



The Liberal

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Should Heed Voice Of People

Democracy is government of the people, by the people, for the people, a fact which legislators at all levels should keep in mind constantly. These legislators are chosen by the people by the democratic process of a secret ballot to carry out the wishes of the majority of the people. When an elected body fails to realize this and fails to act with the wishes of the people as its guideline, it is no longer a democratic institution. It then becomes a dictatorship, bordering on totalitarianism.

It has become quite evident in the last few weeks that the majority of members of the 1971-72 Town of Vaughan Council have lost sight of the basic rights of the people who elected them. Mayor Garnet Williams, Regional Councillor Albert Rutherford, Councillors Fred Armstrong, John Gilbert and Dalton McArthur are determined to carry through their decision to establish a sanitary landfill site (garbage dump) in the Connor Gravel Pit on Highway 27. This despite determined opposition by the residents of the area involved and a petition which bore 1,000 signatures at last report with many more being added every day.

Apparently only Councillors Gordon Risk and David Fraser have opened their ears to the voice of the people, for they were the only two elected officials to vote against the proposal at a meeting May 3.

The mayor has explained that this is the first step in turning the several unsightly scars on the face of the Town of Vaughan's landscape, left by sand and gravel mining operations, into things of beauty and that the profits from the Highway 27 operation will be used to create

these beauty spots in other areas of the township.

The project is a worthy one — but should it be achieved at the expense of the people who live in the area of the Connor Pit who will be exposed to the stench of decaying garbage, the flies and vermin it will attract, the hazards of greatly multiplied road traffic and the pollution by dust, odor and noise for a period of at least a decade, but more likely to be at least two decades, to acquire the doubtful blessing of a hundred foot high mountain of garbage? Honestly, men, would you exchange places with the people in that area — would you welcome a mountain of garbage based on 100 acres of land in exchange for a present hole occupying only 27 acres?

And particularly would you do so when you knew that a public-spirited citizen (Leslie Erlick) has offered to buy the 27 acres at the present market price and turn them into a beauty spot at his own expense? We think not.

Although experts have given assurance that pollution of ground water and/or of the Humber River is not likely, as long as the least suspicion of doubt remains on this point, unless definite assurance can be given that there will be absolutely NO pollution, the project in an area of many homes depending on individual wells should not, indeed MUST not be approved.

The concerned citizens of Vaughan are willing and determined to fight this project to the end. We assure them of our support and believe that somewhere along the line they will meet with those in authority who will recognize that government in a democracy is the will of the majority — not of a few elected officials.

Classified Dilemma

The Women's Equal Employment Opportunity Act, which came into force in Ontario on December 1 last is making life difficult for people employed in the classified advertising department of provincial newspapers.

While the law places the onus on the newspaper to ensure that job opportunity advertising does not discriminate, many advertisers find the law hard to live with.

Since "The Liberal" has for many years had only one "Help Wanted" column, we did not anticipate any real problems. When an advertiser asks for an experienced teller, a homemaker, a building superintendent, a licensed mechanic, a cashier, a full-time cook or experienced hairdresser, it is not our business to determine whether the employer is looking for a man or a woman.

But when the advertiser wants a "Girl Friday", a "commission salesman", a "young man" to cut grass, a part-time "saleslady", or "waitress" or "smart young lady", it is quite a task to try to convince the party at the other end of the telephone that this is illegal.

The Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor would like all newspapers to establish "neutral" help wanted columns, and there have been rumblings that newspapers that do not conform strictly to the rule may be taken to court.

It will be interesting to see what happens, how companies will react when women start lining up for jobs as automobile spray painters, welders, or kitchen cabinet installers.

Will the golf club that advertises for women for kitchen and waitress work be taken into court for discrimination, or will it be the newspaper that carried the advertisement?

Do women really want to work on garbage trucks and road gangs? Will the plumbers' and bricklayers' unions be persuaded to accept female apprentices?

The law specifies that individuals

who breach provisions of the act are liable to prosecution and to a maximum fine of \$800 if found guilty, and that corporations, trade unions or employer groups are subject to a maximum penalty of \$3,000.

