

The Liberal

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Second Thoughts . . .

by George Mayes

● Proving that yesterday's news is not necessarily dead.

After pouring ten million dollars into Avro's Flying Saucer, the U.S. apparently decided it wasn't their "dish of tea". . . . Not enough "lift".

But Parkinson's Law is still operating in Toronto. (Work will expand to equal the workers.) Mayor Phillips says, about the two added floors on the City Hall: "No matter how big a public building is, it is never big enough."

In a recent Ad featuring 88-cent toys there was one odd item. Maybe it's a result of TV's Westerns, but the "toy" was a set of poker chips.

Montreal theoretically met nuclear destruction when a General, demonstrating civil defense, pushed a button prematurely. "It's my fault, I did the wrong thing," he said.

Well, we can forgive him—but let's hope he doesn't transfer to the offensive team.

Parry Sound Police are seeking an Indian guide for questioning. They believe he may have gone to Cleveland and have asked the Cleveland Police to look for him. . . . Try the ball park.

Meanwhile, in Oakville, a police sergeant reached into a 10-foot "puddle" to pull out a boy cyclist who had pedaled into it. . . . Again, the long arm of the law.

Those two newly appointed women bank managers have one point in their favour over the men—they are much more experienced with "runs".

The Island ferry service has been losing money for the TTC. Fred Gardiner thinks Metro can improve it and possibly break even some day. . . . Just keep it above water, Fred.

Scarboro Township officials are reportedly drawing first-class expenses for convention travel and taking their wives along on second-class. They are accused of abusing the system. . . . The convention system—with their wives?

The new head of Toronto's Works Department plans a streamlining of his complaint branch. This could merely mean that complaints will now take less time to reach the pigeon-hole or waste basket.

Looking Backward . . .

(Old-time ads were dynamic and dramatic and some of the products ended in the strangest places.)

Whatever happened to FORCE, the ready-to-serve cereal which used to be advertised on the front page of 'The Liberal' away back 60 years ago? The manufacturer of this food used all the force at his command through rhymes, testimonials and cartoons to sell out its merits to the buying public. A Mr. H. Miller, for example, in his testimonial said: "I was attacked last May by appendicitis. As I showed signs of recovery doctor and I began to cast around for a suitable diet and as a result we fell upon FORCE, which has been a wonderful boon to me. I have eaten almost three cases." It is just possible the gluttonous Mr. Miller mistook acute hunger pains for appendicitis and we'll never know whether his testimonial included the cereal at bargain prices.

But it must be confessed that in those days ads were written with a verve which is sadly lacking today. One doctor said of his prescription: "It makes weak women strong and sick women well. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulcers and cures female weaknesses." This last turns out to be a rather delicate point which is cleared up by another testimonial from a woman in Virginia who said with God's help and this medicine a four-year barren post-marriage period was resolved. The price of her bouncing little boy, she said, was simply two bottles of this remarkable elixir. The ad gently hints that even 'The Man Up There' had okayed the medicine.

These stimulating ads which were blunt, imaginative and beguiling, had something else in common. Try as you may you'll never find a single testimonial written by a man, woman or child from the local district. Still it is quite possible that district testimonials were solicited and used as clinchers in newspaper ads in 'ole Virginia. The year 1903 appears to have been a great year for FORCE, incidentally. The July 9 issue alone carries TWO ads. We will never know whether the tide of newspaper propaganda laughingly referred to as advertising by the makers of FORCE pointed up the bally nature of the Liberal's reading public or was intended as a little dividend (by way of the rib-tickling cartoons) to it for gobbling up so much of the cereal which turned pygmies into giants and arrant sissies into arrogant bullies.

In time, however, the ads appeared with less regularity and eventually ceased. Over in Russia, meanwhile, two new professions were offered to women. They were "professions which are shut to them in other countries," according to a correspondent's communique from Moscow. One was the ancient and honorable one of chimney sweep, the second that of janitor which, authorities claimed, was better filled by women than men.

Suddenly everything becomes clear and falls into a pattern beautiful in its simplicity. The Russian women were being fed FORCE. The cereal and every-thing connected with it, in-

"We Ain't Talking" Say Amos And Andy

Rooked By Crows, Says Carl Emsley As Squawkers Refuse To Be Talkers

By Axel Sjoberg

Carl Emsley, dog and bird trainer de-luxe who lives just east of Langstaff on No. 7 Highway, said despondently: "Must be getting old. My sight must be failing." He was seated on his front porch, looking rather discouraged when we drove up the highway to inquire about the pair of crows which he bought last July from a district lad, intending to teach them a human vocabulary.

Ever since his famous pair of talking crows, Amos and Andy (who could do everything with their voices except direct the production of a Hollywood extravaganza) died some years ago, Carl had dearly wanted replacements. Last July he advertised in "The Liberal" and his subsequent acquisition of a new set of the ebony-colored birds had set off curiosity among bird lovers everywhere in the district. "The Liberal" promised to do a follow-up story.

