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A New Year's Message

By REV. K. A. THATCHER, Emmanuel Anglican Church, Richvale

The great festival of Christmas is behind us and we are now all in the process of looking forward, and making New Year's resolutions. But, before we can do this, it is necessary for us to look back over the old year, to evaluate its happenings and what it has meant to us. Only in this way can we produce a firm foundation for our resolutions and our hopes for the coming year.

And when we look back over 1963, two major events occurred which captured the minds, not only of theologians, but of men and women in all walks of life. These were the continuing meetings of the second Vatican Council in Rome, and the meeting of the Anglican Congress which took place in Toronto. Here, in the midst of a disturbed, over-secular world, were positive indications of the strength of the church and its continued and growing concern for the affairs of the world. Here were the representatives of two great Christian Communions meeting in public to discuss the part they must — and will — play in a changing world, a world which has lost its sense of direction by becoming selfish and man-centred instead of loving and God-centred.

There are many signs throughout the world today, not only in the west, but in the under-developed countries as well as in those countries which the politicians describe as being separated from us by an iron curtain — there are signs of a growing concern for religious faith. The indications are that man is beginning more and more to think of his position in relation to his Creator, his reason for existence and the part he has to play in God's pattern of life upon this earth.

The lessons, the carols, the verses on the greeting cards of Christmas are too soon forgotten by us all in the hurly-burly of everyday life, and there is a dreadful possibility that they have even been forgotten before we make our resolutions on New Year's day. Should we not remember their messages of love, of

hope, of happiness, of good will, of mutual help — particularly this year against the backdrop of this great resurgence of spiritual faith and concern which is sweeping over the world? Should we not, all through the coming year, try to keep something of the spirit of Christmas in our dealings with our fellow-men, our fellow-citizens and most of all those of differing races and creeds with whom we come in contact? Do not let us forget that there is one common belief throughout this troubled world of ours, a belief which, although it might differ in detail from country to country and race to race, can yet provide common ground for understanding between all the peoples of the earth, a belief in God the Creator and His concern for His people.

And even if we, as adults, have come to this realization rather belatedly, do not let us forget that it is our children who will be called upon to bear probably the greatest load any generation from the beginning of time has been called upon to bear in solving the problems of this world. It should be our concern, therefore, to see that our children, whatever our faith might be, get a sure grounding in the foundations of this faith so that they do not grow up without some idea of God's purpose in His Creation, and so that they may have a signpost to direct them through their lives as they shoulder this burden.

If I may now summarize this brief New Year's message, I would say that, during 1964, we should all support our church or synagogue to our utmost by personal attendance, by service or by whatever other means we can devise, we should all, through our churches, ensure a good religious education for our children and, finally, we should all endeavour to continue the message of Christmas through all our activities for the coming year.

May God bless you all and bring you happiness in 1964.

Need More Co-operation

There has been an apparent lack of communication between C.N.R. President Donald Gordon and the special committee set up by Premier John Robarts on the matter of railway commuter service for the outlying suburban areas adjacent to Metro.

In his appearance before the special House of Commons committee Mr. Gordon said, "the solution in Montreal and Toronto is a rapid-transit service, quite different to the service the railways can provide. Rapid-transit is not our business." He went on to say it is not planned to extend commuter services as they are currently constituted. In response to questions from the committee, the C.N.R. head could offer no hope for an early solution to Metro's commuter problems.

Mr. Gordon's statements were in direct contrast to the 50 page report of the provincial government committee under the joint chairmanship of Highways Minister Charles MacNaughton and Transport Minister Irwin Haskett. In tabling the report Mr. MacNaughton said it was physically possible to operate rapid-transit and commuter service on the 15-rail lines which fan out from central Toronto. Existing facilities, or additional facilities on existing rights-of-way, could carry 1,200 passenger

commuter or transit trains, taking 45,000 passengers into or out of the downtown area during peak hours. The committee recently viewed commuter facilities in Boston, New York and Philadelphia.

Mr. MacNaughton noted completion of the new C.N.R. marshalling yards in Vaughan and the C.P.R. yards at Agincourt in 1965 will make possible the creation of commuter and rapid-transit services over the network of rails fanning out from the downtown core.

