

The Liberal



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Select With Care

Nominations are over in the local municipalities and we extend congratulations to those who have been elected by acclamation. We extend congratulations also to all candidates who have shown public spirit and interest in municipal affairs by offering themselves in the service of their fellow citizens.

Municipal administration plays an important role in the lives of our people, and touches closely all homes and places of business. Municipal business today is big business, and it's important business. Despite what some may say, it does matter who is elected and ratepayers with a stake in the community should give careful consideration to the selection of public representatives.

What are the qualifications to look for in a municipal candidate? First we would say he should have a stake in the municipality. Many municipalities can look back with regret on election of fly-by-nighters, here today and gone tomorrow, who with easy sounding phrases have sold electors a bill of goods which proved costly in the long run.

Secondly he should be public spirited, a proven willing worker for the public good, possessed of a considerable knowledge of municipal administration, and above all a lot of good common sense

Thirdly he should be the kind of

Sunday Movies

"Are you in favour of motion picture theatres in Richmond Hill remaining open for the showing of pictures on Sunday?"

This is a question which will be asked Richmond Hill electors at the elections on December 10th. This is a decision for every individual elector and we do not presume to dictate to anyone how the vote should be cast.

There is pretty general agreement that the Sabbath should be observed, but great disagreement on the degree of sporting or recreational activity which should be permitted. Certainly we do not want the wide-open commercialized Sunday, and there are many who think to permit Sunday movies is just the thin edge of the wedge leading to this end result.

Those who harbor such fears are entitled to their opinions and if they feel thus disposed should go out and vote "no" on the question of Sunday movies on December 10th.

We have no such fears, and see no harm in the showing of movies on Sunday. We think it is no more harmful to see a good movie on a wide screen in a theatre, than to watch a poor movie on a narrow TV screen at home. We some-

The Ward System

The voters of Richmond Hill on December 10th will be asked to vote "yes" or "no" on the question: "Are you in favour of the election of Councillors of the Town of Richmond Hill by Wards?"

The proposal of a Ward system has been discussed ever since the town started to grow, and we suggest that it is one worthy of the serious consideration of the electors. The question is one on which there is room for difference of opinion, and we think council acted wisely in submitting the proposal to the electors for their decision.

The Ward system for election of councillors is followed in many Ontario towns and cities, and it has operated with apparent satisfaction to the ratepayers.

Under the proposed Ward system the Mayor, Reeve and Deputy-reeve would be elected by the Town as a whole, and one councillor would be elected from each of four wards. Under the existing system representation has been well distributed, and there has been no concentration of council members in any one section of the municipality. A situation could arise however when all four council members might be from the west part of town, or all from the east side and this would not be desirable. It is to avoid the possibility of such circumstance that the Ward system is proposed.

The Ward system is suggested not to correct any existing situation, but as a safeguard against what might and could happen some time in the fu-

man or woman to whom you would entrust your private business. In judging a candidate for office ask the question: "Is he the man I would ask to transact my private business?" If you wouldn't trust him with your private business, don't vote to entrust him with your public business.

These are only some of the qualifications and of course the voter should satisfy himself that the candidate is so situated as to be able to give the time needed for municipal business.

Many candidates meeting these qualifications are offering their services in local municipalities. This is most fortunate, because in this area municipal council members face particularly difficult problems. Ratepayers should be thankful that nomination slates include so many well qualified men and women.

The duty of the voter is to select the best, and make sure of recording a vote on election day. The turn-out of voters in recent years in municipal elections has been disappointing and we hope this year will see an improvement. It often is said there is nothing like a tax boost to arouse interest in municipal elections. Ratepayers in most municipalities had a tax jolt in 1960 and we hope it has the effect of inspiring a record vote on election day.

times forget that there are many lonely people in the world, some who don't own a TV and can't afford to play golf, and the opportunity to see a good movie on Sunday might add greatly to their enjoyment of the day.

Votes on Sunday movies are being held in other places and Richmond Hill council was justified in submitting the question to local electors. If Sunday movies are permitted in other places there is not much to be gained by forcing local citizens to travel to other towns to enjoy this recreation. We cannot see that it would be any more harmful to attend movies in Richmond Hill, than in Toronto, Newmarket or Bradford where the showing may be permitted.

We would be happy if everyone attended some church and the more devotional activities they carried on every Sunday the better for the world. Unfortunately everyone doesn't attend church, many do once on Sunday and still have a lot of time left for other activities. Young people, especially should be considered, and many of them have spare time on Sunday. We can think of many worse ways for them to spend Sunday afternoon than attending a good movie.

ture. We endorse the idea and suggest that the electors vote "yes" on this question.

