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The NEW YEAR

By Rev. Norman H. Boogers, Maple United Church

The ways and habits of people change over the years and it seems that making New Year's Resolutions is no longer the "in thing". Time was when resolutions were prepared with as much care as a child's list of wants for Santa Claus. Today it might well be that most are made on New Year's Day, under the stress of "The morning after the night before."

Whatever happened to the old custom of New Year's Resolutions?

As far as we can determine, the purpose was to bring about an improvement in the way of life, and hence the whole of life. This presupposes that a person can control, not only his own life, but, to some extent, the environment in which he lives, and that by pulling himself up by the bootstraps, he can enhance his happiness and his place in society.

However, the events of the past 25 years have caused men and women to wonder just how much they CAN control their lives. The mechanized annihilators of the Nazi concentration camps, the atomic destruction at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, have caused us to realize that, in man's inhumanity to man, a human life has little value. The sabre rattling of the cold war reminds us that we may very well become the grist for the mill of modern warfare. Even closer at hand, automation and the growth of gigantic industrial empires with mechanized payrolls and personnel records, have caused many a John Smith to become employee No. 1234.

It is commonplace today to see a man cashing his pay cheque at a bank or supermarket, and being asked, not for identification by name, but for his badge with only his number. It is a tribute to the creative imagination and genius of man that we have such things as computers and automatic accounting machines, but it is a sad commentary on our Society that a man no longer needs his name.

Under such pressures, is it any wonder that many people have lost a sense of personal worth. Feeling lost, insecure and unimportant, they no longer make resolutions to improve their situation because they see themselves as little more than pawns in the game of life — victims of "the powers that be".

The outlook is by no means all dark and foreboding. Perhaps as never before in history, economic and social pressures are causing us to search more deeply for the meaning and value of a human life.

No two human beings are exactly alike! Each one of us is different — unique — and our individual worth, the value and meaning of our particular life, is derived directly from that fact. The world of nature is orderly, and everything in it has its appointed place. The world of human nature is the same. Each of us has his own place, a place in the total society of mankind which can be filled by no one else.

It is ironic that the world of economics and engineering should cause us to rethink the place of man in the world. For nearly 2000 years the church has proclaimed the love of God as revealed in Jesus Christ, a love which is for each and every one, for no other reason than that we ARE different — created differently by God's design, that creation might be made complete through us. In the Gospel account, Christ's love for the individual brought forth response and each life was altered in a way that no resolution could ever have done. In His love, nobodies became somebodies!

A story is told of World War II days, in which a man ordered a cup of coffee in a restaurant. The waitress brought the coffee with two lumps of sugar, which he promptly plopped into the cup and asked for two more. The girl carefully explained that due to rationing, she could give him no more. However, the man persisted, growing louder and more demanding. After several attempts at explanation, the young lady finally lost patience and standing squarely in front of him, with her hands on her hips, she said, "Oh, for pity sakes, stir what you've got and get on with it."

At this New Year, let us make but one resolution. Let us resolve to search our inner self to determine what is unique, what gives us personal worth and a "reason for being," then stir up what we've got, and get on with it!



Good Will Toward Men



George Mayes On —

The Flip Side

On the seventh day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Aspirins, and black coffee
As a hangover rem-ee-ee . . .

And if that damned partridge had stayed in its pear tree, instead of roosting in your mouth overnight . . .

1966 will go down in history as the year the Selection Committee for the Nobel Peace Prize couldn't think of anyone to give it to. . . Guess they never heard about our Argonauts.

Our Ontario Government is having a huge Centennial celebration New Year's Eve, with a parade up University Ave., to the Parliament Buildings and a 100-gun salute. . . So NOW they're going to tax our ear drums!

The advent of Canada's 100th birthday will bring us the problem of never knowing whether the character who approaches you on the street with a: "Hey, Friend — Say, Friend!" is plugging Expo '67 or panhandling for a bottle to celebrate it.

That Expo drink they're having at the fair is as yet unnamed. By next October we'll know whether they should have called it Expo On The Rocks.

Happiness definitions were big throughout the year. As a final few: Happiness is getting home New Year's Eve without running into a spot check. . . Happiness is running into a spot check — and funning the fuzz that you are one of the new instant drinkers; you just add water. . . And happiness COULD have been having the postal workers go on strike — when you'd forgotten to mail the Christmas Cards anyway.

