.

"Sorry, sir, but you'll have to go to headquarters about that." The survey went forward.

Prexy began telephoning high officials. Nobody seemed to know anything. Meanwhile the clamor outside increased as the surveyors bent their lines plumb across Mrs. Prexy's rhododendrons. Then they withdrew, leaving broad lines marked diagonally across the lawn.

The silence they left behind has never been broken. No one knows exactly who the surveyors were or where they went, but that very night, a crew of Williams students were seen surveying the hard cinder situation with a battered transit at a low tavern in Williamstown.

In 1930 two editors of the Cornell Sun made national news when they sent letters to Republican leaders throughout the country inviting them to a dinner commemorating the sesquicentennial of "Hugo N. Frye, founder of the Republican Party in New York State."

Vice-President Curtis telegraphed in reply: "I congratulate the Republicans on paying this respect to the memory of Hugo N. Frye, and wish you a most successful occasion." Secretary of Labor Davis burred: "It is a pleasure to testify to the career of that sturdy patriot who first planted the ideals of our Party in this region of the country. Were he living today he would be the first to rejoice that our government is still safe in the hands of the people." From Representative Ruth Pratt: "Greetings and all good wishes to you who are gathered to pay tribute to the memory of Hugo N. Frye."

Not until the Cornell Sun pointed out did the victims notice the strong phonetic resemblance between Hugo N. Frye and "You Go and Fry!"

Recently, some incipient engineers at Massachusetts Institute of Technology dragged two long steel rails into the room of an absent brother. They wedged the rails diagonally from ceiling to floor, then electrically welded them together. How the rafters shook with laughter as a wrecking crew was called to dislodge the wedged steel with sledgehammers and acetylene torches.

What hath the mighty Dartmouth mind conjured up? Well, the townspeople of Hanover, N.H., once decided to levy a poll tax on Dartmouth students. The latter retaliated by attending the annual town meeting where, greatly outnumbering the townsfolk, they passed a law requiring that Hanover build a town hall an inch square and a mile high; also a sidewalk with a canopy over it to Colby Junior College, a girls' school 40 miles away. The second year they put through a law calling for a subway to Smith and an eight-lane concrete highway to Skidmore. In desperation the town of Hanover begged the state legislature to annul these laws. The students thereafter went untaxed.

A few years ago there flourished at Columbia an amazing character best known as O'Grady Sezz. O'Grady's mind was a fantastic labyrinth through which practical jokes chased each other grinningly. Once while waiting for a conference with

Professor Brander Matthews in the latter's book-lined office, O'Grady killed time by autographing scores of works by English masters. On the fly-leaf of Don Juan he wrote, "To my friend Brander — without whose help this book could not have been written. Affectionately, Lord Byron." In Sonnets from the Portuguese he inscribed, "In memory of our nights in Capri. Yours in letters of Fire—Elizabeth Barrett Browning." (After Brander Matthews' death the books were snapped up by collectors at an enhanced value.)

O'Grady was once supposed to hand in a term paper in philosophy; he hadn't written a line. So he bound together several sheets of blank paper, typed a title page, "Schopenhauer's Unwritten Message," and was about to hand the opus to his professor when he burst into tears. "It isn't my best work," he sobbed. "I can't hand it in." Still weeping, he tore the manuscript to bits. Deeply touched by this evidence of conscientiousness, the professor gave O'Grady an "A" for the year. In a competition for a baccalaureate hymn, O'Grady won first prize; the hymn was about to be read, when the Chaplain discovered that the first letter of each line spelled out a sentence rich in Rabalaisian import. O'Grady wrote it was the merest coincidence, and no one could prove otherwise.

Last year at Michigan some freshman students objected to attending a Saturday afternoon Psychology lecture during football season. So they framed a petition that the lecture be given on Wednesday, and button-holed prominent upperclassmen for signatures. Everyone sighed. When the document and the appended signatures were published in the college paper, the signers were disconcerted to read: "We, the undersigned, hereby petition that the lecture in Psychology 2 be changed from Saturday to Wednesday afternoon. By signing this document without reading it we cheerfully disqualify ourselves as candidates for any degree conferred by this University. We furthermore declare that the freshmen are our superiors in wit and wisdom, and that our stupidity is surpassed only by the mental lethargy of the overpaid faculty that teaches us. Given this second day of November, etc."