Women's Bureau Director Dr. Lita-Rose Betcherman, foresees no imminent prospects of prosecution. She regards the act as educational rather than militant in its intent, a vehicle for ensuring equality of opportunity for women in fields where they are already accepted, but underpaid.

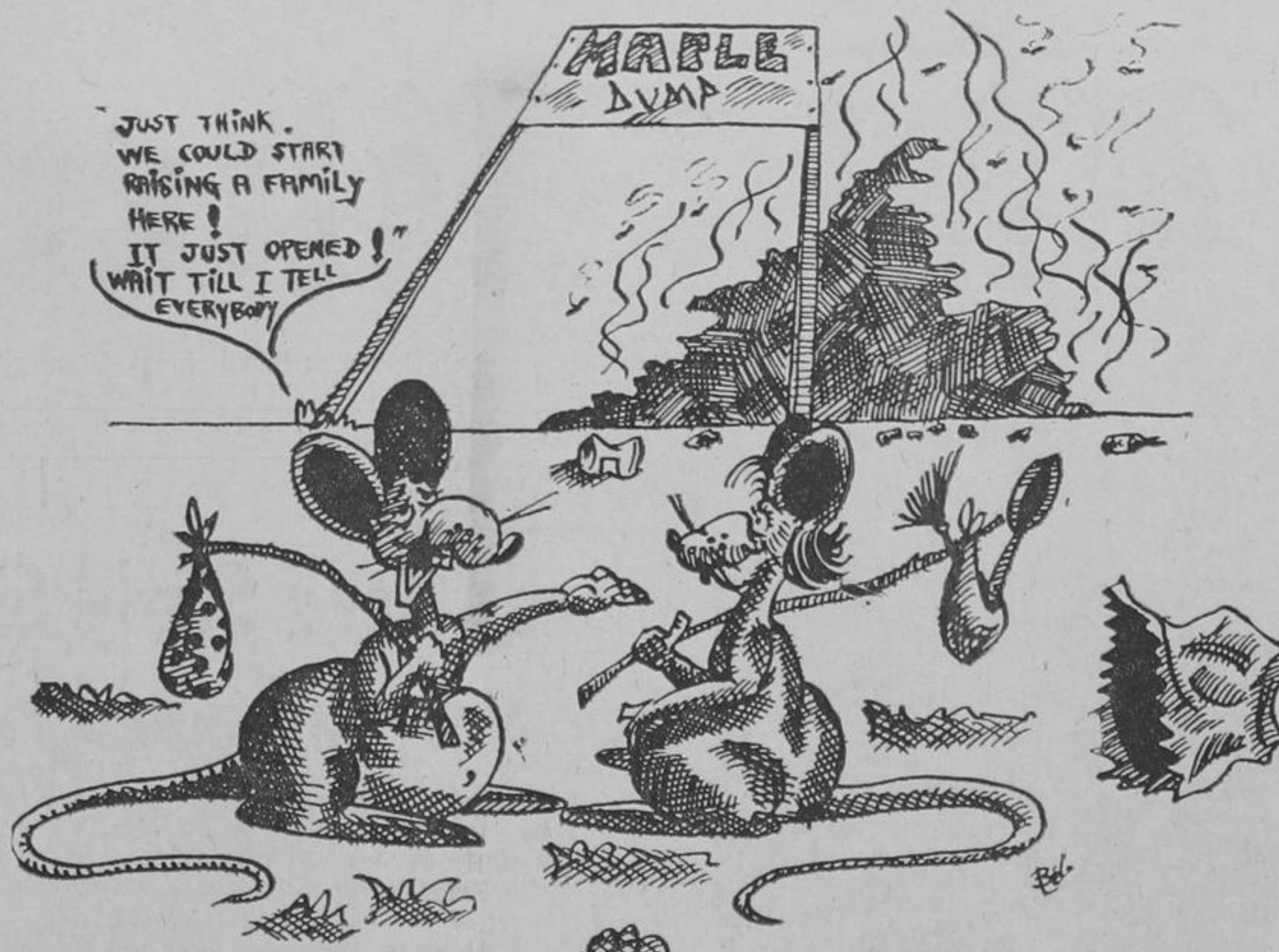
It is no secret that many companies deliberately re-classify jobs and lower the wage scale when hiring women in positions formerly held by men. And many a businessman has admitted privately, if not publicly, that he prefers women for certain jobs, arguing, "They don't have a family to support, we don't have to pay them as much", even though the woman is as efficient, as productive, as conscientious as her male counterpart.

