

The Liberal



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Rambling Around

By Elizabeth Kelson
THE SEED OF THE EARTH ---
MORE POWERFUL THAN MAN

Would it dismay you to know that man who can build ships and span rivers with bridges does not rule the world. Yes, there is something much more powerful than man and that is the seed of corn... of wheat... of barley or even of rye. The seed that is dropped into the earth is master of the millionaire and banker, working man or politician. It controls worker and king. For the seed is life and has power to grow.

Whenever countries are almost constantly under the threat of war, you can't help but bewilder. You think it stupid of them all not to realize that the one thing that matters most in the whole world is the earth. And you have to eat to be able to work, drive a tank or make an airplane. You don't care if you live or die if you're starving. And if you don't care what happens to you, you don't even want to build ships, tanks, guns and bombs, much less make a new world when a war is over. Somehow, it seems as if life goes on a rampage when it puts armaments even above the fruit of the earth itself. In thinking about the last war which stands out most in my memory, you saw men and women together working at lathes and making shells and airplanes. We saw them standing at production lines dazed with fatigue as they turn out weapons of annihilation. In the war plants, the workers stand before their machines. But behind these machines lie the earth. Unspectacular and quietly eternal the earth is the font of all that muscular power. It is behind the force of the converters of the great steel mills, and it drives the propellers of the bombing planes. It welds the plate of the battleship and supplies energy for the man who fires the gun. Undisputed in time of peace, still it is supreme in time of war. For behind each army that fights and behind each brain that plans designs for lasting peace, lies a field of wheat or corn. Somewhere a farmer planted golden kernels of corn into the body of his earth that hogs and cattle might be fed and somewhere far removed from the field, human minds nourished upon the harvest of grain, decide the destiny of our world.

Is it any wonder that one is soured. If man could only be humble before the source of his power... the seed... whose mysteries of growth are in God's keeping. He would come to realize the mad waste of his life before the seed is taken from him forever.

RICHILDACA --- FAMILY VENTURE FOR BILL AND JEAN BABCOCK

Camp Richildaca, which has been in existence since 1956 is a dream brought to reality by Bill Babcock and his wife Jean. Bill Babcock was born in Aurora, and attended Aurora Public and High Schools. He obtained his B.A. in Toronto in 1950. He taught three years at Thorold High School. He came to Richmond Hill in 1953 and has been the Physical Education Instructor at Richmond Hill High ever since. Always with an eye to the future, Bill intends to complete the requirements for a degree in Physical Education (B.P.E.) at McMaster University next winter.

Bill Babcock and his wife Jean are members of the Richmond Hill United Church, and have four children, whose names and respective ages are... Fred 9, Marion 5, Scott 4, and Hugh, 3 months. When the Babcocks moved to Richmond Hill, they were impressed by the lack of recreational outlets especially for the younger child. At that time there were no playgrounds in Richmond Hill and they, being progressive and forward-looking decided to do something about it. So Camp Richildaca was their combined answer to the problem. The name Richmond Hill Day Camp became Richildaca as you can plainly see, and was coined by Bill and Jean. At first the camp was assisted by the Richmond Hill Rotary Club with a grant of \$400 to purchase supplies and equipment. "In that first year," said Bill, "I was assisted by Alan Bathurst, then teacher at Richmond Hill High School. The camp operated under the Recreation Committee and was subsidized by them until 1959. At this time they withdrew their support and my wife and I operated it ourselves. Last year, we formed a limited company "Richildaca Camps Limited," and commenced to establish a permanent site at Kettleby.

Camp with the Babcocks is a family venture. Jean Babcock keeps the books and does most of the paper work. The children are of increasing help. This spring, Fred, Marion, and Scott helped to plant 250 trees on the property, and Fred has contracted to keep the grass cut at camp this summer. He hopes to invest his earnings in stock in Richildaca.