Medicine made further great strides in 1966. Our modern medicine certainly is wonderful! It enables us to live a lot longer — and save enough for the cost of a modern funeral.

The joint Senate-Commons Committee on Food Prices is going to put the show on the road after the New Year and hold hearings across Canada. . . Don't know if this comes under the heading of the Centennial entertainment we've been promised, but

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Rambling Around

by Elizabeth Kelson

And What About The Company Of Young Canadians?

We're heading right into Centennial Year, for better or worse. Now, if ever, we will be conscious of ourselves as Canadians. It should be a time for examining our Canadian institutions, new and old and ourselves. There are many new movements about today and we should be watching them. I want to start the ball rolling by telling you about the Company of Young Canadians. Don't be fooled by the Young. Anyone over 18 can join if mentally and physically fit and young at heart. It was first proposed in the speech from the throne in April 1965, the Company received parliamentary approval in June, 1966, and Royal Assent in July, 1966. The Provisional Council acts as the governing council until elections are held for the permanent council.

The Company, while its basic aim is to assist individuals and communities in tackling their own problems, is clearly engaged in a unique social experiment. In this it is willing to try many things. It needs much help, criticism and encouragement.

THIS IS HOW IT WORKS

The Company has been established in response to the economic, social and cultural needs of communities to volunteer time and talent for constructive social change at home and abroad.

The volunteers will work and live with the groups or communities who are their hosts. They will work with and not on behalf of these people.

The people in any situation have the right to make decisions about their lives and to evaluate their own positions. Company volunteers will respect this right. Volunteers will be partners with their hosts in a mutual learning and acting experience.

Volunteers are not professional helpers and will not seek to impose their own solutions on people or

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Stewart Reverses Stand On Milk After Ottawa Meet

By MURRAY GAUNT, MLA
(Mr. Gaunt is the Liberal Member of the Legislature for Huron-Bruce and Opposition agriculture critic.)

"... if price supports or subsidies are required for agricultural products these subsidies must come from the Government of Canada, or we could end up with pricing and marketing chaos." (William Stewart, Minister of Agriculture, Ontario Hansard June 24, 1966).

With that statement the Ontario Minister of Agriculture had set the scene for one of the most startling and complete policy reversals ever committed by the provincial government.

Less than four months later, on October 5, an interim provincial subsidy was announced for 40,000 Ontario farmers who ship milk to plants for the manufacture of cheese, butter, powdered and condensed milk and other dairy products. And the Minister's departmental staff were boasting that the action set a precedent. It was only the second provincial farm subsidy since World War II.

Why the about-face? Why, in the face of province wide protests by farmers and sharp

opposition criticism, does the Minister stand in the Legislature adamantly and stubbornly and refuse to grant a provincial subsidy, then quietly slip down to Ottawa and concede in private discussions with federal officials that the province should pay out the money?

The answer is simply that the Minister of Agriculture was on the losing side of the argument from the beginning.

Ontario farmers and farm organizations had been campaigning for many months for a provincial subsidy of 25 cents per hundredweight for manufacturing milk in order to bring the price to the farm up to \$4 per hundredweight on the farm. The new federal dairy policy announced in April of this year was designed to do this, but an increase in transportation costs meant that the farmers were receiving between \$3.70 and \$3.75 on the farm for their milk.

And so, the campaign for provincial assistance intensified. Delegations from the Ontario Federation of Agriculture and the Ontario Farmers Union presented briefs to the cabinet; members of the two organizations and milk producers in all

parts of the province applied pressure on their local MLAs; opposition members of the Legislature—Farquhar Oliver, Stan Farquhar, Bob Nixon, John Spence and I—argued at length in favour of a provincial subsidy for shippers of milk for manufacturing purposes, at least until April of next year when the new federal dairy policy would come into effect.

The arguments were put forward forcefully and convincingly; the Quebec Government gives a subsidy of 21 cents (17.5 cents in the summer and 35 cents in the winter) to milk producers; there was precedent for such a subsidy from the province. . . Ontario provided a subsidy on sugar beets about four years ago; and farmers throughout the province were not deceived by the minister's repeated claims that the whole matter was entirely a federal responsibility.

Finally, after being rebuffed time and time again by Queen's Park, farmers could no longer control their frustrations and a normally passive and benign sector of the Ontario economy revolted.

