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Rambling Around
by Elizabeth Kelson

"Canada Can Help British Guiana"
... Rev. Dillwyn T. Evans

It is a great pleasure to introduce Rev. Dillwyn Evans in this column and to bring you his Thanksgiving message. Mr. Evans, a native of Cwmavon, Wales, came to Canada in 1926. He has had his present charge, the Thornhill Presbyterian Church for four years. Mr. and Mrs. Evans and three daughters live at 7 Raymond Drive, Thornhill. Rhonda is in her third year of nursing at the Toronto General Hospital and Judy is in her first year of nursing at the Sick Children's Hospital. Glenda is in grade 10 at Thornhill Secondary School.

THANKSGIVING
By Rev. Dillwyn T. Evans

This past summer the Stratford stage has carried in a regular cycle, William Shakespeare's tragedy King Lear. In scene IV of the first act, Lear says to the Duke of Albany, "... that she may feel How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is To have a thankless child!"

Adult Education Program

The most comprehensive adult education program ever offered in this area got underway Tuesday night of this week in Bayview and Thornhill Secondary Schools. It is on a par with anything offered in the big cities. Something for everyone is offered and the group of young adults who are usually overlooked in recreational programs are receiving special attention in a course called "Social Education for Young Adults".

Secret Meetings Dangerous

Secret meetings of elected municipal bodies foster civic inefficiency and breed public distrust, Mayor Angus A. Campbell, who recently retired after serving as president of the Association of Ontario Mayors and Reeves, has stated. Mr. Campbell told a press conference that he believed meetings of all such bodies should be open to the press on the understanding that matters detrimental to the public interest would be withheld from publication.

Dear Mr. Editor

These remarks by Mayor Broadhurst were prompted by the request of Ward 1 Councillor Walter Scudis, to have expended \$50,000 for the drawing up of final plans for the installation of sewers, etc. in Beverley Acres—these plans by the way would not have been ready until the middle of 1965. Therefore, this means that as it's our mayor's intention to completely ignore this very urgent problem until at least another year, then it automatically follows that the plans would not be ready until 1966, which means further, that any possibility of work being done, or started before 1967 would be incon-

Second Thoughts

BY GEORGE MAYES
Yesterday's news is not necessarily dead
Pregnant Canadian women are reported to be flocking to Britain for a free delivery on the National Health Services... even though they have obviously purchased a "round" trip ticket.

A story on the start of Metro's United Appeal says it aids all walks of life—the motherless, the crippled, the underprivileged, the troubled; and it also aids those who seemingly have no problems... by supplying them with problems! Problems like paying up on their U-A pledges!

In Toronto last week, a visitor to the Park Plaza ordered a martini at the hotel's rooftop bar, drank it, and then jumped in a fatal plunge from the terrace balustrade... proving the saying that you can't fly on one wing.

And jumping from mixed drinks to mixed metaphors, a "Liberal" report on a motion in council to refuse construction bids from 13 combine-suspect companies quotes Councillor Lois Hancey with this gem: "I believe we should get up on our feet and say we're not going to stand for it."

According to the television pages of the daily papers, this year's crop of situation comedies have all made their debut... and we're still frustratedly switching channels in an effort to find the funny one—that is supplying the canned laughter for all the rest.

A Canadian Press report from London, England, says Canada's touring barbershop singers have given concerts in Scotland, Ireland and England along with impromptu singing in London's Trafalgar Square and in numerous railway and airline terminals... See! Just as we expected from looking at those English haircuts. There are no more barbershops in Britain.

An Ottawa teacher is forming an organization aimed at separating the other nine provinces from Quebec. He is confident that there are thousands of English-speaking Canadians who will agree with him they are being "crucified" in the name of unity... Well, we don't know about "crucified", but those French separatists are certainly trying to cross-up our Confederation.

A Metro car industry official, in explaining how car dealers cheat each other, says a man selling his car will turn the speedometer back, then the dealer will turn it back a bit more and sell it to a wholesaler who turns it back even more... A shameful performance by three grown men making a total turnback which would still be less than that little old lady could do by herself.

Question Of The Week:
Would they REALLY dare do it?
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