The building of this camp, of course, entailed a great deal of hard work for the Babcock family, but as Bill says, the results were loaded with satisfactions. They built a log lodge 25' x 35' and a full basement. Bill admits to cutting the logs himself, and as the building progressed and took shape, enthusiasm and high hopes kept pace also. The upstairs has a meeting-place, kitchen and office, while the downstairs has a store, workshop and dark room for photography. Also on the property is an excellent swimming pool that meets all health requirements. Its measurements are 32' x 48'. In describing the pool, Mr. Babcock explained that the pool is divided exactly in half, so that they have a shallow end in which to teach "beginners" and a deep end in which to teach the advanced swimmers. Two Red Cross Swimming Instructors are on staff at all times. "We stress instruction at camp. Every child has a lesson each day," declared Bill.

This year the Babcocks are expanding their building programme with a barn which will be their "creative art centre". The loft will be for "puppetry" and there will be a cabin to be used for the Retarded Children of the area under special care and supervision. There is more to come. Bill plans to have a new playing field which will eventually have a track and there will be a pond on the property too. The pond will be used to teach the older children, 12 to 14, how to handle a canoe and row a boat. "We even plan to take them on canoe trips, complete with packsacks and portages," continued Bill. (Next week, we'll follow the path to Richildaca with Bill Babcock again.)

THE CLOWN OF THE WOODPECKER FAMILY --- THE SAPSUCKER

You would never believe that a pretty bird like the sapsucker could do so much damage. He comes by his name honestly enough for he spends his life drinking deeply from the sap of various trees. My favorite birch trees look as if they had been drilled by some sharp instrument. In every one of them there are rows of neat holes in a regular pattern and the bark is sticky with running sap. Watching the sapsucker conduct his sapsucking business can be amusing but you can't help feeling sorry for the birches. He looks quite perky in a strange coat of mottled black and white, a vest of pale yellow, and scarlet cap and neck piece. One bar of white runs all the length of his wing. You'd almost think he had been decorated for something.

Second Thoughts...

by George Mayes
● Yesterday's news is not necessarily dead.

Ontario's new driver demerit system is now in effect. Pedestrians will still have trouble pointing their way to safety, but motorists will find it easier to find their way to suspension.

A King City school principal, speaking to the village trustees on the subject of school vandalism, says he doesn't think the present generation of youngsters is any worse than previous ones — "They are only bolder. They have no respect for property." See? — They are actually BETTER at these things.

President Kennedy says that parents who protest the ban on compulsory prayer-forms in the schools have an easy remedy — they can teach their children to pray at home... They can do it while the commercials are on.

The Toronto and District Labor Council has endorsed former Mayor Lamport's plan to build discount stores for union members, employing union help, and selling union-made goods. So if you need any feather bedding...

The New York hotel room of Jerry Lewis was reportedly robbed of \$190,000 in jewelry... So that's where he gets all his annoying energy — he lives in a g'e'mnasium!

A heading about the 1963 cars says: Chrysler Springs Styling Upset... A good word to describe the feelings of the owners of their 1957 fin-jobs.

A group of Chicago doctors, addressing the American Medical Association, urged that laws be passed to forbid any advertising of tobacco products... What? And put 4 out of 5 of their members out of work?

Woodstock's dog catcher was cited in the press for chiseling for four hours through a brick chimney to rescue a mongrel pup. Humanitarian maybe, but on second thought he was also laying-on a bit of job security.

A corn farmer in Normal Ill., claims he can increase his crop by serenading it with semi-classical music and marches... Avoiding the "pop" recordings lest it develop into pop-corn?

An estimated 16 European countries are expected to see their first live American television programs sometime this month when the U.S. launches its first Tel-star satellite. The programs will be an attempt to "reflect what is going on in the U.S. that day", and if the Americans play it straight and leave in the cleanser commercials the Europeans will REALLY see a common market.

The Queenston suspension bridge is being advertised for sale. It's only a suggestion — but maybe the downtown merchants could get the Hill's Town Council to buy it for an overhead parking lot.



YOUR GARDEN And MINE by Jane Williams

"CARE OF SMALL HOME GARDENS"

The simplest and easiest mixture can be used around and all over the flower bed. Then with soil sprinkled on top it looks quite nice and will really do a job. Well rotted hay mixed with crushed leaves is an excellent cover for roses. The same works well with large annuals such as zinnia. Crushed leaves, grasses or clippings mixed with soil and wood ashes makes a finer mulch for small annuals.

