

The Liberal

An Independent Weekly: Established 1878
Subscription Rate \$3.50 per year; to United States \$4.50; 10c single copy
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations
Member Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association
J. E. SMITH, Publisher
W. S. COOK, Managing Editor
MONA ROBERTSON, Associate Editor
"Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa"



Diary of a Vagabond

BY DOROTHY BARKER

Maybe it was the housewife who dashed from her kitchen door waving her dish towel as the Royal Train passed by, or it could have been the little girl who held her puppy on top of her head so that it too could see her Queen, that made the lump come up in my throat.

I am not usually given to emotionalism when on an assignment, but the spontaneous fealty and national display of loyalty as the Royal Train passed through the little villages and towns along the way, gave me a new conception of my fellow Canadians' attitude toward Royalty.

While thousands packed the streets of the built-up areas perhaps one of the most impressive displays of homage to Elizabeth Regina was the shirtless farmer who stood on the seat of his tractor amid a field of ripening grain and waved his sweaty cap with frantic enthusiasm. As we progressed over the hundreds of miles it was not unusual to see a provincial policeman climb from his cruiser at a deserted level crossing and stand at salute until the train passed by.

I was touched by the many expressions of welcome home owners beside the tracks had invented. One shabby little hut had a long row of coffee cans painted bright flag blue. In each one was a single red or white petunia. On a long, thin fishing pole a tiny Union Jack fluttered in tatters.

In another neat little garden patch an imaginative tenant had constructed a miniature ferris wheel. Each of the tiny seats was painted red, white and blue, and in them grew a profusion of red and white flowers. But I think the bravest and, in a way, the most pathetic attempt at decoration was the huge factory where some worker had pasted tiny Union Jack stickers all over the windows on the third story. I didn't miss this patriotic gesture and I am sure the Queen didn't either.

There was time to see these little human interest angles of the Royal Tour while the train was in motion, but let it pull to a stop for a few moments and bedlam broke loose in the press parlor car. Cameras were grabbed and polite regard for the feminine sex was completely ignored. It was every man for himself in the wild scramble for a vantage point. The lucky ones were those who left the train first or those who could run the fastest.

During the pull through central Ontario, taxi bills mounted like the national debt. One after another of the reporters, intent on getting a new angle, missed the train and had to pick it up at the next station after a wild ride in a cab. Fortunately Her Majesty had requested a slow ride between stations in order that she might wave to her subjects who lined every country road. Otherwise there might have been a great gap in coverage for some of the papers represented by those sprinting, sweating, swearing newsmen.

During one of these scheduled stops a tall, gangling bleached blonde put her swollen feet on an empty seat beside her and announced she intended to "sit this one out". She was hardly the movie director's idea of a woman reporter out to get a scoop or die in the attempt. After all, she reasoned, the Queen wore the same dress all day, said practically the same thing to each mayor in each town, accepted a bouquet of flowers from a small child, waved to her subjects as she drove by in a fast-moving car and returned to the train. Why should she waste her breath and subject her swollen feet to another presentation of a municipal council and their wives.

When a little more than the scheduled time had elapsed for the stop she awoke with a start from her fitful dozing. "What's happened, where's the Queen, why isn't she back on the train?" rolled from her tongue in quick succession. She grabbed the porter by the shoulders, shook him soundly and demanded, "What's the delay? My G—, the Queen of England may have broken her leg or some Red may have taken a pot shot at her and I'm not there to get the facts." Just as she had about convinced herself that an atomic attack had happened while she slept on the job, the train began to roll again.

Such is the nervous, sometimes almost hysterical condition newshounds of the daily papers whip themselves into in an effort to bring a report of the tour to their readers. Perhaps, if some of them have been overly imaginative, sometimes almost cruelly critical, stress can be blamed.

I was glad mine was a feature writing job with no daily deadline to make. I could sit back and relax in the handsomely appointed car, relish the superb meals and enjoy the scenery that greeted the Queen's eyes too, fifteen cars behind ours.

Parking Meters & The Police

Magistrate A. D. Barron speaking to the first annual training seminar of the Ontario Chief Constables Association held at Hamilton recently had some pertinent advice for municipalities which use their police to handle parking meters. "Parking meters are nothing more than a tax. If you handle the parking meters in your community you are nothing more than tax collectors. Therefore if you can get the meters off your shoulders by all means do so". If men were released from parking meter patrols, he said, they would reduce the need to hire new officers.

