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Our Readers Write Of The Southwest Plan, Hallowe'en, And Police Constable

COUNCILLOR SCUDDS AND THE SOUTHWEST PLAN

Dear Mr. Editor:— I wish to express my disappointment on two counts covering events affecting Ward 1. Firstly, it was very upsetting to myself and the residents of Ward 1 when it was announced that our own Ward 1 councillor, Walter Scudds, gave his support to the works program on the southwest side of Richmond Hill, which involved a cost in excess of \$800,000 and which was overwhelmingly contested at its inception by the taxpayers in the area, and whose objection was upheld at the recent hearing.

available to making good the storm sewers, ditches, etc. in Ward 1, but unfortunately my expectations were doomed to the same disappointment as I experienced when he supported the southwest program. However, maybe I was too premature as regards time, if this be so then at the next meeting I reasonably expect to hear Mr. Scudds make his request. It would be, I am quite sure, more logical and more acceptable to all residents of Richmond Hill, if a motion was passed through council requesting an overall works program dealing with the most urgent problems first, at the same time giving details of cost, etc., and presenting same to the taxpayers for their consideration.

benefit to justify approval of the works against the objections of the persons most interested." First, the board does not deny the eventual need for improvements in the area. Then they present a curious foundation for municipal planning and management, namely, do not attempt to anticipate and solve the problem before it arises, but rather wait till the problem has swamped everything, then attempt to find a solution. In terms of Richmond Hill, therefore, the town should no longer turn down any application for development on the basis of facilities, but should give approval. When the streets are finally clogged with traffic in water up to the axles the Municipal Board may reconsider their verdict.

Dear Mr. Editor:— The action of the town council in publicizing the conduct of a young constable and severely reprimanding him for firing a harmless shot in the air when trying to flush out a suspect hiding in a parking lot is one of the things which does not encourage intelligent and courageous young men to join the force. A young rookie constable cannot remember all the regulations in an emergency and has to resort to common sense. His action in firing up in the air could harm no one, not even a sparrow, and why his "crime" was so terrible that our reeve wants him fired is beyond my understanding.

With election time round the corner perhaps some politicians think they need more publicity with the hope they will attract the votes of the do-gooders, the sob-sisters and other screwballs who lack tolerance and the milk of human kindness. During my long life of over 70 years I have seen on numerous occasions policemen break regulations in trying to solve the problems encountered. One illustration will suffice to explain how the New York Police solved congestion on the ferry boats across the Hudson River during the time in 1919 when the shipyards in Newark Bay disgorged thousands of men who lived in Manhattan. The ferries had to be unloaded fast so as to return and bring other loads waiting to go home. As we left the ferry the police would hit us on the gluteal muscles with truncheons if we didn't move at a quick pace, but they never hurt anyone as they only used light taps, against regulations of course, and we accepted their help in speeding things up with good humour. In those days of course, there were fewer publicity hounds and no politician thought to get his name in the paper protesting against police brutality, and the police commissioner, who had common sense didn't charge the constables with breaking regulations.

Certainly there is no encouragement for intelligent young prospects to join the force if they know that our local politicians will publicize even slight infraction of regulation. I would suggest to those who caused this publicity to learn the biblical lesson: "Ye who without sin cast the first stone." Yours truly, HENRY C. HALL, 467 Windhurst Gate.

A Wise Decision

The Municipal Board rendered the only decision possible in turning down the proposed southwest drainage and road plan. The provincially appointed board informed town council last week of its decision to squash the plan in its entirety. Earlier rumors suggested the board might refer the matter to a vote of the ratepayers concerned as a means of settling the question. From the very outset the plan came under heavy fire from many ratepayers in the area. It was obvious to everyone that the great majority of the property owners concerned were diametrically opposed to the plan as presented by council. In an editorial this newspaper questioned the wisdom of council in pressing the venture when it so obviously lacked any real popular support

among the people to be affected by its outcome. Still a majority of council persisted until finally after a great many verbal battles the Municipal Board has rendered the whole scheme null and void. Whether the proposal had any real merit or not is not the main question. In a democratic society the will of the people is supreme and a government ignores it at its peril. In this case the people made their feelings known but council chose to ignore them. Fortunately the Municipal Board did not commit the same error. One of the most unfortunate aspects of the whole matter is the fact that the \$40,000 spent by successive councils dating back to 1956 on engineering studies for the southwest area will have to be borne by all the taxpayers of Richmond Hill.

