

The Liberal
An Independent Weekly: Established 1878

Subscription Rate \$2.50 per year; to the United States \$3.00; 5c Single Copy

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations
Member Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association

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"Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa"

Where Credit's Due

Conscious of the great need for economy in school construction, school trustees in Ballantrae established a precedent. Recently, the new two-room addition at Ballantrae was officially opened. This opening was really more than just an ordinary school opening for it marked the opening of probably the first classrooms in the province constructed without architect supervision.

In an effort to reduce costs to a minimum, Ballantrae trustees suggested that the two new classrooms could be built on simplified lines by local contractors at a low figure, dispensing with a lot of bureaucratic red tape, high architectural fees and long delays. Queen's Park on the other hand, insisted on specified architect construction.

At this point, convinced of their right and duty to economize on the ratepayers' money, the trustees refuted the Queen's Park edict and went ahead with their low priced scheme. Needless to say, the ratepayers in the section were

100 percent behind them.

It won't work, they were told, but the official opening contradicted the whole Department of Education theory. Two classrooms and a basement cost the taxpayers a total of \$20,000, including fluorescent lighting blackboards and a folding partition. Queen's Park had insisted on a project which would have cost \$25,000 per classroom. That would mean more than double the cost. The Department of Education said it was impossible — but the figures are there.

A great deal of credit is due to these trustees who followed their convictions — they not only talked about saving money — they did! With such a precedent established, it is hoped that other trustees who need additional accommodation but who are working on a limited budget will follow suit. This may well be the beginning of a trend towards better education at a lower cost. Let credit fall where credit is due!

Describes Week-end Jaunt In Wilds Of Venezuela

The following are excerpts from a letter written by Miss Jessie Angle to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Angle, Richmond Hill, describing one of her frequent side-trips taken while spending off-duty hours from her job in South America. Miss Angle has been employed by United States Steel, with her headquarters near Ciudad Bolivar, where there are great iron deposits, for the past three years. Miss Angle vividly describes her week-end experiences, travelling by the small Cessna three-passenger plane, into the hinterland of the country.

One of the most interesting experiences I have had to date was the week-end trip I took this week-end. There is in Venezuela the tallest falls in the world, called Angel Falls. You probably have never heard of it but it is quite famous here. It is down in what is known as the Savana land, and of course the only way to get there is by plane. One of the airlines runs a trip there every week-end out of Caracas, but they are poorly organized, so I worked a deal with the little airplane company we use and they gave me a special rate on one of their Cessna 3-passenger planes. If you recall I had a colored slide home with me of the plane. Two men from here wanted to make the trip too so we organized a trip for Sunday. Sam, the pilot whom I all know quite well thought if we were going to spend the money we ought to go down Saturday afternoon and spend the night at a spot near the falls where there are some very crude accommodations. That would give us more time Sunday to catch the falls when it was not overcast. I wasn't very anxious to spend the night there chiefly because of the bugs and bites, but the boys thought it a good idea so I went along with them. Incidentally I only got 3 or 4 bites.

We left here Saturday afternoon about 2.30 in the company plane and went to Ciudad Bolivar to pick up the airplane we were going to use. We got off the ground at CB about 3.15 and got up in the air and circled the field and Sam didn't like the sound of one of the magnetoes so we came down and the mechanics put in a new one. It was the first time Sam had flown this particular plane and he didn't like it one little bit which certainly didn't help me any. We didn't leave CB the second time until 4.30 which is rather late to take off as none of the airfields down here have lights, so if you get there when it is dark you are just out of luck. We made it to Caneimo, the place where we spent the night just at dark and landed in a grass field rough and wet. We collected our bags and gear from the plane and started out. We walked through wet swampy fields and went the last

part of the way by motor boat. It started to rain just as we arrived and after we found a dry spot to drop our belongings we commenced to look for a place to sleep. The sleeping accommodations are only open thatched lean-tos with hammocks strung up. Twenty-two people had arrived there at noon, so they had already picked out most of the hammocks. Sam had brought along a bush hammock for me which is a hammock with mosquito netting around it and a water-proof top over it and you slip yourself in and it is really mosquito and bug proof. We found a comparatively dry spot to hang that. Charlie found an old hammock and strung it up between two buildings. Bob found a chinchorra and Sam slept on the ground. After we got beds, we went up to the main lodge to eat but they hadn't even started to get dinner ready.

The lights went out during the storm and we groped around with flashlights, and it was nine before we had dinner. We went to bed about ten fully clothed plus a jacket. I had borrowed a long sleeve khaki shirt from my boss which was about three sizes too big for me and I wore a pair of Sam's heavy socks which I pulled up over my blue jeans so I wasn't a very pretty sight. I have some pictures of my trip. We were up at 6.30 and as there was a heavy ground fog over the camp we didn't get away till 9. We cooked our own breakfast which consisted of soft boiled eggs and coffee. The place where we stayed all night was really very beautiful with big falls and a lovely beach, palm trees, etc. If they would fix up the accommodations it would be a nice place to visit.

We collected our things and started out at nine and rowed over to the plane. The plane was stuck in the mud and water so we had to push it out first. As the ground was pretty wet and muddy where we had parked the plane, the boys walked to the end of the field and I sat in the back of the plane for ballast and Sam and I took the plane out to dry land where we all took off. A great deal of the land we travelled over Saturday afternoon was dense jungle. The country we saw Sunday was just fabulous.

