

The Liberal



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In Years Gone By

Items gleaned from files of "The Liberal", the home paper of this district since 1878.

The old files of this newspaper are the history of Richmond Hill, and in large measure tell the story of Canada since 1878 which was the year in which "The Liberal" was first published. Our issue of April 19th, 1899 recorded the death of a pioneer William Munshaw at Langstaff. He was born in the autumn of 1827 on the lot first settled by his grandfather Balsler Munshaw in 1796.

The advent of open voting in town, village, township and county councils was recorded in an issue of "The Liberal" in March 1899. It was stated that Andrew Patullo of Oxford had introduced a bill in the Ontario Legislature having as its object the elimination of the ballot in municipal government business.

The principal clause in the bill provided that whenever a division is taken in a municipal council either on the appointment of an official, election of a warden or other presiding officer or upon a bylaw or resolution for any other purpose each member of council present and voting shall announce his vote upon the question openly and individually in council and the clerk shall record the same, and no vote shall be taken by ballot or by any other method of secret voting, and every vote so taken shall be void and of no effect.

The Stan Ransom barber shop on Yonge Street in Richmond Hill has been in the Ransom family for a long time. A news item in an 1899 issue stated that John Palmer's "Kitty R" won the 2.25 race in Belleville. John Palmer was a prominent citizen of the early days and the father of Wesley Palmer of Bayview Ave. and grandfather of Doug Palmer of Schomberg who today has an extensive racing stable at old Woodbine.

Richmond Hill boasted some fast stepping horses in the old days. A news item in an 1899 issue stated that John Palmer's "Kitty R" won the 2.25 race in Belleville. John Palmer was a prominent citizen of the early days and the father of Wesley Palmer of Bayview Ave. and grandfather of Doug Palmer of Schomberg who today has an extensive racing stable at old Woodbine.

Rambling Around

BY ELIZABETH KELSON

THE LESSON OF THE TELUGU PEOPLE

BY REV. EMIL LANGE, B.A., B.D.

FORWARD — The Rev. Emil Lange, B.A., B.D., is pastor of Zion Evangelical Lutheran Church at Maple. He is a graduate from Waterloo Lutheran University and seminar. He was pastor of the Heidelberg-Erbsville Parish, after which Rev. and Mrs. Lange were called by the church to serve as missionaries to India. They worked among the Telugu-speaking people of Andhra-Pradesh for six years before returning to Ontario. Rev. and Mrs. Lange have four children, James 15, Sharon 12, Heather 9, and David 6. In his own words, the Rev. Emil Lange shares with the readers some of his deeply moving experiences among the Telugu-speaking people.

"India is a land that promises to the stranger, who has just arrived, a multitude of experiences, some of which cause him to rejoice and others that are deeply disturbing. India is truly a land of contrasts. Here you will find the ancient and the modern; the beautiful and the barren; the rich and the poor; magnificent structures and flimsy mud huts; balmy breezes and searing heat of summer, and along with this, the inviting aroma of oriental spices and the stench of lanes and alleys.

Our work began 365 miles north of Madras in the State of Andhra-Pradesh. We had to learn a strange new language and our first year was spent learning to huff and puff at some of the aspirated words taken over from the ancient Sanskrit. Our teacher, a Brahmin pundit, was very patient with us as we learned the Telugu language which is often said to be the "Italian" of the East. Occasionally, when we tried to carry on a conversation with the people, we would notice the listener smiling broadly or even suppressing a laugh, leaving us to wonder if we had made a mistake. It seemed as if we were in the same position as our Indian friends who were learning English. One of these introduced an American visitor to a group of Indian people with these words, "We are happy to have you in our middle." This sort of thing can happen quite innocently when one is learning a new language.

Our experience with living in a poor Indian village has led us to re-evaluate the meaning of a much used term, "The necessities of life." Here, it is a privilege for a man to earn enough to supply his family with rice. One of the natives expressed it in this way, "What after all is necessity?" and almost in the same breath answered his own question by saying, "a loin cloth and a pot of rice."

In spite of the extreme poverty one meets in such a heavily populated area of the world, we were very much impressed with the friendliness that was shown to visitors and strangers. One is never sent away without food and lodging, and on occasion, the villagers themselves, suffered numerous inconveniences that they might honor their guest.