A Candidate For Vaughan

Vaughan Council's most vocal critic has struck again. In his latest venture this self-appointed champion of good government last week called for the resignation of Deputy-reeve Jesse Bryson. Brian Bailey of Richvale attacked Mr. Bryson because of the failure of Planning Board Secretary John Hall to have the board's minutes brought up to date. Proper records of the meeting have been kept but not yet entered into the official minute book—hardly a charge serious enough to impeach the deputy-reeve. Mr. Hall, who succeeded former planning administrator Tom Gillings, has been especially busy assisting in the reorganization of the planning department. Planning Board Chairman is Allan Deacon. Mr. Bryson is council's representative on that board. As part of his plan to create as much chaos and confusion as possible Mr. Bailey circulated a letter throughout the township prior to the meeting calling on the populace to support his stand and attend the next meeting of council. However at the meeting Mr. Bryson didn't have to resign and Mr. Bailey's accusations were reduced to the minor importance they

deserved from the start. This is not the first time Mr. Bailey has sallied forth in a reckless and irresponsible manner spewing charges right and left. In the final analysis he has never been able to substantiate any of his claims against council. It wasn't too long ago that Mr. Bailey was telling council that Vaughan should secede from the county (as if such a decision were theirs alone) and that he had set up a committee to study the matter. That was the last the public ever heard of Mr. Bailey's ideas on secession. Questioned during this latest episode, Mr. Bailey said he had no intention of seeking election to council in December. We heartily suggest Mr. Bailey stand for election and at last give the people of Vaughan an opportunity to rule on the validity of his many charges. For too long he has peppered council from the safety of the sidelines. If things are really as bad in Vaughan as Mr. Bailey would lead us to believe then his first duty as a citizen is to enter the political arena and seek a mandate from his peers. Nomination day in Vaughan is November 30.

Second Thoughts

BY GEORGE MAYES ● Yesterday's news is not necessarily dead Last week it was Bolivia that had the coup to change its government. With these coups taking place somewhere every week or so it looks like the whole world is going coup-coup. Hundreds of rats are running wild in the Regency Acres Subdivision in Aurora. (Aurorats?) One resident says they moved in under a dog house in his yard and he has moved the house several times but the rats follow it. . . . It looks like the dog-less dog house has replaced the TV-less TV antenna as a status symbol. Montreal's World's Fair has signed a no-strike pact with labor for the fair's duration. Now all Expo '67 needs is a no-strike pact with potential visitors who wouldn't expose themselves to separatist violence. Toronto's United Appeal officials (who were dubious about doing it) have decided to accept the money raised by Ryerson students in their recent beer-athon—if the money is still available. . . . Or, if it hasn't been spent in the spirit in which it was given.

With Quebec's present aggressive attitude, there are grounds for a second thought in the report of the defence department's shuffle to eliminate 73 militia units which says: "Ontario will be hardest hit." Rock salt for the roads is up to \$8.40 per ton this year. This, for the motorist cum taxpayer, is really rubbing it in. After The Brawl Was Over— Sen. Goldwater blames newspaper inaccuracies for his downfall. As an example, he points to the way they put his score under the heading of a "Popular Vote". Apparently the "White Backlash" vote expected by the Republican Party turned into a "Right Backlash". The Republican press secretary says Sen. Goldwater delayed his post-election statement until the next day because he wanted to say the "right thing". . . . See, he's changing already. The Russians were quite happy to see a Johnson victory. After Khrushchev's "We'll bury you" threat they were afraid the Americans would Barry them. The American voters are a bit different than we Canadians. They voted, as we often do, not so much FOR the Democrats as AGAINST the Republicans. . . . But in their case, the Republicans weren't even in power! Wonder how the six Southern states—the only ones garnered by Goldwater—are going to like riding in the back of the national bus? But you can't ignore the rather frightening fact that 26,000,000 Americans DID, in their hearts, KNOW he was right. . . . despite a Democrat slogan switch telling them: "In your brain, you know he's insane," and "In your guts, you know he's nuts." . . . we're glad we could pass.