The municipal council this year designated four wards. One includes that part of the town lying west of Yonge Street. The other three wards are east of Yonge Street with the boundaries designated as Crosby Avenue and Markham Road. Many do not agree that these are the ideal boundaries for wards, but those people do not need to vote against the system just because the boundaries do not meet their approval. Ward boundaries can be changed, and no doubt will be as the need arises.

It has been said in opposition to the proposal for a ward system that its adoption would tend to create divisions in town and that this is not desirable. We do not want to foster sectionalism and for that reason support the ward system. With every section of the town assured representation at the council table there never need be any cause for any section of the municipality to feel its interests are neglected.

The ward system for election of Councillors should be studied objectively from the standpoint of the over-all good of the whole Town of Richmond Hill in the years to come. From that standpoint we think the ratepayers would be well advised to vote "yes" on this question. If approved by the voters the system would be in effect for the 1961 elections, and if adopted should apply to school board as well as municipal elections.

"Dear Mr. Editor"

Shall we vote yes or no on Sunday Movies

Dear Mr. Editor:-

There is an ancient Greek tale which tells of Pandora and her famous box. Overcome with curiosity Pandora could not restrain the impulse to open her box, and opened it released a deluge of plagues upon the world. Such, allege, would be the trend were we to lightly discard the provisions of the Lord's Day Act, Canada. This law, which is the foundation of our freedom from labour on the Lord's day, can be ridiculed and derided until its beneficial provisions are swept away, and we are set back a hundred years in our social advancement with regard to this one issue.

There is no economic reason for keeping this one day a day of rest, worship and recreation. It is a day which is founded upon the Christian view of the Lord's day, and yet it imposes that Christian view on those who are not Christians. We are free to accept it and observe it as Christians have traditionally done. But our vaunted freedom of worship does not mean much to the man who has to work on Sundays. The values of the day in terms of family life are few if father works, or mother works. The right to spend the day as one chooses is given us in this often maligned act - and who wishes to see that right disappear.

I therefore allege that the way to deal with the situation today is not to chisel away at the various terms of the act, but to join the United Church of Canada, and other public agencies who are calling for the rewriting of the entire act. In so doing we might preserve to future generations the values inherent in the day, purposed of God when he gave the day to men, and at the same time interpret these values in terms of today's changing pattern of life.

I will not debate the merits of movies on Sunday. I will support the principle that all men should be free from all but essential toil on the Lord's day that you and I and our neighbours might be free to spend the day as we choose.

Rev. W. W. Patterson
St. Matthew's United Church
Richmond Hill East

George J. McNair Dies Aged 77 Yrs.

A lifelong resident of Vaughan Township Mr. George J. McNair passed away on Sunday, November 20, 1960 in his 77th year.

The late Mr. McNair was born to Robert and Elizabeth McNair on the farm which is now known as Oxford St. At the age of nineteen he moved with his family to the farm at the corner of Bathurst St. and Gamble Rd., where he lived until his retirement nine years ago. Since that time Mr. McNair with his wife of forty-six years, the former Mary Anne Stonehouse, and his son Clarke have lived on Brookside Road.

Three and a half years ago he suffered a stroke and has been in ill health ever since. For the past six weeks he was a patient at Uxbridge Hospital and the Stouffville Nursing home where death occurred.

A farmer all his life, Mr. McNair was highly respected by all who knew him and during the many years he served on the Jefferson School Board proved to be a trusted servant of his Community. He was a member of St. John's Anglican Church, Oak Ridges.

Mr. McNair will be sadly missed by his widow and five children Allan and Bessie (Mrs. E. Ferguson Stouffville) Andrew of Bradford, Clarke at home and Mary (Mrs. Armstrong, Willowdale). Also survivors are a brother John of Guelph and six grandchildren.

The funeral service at the Wright and Taylor Funeral home was conducted by Rev. Mr. Tiller, Stouffville. Interment was at Aurora Cemetery. The pallbearers were all neighbours of many years. Neil Dobb, Wm. McQuillan, Jack Hall, Darrell Goulding, Albert Burns and Frank Burnett. The Liberal joins their many friends in expressing sincere sympathy to Mrs. McNair and family.

Liberal Speaker Stresses Work

LIBERAL SPEAKER . . . N . . . N . . . A meeting of the York North Women's Liberal Association, chaired by the president, Mrs. H. M. Hooker, was well attended on Wednesday, November 16th. The guest speaker, Mrs. William Davidson, President of the Tuesday Luncheon Club, Toronto, was introduced by Mrs. D. F. Downey. In her address, Mrs. Davidson cited the Liberal gains since the last Federal election and referred to the polls which also show Liberal gains. "We must have the forward look in Liberalism, repeating and emphasizing Liberal views and constructive administration, and to remember that our main objective is unity. Unity is strength and the next election will be won or lost at the riding level."

The Veterans' Clubroom in the Newmarket Town Hall was tastefully arranged and a delightful buffet was provided under the capable management of Mrs. John Vandenberg and her social committee. Several of the ladies will attend the National Liberal rally being held in Ottawa in January.

