

The Liberal

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Traveled To Alaska

(The first instalment of a description of a motor trip to Alaska taken by her family, and written by Mrs. Margaret Gilbert, resident of Concord and teacher at MacKillop Public School in Richmond Hill, appeared in last week's "Liberal". It ended with the Gilbert family—Mrs. Gilbert, her husband and two daughters—at Whitehorse, having just decided to put their trailer in storage and continue with their station wagon alone. This week the journey along the Alaska Highway continues.—Editor.)

Nothing worse ever happened to us than having a bear come right into camp at 1 a.m. and stage a two hour raid on the garbage cans. Situated as we were, we had box-office seats and had been a bit closer, we could easily have taken a shot at him, as it was light enough, and our camera was ready.

All this the first night without the trailer - so after that we were ready for anything. We had only three rainy nights in over thirty, which were compelled to use motel accommodation. We didn't begrudge these a bit because they were well spaced and we made the most of them in lovely tub baths, showers, even a bit of laundry and other such luxuries which came high on the road.

Many Types of Country
The 1200-mile stretch of Alaska Highway between Dawson Creek to Alaskan border took us through many different types of terrain. Sometimes we drove for miles, through sheer mountains; at other times the land was rolling and hilly, much like the prairies and at other times, it was heavily wooded.

In places the road was built for miles high on the mountain sides, which put us well above the timber line, and in others the road bed lay in river valleys and wound its way through passes from one mountain range to another. At this point, we felt that our trips were beginning to pay off.

Our girls began discussing and comparing what they saw here with other places we had been. Some were comparable to the Gaspé, others to mountains of Vermont and New Hampshire, and still others to wooded areas of New Brunswick and Maine. My greatest surprise was "the tundra." I had always thought of it as hard barren rocks or frozen ground. It proved to be soft and spongy under foot and is a sort of peat-like vegetation several feet thick, which grows on rocky surfaces, and is covered by a green moss.

The rocks below seemed to be grinding away to the surface and protruded at intervals, reminding me of old wells filled with stones, except that the stones were broken as from pressure against each other.

Eerie Feelings
This growth of tundra did not adhere closely to the rocks, that were forcing their way upward. A hand could easily have been inserted in spaces all around the rock, that separated it from the tundra. I had the eerie feeling that I needed to step lightly or I might be swallowed up.

At different points on the Alaska Highway we took interesting side trips. The first one was at mile 866 which took us to Carcross, with its atmosphere of pioneer days, its old "stern-wheeler," still on the river but not in use, and its narrow gauge railway, with miniature coaches, locomotives and box cars which still takes passengers to Skagway and Whitehorse.

At Mile 995 we saw the Otter Falls picture on the back of our Canadian \$5 bill. For anyone interested may I say here, that there is no truth in the story that says you can pick up \$5 bills by the handfuls around these falls.

From Mile 1016 on the Yukon a very picturesque side trip took us in a southerly direction through 65 miles of Yukon Territory, 53 miles of B.C. and 41 miles of Alaska without any sign of habitation whatever, except for one maintenance camp. Above Timber Line

This side trip eventually took us to Haines and Pt. Chilkoot in the Alaska Panhandle. In this lovely stretch the road cleaves to the sides of mountains above timber line for miles on end, where tundra is the lush green slopes of the Pacific coast, where many varieties of wild flowers flourish.

The purple-pink-tufted fireweed forms a colourful border along the entire route, as well as in all burned out areas. It is the emblem of Alaska's floral emblem in 1957. Haines' floral emblem is 1957. Haines' floral emblem is 1957.

Next step in the formation of a "police state" would be to have policemen sitting on the bench, said Mayor Haggart satirically. He is right. Nothing but sheer expediency, under present conditions, can justify police acting as prosecuting attorneys.

The sooner the situation is changed, the better for both police and public. It may cost a few dollars to have more assistant Crown attorneys. The preservation of good policing would be cheap at the price.

Alaska is big - bigger than Texas. But how small the old world is! Would anybody expect to meet - well, almost your next door neighbour, way up there. We did! We made the acquaintance of a Mr. Harper from Unionville, who is spending the whole summer with his two sons, who have a trucking business there, hauling valuable ore. Mr. Harper says he believes that country was put there for us to see, and he aims to see as much of it as he can.

As for me, I was born twenty years too soon. If I were twenty years younger I would be finding my own niche there along with the rest of them! Juneau a Jewel
From Haines we took a six hour boat trip - car and all - down the inside passage to Juneau, the capital of Alaska. It is a quaint city, like a jewel set in the sea and the mountains. The streets are built right up the mountain side, each one looking over the roof tops of the one below, giving the effect that the houses were placed on shelves one above the other and each set back just a little.

On our return to Haines we visited a salmon cannery, where we purchased a ten pound red salmon for \$2 and had a whopper of a fish fry in our camp that night. We chose a camping ground with the comfort

Second Thoughts...

by George Mayes

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

So the CNR locomotive engineer, who nightly whistles his way through town, has moved to the "Hill". May he rest in peace.

And, speaking of blowing: Toronto's new City Hall is designed to withstand a blow of 100 M.P.H. — that is, from the outside.

