

The Liberal

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Success

There is something psychologically unsound in the theory that man's efforts on earth are inevitably destined for failure, that success may only be attained in another life. Man can succeed in great ventures, can attain high ends and progress in the development of civilization is made up of a series of successes, a series of noble aims reached and passed.

The failure premise was in large measure the philosophy of the Middle Ages, a period in man's development when little progress was made. During that period emphasis was placed on preparation for heaven since man's efforts were bound to fail anyway. The result was spiritual and material stagnation. Strangely enough there is some evidence of belief in the failure philosophy on the part of a few today.

Such a philosophy is fundamentally unsound because, no matter how lofty is man's aim, he can achieve it through properly directed, God-given thought and energy. The tragedy is that too many people do not set for themselves goals that will give them purpose in life.

"Per ardua ad astra" the motto of the RCAF might well be taken as the personal motto of each one of us. We must aim high, but at the same time must organize our aims into lesser objectives and then go ahead and achieve each one of these in turn. When we have attained our primary aim, we must set another, a greater

one, at once. Thus, and thus alone, will we make personal and community progress in both spiritual and material things.

Belief in inevitable failure of man's efforts indicates undue pessimism, lack of faith in the Divine and in mankind, a philosophy of defeatism.

We live in difficult times. What we need is courage — courage to set great objectives, courage to tackle great projects with faith that with God's help they may be successfully carried out. Optimism, daring and enthusiasm are needed by each one of us.

Much has been achieved during the ages to better this world. Man has learned to temper justice with mercy, to pity those less fortunate and to translate that pity into action. Ours is a better world in every respect than that of a hundred years ago.

It is true that we have far to go before our world is what we would like it to be. But there will be a solution of the problems that confront our age only if they are faced with a combination of idealism and realism, with determination to succeed. The "failure" philosophy is bad medicine for an ailing world that needs in big doses, optimism, lofty ideals, the spirit of brotherhood, true democracy, courage, faith in God and in man, tolerance, joy in well-doing, hope, kindness and love.

We must go forward with our eyes fixed on big objectives, determined that, with God's help, we will succeed.

Guest Editorial

(Ottawa Citizen)

In a 30-minute film called "The Son" just completed, the National Film Board considers a challenging question: how are young men and women brought up in the country to be induced to stay on the farm in the face of the allurements of city life? It isn't a new question, of course. It was asked in a gay and ungrammatical song of World War I days, and many times since.

But this new film, in a Canadian setting (near Hamilton), brings the problem into a sharper focus by telling the story of a young man of 28 who works for his father on the family farm and faces an unpromising future. Produced by Michael Spencer from a script written by Julian Biggs, it is a fine piece of work with imaginative photography and a cast (only two or three of them with any stage experience) which performs with complete naturalness.

The story, told largely through flashbacks to the boyhood of the central figure, tells of a young farmer who has the land

in his blood but in whose life play has had little part. He has no stake in the place, except for an expectation of inheritance. The story has a tentatively happy ending, and rural audiences and others who may see the picture are left to judge for themselves whether the farmer's son (and his bride) will stay permanently on the land.

They may also wonder how common this particular case is among the farms of Canada. The film devotes itself to the idea of a business partnership between father and son. It has little to say, except by implication, of the gap between city and country in the way of amenities and comforts. Yet this is one of the most compelling reasons why the farmer's son leaves home.

The theme is one to engage thoughtful Canadians, wherever they may live. Better rural living standards should be of concern to urban people as well as to those in the country, since the production of food affects them all.

Conservation Meetings Held Throughout Area

Last week in Aurora, a large group of people gathered to listen to members of the Holland River Conservation Authority report on the work that they have done and their plans for the future. In Richmond Hill, on Friday night, another group, made up of members of the Richmond Hill Horticultural Society and interested people from the surrounding community, gathered to hear members of the Don Valley Conservation Authority and the Don Valley Conservation Association.

The Don Valley Conservation Association is an organization developed even before the Authority was set up, and is comprised of people who are anxious to preserve the Don Valley as an historical recreational beauty spot for future generations to enjoy as past and present residents have done.

These two Authorities have been set up by Township and Municipal Councils across Ontario, to preserve and care for waterways; to keep them clean, unpolluted, and free running; to help the farmer with his problems of water supply and soil erosion. The services of engineers are made available. The Department of Lands and Forests supplies trees free for planting woodlots and beautifying creeks. The Conservation authorities are interested in helping develop farm ponds; build dams where necessary for flood control; and help in numerous ways to pre-

serve our heritage of land, stream, and forest from the desecration of careless hands.