Professional organizations, such as teacher groups, and many white-collar unions, have been successful in eliminating this type of discrimination, but in many areas of organized and unorganized labor, the male workers have been just as guilty as the employers.

Some of the more militant women's liberationists have gone a bit far — too far even for the liking of the average woman, but it is interesting to note that in some instances the new law is proving that it is not only women who have suffered from discrimination in the labor field.

Harry Outhet, classified advertising manager of "The Globe and Mail", observes that in some instances male applicants have outnumbered female applicants for advertised positions that indicated a preference for women.

On the other hand, he points out, many people have been wasting time and carfare they can ill afford to apply for positions that they have no chance in the world of getting.



Let's Not Make Maple Another Pollution Crisis!!

Letters to the Editors

SUMMER EMPLOYMENT!

Dear Mr. Editor:

I read with very keen interest the letter of suggested programs for teenagers written by Mrs. Rita Rosenfeld in a recent issue of "The Liberal". In the same issue our son ran an advertisement for the second week seeking employment for the summer.

The morning after "The Liberal" appeared I had to cancel the third week of the advertisement because of the terrific response he received.

Of course, until school is out in June the students' time is limited to evenings and Saturdays but I feel sure now, if he makes a success of the jobs he has taken on and I'm sure he will, he won't have too much idle time this summer.

I had the odd query as to the reliability of a student. To this my only reply could be, "Give him a chance to prove himself." So far, everyone who has interviewed him has agreed to do so.

There is money to be earned this summer if young people will look for job opportunities. Of course, before summer arrives, there's another job that has to be well done to ensure a summer-long contract. An ad placed now will give good openings for students and a job well done will, I am sure, reward them with lots of work this summer just by the recommendation of one employer to neighbors and friends.

MRS. ENA LUNA,
Roosevelt Drive,
Langstaff.

IN DEFENCE OF JAMES RYAN

Dear Mr. Editor:

I read with amazement, in your April 29 edition of "The Liberal", a letter containing a most unwarranted attack on the integrity of our esteemed James Ryan! I have no hesitation in stating that I don't believe a word it contains, and neither do a good many more people with whom I have conversed. It is crammed full of inaccuracies which, I hope, spring from misinformation and not from malice.

To call Mr. Ryan merely a "dog-catcher" would indeed be a misnomer, because actual "dog-catching" is only part of his wider-ranging job. His correct title is "Canine Control Officer" — and right here it might be well to assure your correspondent that the word "canine" means "dog". Mr. Ryan's duties include dog-catching of course, but in addition he seeks out and reports cases of sickness, neglect or cruelty.

He picks up strays, takes them to a warm clean shelter where they can be fed, and he tries to find their owners. Failing that, he keeps them in his hygienically conducted kennels until that original owner turns up, or a new one is found. Even then he only allows his proteges to go to homes he considers suitable. For such a job he charges only a nominal fee, and for a considerable time afterwards he keeps in touch, until he is quite sure that the dog and his owner are in accord, in other words have settled down satisfactorily.

To be even more certain concerning this, Mr. Ryan requires any would-be purchaser to sign a statement promising that he (or she) will not part with the animal to anyone else, but, should circumstances arise when it was impossible to keep the creature, it will be returned to the Ryan Kennels. This, please be assured, applies only to dogs Mr. Ryan has found homeless, and when he has not been able to locate any owner. Mr. Ryan is certainly not in business "raising and selling dogs" as your correspondent stated.

If Mr. Ryan charged anybody any sort of fee for picking up stray dogs, he would indeed be wealthy, but to my certain knowledge he does no such thing. That he considers part of his duties as canine control officer, which also include side-lines as going to and fro in all weather and at all hours trying to alleviate the distress of creatures that cannot help themselves.