The gorges, rocks and mountains we went through and over! We had to go up to 6500 feet to clear the different levels of rocks and all the time Sam complaining about the fact he didn't think the plane would make it and no place in sight we could have landed if we did not make it. Everywhere you looked in these gorges you saw falls, big ones and small ones and some of them just ended in spray. When we finally got over Angel Falls it was as clear as could be. So many people make the trip down there and then can't see them because we opened the window in the plane and there was certainly a lot of camera snapping for a few minutes. I was using my new Leica. With the little plane you could make a turn right in the gorge and Sam made two or three passes at the falls and then we came over top of them. They are between 3500 and 4000 feet

high. Jimmie Angel discovered them and was wrecked a short distance from there and his plane is still there. They found their way down to safety somehow.

Sam has been flying in this country for about eight years and knows all the out of the way places and he had a place he wanted to land because it was pretty and he thought we would like it. He wasn't sure if we could get off because of the type of plane and the load so I said "Don't land if we can't get off," but he said, we wouldn't know unless we tried it so we landed in another grassy field, picked up our food which the messhall had packed and cameras and started out cross country to this spot he knew. It was on a high plateau beside the headwaters of a 1000 ft. falls where we took a nice icy swim.

I have never seen so many orchids in my life — everywhere you looked — white ones, purple ones, yellow ones, little miniature ones. The view from this spot was breathtaking. It is hard to describe this particular part of the country unless you have actually seen it. After our swim we had lunch here. While we were here an Indian family arrived, consisting of a man, his wife, two daughters and a small boy, plus a biting dog. They had been walking for two days and had another two days' trip before they reached their destination. They had no shoes on and the women's faces were covered with paint. There was absolutely no habitation in that part of the country and they probably had never seen white people. The women were very shy and as they passed would not even look our way. The two older women were carrying huge packs on their backs with the carrying strap across their foreheads and they were bent almost double with the load. The smallest girl had the little boy strapped to her back. They wanted to see the airplane so they walked out to the plane with us when we took off.

I said a couple of prayers before we made this take-off as I wasn't sure we were going to make it. Sam said we needed a mile and a half runway with the plane we had and the load and considering the field we were taking off from. I knew that at the end of the mile and a half there was a 1000 ft. cliff. It seemed to me we went for miles and nothing happened. Sam had marked a place of no return and when we reached that point we still weren't airborne so he made a slight turn which lifted one wing and wheel which took that much drag off the plane and he was able to get the other wing and wheel off the ground. No one said a thing but I know we all breathed much easier when we were in the air. The only other exciting thing that happened in connection with the plane was just before we arrived back here — while we were all minding our own business the engine suddenly stopped. I lost a year's growth right there. We had emptied the one tank of gas and before Sam switched to the second tank he just let the engine stop. Says it is good for everyone to experience that once.

I was back at the house at four on Sunday, tired but happy after a very unusual week-end.

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Richmond Hill Arena Association Lucky Draw will be made at the Richmond Theatre, Thursday, November 18

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Way Back When

Excerpts from the files of The Liberal Home paper of the Richmond Hill district since 1878

OCTOBER 28, 1897

At a special meeting of Richmond Hill village council on Monday evening, council passed a by-law to appropriate \$800 of village funds now on hand towards meeting the new debentures for the High School.

A number of young men of the village were summoned to appear before Squire Chapman at Thornhill on Thursday last, the charge being assault on Hugh Gillis. As there was no damaging evidence against the boys, the case was dismissed.

A large number of Ancient Foresters, the greater part from Court Brunswick came up by special electric car on Friday to spend a pleasant evening with the members of Court Richmond.

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W. H. Champion Is Appointed To The Scarboro Hosp. Bd.

Mr. Wm. H. Champion, Unionville, has just been appointed to the Board of Governors of the new Scarborough General Hospital.

Mr. Champion, who has been a resident of Markham Township for many years, has earned the reputation of being an energetic leader and public-spirited citizen — one who is interested in the progress of his community.

Because of his untiring efforts, and fine leadership in the forthcoming "blitz campaign" on Markham Township for the Hospital Building Fund, Mr. Champion has been called upon to give of his time and talent in the direction of the activities of the new Scarborough General Hospital.

DEPT. OF HEALTH TWP. OF NORTH YORK Breast Feeding Is Best

No one has yet succeeded in compounding a formula which equals human milk. It is the fact behind this simple statement which convinces specialists that the breast-fed baby is being given a better chance in life. So concerned is the medical profession over the modern tendency to neglect breast feeding in favor of artificial feeding that the pediatric committee of the Canadian Medical Association has gone on record in support of breast feeding as the first choice in feeding a baby. Despite great improvements in artificial feeding during the past few years, no formula is an improvement on human milk and all formulas, no matter how expertly compounded, present shortcomings. Breast feeding meets the physical requirements of the baby. Breast feeding imparts resistance to infection; less illness is encountered among breast-fed babies than among artificially-fed infants. Breast feeding has distinct psychological value by enhancing the mother-child relationship. To sum up: breast feeding is best. CARL E. HILL M.D., M.O.H.

PLEASE SEE PAGE **12** FOR BARGAINS

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