AURORA — Aurora Heights ratepayers have asked council to install street lights on Kemano Road, at the subdivision's west end and to cleanup machinery scattered about, as well as for stop lights and changes in sidewalk construction.

Liberalities . . .

Dottie Walter

The Season ends . . . The Golden Autumn wanes . . . and with it go the Country Auction Sales. I'm a little sad and a little glad that it's all over.

Now there are people who collect reasonable things, like paper-weights or old pewter mugs and can come home from a sale with something that will fit into the glove compartment.

But not me! I can walk stoically unimpressed past tables laden with pressed glass and old Canadiana rolling pins. The cast-iron muffin pans and mason jars I can take or leave. But let an antique bed rear its head above the kitchen cupboards and the Victorian love seats and I'm lost. My siren is any aging bedstead and I'm as helpless as a mariner at the the call of the Lorelei.

It doesn't have to have a special claim to fame. Napoleon or Diefenbaker didn't have to sleep in it. If it has a headboard and a footboard, I'm in the market.

Nor does my addiction threaten the family finances. Not like Old Masters or Antique cars. Beds are cheap at country sales. Only fifty cents will make you a proud owner. And if you don't appear too eager, they will lump them with the picture frames and you get them as a sort of bonus.

But it's like buying a horse. It isn't the initial cost. It's the ensuing expense that mounts up.

You just can't bring home a bed in the back seat, it has to come Cartage. And no matter how carefully you explained it was just the bed you wanted, it arrives at the front door complete with its ancient sagging mattress, at the same moment as your husband arrives with his important out-of-town client. They have a hard time getting a good view of your treasure as it stands behind its bulk of ticking with its distinctive rust motif. And the children gather around and shout, "Look what Mummy bought!" and the dog sniffs curiously. Before you gallantly defend your purchase, you quickly pay the driver three dollars and another two dollars to cart away the mattress, while the onlookers dubiously venture that they don't believe Mr. Chippen-dae had much to do with its design.

Somehow the great prizes of an auction sale never arrive when you are alone and you can weigh the virtues of your impulsiveness, and if possible spirit them away before your follies are bared to the world.

We have an impressive collection of beds . . . leaning against the basement walls, in the garage, on the rafters above the chicken house. There is the white iron masterpiece with its intricate design of clasped hands beneath the outspread wings of a dove, scrolled in the footpiece. It took two men and an outrider to hoist it up the stairs to the guest room. But ceilings must have been higher in the days of its glory for all attempts to wedge it between the floor and ceiling failed, and only when the plaster began to give way, did we have to abandon the effort. Someday, I think it will make a fine trellis in the garden, with roses climbing over it.

I had just read that brass beds were 'coming back' when I succumbed to the lure of my metallic prize. It was a real speculation. And if brass beds began soaring on the decorators' market, I was in on the ground floor. But somehow, brass beds didn't go up. I still think it might make handsome towel racks. But brass does not unite willingly with other metals and unless some alchemist turns it into gold, it will live out its days in the dark recess of the coal cellar . . . where it seems to bear a special grudge against those who pass and takes it out on their shins.

This Fall, I picked up a perfect gem of a Spool Bed . . . much nicer than the one I found last year. But its original owner must have been a pigmy. Its sideboards are only four feet long, and seem to be fitted with locks of such an original cast, that no other sides will fit. I think it is very good wood. But I haven't had time to chisel through the first five coats of hard baked enamel. They say winter is best for that job . . . not so much humidity.

But my hobby isn't a total loss. Many a good fire has been kindled from the seasoned old slats. They really made them to defy axe or hatchet . . . but they do yield under a power saw. It's the springs that are harder to dispose of.

So in a way, I'm glad the cold weather has brought an end to the Country Auctions. But come next year, when sale notices return to "The Liberal" I'll read past the list of holsteins, past the farm machinery, to the magic words "Quantity of Antique Furniture" and then I know I'll be there again. And be it Four Poster, Trundle, Brass or Spool . . . when I hear the old refrain — going . . . going . . . gone — sold to the lady in the beige coat! — that lady will be me.

Little letters will be winging their way to Santa. I want mine in EARLY . . . Air Mail . . . Special Delivery:

Dear Santa:

Or Grandma, or Auntie: Please give him, in tissue and seals, SOMETHING BIG!

Maybe on wheels.

A truck or a jeep.

But for my sake KEEP

The crayons and alleys and miniature blocks, the cutouts and beads found in juvenile socks and similar trivia, to litter the floors to scrunch into rugs and get under the doors. Post-Christmas bending

Is never-ending.

So, PLEASE . . . pandas or llamas.

How welcome would be

a suit of Pyjamas.

My thanks will extend from one year to another

And I'll always remain,
Your true friend,
MOTHER.

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