East York's Safety Council is sponsoring a six-week baby-sitting course. They slyly call it a "dry run" . . . We suppose the advanced course will be "pot luck".

The opening of the opera Tosca at the O'Keefe Centre was delayed for nine minutes when the star was locked in her bathroom . . . She had to sing until they found her key.

"Soccer fans frequently attack referees, linesmen and players, and even burn cars, stone houses and threaten people with death." — This is from Leopoldville, in the Belgian Congo, and it proves that the Congolese are just as civilized as we are.

A CNE award-winning quilt and a number of baked goodies mysteriously disappeared from the Markham Fall Fair. Viewers of On The Scene will recall that "Bad Boy" Boliska was on the grounds.

If Metro children are riding in Laundromat dryers, the Child Psychologists will probably explain their behaviour pattern as symptomatic of an unfulfilled need to have their pants warmed.

The International Association of Police Chiefs closed their convention with a resolution denouncing carport Cop Fearless Fosdick as "unrepresentative". . . He has more holes in his head.

And, after two Etobicoke Councillors had been "missing" for 21 days at a Las Vegas convention, they were "officially excused" so they could collect \$50 attendance pay — and they may need it. They could be walking home.

General Charles Foulkes says our Army should be unified with the other services with one Chief of Staff, one chain of command, one ladder of promotion and one uniform . . . He stopped before he got to one horse.

Any Cuban who remains in the U.S.A. for 30 days will automatically lose everything he owns. Now, if a Caballero could just get away without the wife . . .

Fabian — the boy singer with more names than notes — has a broken finger in a cast. And if it's his "snapping" finger we're in trouble, girls.

Have You Read These?

BOOK REVIEWS FROM THE RICHMOND HILL PUBLIC LIBRARY
Household Ghosts, James Kennaway (Longmans) This is a second novel from the author of *Tunes of Glory*. It concerns the affairs of the Ferguson family in their county house in the Scottish Lowlands - of the Colonel retreating further and further into an anti-social corner of his daughter Mary uncertain whether to stay with her husband, Stephen, or make her life with David, a middle-aged physiologist; of son Pink, an incipient alcoholic, oppressed by his father. Within this closed circle of relationships, Mr. Kennaway has created a powerful feeling of decadence and claustrophobia. He writes with great care, and his style and narrative are often elliptical.

General della Rovere, by Indro Montanelli. Translated by Adrienne Foulke. (Doubleday) That some men die more bravely than they live is the thesis of this short novel based on the author's encounter during the real name was Giovanni Bertone, Bertone, posing as the General della Rovere, was executed at San Vittore Prison in 1944. The convict posed as an aristocratic Italian General in the best tradition and greatly strengthened the morale and courage of the prisoners. This account is based on the original story written for the film of the same name, which Roberto Rossellini directed. This is a fine example of some of the modern translations into English from the European languages.

Covenant With Death, by John Harris. (Hutchinson) "Two years in the making. Ten minutes in the destroying. That was the history." Thus does Mark Fenner provide the epitaph for his battalion which was wiped out during the terrible battle of the Somme in 1916. With warmth and humour, Harris tells the story of Mark and his friends, how they enlisted in 1914, middle-class intellectuals hurrying with patriotic and light hearts to become the pride of Kitchener's volunteer army. A novel which spotlights a modern morality on the waste of wars.

The Book of Joe. About a dog and his man, by Vincent Price. (Doubleday) This is a sentimental, but friendly account of life in a pet-filled Hollywood household. Fourteen years ago, actor Vincent Price bought Mark from a Los Angeles dealer of pets. Joe is the central character in this tale of a happy Noah's Ark, to which the second Mrs. Price and generous friends have added their own contributions of more dogs, cats, birds, fish and turtles. A family story for all ages.

Had You Been Born In Another Faith, by Marcus Bach. (Prentice-Hall) This simply and agreeably written, accurate account of the major religions followed by the world's population, will be a very useful guide for all interested in religion and man. Some of the traditional customs and beliefs, values, rites of worship, gods or ideas about divinity, daily religious patterns and possible emotional responses are described, from childhood onward, for a Hindu,

C. A. Cathers, MP for York North Riding and Mrs. Cathers left on Wednesday morning from Malton for two months trip to Africa. They are flying to London, Paris, to Lisbon, then are going by ship around the west coast of Africa, touching at major ports to Capetown and Durban. They then start up the east side of Africa, visiting Kenya and Uganda, flying out through Nairobi and Khartoum in the Sudan to Rome.

On an earlier round-the-world trip, the Cathers visited Egypt, India, Pakistan, Japan and Hong Kong.

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Planning Education Needed

There is plenty of food for thought in recent statements made by Lorne R. Cumming, Deputy Minister of Municipal Affairs for Ontario, and Alfred H. Cowling, former Toronto alderman and now member of the Ontario Legislature for High Park, Toronto. Whether one agrees with them or not, the fact remains that because of the long and intimate connection of the two men with municipal affairs, their opinions must be regarded with a considerable amount of respect.

Comments on their statements regarding planning boards, which this newspaper proposes to make, must be regarded as general and without specific reference to any individual boards. Like deputy ministers and members of the Legislature, there are both good and bad.