"How fares the fair black pair," we asked. "Our readers crave a literary diet fashioned of crow lore." It was at this point Carl lamented the loss of some physical faculties, adding: "It's not age or loss of sight that discourages me; it's those blasted birds."

"They talk too much?" In mind's eye our story began to shape up.

"They don't talk at all!" he exclaimed wrathfully. "They just sit in their cage, eat and look at me with their beady little eyes. They only talk when I admit I exist in when they get hungry, the gluttons, and then they let out angry squawks."

"No gay phrases in human tongue? No light quip? No endearing term?"

"No nothing," Carl said glumly. "Fact is, when I got them they were too old to be taught. My eagerness to be father, pal and mentor to them softened my brain. I thought they were a bit hefty for nestlings, you know, but persuaded myself they were a better-than-average breed. Well, I'll tell you something. Those birds weren't taken from a nest. They must have been trapped after they left the nest. I'm not blaming the lad who sold them to me. May he turn the ten dollars he received for them into a million and God go with him. But next time I'll be more careful." Next time, he went on, would not be until next June at the earliest.

We strolled down the walk by the side of the house to the cage. A look at the feathered species made it apparent Carl had indeed been vilely deceived by his own eagerness and the seller. The new Amos and Andy are practically full grown.

"Still, it's pretty hard to tell whether they are my friends or just plain greedy."

Amos' brother (or sister) turned his (or her) head and seemed to snigger. "That's Andy," Carl said helpfully. "He's a bit more timid than Amos, but his appetite is just as good." "The cold fall approaches," we pointed out. "What will you do with them?"

"Keep them indoors though the prospect isn't exactly inspiring. Why, that Amos fellow, when he gets hungry, can squawk loud enough to jar me out of bed. Don't know how long my nerves will last when he and Andy are full-time house guests."

He stroked his jaw and glanced upward. "They've been domesticated too long. They won't migrate now," he said regretfully.

If a bird can snarl with gleeful derision, Amos did. Carl turned away. "Well, I better start fixing their meat-egg-pabulum diet," he mumbled. "You might advertise them for sale," we suggested gently. "No, no, no!" Carl cried, almost in a voice of horror, throwing up his hands. "Wouldn't wish those birds on anyone for love or money." And we realized that Carl had not only been robbed into buying them but rooked into falling in love with them.

We had reached the side of the house when Amos (or maybe it was Andy) let go with a loud, rasping, nerve-tearing squawk. Carl stopped, swung around and arms akimbo said: "Aw, shad-dup." But his eyes were twinkling.

We got into the car and started to drive off, and if birds can be said to chortle with the sheer joy of living, Amos and Andy were chortling.

Let's Elect H. S. Trustees

In the "democracy in operation" complex known as Canada the highest position in the land, outside of the purely formal one of Governor General, is that of Prime Minister. But it is one from which he can be dismissed with very little ceremony, depending on the inclinations of the voters of his own electoral district. So it goes all down the line. On Parliament Hill in Ottawa, in the ten provincial capitals, those who sit in parliaments and legislatures are there only because they were sent there by free and independent voters — voters who can send them home with equal celerity if their conduct doesn't seem to jibe with requirements.

It's a good principle - a workable principle. It's one which has been extended through all grades of community life, governmental and otherwise. The Prime Minister of Canada can be toppled if those whom he represents think that he hasn't done his job well — or if they think somebody else can do it better. So can the lowest member of the smallest school section board. So can the president and the secretary and the executives of a thousand-and-one organizations "from sea to sea and from the great waters to the ends of the earth."

But there's a notable exception. Members of high school boards in Ontario are, for some reason or other, exempted from the job of facing, at regular intervals, the people they serve. They are appointed, not elected by popular vote.

There is a growing belief that the system is a poor one — that the members of high school boards should, even as the Prime Minister and Joe Blow from the back concession, stand up and report in the presence of their fellow-citizens. That belief received substantial support at the recent convention of the Ontario Municipal Association in Windsor,

when 913 delegates, without a single dissenting voice, called on the Ontario Government for a legislative change which would make high school trusteeships elective instead of appointive.

There is no malice involved in the suggestion. It is well recognized that sterling service has been rendered by the dedicated men and women who, without pay, do a big job in directing educational policies at the secondary school level. But it cannot be denied that the lack of direct responsibility to voters has, in some cases, led to a feeling of "ownership" — that there are those who have come to regard their positions on boards as being held almost as Charles held his throne — by divine right.

Altogether apart from that, the fact remains that high school boards are among the major spending bodies of the country. To a great extent they are uncontrolled spending bodies. The council of a municipal corporation must supply their demand. They do not answer to the taxpayers who put up the cash. That is unhealthy.