On the other hand some owners deliberately allow their dogs to stray, or neglect to buy the requisite dog-licenses — both of which are offences against the law — and Mr. Ryan becomes aware of it, then he acts as a loyal servant of the municipality should. For any owner to retrieve such a stray a penalty is required, and often a fine. Yet even then, in some instances where the lapse was inadvertent, and the persons genuinely distressed, our control officer has been known to waive his right to the fee or penalty and to release the dog back to its owner with only a few kind words of caution.

Mr. Ryan's well equipped first aid wagon can be seen many times and in many places; and of course he has patrolled Richvale. I have often seen him there, and so have many other people. Any statement to the contrary is both unjust and unfounded.

Yes, we are all suffering

from higher taxes — Mr. Ryan among us or so I suspect — but I hardly think that patient and much maligned gentleman can be blamed for such a calamity!

It is to be hoped that your correspondent is the victim of an alarming series of misunderstandings, and that she did not intend her letter to be as vituperative as it sounded.

EMMA HALL,
89 Rockport Crescent,
Richmond Hill.

MORE ABOUT CANINE CONTROL

Dear Mr. Editor:

Recently Vaughan, Markham and Richmond Hill's Canine Control Officer James Ryan has come under some fire from misinformed quarters. In his defence, there is much to be said.

I wonder, as I am certain many do, where we would find anyone in public service who would, without remuneration (for his rescue service is free) leave his bed to rescue a wounded dog on a cold January morning.

Where too, would we find a man who would face a large, frightened, snarling dog. When a policeman stopped, James Ryan went forward and armed with only a leash took hold of what was, for all we know, a rabid animal.

It is high time we got behind Mr. Ryan and gave him the support he needs. His work on rabies control saves the lives of people, particularly children, every day. We all need him! Let's show him we're not ungrateful for the fine job he does and has done for 11 years now.

BRIAN MACNAMARA,
Trayborn Drive,
Richmond Hill.

ANCIENT CRITIC?

Whom may I ask is the "ancient" critic who writes the Current Club reviews? (April 29 issue, first section, back page).

I saw "Generation" myself on closing night and found it a refreshing change indeed. Richmond Hill has lived in the past too long. "It's wonderful to see some new young faces on stage talking without "phony" British accents (to set the record straight I, too, am British).

It amazed me how much your critic knew about pregnancy. You would swear he had been through nine months of expectant motherhood himself. I am quite sure, "Her carriage is all wrong for a pregnant lady."

Bonnie Sheppard carried the pregnant part admirably — after all she's had firsthand experience as the mother of two lovely little girls.

May I throw a "laurel" to the Current Club members and say, "Carry on chaps, you're doing a marvelous job and to you Geoffrey Mitchell, several 'Darts'."

MRS. WILLIAM BUNKER,
190 May Avenue,
Richmond Hill.

Dangerously Premature

Richmond (Virginia) Times-Dispatch

Delegates to the White House Conference on Youth at Estes Park, Colorado, voted 403 to 156 last week to urge legalization of marijuana.

There is little likelihood, fortunately, that government officials will be influenced by the recommendation. Rather, they will await the results of scientific studies as to the effects of marijuana on the human body.

In the current issue of the Journal of the American Medical Association, two psychiatrists say that their study of 38 of their patients, ranging in age from 13 to 24, "demonstrates the possibility that moderate-to-heavy use of marijuana in adolescents and young people without predisposition to psychotic illness may lead to ego decompensation ranging from mild ego disturbance to psychosis."

The average person may not know exactly what "ego decompensation" means, but he recognizes that what the psychiatrists are saying is that the use of marijuana may lead to adverse psychological effects.

Another weekly publication, American Medical News, reports in its April 12 issue:

"Four scientists in Oxford, England, making the only major laboratory study of marijuana in Britain, have found strong evidence that the drug is unsafe and in some cases may be highly dangerous. William Paton, PhD, professor of pharmacology at Oxford University, and a member of the research team, said that one major question that still remained was whether marijuana had a thalidomide-type effect on pregnant women. He said the possibility could not be ruled out."

It may be that future, more detailed, studies will prove that fears about marijuana's effects are unfounded. But as of now, sufficient doubts have been raised to lead most reasonable and mature people to conclude that legislation of marijuana would be a dangerous move, in that it would give society's blessing to a drug that could cause grave harm to the bodies and minds of users.