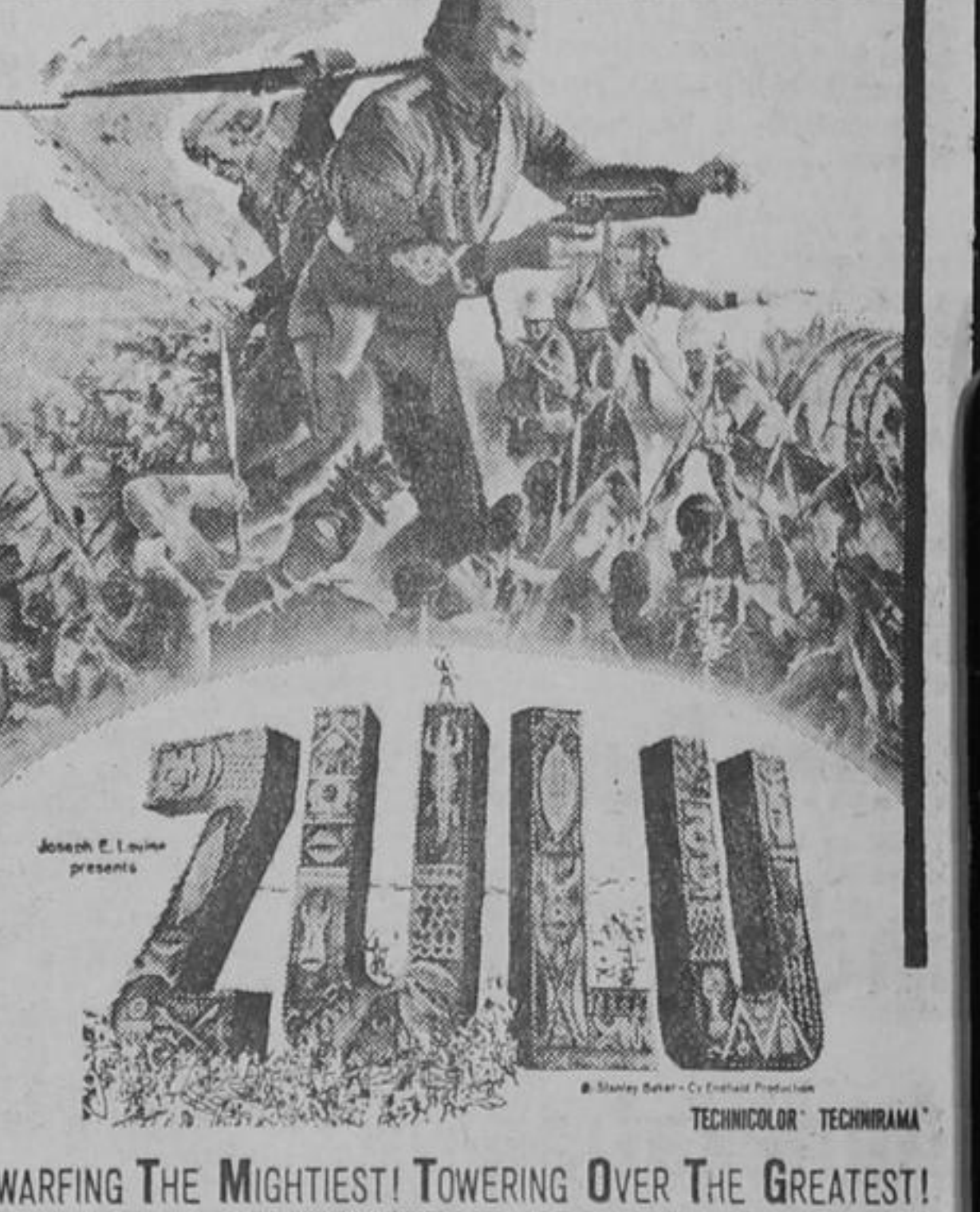
The Olympics

For a good portion of this month, the world's attention will be focused on Tokyo, where the best amateur athletes in the world are attempting to bring honor to their countries. Competition is the essence of Olympics. Each athlete must give an all-out effort to win, to defeat his rivals. Yet away from the field of battle, these athletes are not representatives of different, often opposed, countries. They are not of different races, a different colors. They are of a brotherhood, bound by ties of common interest and demonstrating common respect.

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The Shaggy, Little Bedroom Slippers - A Short Story

Beverly Charbanick, author of the following story, was born in Fort William on July 11, 1944. Two years later she was afflicted with muscular dystrophy and when six years old was placed in "Bloorview", a home for crippled children. Here she was allowed to stay until her sixteenth birthday. She then moved to the Villa Private Hospital, which is now her permanent address. She is a quadruplegic with the use of her fingers only. In October 1960 she started vocal lessons along with another young quadruplegic (Kevin Maher) and two years later was joined by a third (Douglas Knight). The three handicapped young people formed a singing group called the "Villatones" and have travelled many miles to various musical dystrophy chapters in Ontario to entertain and to stimulate interest in the MD cause. They have been an inspiration to all those who have heard them sing.

... came to live with them. The shoes and little slippers couldn't figure out what they were. One thing was for sure, they were very snobbish. They wouldn't talk to any of the shoes at first. "What are you?" patent shoes asked for the third time. They didn't like being snubbed. They were used of doing the snubbing. "We're ballerina slippers," the blue slippers finally answered. The shoes and shaggy little slippers had never heard of 'ballerina slippers' before. "Well, you don't go to parties with Penny, because we do," patent leather shoes told them just in case they had any ideas of taking over their job. "You don't go to school with her, because we do. We have to help her run and climb trees at recess, play hop-scotch, skip and go in mud puddles after it rains. That girl should have been a boy!" and the oxfords went on complaining about how badly they were treated by Penny. "We're bedroom slippers," the little slippers said to ex-

plain what they were, "What do you do?" "We help Penny dance," they explained proudly. "Dance?" they all asked at once. "What's dance?" "We make her look very pretty. We stand her up on her toes, swirl around and move gracefully all over the stage." "What's a stage?" the shaggy little slippers asked. "A stage is a place where people do things, like dance or act and things like that. Other people sit down in front of them and watch what they do," the ballerina slippers said in a voice that sounded bored with the whole conversation. They had never known such ignorant shoes or slippers in all their lives. Every night when Penny was practising her dancing, the shaggy little slippers watched very carefully, to see what the ballerina slippers did to make Penny dance. They had a plan. Boy, would everyone be surprised! Every night for two weeks, they were going to watch the slippers dance, then they would know just what to do. They were going to show Penny that they could help her dance too. Two weeks were up. Six o'clock came! "Here come oxfords," left slipper whispered to right slipper. "Don't forget what you're supposed to do!" right slipper whispered excitedly. "Oh, what a day! We were running all afternoon. There was a race. We didn't even win after all that running. All because Penny forgot to tie our laces tight," the oxfords complained as Penny put them in the closet. Penny slipped the shaggy little slippers on. "Now!" said right slipper. Up, they went on their toes. WHOOPS! Down came Penny with a CRASH! "What went wrong?" left slipper exclaimed. Penny hadn't expected that! She took them off to look at the bottom of them to see what she had slipped on. There was nothing there. So she searched around on the floor to see if she had tripped on anything. But it was just the same. There was nothing there. She put the shaggy little slippers back in their place