The vote of delegates to the Ontario Municipal Association Convention was an overwhelming one — based on a sound principle. It is to be hoped that the Ontario Government will take early steps to implement it. High school trustees, we are sure, will not object to subjecting themselves to the same democratic processes that other holders of public office, from Prime Minister down the line, accept willingly. They will doubtless welcome the opportunity to gain, through direct contact with electors at last, their views on subjects of mutual interest such as money.

Public school trustees have to face the music. Is there any reason why high school trustees should not do the same?

Jaycee Week

This is Jaycee Week! "Weeks" of one kind and another, covering subjects ranging from the sublime to the ridiculous, have become altogether too common. Tiresome repetition has lessened their value.

But now and again there comes a "week" which, by the very nature of the project which it marks, demands recognition.

Such a one is Jaycee Week. It draws attention to an organization which is a constructive power for good in the land — an organization which believes in giving as much as getting — the Junior Chamber of Commerce.

The heart and soul of the varied programmes of the many Junior Chambers throughout Canada is "training for leadership." While that endeavour is very far from being the be-all and end-all of Jaycee activities it is, in the opinion of this newspaper, one of its most important. The

challenge which it offers to Canada's younger businessmen to fit themselves for the day when they will take over the leadership of affairs in a great land is a considerable and vital one.

This week Junior Chambers of Commerce throughout Canada are marking the 25th anniversary of the founding of their organization in Canada. The local Chamber, while one of the younger ones in point of view of years, has certainly no need to apologize for lack of virility and progressiveness. The many awards which it has won, including that of the world's best Chamber, are proof that it is regarded by other young men throughout the international movement as something beyond the ordinary.

Richmond Hill has good reason to be proud of its Junior Chamber of Commerce. Its home town newspaper is proud to salute as it observes Jaycees Week.

It Should Aid Taxpayers

Action of Richmond Hill Town Council, in agreeing to purchase approximately 24 acres of fully-serviced land in the heart of the industrial section of the municipality, seems to be a very wise move. The price, \$2,500 an acre, is low in comparison with what has been asked for comparable sites in the same area in recent months. As a matter of fact, natural curiosity as to why the present owner is selling at that price is understandable. But, on the face of it, the deal is a good one and there would not appear to be any fear that a Greek has come bearing gifts. As a matter of fact, enquiries which have already been made for the land would seem to indicate that the town has secured a bargain—one which can be used with telling effect in the battle for new industry.

No owner of land can be blamed for attempting to get the highest price he can for it. That is right and proper. But on the other side of the coin is the fact that undoubtedly some industries have refused to lo-

cate in Richmond Hill because they could buy comparable land cheaper elsewhere. In turn, neither can they be blamed. The new industrial land, which will be sold to prospective plant-owners at cost plus expenses—probably around \$3,000 an acre—should place a powerful weapon in the hands of the Industrial Commissioner and should serve as a stabilizing factor in holding land values at the point where prospective industries will not be scared away.

Mayor Haggart and others have frequently and forcibly pointed out the present bad imbalance of industrial and residential assessment—a sad situation caused by failure, years ago, to insist on subdividers providing a proportion of industrial assessment to compensate for the added expenses which their residential developers forced on other taxpayers.

The new land, by attracting industry, may help to correct this situation and should, in the long run, be of considerable benefit to all taxpayers.



Character In Handwriting Irritability & Insecurity

by Axel Sjoberg (CGA - IGAS)

The question we have been asked: Is irritability a fear in itself or is it a defense against fear? The answer: It is a common defense measure with which we retaliate deliberately or no to persons or circumstances or both which have triggered one of different fears.

What, then, are some of these fears? Well, you may be uncertain of your next move. A common cause for irritability is indecision. One client riddled himself of irritability when he understood it arose from simple inability to trust his judgement. He craved greater responsibility but in his insecurity he set too low goals.

A very fine woman client had few friends because of a light, but prickling irritability. Coupled with a keen comprehension and barbed wit, it had unfortunate consequences. Her difficulty was simply self-consciousness and once this was made clear to her she was in a position to master that irritability, and by learning to think outside herself rid herself of much of the self-consciousness.

You all know some person who fears to be criticised. This very fear will make for irritability. Then there are many persons who keep the barrel top closed tight on desires. This is suppression, and one defense of the suppressed can be irritability.

Some people are out-and-out terrified of life. In their extreme timidity they dread to take a chance, shrink from change of any kind, are very stingy about giving of themselves in endeavour and matters of trust. Irritability is one result.

The healthy, reasonably well adjusted person has no idea of the amount of suffering expressed in and generated by irritability. The first thing the analyst does is to isolate the reasons. For example, one client's writing showed him to be keen and aggressive, but because of circumstances was unable to properly exploit his talents. The aggressiveness revealed itself as irritability. Everything got on his nerves. He was chronically jittery and tense.