The Aurora meeting was addressed by Mr. Watson Porter, editor of the Farmer's Advocate. Mr. Porter was introduced by Mr. Lorne Evans, a member of Holland River Authority. This Authority has already reforested many acres and plans are being made to build five dams in strategic spots. These Authorities have the power to assess the Townships for expenses. Large undertakings must be referred to the Ontario Government. The departments of public works, lands and forests, and agriculture, may all be called on for assistance when needed. Mr. H. Richardson, engineer of the Ontario Government Conservation Authorities, stated that rural property owners are, more and more, realizing the advantages of using these services.

Whitchurch Township has a tree planter available, capable of planting thousands of trees per day. Teachers are being provided with material to demonstrate to their classes the benefits of correct farming methods. Every Authority should have a master demonstration farm where all the plans embodied in a conservation unit, can be worked out and demonstrated. A film illustrating the subject, put out by the Canadian General Electric Company, completed the Aurora program.

Newmarket & Hill Tie League Games

The first league games of the North York Badminton League were played in Newmarket on January 23 with Richmond Hill and Newmarket teams each gaining a point for their clubs. Results were: Newmarket teams are named first.

Bob Yates and Flo Callaghan vs. Ron Cunningham and Mary Cunningham, Newmarket 15, Richmond Hill 12; Keith Davis and Mary Teasdale vs. Ernie Madden and Joy Madden, Richmond Hill 15, Newmarket 7; Jack Peppiat and Jean Sisler, Al Fearnside and Aubrey Ramsay, Richmond Hill 15, Newmarket 1; Bob Yates and Keith Davis vs. Ron Cunningham and Ernie Madden, Newmarket 15, Richmond Hill 12; Frank Damp and Barb Hamilton vs. Tim Saul and Betty Campbell, Newmarket 15, Richmond Hill 12; Barb Hamilton and Mary Teasdale vs. Joy Madden and Aubrey Ramsay, Richmond Hill 15, Newmarket 4.

Extra point games: Jack Peppiat and Frank Damp vs. Tim Saul and Al Fearnside, Newmarket 5, Richmond Hill 1; Flo Callaghan and Jean Sisler vs. Marg Cunningham and Betty Campbell, Richmond Hill 6, Newmarket 3.

In the December 13, 1901 issue of the Newmarket Era, we read: "The first permanent settler in Richmond Hill was a dead Indian. His bones lie buried under the eastern boundary line of the village cemetery."



CANADIAN PLOWMEN ABROAD

by J. A. CARROLL Formerly Secretary Manager ONTARIO PLOWMEN'S ASSOCIATION

LONDON - Well, we're here at last, although I must say that for the past two days we have been wondering if we would ever arrive. Nature seemed to be doing her best to delay us as much as possible.

For the moment it is going to be just a "hail and farewell" encounter with the hub of the Commonwealth. Early tomorrow morning we are flying to Hamburg to begin our week's stay in Europe. After two days in Western Germany we will motor to Copenhagen for a three day sojourn in Denmark and then fly to Stockholm for two days in Sweden. Back again then to London.

My two companions, 18-year-old Eugene Timbers of Milliken, Ont., and Norman Tyndall, 24, of Richmond Hill, Ont., and I checked in less than three hours ago so we haven't had much chance to see anything of the city — except the brief glimpses from the taxi as we drove from Waterloo station to Marble Arch.

It may be my imagination, but even the traffic sounds different over here. It has a muted quality. The buses do not seem to have the ear-piercing pitch peculiar to New York. Street cars — or trams as I must now refer to them — are used only in some of the older sections of the city and in a few of the suburbs.

The giant double-decker buses of the London Transport Board have greatly impressed Norman and Eugene. Their first comment was: "Why don't we have them in Canada?" They were even more impressed when our taxi driver told them the street cars were also double-deckers. It does seem a logical method of moving more people at one time than running two single-decker buses or trams.

As you know from our last letter we were two days behind schedule when we left New York. The "Queen Mary" had been delayed on her previous runs by Atlantic storms. When the weather cleared on the third day out we all hoped she would be able to make up time, but unfortunately it did not turn out that way.

On our third day out I held a telephone conversation with our host-to-be in England, the Esso Petroleum Co. Ltd. And that was quite a thrill, sitting aboard this giant of the oceans, 1,500 miles from the nearest land and talking by radio-telephone to Frank Ellis in his office at Queen Anne's Gate, London. The reception was so clear that he might just have been on a lower deck. Arrangements were made then to cut short our anticipated two-day stay in London and leave almost immediately for West Germany.

Norman has two great desires: to fly the route of the Air Lift into Berlin and a quick trip behind the Iron Curtain. It seems that I will have to keep a close eye on him. The Russians in East Ger-

many might not appreciate that his uninvited presence was prompted only by an interest in agriculture.