If badly needed railway commuter services are to eventually become available, then some areas of communication and co-operation must be established between Mr. Gordon and the provincial committee studying the problem. Mr. Gordon's opposition is a serious stumbling block that will have to be somehow overcome if such a service is to become a reality. The goodwill and co-operation of the railways is an absolute necessity.

This newspaper suggests that Highways Minister MacNaughton and Transport Minister Haskett, along with members of their committee, sit down with Mr. Gordon and his counterpart in the C.P.R. and have a free and frank discussion on the whole commuter question.

1964

It was not by chance that the ancient Romans chose as the God of the beginning year Janus, who had two faces. One face was turned to the year that was gone and one faced the future. So the beginning of each year is a time for consideration of what has gone before as well as planning what lies ahead.

We may imagine if we had the old year back to live over again we could do much better with it, but it is doubtful if we would, even if such a wish could be granted.

Actually we've something much better than an old worn-out year, torn and ragged from the ill usage we have given it. We have a brand new year with every day unmarked and ununsullied by our attempts at coping with its problems and difficulties. What we do with 1964 is our individual challenge and responsibility.

There are many resolutions we might make, but one all can profitably adopt is to play his part in life nobly and unselfishly to the best of his ability.

Looking back over the year that is past we, as individuals and as a people, have much for which to be truly grateful. We can sincerely thank God and take courage as we press on to the accomplishment of the tremendous tasks that lie before us this year.

These are challenging days which will take the very best we can give if we are to meet the many problems of this changing world.

Here's to 1964 with the wish that for all our readers it may be a better year than 1963, and will have in store much happiness, peace and security for all the people of Canada and the world.

The Year Is Dying In The Night

What have we seen in the year that's dying?
 What is the trend in this Year of Grace?
 This year of jets in the wild blue flying,
 Ballistic missiles in outer space;
 What are the seeds of malice sowing?
 On what dark road does the reckoning wait
 As we count the cost of a good man's going
 Through blind and bitter, relentless hate?

What shall we ask at the old year's going?
 What are our prayers at the New Year's birth,
 As we turn the page shall we be knowing
 That there's food for the hungry ones of earth?
 That rights are equal for all the living,
 More love of the land our fathers trod,
 Much less of getting and more of giving,
 Men proclaiming their faith in God!

Robert D. Little

Flashback

In Years Gone By

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

In the first issue of "The Liberal" in 1908, dated January 2, H. Elliott in one poem asked:

WHAT SHALL THE RECORD BE?

Another year's before us, with its pages white and fair,
 Each daily page unfolding, we write its record there;
 Our thoughts, our words, our actions, whatever they may be,
 Are filed for future reference where only God can see.

O what shall be the record of each transient coming day,
 Shall it be a vast improvement on the year just passed away?
 Will we shun the rocks and breakers, where we came to grief before?
 Will we mind our chart and compass and "go that way no more?"

Will folks keep their resolutions, not to swear, or drink, or smoke?
 Or proceed at once to break them, and regard them as a joke,
 And get worse instead of better, "while the days are going by,"
 Forgetful they are mortal, and they shortly too must die.

Will we help the poor and needy more than e'er we did before,
 Will we speak a word of kindness to the wanderer at our door,
 Will we pause to think a moment he was once as pure as we,
 He was someone's precious darling, dandled on his mother's knee?

Will we cheer the aged and lonely, let them feel they're not forgot,
 We can throw some gleams of sunshine in the shadows of their lot
 As they totter on their pathway and their sun sinks in the west,
 Post-mortem flowers are useless, ante-mortem flowers are best.

Will we speak a word of caution to some poor wandering lad,
 That the "wild oats" he is pursuing will yield a harvest bad,
 That the course he is pursuing will lead to endless woe,
 Don't watch him sink to ruin and remark "I told you so."

Then whatever is our duty, let us do it while we can,
 Seeking strength from him who gives it to poor frail, mortal man;
 May each page of daily record with a heavenly radiance shine,
 Till we reach another milestone, with the number ninety-nine.

The other contributor wrote in a lighter vein —

HIS NAME WAS ALEXANDER
 There was a chap who kept a store,
 And though there might be grander,
 He sold things cheap, nor asked for more,
 His name was Alexander.

