

The Liberal



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Winter Employment Campaign

Traditionally each Spring we clean our houses from top to bottom. In the process we tend to initiate all sorts of jobs in the way of redecoration, alterations, remodelling, repairs and renovation, which inevitably spread over into the Summer Season. No one could argue against Spring-cleaning, but waiting until Spring to have these odd jobs done around the home just because of habit is poor business. There is no logical reason why this should be so. Most projects of this type can be done just as well and often more conveniently during the Winter months.

There are many reasons why it is to your advantage to have this type of work done now —

1. It may be less expensive — some companies offer discounts at this time of year on the building materials necessary for home-improvement projects. Tradesmen and contractors are not so busy in the winter months, and can do a better job, which in the long run means economy.

2. The job can be done more quickly — contractors and skilled tradesmen because they are not so rushed in the winter months, can take on your job right away. If you wait till next spring

they will probably be too busy to handle it.

3. The demand for materials is not so heavy in winter months and therefore deliveries and services are usually more prompt.

4. If we give jobs to workmen who are now idle it will result in a saving to the community for such things as welfare costs and unemployment insurance which in the end is a saving to you.

5. If you build or renovate a home during the winter instead of waiting until spring to get started, you will be able to take possession of it at an earlier date. This earlier occupancy will result in a financial saving.

6. If you are in need of assistance to make alterations or improvements, call your nearest National Employment Office.

7. Home Improvements can be financed by Home Improvement Loans under the National Housing Act, available through your bank.

8. Your community is now engaged in a campaign to increase winter employment of all kinds. Help yourself and, at the same time, help your community. Remember everybody benefits.

Good Wishes For 1961

There are lots of reasons why every year can be a happy one and we sincerely hope that yours will be tops. But it's as well to remember a few little things you can do for yourself will help a lot.

There's the matter of your health: Don't skip your regular medical checkup; don't forget to see your dentist and your eye doctor at the time when your conscience tells you should see those important people.

If you can't swim, take lessons; and throw in the lifesaving lessons that are so simple yet can save a life and prevent a tragedy so easily.

There's your safety, a close relation of the above —

Drive carefully — so carefully that you can dodge the other driver who is a menace on the road. Don't drive if

you are sick, tense, over-tired or if you have had any alcoholic drinks. And because alcohol affects individuals differently, why not consult your doctor as to the safety of the amount you customarily drink and the length of time that should elapse before you drive your car? If you are subject to heart attacks or diabetic seizures, don't drive alone for any long distances.

And for a lot of other good reasons —

Get plenty of outdoor exercise. Take an interest in the world beyond your own streets. If you are not already a devotee of wild birds and plants, rocks and scenery, try this as therapy. It's a great release for those tensions, it's economical and easy to learn. And it's for all ages. Try a sample and you'll become an addict.

"Dear Mr. Editor"

RECREATION HALLS FOR VAUGHAN TWP.

Dear Mister Editor:

At the recent Vaughan Township "meet the candidates" rally held in the Maple Community Hall, a young teenage boy, name unknown, asked to be heard, saying, "I know I am still too young to vote — but may I ask a question anyhow?"

Following cries of, "Yes!" "Speak," throughout the hall which was packed by six hundred Vaughan ratepayers, this young crusader, speaking for the youth of his generation, asked, "If this township can spend \$5,500 a year on dog control — why can't it give some consideration to investing money in the young people — and provide them with athletic equipment and a place for healthy recreation?"

"Wouldn't it be better," he asked, "to provide a place for us — instead of letting us run loose in place of the dogs?"

The youth had framed his question for Mrs. Ruth McConkey, later elected to Vaughan Township council, who had stated in her pre-election campaign that if successful she would call a Citizens' Committee into being. Mrs. McConkey promised to refer the young man's request to a service organization in the

township. I would have Mrs. McConkey, and Vaughan Council, go a step further, therefore I ask, quite seriously, "Why not build community halls on the east and west side of the township, which would be controlled and managed by township personnel, with at least one indoor swimming pool?"

And these halls should be available more than just a few hours weekly. The teenager at the election rally declared, "Sure we can bowl here in Maple on Friday nights — but there is nothing else to do during the rest of the week."

Education of our young people does not stop with elementary or secondary school teaching.

We have to provide them with a "centre" in order to channel their activities into a healthy perspective — instead of trying to convert them into good citizens later in life.