It is strange the things that impress people. Some of our American fellow-travellers found great humor in the fact that the English and European passengers left their shoes outside their stateroom doors. Even when it was explained that they were left simply for cleaning it caused a lot of merriment.

In our innocence we early fell afoul of a steward. We asked for the key to our stateroom. The little steward was obviously insulted and in a voice that almost cut us to ribbons replied: "There are no keys, sir. Nothing has ever been stolen on THIS boat."

Norman, I think, should have been a newspaperman. He circulates in the most amazing fashion and in the six short days we were aboard accumulated a fund of agricultural knowledge that seems to cover most of the 48 states. Eugene spent a lot of his time in the company of a large gentleman from Georgia and it was expected that one day he would say: "You-all is ready for breakfast?" Friday was a day of great disappointment to many on board. We had moved into the Channel and had expected to dock at Cherbourg, France. We missed high tide and had to wait 12 hours to get in. Some of the servicemen's wives aboard, who had expected to meet their husbands on shore, broke into tears.

Norman didn't shed a tear; he said he wouldn't care if a strong wind came along and blew us down to Portugal. Life on the "Queen Mary" was too short for him. Eugene, with less salt in his blood, laconically remarked: "I'd like a day's plowing for a change."

However, the delay was disappointing and we didn't get into Southampton until Sunday. There was less than an hour's wait for our train — electric incidentally — which sped us rapidly to Waterloo station on the banks of the Thames. From the station we could see the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral across the river to the east, shining in the wintry sun. The difference and bustle of the station was confusing, but we found it a pleasant novelty to step from the train onto a platform instead of down to track level. All stations in England are constructed in that manner.

The boys found the high-mounted English taxis, with the driver blocked off from his passengers, very amusing. Both suggested that it must be a little chilly for the cabbie, but he replied: "Nah! Yer gets used ter it."

And so to bed. Tomorrow we have to be up early. We leave Northolt airport at 7.30 a.m. Our next letter will be from "Somewhere in Europe". All the best from all the plowmen to all of you.

York Holstein Assoc. Hold Annual Meeting

York Holstein enthusiasts left standing room only on the occasion of their Annual Meeting at the Masonic Hall in Richmond Hill. Those present were amply rewarded by a very interesting program, featuring an address by Mr. Thos. Dickison of City View Dairy Farm, Ottawa. President Charles Haines opened the meeting and reports were presented by club representatives. The club salesman, Mr. Jos. Darlington, spoke briefly on the demand for good cattle and of the high place held by York County Holsteins in the United States.

A high point in the programme was the presentation of Superior Production awards by Mr. Jerry Nelson, district Holstein Fieldman. Forty-one such certificates were presented and this represented nearly half of the certificates awarded in Mr. Nelson's area of several counties.

Following lunch, Mr. Geo. W. Henry, Todmorden, vice-president of the Canadian Holstein Frisian Association, reported on the work of the parent organization and spoke on the continual growth of the association. The guest speaker, Mr. Tom Dickison, manager of a very large commercial dairy farm at Ottawa, gave an outstanding address on the practices followed on their farm. The feeding programme on their establishment is based almost entirely on grass silage and it has been found exceptionally satisfactory. Feed costs have greatly decreased while production has very markedly gained. The decrease in costs due to the lowered requirements for grains and concentrates and also to the conservation of barn space for hay and straw.

Perhaps the most unusual practice outlined by Mr. Dickison was their so-called "Deep Litter" system of stabling cattle. In this scheme, a mulch pad is built up in the stalls to a depth of approximately 4 inches which is never removed. This litter is completely dry on top and approximates conditions found in loafing barns. Mr. Dickison stated that since starting this system, udder injury has been practically eliminated. He also spoke of their vastly reduced mastitis incidences and attributes this to the improved general health of their herd due to the superior feeding and stabling practices.

The results of the balloting for directors was as follows: Glen Atkinson, Nobleton; Percy Baker, Weston; Russell Boynton, Woodbridge; Wm. Edwards, Schomberg; Sam Gough, Milliken; Jack Greenwood, Maple; George Jackson Jr., Downsview; Bruce Naylor, Weston; Jim Reed, Kleinburg; Albert Rutherford, Woodbridge; Jerry Walker, King; Bruce Watson, Woodbridge; Stanley B. Watson, Agincourt; Doug. Wellesley, King. At the conclusion of the annual meeting, the new board of directors met and elected the following officers: Past President, Charles Haines; president, Doug Wellesley; vice president, Percy Barker; secretary-treasurer, Roy H. Barker; salesman, Jos. Darlington; auditor, W. M. Cockburn. A committee was also appointed to arrange for the annual banquet to be held in March.