Letting and Peas — 8 to 8 inches of any mulch. Beans, Carrots and Beans — thin, water and mulch. Cabbage, broccoli, peppers and tomatoes—mulch heavily up to 3 inches.

While it may sound like quite a lot of work to do it is only done once a season and this mulching cuts down on weeding watering and care — to a mere routine inspection to see how things are growing. At the end of the season and when the garden is over, loosely dig the mulch into the top soil and repeat the whole process of mulch during the following spring. After heavy fall, first make a mental or written list of materials available that you can use such as weeds, grasses, leaves, leaf and mold compost, stones, (around trees and shrubs) clippings, straw, coffee grounds, parings, sawdust and then peat moss for easy handling but a purchased product, not free as the aforementioned list.

For flower beds — All flower beds should be under a constant mulch — drought or no drought and it can be done without making beds look ugly. If any of the above materials are shredded or chopped fairly small and mixed with soil this is not dry and hard.

PIKE'S PEAK TENT MEETING

JULY 8 - 22

Located on 5th Concession of Whitchurch, 2 miles north of the Gormley-Stouffville Road.

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Rev. A. W. Rees

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EVERYONE WELCOME
C. E. Hunking, Pastor

Have You Read These?

BOOK REVIEWS FROM THE RICHMOND HILL LIBRARY

HUDSON TAYLOR AND MARIA; Pioneers in China, by J. C. Pollock (McGraw-Hill, 1962). In telling the story of Taylor's dreams of converting the Chinese and how it was brought to partial fruition in spite of ill health, poor education, and the enmity of the Chinese, the author emphasizes the real and mutual sympathies of Taylor and Maria Dyer. Showing how the heroism and mysticism of the founder of the China Inland Mission were reinforced by the sacrifice and superior knowledge of his wife, Pollock creates an appealing evanglist of nineteenth-century evangelism. Due to its background of imperial China and the genuineness of the characters, this book will appeal to all.

THE NATURAL WORLD OF LOUISE DICKINSON RICH, (Dodd, 1962). The author of *We Took To The Woods* writes about the landscape and wildlife of New England on the Piedmont, the Highlands, and the coast. In an informal style, with warmth but no sentimentality, Mrs. Rich records her observation of birds, foxes, seals, plant life, and pets she has known over the years.

PROHIBITION, the era of excess, by Andrew Sinclair (Little, 1962). A comprehensive, well-documented and fascinating exploration of the social and psychological milieu that gave rise to the American phenomenon of prohibition introduced by law in 1920 and repealed in 1933. Written by a perceptive British novelist and historian who spent two years in the U.S. gathering material, this book spells out the excesses of passion, reinforced by rigidity of thought, that infected church, politics, industry, and every public and private segment of American society. Pertinent cartoons help round out this study, which will appeal to the browser as well as the historian.

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, by Iain Macleod (Atheneum, 1962). Like Chamberlain, the author has been British Minister of Health and Minister of Labour and a student of social legislation. These occupations have given him an intimate knowledge of the former statesman's work and the realization of an image of him very different from the public one. In this biography he shares with the reader his summation of Chamberlain's character. Citing private papers, correspondence, and public documents, Macleod records Chamberlain's valuable contributions to social reform and refutes the myths that surround the name.

Dear Mr. Editor

OLD STEELE'S HOTEL

Dear Mr. Editor — "The Liberal" regarding old Steele's Hotel Mr. W. A. Buse of Toronto has confused two Thomas Steeles. The Thomas Steele mentioned by me in my letter to you is the one who operated the hotel about 1857, and after his retirement, or death, it was taken over by his son John C. Steele, thereby establishing something of a record of family ownership in a district where hotels frequently changed hands. The Thomas Steele of whom Mr. Buse speaks was apparently a grandson of the original owner, but has no connection with this story. I am sorry if I did not make it clear that John C. Steele FOLLOWED his father in the hotel business. Mr. Buse may be interested to learn that there are still residents in the area who remember his father's blacksmith shop. Yours truly,
Doris M. FitzGerald, Thornhill.

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