Another client's irritability flowed from resentment. He was convinced the world was out to get him. He was not a sufficiently strong character to open by voice that resentment and do something about it. His irritability was traced to this negative trait. A mentally flexible, discerning fellow forced to work with dim wits will invariably grow irritable. One client had too many irons in the fire. He could not manage. His life was a chaotic mess. His irritability began to disappear when he was made to understand the

simple reason for it. You can be irritated with yourself as well as with others, with THINGS, and forces. Depending on the type of irritability, your own personality and the conditions at hand, you may, in your irritability resort

to sarcasm or wit, quick, brief, mild or strong temper. You may sulk. You may even pick up the clock and throw it at the cat.

It's true that irritability has its positive aspect. It is pointed out that irritability is a release for the high-strung or intense nature and that this helps them maintain some balance and stability, when the "pot" boils, to quote a fellow analyst. All this is true, but it is particularly useful for the high-strung and intense nature to learn all he can about himself. Simply relying on irritability as the safety valve isn't intelligent when it becomes habit. Because unless understood and grappled with, irritability can grow, and will

have a definitely negative effect on the health and friendships.

If you consistently dot your 'i's by jabbing at the paper with your pen or pencil, leaving behind tiny dashes, arrows, arrowheads, etc. you may be certain you are irritable. Then take stock.

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UXBRIDGE TOWNSHIP: Township council has given unanimous endorsement to a resolution adopted by Peel County, asking the government to legalize sweepstakes for hospital financing.

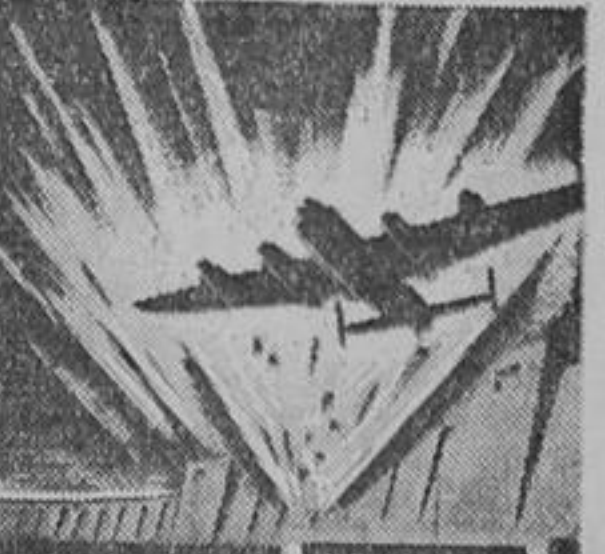
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Fri, Sat. Sept. 22, 23

THE DAM BUSTERS



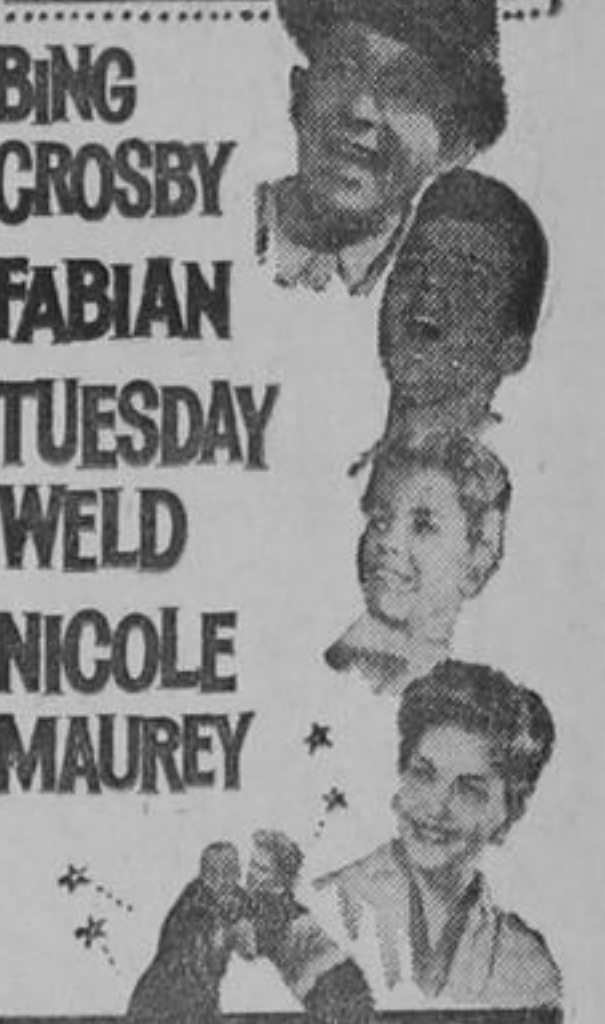
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