Magistrate Barron's statements should be given serious consideration by councils and police departments alike. Richmond Hill is one of many towns throughout the province that use parking meters. The enforcement of parking regulations and the collecting of coins from the meters is usually handled by the local police. In doing this work Magistrate Barron feels they are putting themselves in the unenviable position of tax collectors. In other words he considers it a responsibility beyond the normal range of duties usually assigned to a police officer. If Magistrate Barron is correct in his assumption then a great number of police officers in this province are being turned into tax collectors.

Designed to control parking in busy areas, parking meters sometimes prove to be as much a hindrance as an assistance to local merchants. Over zealous police officers sometimes tag a customer's car just as he is emerging from a store with his purchases. A person who feels he has been dealt with unfairly may do his future buying at a shopping centre with its attendant free parking.

The handling of parking meters by the police usually results in poor public relations for them. This is unfortunate for already we hear of too many cases of citizens treating the police with disrespect when actually they should look on them as their friends.

Why They Are Leaving The Farm

"How're you gonna keep them down on the farm after they've seen Parree?" asked a highly popular song just after the end of World War I. Nowadays there are other influences on the rural scene besides that exercised by the capital of France. Some of these, applying specifically to Canada, are dealt with by a sociologist of the Federal Department of Agriculture, Dr. Helen C. Abell.

Dr. Abell finds that the drift from the farm applies to women as well as men, and that to a large extent it can be schooling. Girls and boys, she suggests, are receiving a better education than formerly — or at least more of them are being exposed to education — and so are able to qualify for city jobs. The city appeals to them, and so if they can they stay there permanently.

One result, according to this sociologist, is to make the "hired girl" on the farm practically extinct, even more so, perhaps, than the hired man. This means that a greater load falls on the farmer's wife, daughters and sons. Yet farm families manage somehow to carry on. Not only that, but they are producing more food for an expanding population. Mechanization in the field and improved appliances in the home may help explain this fact.

Just the same, the situation is not too reassuring. Fewer and fewer Canadians, evidently, want to live in the country, more and more of them want to live in cities. A projection of this trend gives some ground for uneasiness. — Ottawa "Citizen"

Are You A Bumper Hugger?

The Highway Safety Branch is urging motorists to take it easy on vacation driving.

Other suggestions and materials for spreading the 'Slow Down and Live' message have been prepared in the form of a Promotion Kit by the Highway Safety Branch and will be available to assist in launching local community drives.

That's Ontario's theme for this year's "Slow Down and Live" campaign running June, July and August in cooperation with the other Canadian provinces, the U.S. and Puerto Rico.

The program throughout emphasizes the need for intelligent speed habits despite the increased speed limits on some Ontario highways. Last year, an average of 92.7 persons died each month in motor vehicle collisions in the province, but during the vacation period, the average jumped to 104.5; and injuries rose from an average of 2508 to 2917.

The biggest attack of the campaign will be made on the motorist who is ever-impatient and "rarin' to go". He hugs the bumper of the car ahead of him, forces the motorist up front to speed up and is often the cause of long traffic tangles and bad accidents.

All vacationists, however, should plan their holidays well in advance and leave themselves plenty of time for coming and going. It's well to remember a good night's sleep is the best beginning to a long haul on crowded highways.

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FACTS and FAITH
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Christian Life And Action
— By Calvin H. Chambers —



CANADIAN CANCER SOCIETY
Richmond Hill Unit
FACT FOR THE WEEK:
"Cancer is not one disease but many. It is the name we give to many different kinds of growth disorder, some serious, others not so serious. Each type requires a different plan of treatment."
Dr. Thurston B. Brewin

CHRISTIAN CERTAINTY
We need people in the life of the Church today who are sure of what they believe, and ready to express their faith in obedient service. Now, when I speak of Christian certainty, I do not mean cocksureness, or a self-righteous, "know it all" attitude. Christian certainty does not imply that you have neat, pat little answers for all the ills of humanity. It means rather, that your life is built upon a foundation which is spiritually secure, no matter what happens to you in life. It comes when life is built upon the rock like truth of God's Word.
In the first place, how important it is for us to be sure of God. Unless a person is certain of God, he will hardly be ready to obey God. As long as a person thinks of God merely as the great unknown power behind the universe, the force which holds all things together, he will feel no inner compulsion to be obedient. It is only when God becomes personal to us, that we become aware of our responsibility to Him. It is only a vital, personal faith in a personal God which inspires obedience. Perhaps the reason for so little consecration on the part of many professing Christian people, is that they do not know God.
When God becomes a living reality to us, we are ready to take risks for Him and His kingdom. In our comfortable western culture, we somehow have forgotten the demands which the call of Christ places upon many people in the world today. What a risk it must be to serve Christ in Russia, China, India or other parts of the world where the Church is viewed suspiciously as an enemy of the people. Only a faith anchored in certainty can meet the challenge.
How ready are we to confess by our actions that a Christian is one who is committed to the principle that a man ought always to obey God rather than men. No matter what it costs? A Christian does not ask for persecution or misunderstanding, but if it comes, he knows that there is only one course of action for him. Men ought always to obey God, when obedience to the dictates of society or community would lead to serious compromise. It is our responsibility, if Christian, to be obedient to God. It is the only test of true faith. If you believe you must be ready to obey God. If you do not obey, it is because faith in God is not vital to you. Certain faith in God always produces men of courageous obedience to the will of God.