The \$4 milk demand was the issue-of-the-moment, but

Annual Christmas Bird Count Is Labor Of Love Provides Information For The Wildlife Agencies

Each December, more than 15,000 bird watchers scattered throughout Canada and the United States select one day during the Christmas Week for the Audubon Christmas Bird Count. Over a period of over 60 years, hundreds of thousands of man-hours have been spent taking these counts or censuses, as they were originally called.

In almost 700 localities across the continent bird watchers have been making plans for this annual count. Some count leaders spend untold hours mapping out routes, making a 'dry-run' over the routes, writing out instructions for the parties and staking out unusual species in the count area.

Counts were taken in 28 Ontario communities last year — from Fort William to Point Pelee. Over 800 bird watchers took part, some experts, others novices — but in all cases there was an experienced leader with each party.

A tabulation was made of all Christmas counts made in 1964 by the Kitchener-Waterloo Field Naturalists — it showed that 136,760 birds of 134 species were counted. The 10 most common species were House Sparrow (25,156), Starling (19,165), Common Merganser (7,861), Herring Gull (7,818), Common Goldeneye (6,995), Slate-colored Junco (6,772), Oldsquaw (6,069), Goldfinch (5,047) and Black-capped Chickadee (4,755).

These Christmas counts are of value in providing information on the increase or decline of various species. Knowledge of population trends, particularly in game birds and waterfowl, is useful to government

wildlife agencies in setting open seasons. A sharp decline in a game species could conceivably be followed by restrictive legislation.

Knowledge concerning life cycles has been increased by these counts as well as insight into the migratory habits and the location of centres of winter abundance of various species of birds.

Of prime importance is the fact that these counts introduce an ever-increasing number of people to the value of our wildlife and the need for sound conservation practices if we are

to preserve those endangered species whose numbers are shown to be pitifully small.

In the Toronto region the first Christmas count was organized by the Brodie Club in 1925. Only five observers in two parties took part in that initial effort. Last year 113 observers in 28 parties counted 21,630 birds of 82 species.

To many naturalists, the Christmas Bird Count has now become traditional, a special event in the holiday season and perhaps, a good excuse to walk off the effects of a bountiful Christmas Dinner.

Letters to the Editors

DO RESEARCHERS ASK ABOUT DOGS?

Dear Mr. Editor:
Regarding your recent news story about the theft of purebred dogs in Richmond Hill, I would like to ask: Do the medical researchers ask where the dogs they are going to experiment on come from?

Any person with a purebred dog knows it is tattooed and registered with the Canadian Kennel Club, and the owner of the dog can be traced through the tattoo.

Do the people in medical research pretend to be blind? Surely they can raise their own dogs at their own expense and not victimize those who love their pets.

Yours truly,
DOG LOVER

CHILDREN ENJOY CHRISTMAS PARTY

Dear Mr. Editor:
Through the medium of your newspaper, we would like to say

thank you to "The Liberal" and the members of the Richmond Heights Merchants' Association, for Santa's Christmas Party at the Odeon Theatre.

Our gratitude to you for including the students from Thornhaven School could best be measured by the expressions of pleasure and delight registered on the faces of these children during the cartoons, the numerous trips to the snack bar and finally a visit with Santa who had gifts for all. The children will long remember this treat as one of the finest days of this Christmas season.

Our gratitude is also extended to the citizens of Richmond Hill who this year unselfishly relinquished their annual Santa Claus Parade so that this wonderful Christmas Party might be staged for these special members of our community.

Yours truly,
WENTWORTH A. DOWELL
Retarded Children's Education Authority,
Town of Richmond Hill.

Window On The Past

by Doris M. Fitzgerald

Edward Seager's Farm in the Heart of Thornhill

Mechanization has changed the set-up of local farmyards. Outdoor bake ovens, cook houses, soap houses, harness rooms, stables, coach houses, hay houses, and ice houses, are no longer considered necessary adjuncts, but buildings for such purposes appeared, along with two barns, cattle shed, root house, granary, hen house and driving shed, on a plan for an up-to-date farm in the eighteen forties.

This interesting plan, drawn and signed by John Edey, showed the position of the various out buildings in relation to the new dwelling which he had been commissioned to erect for his close friend, Edward Seager, on his recently acquired Thornhill farm.

"Ed" Seager, grandson of Edward, and last member of the family to own this land does not remember some of these buildings, and today only the driving shed and privy remain.