GEORGINA TWP.: Stricter enforcement of sanitary regulations could condemn 1,000 homes on the south shore of Lake Simcoe within the next two or three years, warns Councillor Bob Pollock. The problem lies in the numerous undersized lots, the high water table, sandy soil and surface drainage conditions. Regulations call for minimum lot size of 7,500 square feet for one municipal service (usually water) and 15,000 square feet for lots receiving no municipal services.

AURORA: Approval for another 60 senior citizens units and 10 family units has been given to Aurora. Mayor Dick Illingworth announced the agreement had been reached by town officials with Ontario Housing Corporation and Department of Trade and Development heads. Invitations for proposals on the project will be issued within a few days, he said.

Height Of Your Ambition

The world is vast and you are in it. We strive to make our lives worthwhile. First of all, we must love each other. And greet your neighbor with a smile.

Then again, we must consider What it is you want to be. Then mark the height of your ambition. Make your choice from what you see.

Don't look for something that is easy. Set your goal, and fight it through. The many jobs we call skilled labor. Just may not be meant for you.

So the higher your position, Will cause less grief and strife. Give it careful thought while choosing. What it is you want from life.

The world has many things to offer, So choose wisely while you may. Don't turn back, keep marching forward, To win, you must go all the way.

VIDA WILLIAMSON,
53 Hvalde Avenue,
Richvale.

In the Spotlight



By BONNIE SHEPPARD

"Hey Harold, Look At This Rose!"

It's spring all right! D'arcy (4 1/2-year-old daughter) just nipped into the house with her first bouquet of dandelions the other day. Perhaps if I felt more industrious I'd start another batch of dandelion wine. (Last year our front lawn produced ten gallons!) In any case flowers bring joy into any season.

H. G. Mills Limited in Richmond Hill is in the flower business and last week (Mother's Day) they brought joy to people three hundred thousand times over. It's the biggest week of the year for them, mind you, but fully three hundred thousand roses left their greenhouses. Harold Mills explained to me that they are the largest exclusive producers of roses in Canada and I believe him. They have twenty-three greenhouses in Richmond Hill at three locations on Pugsley Avenue and they're all linked together by great long tubes. These tubes transport the steam necessary to heat each greenhouse. If you're at all statistically minded, note that it requires eight hundred thousand gallons of oil a year to generate the heat which produces that steam.

I walked through the main greenhouse with Harold Mills. Thousands upon thousands of blooming roses produced a fragrance that defies words. A young man was loading great bunches of freshly cut roses into white bins on a dolly. We followed the dolly into a large room where men and women were placing these roses, one at a time, onto a scooped out conveyor belt. Each rose was automatically cut to the desired length and dropped into the appropriate bin. From here, ladies picked away the outer petals of the roses, cut away unwanted leaves and graded the roses. (They grade ruthlessly I might add and the rejects are thrown on the floor. They looked fine to me). Once graded and bunched, the roses were quickly shipped out by van to the client or wheeled into the refrigeration units. A freshly cut rose can be stored for three days without being shipped out.

We walked down into the greenhouse again and Harold Mills pointed out his favorite species of the thirty-two indoor varieties they produce, the red American Beauty. As we strolled I noticed an uncanny resemblance in some of these species to young tomato plants. "Oh yes, well some of my boys have them all over the place." (Mr. Mills has seventy employees and they work in shifts seven days a week 24 hours per day). "We also have a banana tree, some fig trees and two or three lemon trees. But aside from that — roses are the only thing we grow."

Near the conclusion of our talk Mr. Mills still hadn't said something that he wanted to say, and finally he blurted it out. "I'm afraid we may not be in Richmond Hill very much longer, we're phasing out." High real estate taxes and Mr. Benson's white paper are the reasons. And he was sincerely disappointed. He drew a picture out of his breast pocket to show me and it depicted his father at nineteen standing in his first greenhouse at Centre and Pugsley. It was dated 1907.