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The Woodland Calls

Softly, softly, the Spirit of Woodland calls To us, we, who are bound fast by busy urban ways. Perhaps, when this wearied round of living palls Will hie to the healthful woods to spend our days. We'll linger neath the shadows of the forest trees And think great thoughts beside some hidden stream. The sound of water and the song of birds will ease Our jangled nerves. We will then have time to dream And rest, healed in the stillness of a sylvan night. How glorious the day-break will seem to that one Who climbs to the peak of some distant wooded height To feast upon the supernal beauty of the rising sun. Softly, softly, the Spirit of the Woodland entreats For there's a peace to be found in her forest retreats. — Elizabeth Dale Kelson

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TEMPERANCEVILLE

Correspondent: Mrs. Milton Wells, R.R. 3, King Phone PR. 3-5259

On August 5 at 7 p.m., an ice cream social to which all are cordially invited will be held at the home of Mrs. Wm. Turner. This event is sponsored by the Temperanceville W.A. Come bring the family and enjoy the games and refreshments.

Mr. Wallace will again be in charge of the morning service on July 26. The two following Sundays, August 2 and 9, no services will be held. The congregation wish Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy a most enjoyable holiday trip north. Mr. and Mrs. Inman and their four children journeyed to visit relatives in Nova Scotia where they will holiday for two weeks. Mrs. Earl Line and baby will be staying in the Inman home at Temperanceville while they are absent.

Greetings to Gordon Henshaw who celebrated his tenth birthday on Friday. He had as his guest, Tommy Russel. They spent the afternoon swimming at Aurora Pool.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Bob Gillham on the birth of their first child, a daughter, on July 6.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Oag are enjoying a visit from their relatives Alastair Oag of Scotland, who arrived from Scotland to visit his sister Sheena of Montreal. They with Christine Wilkie flew from Montreal landing at Malton from whence they came to spend a week with Hugh.

July 22 a Crop Improvement Tour was staged for this district. Those who had the pleasure of participating from Temperanceville were Bob Beynon, Wm. Mitchell, Bob Macklin, Milton Wells and Jack Macklin. They visited the Massey Farms, Earl Empringham's, Murray Littles, and a farm in Stouffville.

Judith Paxton and Elaine Paxton, along with two Oak Ridge girls, Caroline Margarin and Dorothy Jean Haddock, had the pleasure of a week end trip to Bracebridge and Huntsville. This was an award received by the girls from their Willing Workers and Worship Club of St. Mark's Church. Their leaders, Miss G. Hobbs and Miss Flood drove the girls north and entertained them at the cottage. They also visited Pioneer Camp where they attended camp church service and had dinner. It was an exciting experience enjoyed by all.

After convalescing at the cottage at Peterborough for two weeks, Bob Turner hopes to return to work the middle of this week.

Mrs. Nelson Thompson, Mrs. T. Thomassen, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Wells, Mrs. J. Macklin, Mrs. Stewart Paxton, Mrs. J. Ruse and Mrs. J. Umehara were present at the closing session of the Brethren In Christ Bible School on July 23. It was a delight to see the work accomplished by the teacher with these children over the short period of 8 days. Over 300 children had attended the Bible School one evening. Many of the youngsters received certificates for regular attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henshaw had as guests recently, Mr. and Mrs. T. Gavanagh of London.

Miss Millie Umehara is spending her holidays at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Umehara.

Little Catherine James had as guests this past week her two cousins, Eleanor and Gladys Smith of Newcastle.

Wayne Boyce is enjoying the week at Camp Ashmunvoong. Elaine Paxton's cousin June has returned to St. Catherine's after spending a week visiting here.

Nancy Jennings was a guest of Ann Paxton for several days recently.

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