He mixed his goods with cunning hand,
 He was a skilful brander;
 And since his sugar was half sand,
 They called him Alex-Sander.

He had a girl, one day she came,
 Then lovingly he scanned her;
 He asked her would she change her name?
 A ring did Alex-hand-her.

"Oh, yes," she said, with smiling lip,
 "If I can be commander!"
 And so they framed a partnership,
 And called it Alex-and-her.



Rambling Around

by Elizabeth Kelson

It's Fun To Travel On A Train

When you pack your bags to go on a journey to another country you haven't the slightest idea concerning the sights you may see or the people you may meet. That's part of the fun. It leads you to travel expectantly. Every place you see along the route is like a surprise package to be opened and you can untie the strings with an expectation of high adventure. Every person you meet has significance whether they are fellow travellers or the people who help you to travel in comfort. In November, 1963, I travelled to the State of Utah to visit with my daughter Patricia and her husband Hal.

I went away at night. I don't believe I have ever gone away on a night train before. There is something so final about getting on a night train. On a day train you might think... "if I don't like it, I can get off at the next stop." (You don't do anything like that, of course.) Going on a night train is different. Once you have said goodbye to your husband and hand your bag to the porter (whom you follow blindly and trustingly until he deposits your luggage), it is as if a curtain falls between you and the world you are leaving behind. I found myself in a cosy little compartment with a double chair and toilet facilities. The tall, kindly pullman porter showed me how easy it was to pull a bed out of the wall. It was all so neat. When I got settled in this cosy, compact little room, I opened my writing case and tried to write. Did you ever try to write on a train that was on the move? My scribbling was almost unintelligible at first, but I got used to it.

Then the immigration officer came in. He asked: "Where were you born?" I said: "Huntsville." The officer raised his eyebrows in a amused fashion. There was a question in his voice. "Huntsville, Alabama?" I saw my mistake so I corrected, "Huntsville, Ontario." After a few more questions, he went away almost as quickly as he had come.

You do have to be careful about names. Its no good telling a complete stranger you were from Thornhill. He might say, "Thornhill, Manitoba?"

(Continued On Page 9)

Let's Keep Our Resolutions

The Indians called January the "Moon of Cracking Trees" - white men might dub it "The Moon of Cracking Resolutions," although our resolutions don't hit the rifle-shot proportions of the great tree branches. They just disintegrate.

A favourite pastime for the last days of the waning year is the formulating of resolutions to correct all our faults in the new year. Some hardy souls make such resolutions with the firm determination of keeping them and struggle for several weeks to fulfill them - sometimes they even succeed.

Most of us however, if we make resolutions, do so with a (tongue-in-the-cheek attitude that we are only making them to break them. We are lucky if they last through New Year's Day.

Well, January's on its way and our resolutions are, if not broken, at least on the way to being badly bent. Let us all make 1964 different from all preceding years, and really try to keep at least one resolution for the entire year. That shouldn't be too hard, should it?

Yours truly,
 Mrs. N. L. Brown,
 71 Trench Street.

Dear Mr. Editor

"THE LEARNING STAGE"

Dear Mr. Editor:

One of the best radio programmes on C. J. B. C. "The Learning Stage" is being relegated to late night listening and as a further insult is to be shortened by 30 minutes. This is an outrage and denies young people in southern Ontario the privilege of listening to this highly educational and interesting programme and also millions of adults who would sensibly be in bed or who would not care for stimulating discussions so late at night.

Are 62,000 French Canadians, a small portion of whom will probably listen to C. J. B. C. to over-ride the wishes of the millions in this most heavily populated area in Canada? This programme should continue at its popular time of between 7 and 9 p.m. What could possibly replace it that would be better or reach so many people?

Yours truly,
 Mrs. N. L. Brown,
 71 Trench Street.

Christmas Plant Care

CHRISTMAS BEGONIA — A gay holiday plant, it flowers abundantly. Cool (60 degrees) room temperature will prolong the blossoming. If plants grow too large or spindly the stems can be cut back or, preferably, new plants can be started from mature leaf cuttings.