the war if he doesn't come back. At times To the Edge of Morning is redolent of scenes from White Cargo, but it is a rewarding novel to read. It conveys the sense of oppression Kramer obviously feels and it offers his problem without being in the least pretentious. Air force life is obviously not a strange one to Jackson. He enlisted in the RCAF in 1942, served overseas and was discharged as a flight lieutenant in 1945 with a DFC. He is now director of extension and research at the RCAF Staff College in Toronto, and lives with his wife and five children in Richmond Hill. —Michael Hanlon

CO doesn't back him. He learns of a friend who is in the thick of fighting and has become a hero, while he himself might as well be retired. Gradually he gives in. He spends most of his time in the mess drinking with the other officers. When responsibility is thrust upon him, he rejects it. He is physically ill and emotionally distraught, and when he decides to take on a role as a leader he learns that his hero friend has been given the job. When his friend crashes, he feels responsible. Finally he volunteers for a reconnaissance flight, realizing that it's just a make-work project and that it won't make any difference to

ST. MARY'S ANGLICAN CHURCH Dear Mr. Editor:— This is to acknowledge with much appreciation your splendid coverage of the dedicating services of the new St. Mary's Anglican Church. It has been typical of the way in which your newspaper welcomes news of the churches and gives them due prominence and coverage. Sincerely yours, JAMES F. O'NEIL, Rector.

ENJOY CHILDREN AT HALLOWE'EN Dear Mr. Editor:— I thought it might be of interest to your readers to receive a comment re Hallowe'en. My husband and I, who are elderly, greeted well over 50 children on Saturday evening and we enjoyed everyone. They were all most polite and friendly. When towards the end we began to run short of "treats" except UNICEF no one seemed to mind and one youngster said, "That is o.k. We've done well." Another said "I have plenty, let the little ones have it." There was no muss left around and all, in their varied costumes, seemed to be having as good a time as we were. We hear so much these days about our young people being

another few weeks, following the sun to more hospitable areas. They are the restless ones now. Perhaps they see the restless ducks that still haunt the coves of upland ponds and sluggish streams but take flight at any excuse. The geese, which seem to have a special weather sense, will wait a while longer. They have already moved down from the far north, and one of these nights, when there is a ring around the moon or high-flung mare's tails in the sky, the flocks will begin to line out, gabbling in the moonlight, long necks pointed south. When the geese have gone it will be the late hour of autumn, the silence broken only by chickadees and the winter sparrows, waiting for the juncos and winter itself. —N.Y. Times

The Migrants There is no fixed date for most migrations, but one can tell the hour of the season, if not of the day, by watching the birds. Some of the warblers start moving south by August, and most of the swallows have gone by September. The blackbirds start moving out before the autumn equinox, and before October's frosty nights have blackened the garden the flickers have made ready to take off for warmer places. The robins linger, but now they gather in flocks, fatten on late fare and are restless on chilly mornings and dark days. Some of them will resist the impulse, find food and shelter in the swampy thickets and brushy woodlands and spend the winter. But most of them will be gone in

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SPECIAL Sat., Sun., Nov. 14-15 MATINEES ONLY

An Enchanting World Of Make-Believe! Bursting upon our BIG SCREEN in all the colors of the rainbow... a prize-winning blue ribbon treat for old and young alike! Here's something for the whole family to see together! The Management.