Our first assignment of work was in an area known better as the "Agency". This is a very backward region, full of towering hills and isolated valleys, jungles, and small plots of land carved out of the rugged terrain. It is inhabited by both hill tribes and wild animals. Our task was to manage 21 mission schools, one higher elementary school, and a boarding home for boys and another for girls. To this were added duties towards a parish consisting of 20 congregations. It was necessary to cover an area of some 50 X 80 square miles of territory where there were few roads and many of the villages could only be reached on foot.

The schools in our region were simple palm-leaf sheds, the roof of which had to be replaced every two years. Most of these sheds had no walls and it was not surprising to find a dog chasing a cat into the midst of a group of studying children. The children squatted on mats made from palm leaves, or on planks that we were able to supply them. Often the older children would have to bring their baby brothers or sisters into the classroom and care for them because father and mother were both working in the fields. There were times when the first graders would learn to write the Telugu alphabet on what could best be described as "magic slates" . . . a pile of sand placed before each child. The sand

(Continued on page 12)

The Music Box . . .

By W. Ray Stephens

A Matter of Recreation

Again we appear in print to defend the word "Culture" as a simple and honest form of recreation where local activities are concerned. It has been said again that such groups as the Richmond Hill Symphony Orchestra in particular, have been designated with the horrid thought of being "cultural" and explanations are again in order to explain and define the term without any frightening results.

Recreation should combine at least two forms of activities, the physical and the so-called cultural, but the isolation of any one against the other is by no means fair.

Now, where physical recreation is concerned the majority being physically minded naturally classify music and arts as beyond the reach of recreation, and thus must be under the influence of, to speak plainly, a bunch of long hairs.

So, where a recreation has an overbalance of musicians, artists and, shall we say the cultural specimens, the general opinion is that the physical classification must be labelled muscular.

Now both are wrong if this opinion exists and whilst there might be a fair share of long hairs and muscular individuals, it is also fair to contend that the majority are evenly balanced people. We will contend that. However, just to balance the wheel again it becomes necessary to take out one's dictionary (or pop over the back fence and borrow a neighbour's) and look at the words — CULTURE and RECREATION.

"CULTURE" — "care given to the growth and development of animals and plants." (We must take the liberty of translation by including human beings.)

"RECREATION" — "refreshment of mind or body after toil or weariness." Still there are those without dictionaries, or even neighbours with dictionaries. So — a quite common feeling exists that recreation can only be attained by some form of athletic exhaustion caused by running around some dusty baseball diamond or a few smashing rounds of ping-pong.

Let it be known that I have no aversion to sports, quite to the contrary, but we must not be overwhelmed by the assumption that every kid who swings and misses on the home plate will eventually aspire to be the "future generation". There is also the matter of the mind, you know — the upstairs level, the attic, the area of concentration, of

thought and all that mind-making matter. There's the recreation of folks too old and creaky to hike around second base in high, or bend over picking up fluffed ping-pong balls. Many youngsters too turn to various forms of recreation such as music, arts and what-not if available so the fields are full on both sides of the fence and the gate in the middle should be big enough to let anyone through if they wish.

For a local orchestra, if a community is fortunate enough to have one, offers a relaxing hobby. Players of all sorts, good, bad and out of tune, welcome the opportunity to leave the kitchens, the office, barns, garage, the boss and other forms of daily sufferings just to enjoy a few weekly hours of music, be it as it may. From this pastime many benefit and concerts are part of the giving.

Who attends concerts?

Well, to date in Richmond Hill the newly formed orchestra has given two concerts this season to a total of some 700 interested people. From an orchestra of 30 this can be seen that there are more than relatives coming out. So far this year when one also adds up the recent concert in Newmarket, more than 1,000 people turned out to three concerts, and have been asked to contribute nothing but their attendance. They have not been forced into coming and neither have they been solicited. (yet).

What does it all cost?

Nothing you say? In an orchestra such as the above mentioned one you can roughly estimate the value of the total instrument stock up to \$10,000 (not counting the Strads).

A good music library to start with would cost up to \$1,000.

And who pays for all of this? Why the dear old orchestra members themselves by bringing their own horns and digging up the music from centres where music can be obtained for such purposes.

What would a grant do? and how much? Say \$100.00 — Well this might pay half of the annual rent for the rehearsal room.

Say \$250.00 — All the rent and about one-fifth of what the leader usually pays out of his own pocket to keep the pot boiling.

Say \$500.00. Buy some music as well and give the leader a few odd pennies for his trouble. Most leaders usually turn back their rewards by purchasing new music anyway.