Vaughan Township is now large enough to have a community hall with an "open door" where wholesome, supervised recreation is provided for the youth and to the senior citizens who may gather here — such as other large municipalities have. Ex-Teenager

Looking Backward...

By ALEX SJOBERG

(Old issues of 'The Liberal' prove that hope springs eternal) Money, money, who's got the money? is a question that will be asked by many a bread-earner come the post-celebration time next month when, as usual, there will of necessity be a general tightening of purse strings to balance a general loosening up over the holiday season.

It will no doubt come as a surprise to many that the Chinese anticipated what we might think convenience — banknotes and "paper money," 4,600 years ago!

A news story which appeared in a 1915 issue of "The Liberal" tells us that, one such banknote, issued nearly 3,300 years ago, was still preserved in the museum at Petrograd. It seems that the Russians lay claim to pretty well all the "firsts," including the telephone, the radio and so on, and we wonder how they will get around this ancient bank-note.

Twenty six hundred years before the birth of Christ, the Chinese called their notes "flying" money, or "convenient" money. They bore the name of the bank, date of issue, a number, an official signature, its value in words and figures, and, as an additional precaution against forgery and as a help to the ignorant a pictorial representation in coins of an amount equal to the face value of the note.

HOLDERS of the notes were, by inscription, exhorted to "produce all you can, spend with economy," an admonishment which, at this time of year by we moderns will be contemplated with rather sour grins. It is also stated that these notes were printed in ink, and made of paper woven from the fibres of the mulberry tree. These notes also bore a warning inscription of the penalties of counterfeiting. Wyevale Enterprise

It's probably too much to hope for that one Vincent Wildman, Manager, Ranch C-5 Tiny L 18, Wyevale, Ontario is still around. But 50 years ago he was an enterprising fellow very much in evidence in the minds of owners of cattle. Fifty years ago when the world was in the throes of World War I, Mr. Wildman in an ad in "The Liberal" offered to take a club car or two of cattle and pasture and otherwise look after them for \$1.00 per month. In his ad he explains that the \$1.00 would entitle each head of cattle to plenty of water, salt and pasture. He would inspect his bovine charges personally each and every day. However, in view of the modest "board" fee, he could not in justice to himself be held responsible for the death of any animal consigned to his 500-acre pasture land. The owners of cattle were to pay the \$1.00 per month during July, August and September. The pasture, salt, plenty of water and good wishes would be on the house during October. Today, in the face of our badly shrunken dollar, the offer would, we assume, be too good to hope for.

Ingenuity

There certainly was plenty of ingenuity in those days, to which an illustrated ad in the 1915 issue of "The Liberal" gives great testimony. The article involved was men's summer underwear, chopped off at the knees and the shoulders and affixed down the back with v-shaped elastic webbing and a wide elastic webbed belt. The ad intimated that no matter what position one assumed, whether seated, stretched out or contorted in any imaginable fashion, the elastic webbing would guarantee continual comfort. Personally, we have never seen such underwear and cannot help wonder what the catch was. Where was the fallacy of that noble garment that it ceased to be manufactured by the Williams, Green & Rome Co. Ltd., Berlin, Ontario?

Investment

Fifty years ago fortunes were offered in return for an investment of anywhere from one to five hundred dollars. The ad to which we refer has about it all the mystery of a detective story and conjures up to mind sudden wealth in a flashable and glittering amounts. The advertiser contented himself with saying the capital was wanted to "develop one of the most valuable natural resources in the Dominion, unlimited quantity of raw material to be manufactured into a commodity for which there is an almost unlimited demand." Particulars could be had simply by writing to express one's interest to Box 102, Hamilton, Ontario.

Even today, reading that inducement we are tormented. To what did the would-be Midas allude? Wheat fields? Coal? Surely not oil? Was he related to the

WOODBRIDGE — The third annual Christmas dance staged in the High School Auditorium, attracted 150 students from Woodbridge district.

Liberalities ...

Dottie Walter

This has been named "National Break Up A Cold Month"! I'm not sure who has the vested privilege of designating these months to such causes. But it adds excitement to the passage of time and keeps our minds off the political situation . . . or whether the Maple Leafs are out of the cellar. And besides it's educational.