December Is Election Month December is the month of elections. Police villages, townships and other municipal governments have set their election dates. Why are we going to vote and what are some of the questions we must ask ourselves. Does it matter who we vote for anyway? Voting is a part of our democratic way of life. How can we as citizens use this voting power wisely and well. It seems more and more as we go to the polls to cast our ballot we are voting for images rather than real people. One reason is that many of us do not know the candidates and if we do its mostly by hearsay and we do not always evaluate the candidate properly in our own mind. Is there any way we might possibly get to know them? In her new book "People Are Power" recently published by the Harvest Publishing company, Dorothy Henderson discusses this very question. She believes that one way would be to follow carefully the actions of the members of government while they are in power. By watching their actions and speeches and by expressing our support or displeasure we assist them to represent us better. Once these candidates are elected the voting public is not absolved from responsibility. Democracy's way of overcoming apathy is through education and this is often a long drawn out process but it must be done somehow. We must learn to distinguish between truth and falsehood. We should encourage public discussion of vital issues by insisting on factual reporting. At all levels of society we must learn to select our leaders wisely because it often happens that leaders often win and hold position without the consent of the majority. The reason. Majorities are often too lazy to become informed or too indifferent to speak their minds. The voting public would do well to listen and read more about government and politics (Continued on Page 16)

ALL SEATS 50c SANTA CLAUS FULL LENGTH! FULL COLOR! BRING THE WHOLE FAMILY! IN EASTMAN COLORSCOPE

Saturday Matinees at 12 noon, 2 and 4 Sunday Matinees at 1.30 and 3.15 p.m.

THE RICHMOND HILL THEATRE MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY AND HOLIDAY AT 2 P.M. ENJOY SUNDAY MOVIES THRU SUNDAY AND EVERY SUNDAY CONTINUOUS FROM 5 P.M. Starting Thurs., Nov. 12 FOR ONE WEEK

THE CARDINAL AN OTTO PREMINGER FILM THE CARDINAL STARRING TOM TRYON, ROMY SCHNEIDER, CAROL LYMLEY, BILL HAWORTH, RAF VALLONE, JOHN SAKON, JOSEF WEINRAD, BURGESS MEREDITH, OSSIE DAVIS, DOROTHY GISH, TULLIO CARMINATI, MAGGIE McHAWARA, BILL HAYES, CECIL KELLAWAY and JOHN HUSTON as GLENNON Also: Bobby Morse and his Actors-Believe



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James Jackson Novel Said "Moving", "Believable"

Local author James Jackson of Altamira Road had his first novel published by the Baxter Publishing Company of Toronto last month. A recent issue of "The Liberal" featured Mr. Jackson's career as an author, playwright and teacher. Following publication, his book was reviewed by Michael Hanlon in the October 31 edition of the Globe Magazine and we reprint the review here for our readers. "This short book launches two careers: James Jackson's as a novelist and Baxter's as a publisher of novels. Each seems to have got off to a satisfactory start. Not that To the Edge of Morning is without faults, but the faults

are not serious and don't interfere with what Jackson is saying. Where Jackson has been most successful is in telling a moving tale simply, despite the use of that frequently insurmountable technical obstacle, the flashback. The characters concerned seem, with one exception, to be quite believable and, what's more, relevant. The exception is the commanding officer who too much resembles a straight man in one of those TV comedies about the lighter side of the U.S. service life. To the Edge of Morning is an economical, lucid study of the disintegration of a young man's soul in a tropical backwater of the Second

World War. It shows how an eager, alert person is consumed by the apathy around him and is led to self-destruction. Gil Kramer, a young Canadian bomber pilot, is posted to an airfield in the jungle of Ceylon, where the heat is oppressive, the fauna frightening, the food intolerable and futility rampant. The only occupations of the inhabitants are drinking and a total devotion to lethargy. Kramer tries to withstand the appalling conditions, to remain his own master and not succumb to the sickness that afflicts the base. He struggles to keep flying, but planes are scarce. He fights with the engineering officer and feels cheated when the