Say \$1,000.00. Annually.

it would help support an orchestra. But amateur orchestras never ask for \$1,000.00.

These monies can be raised by concerts, rummage sales, bingo games and the selling of subscriptions, by donations and various other means. The hardest part is in the beginning when the struggle to construct starts. Imagine a local ball team turning up with full equipment of some \$10,000. This would of course be the mortgage on the ball park as well. And can any local athletic entertainment draw 1,000 people in three games?

No madam, I still like sports, so don't call me a long hair. In my neighbourhood the kids all ask me to throw the ball high in the sky because I'm the champion (?), although I can perform this act only every second week after my back gets a rest. I am one of the few musicians with a concave chest because back in old Pile of Bones, Sask., I was a whizz baseball catcher before the days of chest protectors. Every kid over five feet, 10 inches, with a long swing belted me across the wind shell before missing the ball on the return swing.

I was brought up in the same hockey school as Howe, Armstrong and other great stick handlers. Hundreds of stick-swinging kids on a sheet of ice, then someone threw in a puck. Guys like Armstrong and Howe came out with the puck but it was years after before I ever actually saw one for real.

Also I played in a band. Boys' band, then into the big band and also with the local Pile of Bones Symphony.

Culture to me was two acres of potatoes to be hoed, topped, de-bugged and finally picked. Wagner was the name of the German-Canadian chap on the next street who owned two husky dogs, and a sled, until they had to be destroyed for biting everybody they could. My first known musical title was Chu-Chin Chow and it was the nickname given to a happy Chinese boy who played alto sax as only a happy Chinese boy could, so whether it was being battered for two bases across the chest, searching for the ever elusive puck or trying to sit in with the 'big folk' in the local orchestra it was all recreation and fun.

This was before the word "Culture" came into being.

Come to think of it, "Recreation" was also an unknown word.

Streamlining County Council

An important experiment in county government that could have a profound effect on the future of such government in Ontario began in Peel County this month. In February Peel County Council approved the introduction of a modified form of county government. Under the plan the ten existing committees of county council have been incorporated into two new committees.

Agriculture, legislation, planning and development, property and welfare will be dealt with by an administration committee. The scope of the present finance committee, augmented by additional members, has been broadened to include education, assessment equalization and hospitalization. Under the plan the two committees will meet one full day each month prior to the regular meeting of county council and make recommendations on all matters to come before council.

The plan also substituted an annual \$1,000 salary for council members in place of the \$20. fee per meeting they have been receiving. Several other council committees will continue to operate independently of the two committees. Speaking in support of the new modified form of county administration, Warden Robert Speck said it would ease his workload considerably.

The county council system is looked on with mixed feelings by the people of this province. Its strongest criticism has come from the rapidly growing suburban areas adjacent to our large urban centres. In these areas a cumbersome county system built on geographic lines has often frustrated the wishes of a large number of the people it is supposed to represent.

Our Reeves and deputies could very well study the Peel experiment and consider the feasibility of introducing a similar modified form of government in our own County of York.

York, like Peel, is experiencing growing pains and this is especially true in the three large southern municipalities of Richmond Hill, Markham and Vaughan. The problems of these municipalities are altogether different from the northern municipalities of Georgina, Sutton and the Gwillimburys. No stronger indictment of the county system of government can be made than its failure to pave Bayview Avenue.

Any changes that might streamline government, cut away some of the red tape, and make it more vigorous and effective are surely worth considering. A large body of taxpayers does not understand how county council operates, or the part it plays in the overall governing process. The Peel changes should not only simplify the administration but also help the average citizen to better understand the county role in government.

Change does not always come easily, but sincere public officials are always willing to accept new ways and means that will assist them to discharge more effectively their duties and responsibilities.

The Peel experiment, which has just nicely gotten underway, may well herald a new era in county government in Ontario. Governments, like individuals, must move and march with the times and if reform doesn't come from within, then in a democratic society the people will force a change.

Government And Technology

In an address to the Professional Institute of the Public Service of Canada, Lord Amory, British High Commissioner to Canada and one time Chancellor of the Exchequer said that democratic parliaments the world over were in danger of losing control of their affairs to a growing horde of professional managers in the civil service.

To any observer of government affairs there is little doubt that there would be any disagreement with Lord Amory's observation.

That the affairs of government are being handed over in increasing degree to committees, boards, commissions and the like is due in large part to the growing complexity of the society in which we live.