Has Interesting Origin

Since the resolution of the councillors to acknowledge the incorporated police village of King City by its rightful name, there has been much discussion in the village regarding the origin of the name. Oldtimers remember when this village was known as "Springhill," because there was spring flowing from the side of the hill on what is now the King Side Road, just west of the C.N.R. tracks. "At that time the station was called King, as it still remains. In those days a station was frequently given a name after a laborer on the track, and perhaps that is how King Station got its name," said Mr. Andrew McClure who remembers Springhill well. In 1890 it was decided by the village authorities, one of whom was J. W. Crossley, bailiff, that the name be changed, as there was a Springhill village in Nova Scotia, which caused confusion to the postal department. As the township was called King, and neighboring localities were known as Kinghorn, King Creek and King Ridge, it was decided at a meeting to call Springhill "King City", as a dignified and euphonious name. All property, in the village was registered under the new name, and all legal documents acknowledge King City. The Bell Telephone, who uses the shortened name of King in its directory and the Post Office which does likewise, have their offices on properties registered under King City.

The population of the township has increased so rapidly in the past ten years that it is difficult to direct deliveries to their proper places when they are addressed simply to King. This week a truck load of cement blocks came to the village. The driver asked Mr. Walter Monkman to direct him to his destination. After enquiries Mr. Monkman was able to send a very disgruntled driver on his way. "I had to send him to a place up the 7th con. near Bradford, and all the time he thought he was taking his load to the village," said Mr. Monkman. "It is time we did something about using our full name," he added.

This township extends to within a mile of Bolton and into the Holland Marsh as far north as Bradford. The result of that vision was that Isaiah offered himself for service. He said: "Here am I, O Lord, send me." We are at our best when we are eager to serve; when we realize that from every standpoint, it is better to give than to receive. There is chaos and turmoil in injustice in our world but to become sour and over-critical leads nowhere. As Lodge said the best way to get rid of darkness is to light a lamp.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

GET RID OF DARKNESS

There appears to be a good deal of confusion and misunderstanding in world affairs today. It may not be greater than in the former years but no doubt because they are our days, the disorder seems greater. A few years ago Senator Lodge gave sound advice to fellow politicians. He said: "Instead of bewailing and scolding the darkness of our times let us light a lamp."

That was sound advice. The best way to get rid of darkness is to bring light. There is a place for criticism but the weakness of any administration will be proven best when something better is introduced. A great painter said: "I criticize by creating." We may be sure that a poor artist would see how crude his work was when he stood before a masterpiece. That is the best form of criticism.

In a recent broadcast from Europe, Howard K. Smith, Columbia's chief correspondent in Europe, said: "There is far too much irresponsible sniping in the world today; sometimes it takes the form of insinuations, more often attacks are savage and bitter but what is needed is constructive criticism."

In the Middle Ages, when Savonarola was preaching in Florence, there was a day known as Children's Day when youngsters were permitted to do much as they pleased. It ceased to be funny for gangs roamed the streets, smashed windows, molested people and did an amazing amount of damage. Authorities were at their wit's end for the situation had got out of control who Savonarola organized a great parade and thousands of children marched down the streets with banners and as they marched they sang: "Make Christ King." It was a tremendous suc-

cess and the youngster's energy found a healthy outlet. The late Dr. Henry Jowett, regarded the over-critical temper as an unmistakable sign of spiritual decline. He was a keen and sympathetic student of human nature but after close observation he declared that over-criticism invariably developed in faultfinding and became spiritual jaundice, where everything took on a colour due to one's own condition. There are a lot of things to be corrected in this world; confusion and darkness can be found in church and state but toleration and goodwill are needed and will succeed where scolding will only make things worse. He would be a brave man who could predict the type of preaching most needed today. I do feel, however, that we do not need more scolding. Simply telling people how bad they are and how many things are wrong with the world is not likely to improve matters. A lady told me that one Sunday on the way to Church, her teenage girl said: "I wonder who our preacher will scold today." She wasn't trying to be funny or cynical, but she felt somebody would be scolded. When the prophet Isaiah had a vision of God, he realized how sinful he was. He cried: "I am a man of unclean lips." He knew how sinful he was, not because someone told him, but he had seen the Lord and that was enough. That is a perfect example of criticism. When that which is pure and holy rises before us we are made aware of our sins and we do something about it.

TODAY'S QUOTATION
Our quotation today is by one who said:
"I know the Bible is inspired because it inspires me."

The Richmond THEATRE

Telephone Richmond Hill 500

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