John Edey, the skilled English carpenter who came to Canada in the eighteen thirties, has been dead for more than a century, but has been much in the news lately because the house which he built for his own family with such meticulous care and good taste, was recently bought and moved to a new site in Thornhill — a worthwhile, but nerve-wracking undertaking for all concerned.

Edey expended equal artistry and good workmanship on the commodious Seager Farmhouse, which has three fireplaces, a handsome staircase with a sky-

light above and woodwork of the best white pine. Walnut trees, cut on the property, were also used in the construction. Apart from removing the verandah which was becoming rickety, and adding some windows, the present owners have taken pains to preserve the house as it was.

Edward Seager, and his twin brother Edmund were the sons of the Rev. John Seager of Welsh Bicknor, England. Their mother had a seafaring brother whose colorful tales aroused their interest in Canada. At the age of 21, unable to obtain parental consent to emigrate, they ran away and came to this country on a ship captained by their uncle John.

One day in August 1830 they met Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gapper. The Gappers reined in their horses, and stopped for a chat with the personable young men. Finding that they had mutual acquaintances in England they invited them for a meal and eventually Edward Seager married Maria Gapper, a niece of his friends, and lived for many years at Bicknor Place, near Richmond Hill (1).

Edward married Catherine Cane of King Township whom he first noticed as a young girl sitting on the lawn with her mother and other children when he rode by.

Edward owned a hotel in Barrie, and later the sawmill on what is now Uplands Golf Club property, before buying Lot 31, Concession 1, Vaughan (2) in 1847, and devoting all his time to

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Dimming The Christmas Lights

From the first Christmas Day when the "Star in the East" shone over the manger bed of the Christ Child, lights have played an important part in Christmas customs and rituals. The candles in the window or on the tree, candlelit services — and of recent years the outdoor lighting displays — have made an important addition to the festive season.

These outdoor displays, in every color of the rainbow, have brightened the drab winter landscape and given pleasure to everyone who saw them. But this year they are fewer in Richmond Hill and some of the most attractive ones, set out early in the season, have been removed.

The reason is vandalism — the stealing of bulbs for the "thrill" of breaking them on the pavement, or throwing them into the nearest ditch. Stripping of lights from mature trees has also resulted in mutilation of the trees, so that never again will they present as attractive an appearance.

Not only is this an expensive experience for those who have been the vandals' prey, but it is discouraging to those who have sought to make our community a brighter, cheerier and happier place at Christmas time. For a few minutes of a warped sense of "getting away with something"

many young people have become thieves and are doing malicious damage which will react on them and every citizen of the community. Today it is a few colored light bulbs, tomorrow it can be motor cars.

A few youngsters have been caught in the act and will be appearing in court, but in most cases the damage has already been done by the time the police arrive, and the culprits are long gone.

We feel that the solution lies in a determined effort by every citizen. If parents make it clear to their youngsters that they will be required to pay for this damage out of their allowances, that they will be deprived of privileges if they indulge in this shameful pilfering, a major step in prevention would be taken. If citizens will corral any offenders caught in the act and hold them for the police, and if the judge will hand out stiff sentences as a deterrent, another major method of persuasion that crime — even the theft of Christmas lights — does not pay, will be brought to bear.

Then our homes and lawns may continue to blossom with lighted displays at Christmas to bring joy to every heart.

Year's End

Year's end, we call this final week of December, hoping thus to tie a knot in the endless cord of time, bid it cease running while we draw up summaries and conclusions. But we might as well try to summarize the tides or halter the wind.

Time has no divisions, save as we make them. The continuity persists and, willing or not, we partake of it. Winter begins, and the dormant bud upon the twig is yesterday's preparation for tomorrow. The hidden egg contains the germ of another summer's gnawing, buzzing, bright-winged insect. The wasp queen sleeps, pregnant with another season's brood. The doe sheltering in the hemlock thicket carries the foetal fawns that will perpetuate her kind. Earth and sun and time proceed in

their cyclic rounds, and only man presumes to summarize.

No year is complete in itself. Even the seasons overlap the arbitrary divisions we make, and year's end is neither an end nor a beginning but a part of the infinite whole. The most we can do is say, "Up till now," knowing that now itself has no meaning without a yesterday and a tomorrow. Any year is a vast procession of nows, which add up to the continuity of foreverness. The totals are eternally incomplete, eternally changing. What is past is past, a part of experience. That is the only summary, and it leads on and on, beyond endings or beginnings to the hope that tomorrow, all the tomorrows mankind will ever know.

—New York Times