CALAMONDIN ORANGE — This and other citrus-fruit plants, including lemon and kumquat, are among the most lasting gift plants. The dwarf orange prefers sun but thrives under fluorescent lamps. Night temperature of 55-65 degrees is best. Flowers may have to be hand pollinated.

AZALEAS — Modern forcing methods are popularizing these plants as gifts during the Christmas season. Azaleas require ample light, especially when flowers are developing. The fibrous roots must not dry out. Cool temperatures (45-50 degrees) lengthen bloom life.

KALANCHOE — The short-day indoor forcing schedule brings the flowers into bloom for Christmas. Plants are usually raised as annuals and can be grown year round. Seeds can be collected from flowering gift plants. Kalanchoes need the sun. Water carefully to avoid stem rot.

CYCLAMEN — Tuberos-rooted plant grows best in a cool (50-55 degrees) and humid atmosphere. Drafts and excessive heat should be avoided. Sun will encourage flowering. Soil should be kept moist but not soggy. When bloom stops, tubers can be saved for next season.

POINSETTIA — A familiar Christmas symbol, the plant should be kept in a sunny window but protected from drafts and direct radiator heat. Water whenever soil begins to feel dry. To save the plant for next year, reduce watering when leaves fade; store in cool place.

Second Thoughts...

BY GEORGE MAYES

● Yesterday's news is not necessarily dead

A compendium* of Second Thoughts for 1963 A.D. (A.D. — After Diefenbaker)

Jan. — The Telegram announces that Bruce Kidd has won their "Citizen of the Year" award. Now they're looking for someone who can give it to him. (It looks like Bruce got it all right and has been lugging it around with him in all his races since.)

Feb. — Mayor William Neal has given up his reserve parking space at the municipal building and says: "When I visit the town hall, I'll park my car with everyone else." ... Over on the Canadian Tire lot? (Well, as a sort of "no comment" Second Thoughts, our 1963 mayor DID use the word visit.)

Mar. — Salary increases recommended by Richmond Hill's Planning Board for its director and his staff could be construed as a case of misdirected effort. (However, no harm was done. Council found room on the shelf for these recommendations, too.)

Apr. — Lester Pearson says the Liberals will introduce a doctor-approved national health plan... Sort of a Medicare that isn't a medic-scare. (And when he introduced it, the doctors all shouted: "April Fool!")

May — It's an integrated world we live in: In Alabama they fight FOR integration and in Quebec they fight AGAINST it. (This, from the course of events, was not entirely correct. Quebec IS willing to integrate... US.)

June — Those bargains in booze now being offered at the L.C.B.O. stores are described as "just a routine stock clearing of some slow-moving lines"... And brother, they've GOT slow-moving lines! (That's an "inside" joke son — if you could gea inside last week.)

July — With Aurora featuring "First Steam Train Ran to Aurora — 1853" on their centennial coin (so it was ten years late!) it's ironic that, as of June, 1963, the town is no longer a regular stop for any kind of train. (We mention this again in case the folks up at Aurora hadn't noticed.)

Aug. — \$18,000!! How Liberal can a government get? (Premier Lesage of Quebec seems well on his way to finding out.)

Sept. — News reports refer to Major A.A. Mackenzie as the oldest living member of the Ontario Legislature... Hmmm. Living?... You know, we've often wondered about some of those backbenchers. (Sometimes the four-year elections seem more like resurrections.)

Oct. — Aurora's volunteer firemen are pressing to have their pay increased from \$4 to \$5 per fire. They're not making a hot issue of it and, in fact, being volunteers, they don't really consider it as pay. (It's sort of a single benefit.)

Nov. — Boxing promoter Frank Tunney says there is a possibility of bringing the Liston-Clay championship fight to Toronto. He would stage it (at great expense in the Gardens... and he COULD save a few bucks by putting it on after a Leaf game. He wouldn't need any other preliminary bouts. (As it turned out, Miami will get the fight. Liston and Clay were afraid Tunney might book them for a Leaf-Chicago night and their scrap would BE the preliminary.)

Dec. — Claims modern life makes two Commandments obsolete — Star heading... And we wonder how many readers HAD to read into the story to see what the OTHER one was? (If YOU didn't, the updated versions would be: Honor thy Father and thy Mother — and thy Mother — and thy baby sitter; and thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife — only his job and his car.)

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