There has been "National Fish Week," "National Safety Week," "Lend a Book Week" (followed soon, I hope, by "Return a Book Week"). And even the lovely one I must have been away for, "Take Your Wife Out to Dinner Week". But the men in charge of bestowing such honours have given over the whole month of January to Nationally Break Up a Cold. And somehow, if it isn't as colorful as Foliage Week, or as fragrant as Richmond Rose Week, it has a noble ring to it and summons up images of well-bundled figures stalwartly hacking through the ice blocks (or is that "Spring Break-Up Week"?). However, as TV has made us so aware, we know that behind the scene are the dedicated white-coated researchers looking seriously into little test tubes, challenging the germs to stand up and be counted.

There is no single ailment known to man that has so many individual remedies as the Common Cold. They are handed down in families with as much reverence as the family silver, and one finds them recorded carefully in fading script underneath "Aunt Meriam's Dandelion Wine", in the backs of old recipe books.

As personal as a monogrammed handkerchief, each cold remedy has its magic curative effect, sworn to by its sponsor. But the attending conversational comments are always the same:

"There's a lot of it going around right now".

And whether it's June or January, no matter the time or the season, when you've got a cold, "There's a lot of it going around".

Some years it takes on a New Look, and attacks under the fancier names of Virus X or Asiatic Flu, but hidden beneath the aching back and the sniffles, a cold is a cold!

The Camp divides as to where they come from, and the experts still can't agree whether after all it might be the stork.

The Hardy School says you can sit in a draught, wear wet socks and go without your rubbers and a cold will pass you up. But just stand in the radius of one small sneeze, and Gesundheit! You've been the target of a million deadly germs . . . and as for a Kiss!

The doctors are not completely in accord on how to treat your cold, but they do say:

"Get into bed, take plenty of orange juice and aspirin, and your cold will be better in a week . . . but stay up and grimly battle it through and it will probably last seven days."

But the remedies are such fun. They keep us forever on the fringe of witchcraft, and add a little voodoo to the ordinary process of convalescence that one would be afraid to practise in any other ailment.

There are rare and wonderful remedies, and each with its attendant satellite. They come in and out of fashion.

When I was a little girl (my children will start calculating) all the little girls at school wore small bags of camphor on a chain around their necks beneath their little woolly underwaists. They had a very nice warm and pungent smell when one undressed at night. These, I think were not a cure, but acted as a magic charm to scare away the cold germs . . . and today, as I looked at the smart apothecary jar on the breakfast table, filled with evil looking black capsules, containing no less than 5,000 I.U.'s of Vitamins A to G, 12 minerals, plus Inositol, plus de-methionine, plus fluorine and an undetermined number of trace elements and BTU's of folic acid, and as I hand the girls an extra box of Kleenex for school, I look back on the little camphor bag and wonder.

And then there is Ginger Tea, Peruvian Bark, Mustard Plasters and Ice Packs. There are Foot-baths, Citrus Diets and Non-Protein Fasts, Quinine and Goosegrease . . . all employed to Break Up a Cold or Ward one off.

There is the athlete who dons his sweatshirt and takes off on a mile jaunt to rout the visiting microbes and opposed to him, the Polar Bear Clubber, who challenges a cold germ to dare come within ten feet of him, as he chips through the ice for his January dip.

So wonderful are the advances in modern medicine, that they say 80% of the prescriptions written today, couldn't have been written ten years ago. We have battled the ramparts of many a disease in the past decade, but the Sniffle stays precociously with us.

With nice professional understatement, the National Institute of Health in their Annual Report on the Common Cold, lets us in on a great secret. They say:

"A cure is coming!"

So take heart . . . like the Relief of Pretoria . . . help may be on the way!

But the 'Free Breathers' in their ivory towers who look down their clear noses and whisper: "Psychosomatic," I can do without. Instead of saying, "It's all in your mind", if they said: "It's all in your head," they might make more sense.

"So please don't dell me I just think I have a gold."

"There's a lot of it going around."

And I'm going to bed with our family remedy mixed with a little boiling water and sugar and a touch of lemon!

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CANADIAN CANCER SOCIETY
Richmond Hill Unit

FACT FOR THE WEEK:

What is the difference between normal and cancer growth?

Cancer arises when a cell or group of cells begins to grow again as did the normal cells during the first few weeks of life. The cells of this secondary growth do not respond to the control that keeps normal cells in check, force their destructive way among the normal cells in the vicinity and later spread to other parts of the body. This uncontrolled cell growth is cancer.

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