Not so many years ago elected members of parliament found no great difficulty in comprehending to a sufficient extent the technology or art inherent in situations that arose before parliament. As elected representatives of the people, therefore, they were capable of dealing with most issues with which they were confronted. Today, however, due to the almost incredible advances that have been made by science and technology in recent years, advances that have affected to a greater or lesser extent every conceivable field of endeavor, it would be futile for members of parliament to attempt to comprehend the mass of technical detail inextricably associated with many matters that come before the House for legislation.

Before legislation can be passed in such cases technical details must be analysed and resolved. It is by reason of this requirement that issues which hitherto may well have been dealt with in parliament are today passed on to the growing horde of professional civil servants to which Lord Amory referred. This horde of professional civil servants are trained in the many and varied arts and sciences which today are pre-requisite to a full understanding of many problems which must be dealt with in parliament, not only at

the national level but at the provincial and municipal levels as well.

Although there are many instances in which the transference of business from the floor of the House into the hands of professionally trained civil servants is justified, there is a growing fear on the part of some observers that the practice may become too readily resorted to by members of parliament with the inherent danger that our professional civil servants may become our masters.

As pointed out by Lord Amory: these men are not monsters or unscrupulous men but they have become "so skillful, and soothing and indispensable, and their techniques so intricate and incomprehensible", that parliaments may lose the capacity or desire to interfere.

The danger as we see it is not that professional civil servants have any desire to become our masters, but rather that politicians, wearied, bored and frustrated with the mass of incomprehensible technical detail that must of necessity be considered in processing much of today's legislation will adopt the attitude so well summed up in the phrase "Let George Do It", that is the professional civil servant.

This is the attitude that must be guarded against by our members of parliament and if in the course of their duties as the elected representatives of the people the technology of the 20th century looms larger and larger in legislative matters then they must be prepared to scrutinize closer and closer the proposals submitted by their technical advisers. What may appear as logical legislation from the viewpoint of the technical mind may be far removed from what constitutes good legislation on behalf of the public. The public welfare must remain in the hands of the politician who must be ever vigilant against letting it slip into the hands of committees, boards or commissions comprised of technical advisers.

Looking for a new home to live and grow in?

Are you looking in the right place?

In "The Liberal" you will each Thursday find valuable information in the real estate column.

Through "Liberal" advertised Real Estate Brokers you will also be able to find just the lovely new home or apartment you are looking for.

Second Thoughts . . .

by George Mayes

● Yesterday's news is not necessarily dead.

Honest, when we remarked on Mr. Diefenbaker making more whistle-stops than a peanut vendor, we never anticipated that election-day heading: P.M. Votes At Peanut Vendor's.

A police visit to a Bayview laundromat resulted in two local husbands being charged with having a beer while waiting for their wash . . . Apparently, in laundromats, even sippin' sud's have their deterrents.

Sir Winston Churchill has been officially declared an honorary U.S. citizen. It is not expected that the honor will be extended to ALL Conservative ex-prime ministers.

The Ontario Agricultural College is going to spend \$1,300,000 for a new poultry college. . . That should certainly give us more egg-heads!

In Newmarket, a photographic dealer is selling tires and oil in protest over some Esso stations selling cameras. These are only the "Franchised Dealers". Or, as he might put it: the Esso B's.

We don't know how the ethnic vote went, but Ellen Fairclough could consider her activities as Minister of Immigration were something of political suicide — after being beaten by a Liberal opponent named Macaluso.

With the horse season here again, the Toronto papers are all using the word "picks" as a noun for the daily selection of their racing writers . . . And, on their record to date, these boys will have a real problem with a head cold.

So it turns out that Prime Minister Diefenbaker was right in saying the papers were unfair to him. Look at the way they were expecting him to make up his mind in eight days when they know he wasn't able to do it in eight months!

Metro Police are willing to take over the duties of the Toronto Harbour Police — but they don't want to become involved in providing lifeguards and water patrols . . . So what are they going to do until the fishing season opens?

No Comment Dept.

Among the flashes from the film front is the word that Richard Burton's next picture will be "Becket", in which he will play a saint.

Canada's servicemen's vote proved that, although they don't have "A" weapons, they know how to use their "B" weapon. (Like in "Ballot".)

Listen, Les. How about making our boy Addison your new Minister of Transport so we can get trains to Toronto?

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- plus -
"The Chairmaker And The Boys"