As I stepped out of the greenhouse, a man hurried up to us and said: "Hey Harold, look at this rose." It was pure white and fringed with the tiniest bit of pink. It was quite lovely. It was my chance to hear the "rose-king" of Canada give his expert opinion and compare it with mine. As he held it between forefinger and thumb, Harold Mills said, "Say, that's really pretty." I liked him.

Incidentally now that your garden is blooming why not enquire at Kingcrafts or the YWCA about the flower arranging classes?

"I Am Tired Of The Tyranny Of Spoiled Brats" — A Middle-Aged Professor Speaks Out On Campus Rebels

(The following by Dr. Ross Toole, professor of History at the University of Montana, appeared in the Billings, Montana Gazette. It has since been entered into the Congressional Record, and because of its relevance to parents and our children, in Canada, it is now reproduced here. Excepting America's achievements in their Space Program, substitute the word, "Canada" where Dr. Toole refers to American, social, industrial and medical advances these past 150 years.

And he's fed up with the noise and nonsense from some of his students and others of the younger generation. His solutions? Firstly he'd expel all students who don't obey the rules. Here's what he says — Editor.)

I am 49 years old. It took me many years and considerable anguish to get where I am — which isn't much of anything except exurbia. I was nurtured in depression; I lost four years to war; I am invested with sweat; I have had one coronary; I am a "Liberal," square and I am a professor. I am sick of the "younger generation,"

hippies, yuppies, militants and nonsense. I am a professor of history at the University of Montana, and I am supposed to have "liaison" with the young. Worse still, I am a father of seven children. They range in age from seven to 23 — and I am fed up with nonsense. I am tired of being blamed, maimed and contrite; I am tired of tolerance and the reaching out (which is always my function) for understanding. I am sick of the total irrationality of the campus "rebel," whose bearded visage, dirty hair, body odor and "tactics"

are childish but brutal, naive but dangerous, and the essence of arrogant tyranny — the tyranny of spoiled brats. I am terribly disturbed that I may be incubating the move of the same. Our household is permissive, our approach to discipline is an apology and a retreat from standards — usually accompanied by a gift in cash or kind. It's time to call a halt; time to live in an adult world where we belong, and time to put these people in their places. We owe the "younger generation" what all "older generations" have

loved younger generations — love, protection to a point, and respect when they deserve it. We do not owe them our souls, our privacy, our whole lives — and above all, we do not owe them immunity from our mistakes, or their own. Every generation makes mistakes, always has and always will. We have made our share. But my generation has made America the most affluent country on earth. It has tackled, head-on, a racial problem which no nation on earth in the history of mankind had dared to do. It has publicly

declared war on poverty and it has gone to the moon; it has desegregated schools and abolished polo; it has presided over the beginning of what is probably the greatest social and economic revolution in man's history. It has begun these things, not finished them. It has declared itself, and committed itself, and taxed itself, and damn near run itself into the ground in the cause of social justice and reform. Its mistakes are fewer than my father's generation — or his father's, or his. Its greatest mistake is not Vietnam; it is the abdication of

its first responsibility, its pusillanimous capitulation to its youth, and its sick preoccupation with the problems, the mind, psyche, the raison d'être of the young. Since when have children ruled this country? By virtue of what right, by what accomplishment should thousands of teenagers, wet behind the ears and utterly without benefit of having lived long enough to have either judgment or wisdom, become the sages of our time?

The psychologists, the educators and preachers say the young are rebelling against our archaic mores and morals, our materialistic approaches to life, our failures in diplomacy, our terrible ineptitude in racial matters, our narrowness as parents, our blindness to the root ills of society. Balderdash! Society hangs together by the stitching of many threads. No 18-year-old is simply the product of his 18 years: He is the product of 3,000 years of development of mankind — and throughout those years, injustice has existed and been fought; rules have grown outmoded and been changed; doom has hung over men and been avoided; unjust wars have occurred; pain has been the cost of progress — and man has persevered. As a professor and the father of seven, I have watched this new generation and concluded that most of them are fine. A minority are not — and the trouble is that minority threatens to tyrannize the majority and take over. I dislike that minority; I am aghast that the majority "takes" it and allows itself to be used. And I address myself to both the minority and the majority. I speak partly as a historian, (Continued on Page 14)