Recently, college pranks have taken on a political flavor. In California, famed for its economic ham-and-eggery, two State University students collected a pile of milk-bottle tops and started campaigning for a new pension scheme: "\$50 every Friday for Folks under 50." Bill Brown and Bob Schiller, undergraduate sponsors, explained that the milk bottle tops would be of \$1 denomination and weekly pension payments would be made with them. Every time one changed hands, the receiver would pay a penny and punch a hole in the bottle top. "Thus a top would be self-liquidating," the proponents of the new scheme explained. "By the time one changed hands 100 times it would have done away with itself, as well as paid for itself." Perfect all around.

Again, there were those Rensselaer Polytechnic undergraduates who quietly cornered all the pennies in town — 250,000 in all, collected from banks and stores. The students claimed the pennies represented "hidden taxes" levied by the government. Business was hampered for several days, with not a penny to be had. Suddenly hundreds of students descended upon the stores and began making purchases with copper coins. For at least a week merchants in Rensselaer and nearby Troy were acutely conscious of "hidden taxes" by seeing them piled in mountainous stacks around their cash registers.

Most memorable exploit of recent years was the organization at Princeton of the Veterans of Future Wars for the patriotic purpose of collecting their bonus in advance. Their salute was "hand outstretched, palm up, expectant." The movement ran like wildfire through the undergraduate population of the United States, bringing approving chuckles from everyone but the American Legion.

The Legion claimed that the Future Veterans were mockers and yellow-bellies, aiming to discredit

honorably military service. But Lewis J. Gorin, founder of the movement, disclaimed any such intention. "We merely want our bonus," he stated. "History shows that all bonuses have been paid long before they are due, and we are only asking for ours now."

One day in April, 1933, two Harvard youths carried off the Sacred Cod from the State House in Boston. How they got the six-foot emblem of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts off the wall and into a flower box is still a mystery. An hour later someone called up the State House police and told them their precious fish was gone. Quiet hell broke loose in Massachusetts. Telephone calls kept coming in reporting the fish in all parts of the state; the police went racing about the countryside. An anonymous telegram warned state officials that the flag in front of the State House would disappear next. While the police were guarding that pole, a red flag was run up on the pole in front of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.

The next day the police got a tip that the fish was in a crate in the basement of an old M.I.T. building. Investigation did indeed disclose a large crate. Ripping it open, the cops discovered a sardine. Later, atop the Lowell House tower in Cambridge, the police espied a great silver fish hanging from the weathervane. But when the fish was finally brought down it proved to be a silver paper counterfeit.

The Harvard Lampoon offered a large reward in a serious editorial. Finally, the Sacred Cod of Massachusetts was dumped from a speeding car into the arms of a policeman in the wilds of Middlesex Park. To this day no one knows who was responsible. Some wicked people think it was the Lampoon; others believe that it was the little green men who live at the bottom of the Charles River.

It just shows that you've got to be good these days to figure out an original campus stunt. The old strong-arm stuff is out. College pranking has become might cerebral — they say.



**C. Matthews**  
GOODISON FARM MACHINERY  
TRACTORS — THRESHERS  
ALL KINDS IMPLEMENTS  
Langstaff, Ont., Phone Thornhill 78

**Lehigh Valley**  
ANTHRACITE  
"The Coal That Satisfies"  
**JONES COAL Co.**  
Telephone 188

1924 **INSURANCE** 1939  
Policies issued through this office covering Farm Property — Private Dwellings and their contents—Automobile — Plate Glass—Residence Burglary, etc. Claims Settled Promptly

**J. R. HERRINGTON**  
General Insurance  
Richmond Hill Telephone 87

Phone Stouffville 7313  
Gormley R.R. 1

**BALING**  
**Hay & Straw**

Having taken over Moore Bros. baling business I am prepared to bale hay and straw on short notice. Price reasonable. Latest facility for moving outfit.

**PERCY COBER**  
Successor to Moore Bros.

**Pre-war Prices**  
**on Winter Clothes**

A large stock on hand and our extensive orders for high quality materials enables us to offer to the people of York County Winter Clothing at definitely Pre-War Prices.

We have choicest materials to choose from and we are offering them to you at prices which will challenge comparison.

Suits, Winter Overcoats, and everything in the clothing line hand tailored to your measure at prices no more than you pay for ready-made.

Our trade mark is your guarantee of expert workmanship.

SEE US TODAY — DON'T DELAY

**RICHMOND TAILORS**

J. A. Greene

Phone 49J

Richmond Hill

Let us take care of your Cleaning and Pressing Requirements. Our driver will call or you may take advantage of our low cash and carry prices.

**HEADQUARTERS**  
**FOR**

**Body and Fender Work**

**Gasoline, Oils and Greases,**  
**Auto Accessories**  
**REASONABLE STORAGE**

**Cities Service Garage**

29 Yonge Street

Phone 12

Richmond Hill