Mr. Cowling asserted that too many men are appointed to planning boards for political reasons, not because they have a genuine interest in planning. Planning boards are advisory boards, he claimed, "but I think that many planning boards in the province have gone beyond their advisory capacity." There is undoubtedly some truth, even if only a small amount, in the first part of his statement. There is a great deal of truth in the second part.

Mr. Cowling said also that he could not see why there should be so many battles between councils and planning boards, particularly when council should be supreme.

Mr. Cumming, giving evidence at the same time, agreed that planning boards should never be in control but should be able to put different points of view before a council. He declared that there would be no problem if everyone believed in planning, "but a lot of people now elected to council don't."

Both men, at the time they made their statements, were giving evidence before the select committee of the Ontario Legislature which is reviewing municipal law, with the intention of bringing it more into line with modern conditions.

Where, exactly, does the rub come in? And why are there so many disputes, province-wide, between councils and planning boards?

Too many boards have forgotten that their role is an advisory one. Too often — as is so often the case when boards of one kind and another are appointed and not elected — there has been a tendency on the part of planning board members to

regard their own opinions as sacrosanct and not subject to comment and criticism. There has been far too much of a tendency to rule rather than to advise.

Many citizens have become restive under these conditions. They have begun to question why they, as property-owners, appear to have lost their supposed rights and why another group of citizens, put in office without their say-so, can exercise apparently arbitrary rights over the possessions of other people.

Fundamentally, one exceedingly grave error has been made by the majority of planning boards. The Planning Act specifies that one of the duties of planning boards shall be to educate the people of the province as to the need for sound planning. In far too many cases this has not been done. Planning has been imposed on populations — it has been enforced rather than explained. That is why, in so many cases, clashes have occurred between councils, property owners and boards. Domination has occupied the place of education, with foreseeable results.

It is still not too late to reverse the process and to gain a willing and informed acceptance of the principles of town planning. Far too many Ontarians have begun to look on planning directors and planning boards as autocratic ogres, playing fast and loose with other people's property. The attitude of many paid employees, in particular, has led to that conclusion. The sooner that situation is cleaned up the better for town planning in Ontario.

At the hearing referred to Mr. Cumming suggested that consideration should be given to the non-inclusion of members of council on planning boards — a practice now in effect under the present law. Vernon Singer, former Reeve of North York Township and member of the Legislature for York Centre, also criticized the plan of having council representation on planning boards.

Local experience, at least, shows that a much happier and constructive state of affairs exists when members of council take an active part in planning board affairs. There is more co-operation. There is less room for misunderstanding. The principle of council representation on all boards and commissions which depend on the general treasury for funds is a sound one. There would appear to be no sound reason why it should not be maintained in the case of planning boards.

Policing - Not Prosecuting

Mayor James Haggart of Richmond Hill performed a useful service when he expressed opinions regarding the role of municipal police, at a session of the special provincial committee studying the jurisdiction of county and district courts.

He pointed out that the practice was having a bad effect in numerous ways. Police were acting as prosecutors rather than filling their traditional role of giving evidence in a case. In other words, emphasis could be placed on securing a conviction, rather than the giving of unbiased evidence with the decision as to innocence or guilt being left to the courts. There is no suggestion that the police have abused their position — but the grave danger that they might be implicit in the situation. The seeds of a "police state" could easily be sown.

From the practical side of the picture, Mayor Haggart made a strong point when he suggested that policemen, trained in the application of the law rather than in its interpretation, were under a severe handi-

cap when facing experienced lawyers for the defence. The traffic point system, with accused concerned over the loss of points which would lead to cancellation of driving privileges instead of airily waving off a fine, had brought more lawyers into court in traffic cases. Therefore police, trained in traffic duties rather than as lawyers, were in danger of finding themselves twisted inside out by acute legal minds, trained in the art of making evidence work their way. Amateurs are stacked up against professionals, to the obvious disadvantage of the former.

Next step in the formation of a "police state" would be to have policemen sitting on the bench, said Mayor Haggart satirically. He is right. Nothing but sheer expediency, under present conditions, can justify police acting as prosecuting attorneys. The sooner the situation is changed, the better for both police and public. It may cost a few dollars to have more assistant Crown attorneys. The preservation of good policing would be cheap at the price.

Remembrance Day Plans

The suggestion recently made to Richmond Hill Town Council by Mayor James Haggart, and unanimously agreed to by that body, to the effect that a special committee should be given the duty of arranging the Remembrance Day service, is a commendable one.

A wise decision has also been made in naming former Mayor William Neal and Magistrate James Butler to the committee. Both are ex-service men who are highly regarded by veterans and other citizens. The allocation of the third spot on the committee to the sitting president of

the Richmond Hill Branch of the Royal Canadian Legion is, of course, eminently practical.

In former years a member of Richmond Hill Town Council has arranged the service. It has always been done with efficiency and dignity, befitting the occasion. However, no member of council will object to handing over to the ex-service men of the community the full arrangements of the day which is so eminently theirs — the day in which they honour their comrades who gave their lives that others might live in freedom.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

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