

The Liberal



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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". If this course is well patronized it could mean that this section of our population will learn how to solve their problem of lack of recreational facilities which has plagued the community for many years.

Those who wish to improve their academic standing have been offered grade 10, 11, 12 and 13 subjects. Skills may be acquired or improved in courses in commercial and technical courses.

Sewing, dressmaking and millinery classes are always popular and with English and Citizenship for New Canadians, oil and water color painting have been included for several years in the curriculum of the night schools.

This year special courses which

will help the businessman have been offered, as well as instruction in bridge, golf, photography, drama and conversational French.

Another new feature this year is short courses which will take only two to five evenings in a variety of subjects from camping to Stratford 1965, from outboard motorboating to interior decorating, and from investment and money managing to hostess hints.

In fact, those in charge of the courses have told "The Liberal" that if there is a subject in which you are interested which has any educational value, and if a group of at least 15 register, all efforts will be made to get the best instructors possible.

That the best instructors are being secured was evident last week when the names of those who will be conducting the courses in bridge and model-making were announced.

The great amount of thoughtful preparation given this program is quite evident. A few openings are still available in some classes and we are told registrations will be accepted Thursday evening at the beginning of the regular classes.

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.

A chartered accountant, the speaker said far too many municipal meetings are being held behind closed doors throughout the province. As a result, the public was often illinformed about matters of legitimate public concern, he contended.

He went on to explain that with information lacking, public debate was inhibited, elected councils tended to become slack and inefficient and apathy was produced. The frequent result, he said, was the persistence in office of incompetent elected officials who would not be tolerated by -the public if the extent of their incompetence were to become known.

Mr. Campbell deplored the low calibre of a great many of the elected officials at the municipal level in Ontario and called upon more men of proved business skills to get into municipal politics.

"The Liberal" has editorialized before on this subject and agrees whole-heartedly with Mr. Campbell's stand. We do not agree that secret meetings necessarily lead to corrupt and inefficient elected officials, but danger of this happening is inherent in the common practice of holding secret sessions.

The honest, hard-working, municipal elected official has nothing to fear from an enlightened electorate - in fact the more facts the public is given about municipal procedures, the less likelihood there is that false rumors can gain credence by even a portion of the population and the better the chances of re-election for a conscientious, competent member of a municipal council.

The press is always willing to cooperate with such bodies in keeping matters detrimental to the public interest out of publication.

Dear Mr. Editor

BEVERLEY ACRES AND THE These remarks by Mayor ceivable. Obviously, this sit-SOUTHWEST PLAN Broadhurst were prompted by uation will follow the pattern Dear Mr. Editor: the request of Ward 1 Coun- set by Bayview Avenue.

I wish to direct my comments cillor Walter Scudds, to have mainly to our association mem-expended \$50,000 for the draw- I would suggest that the bers, the residents of Ward 1, ing up of final plans for the in- mayor, and town council make and finally to all residents of stallation of sewers, etc. in Bev- it their business to conduct a Richmond Hill, as the problem erley Acres-these plans by the tour through Beverley Acres, is a town concern whether you way would not have been ready in particular Neal Drive beare directly affected or not. until the middle of 1965. There- tween North Taylor Mills Drive At the September 28th, 1964 fore, this means that as it's our and South Taylor Mills Drive,

council meeting I was com- mayor's intention to completely pausing long enough outside pletely amazed to hear our ignore this very urgent prob- Beverley Acres Public School mayor state that the storm sew- lem until at least another year, to absorb the disgusting condiers, curbs and payements in the then it automatically follows tions of the ditches at the en-Beverley Acres Subdivision that the plans would not be trance which, when dry, are could not be considered a mat-ready until 1966, which means sickening but when flooded are ter of urgency, and furthermore further, that any possibility of a filthy disgrace, apart from be- as you read this - stop now and say "thank you" he had received no complaints work being done, or started ing a health hazard to our from the residents. before 1967 would be incon- (Continued On Page 5)



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.

Dillwyn Evans, a graduate of the University of Toronto, the University of Alberta and Knox College, Toronto, is a great believer in athletics and during hockey season is up to his ears in the Thornhill Church Hockey League. His dressing room drills are popular. On each sheet issued, the padre stresses the need for prayer, the need for instruction from the Bible on the various phases of living. One drill will suggest the need for a balanced diet, another will suggest self-control, still another on watching your language; others on team spirit and enthusiasm. Combining sports with practical living instruction and prayer helps to make hockey the clean wholesome sport it should be as well as being a real adventure for boys.

Besides being the full time minister of Thornhill Presbyterian Church, Mr. Evans is chairman for the General Board of Missions for the Presbyterian Church. He is a member of the Missions Committee of the Presbytery and a member of the Christian Education Committee. He is also a representative to the Canadian Council of Churches.

He recently returned from a visit to British Guiana. While he was there, Guiana was declared to be in a state of emergency.

"This is the only place in the world where Canada can really be of help," said Mr. Evans. "They need technical, educational and missionary support. And Canada is the only country in the world to have a commissioner there."

What is the true function of the church today' "The church is in the world for the healing of the nations," said Mr. Evans. "The needs of the human heart do not change. They are always the same.

THANKSGIVING 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!"

You are never so hurt as when you believe someone is ungrateful for a kindness you have done. Ingratitude is a ruthless killer. It knows no mercy. It is unlimited in its scope as it moves among rich and poor, amateur and professional, tradesman and manager, home and orphanage, church and state -it strikes everyone, everywhere.

Jesus Christ in his ministry met this lack of thankfulness. After healing ten lepers on one occasion, one of them returned to thank Jesus. Accepting the man's gratitude, Jesus said, "Were there not ten cleansed, where are the nine?"

Approaching the half way mark of the 1960's there is need for the spirit of Thanksgiving. Not so much for which we can be thankful. Even in the midst of this rapidly changing decade, we are assured of final security in the "timeless Lord, the Son of the Living God. He said, "In the world you will have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." . . . John 16:33.

"In Thine arms I rest me; Foes who would molest me Cannot reach me here. Though the earth be shaking Every heart be quaking. Jesus calms my fear.

Lightnings flash and thunders crash; Yet, though sin and hell assail me, Jesus will not fail me."

If you are wondering for what to be thankful for this friend Who will never leave you, Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

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 Na- Phone TU. 4-1212 tional 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

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 demonstrating common rethis month, the world's attention will be focused on Tokyo, where the best amateur athletes in the these Olympics. It is posworld are attempting to sible to differ ideologically, bring honor to their coun- religiously, racially, and tries. Competition is the still be brothers. When essence of Olympics. Each we can all recognize this athlete must give an all- fact-and not until we do out effort to win, to defeat -we can hold out real his rivals. Yet away from hope for lasting world the field of battle, these peace. athletes are not represen- Fyodor Dostoevsky pointatives of different, often ted this out when he said opposed, countries. They "Until you have become are not of different races, really, in actual fact, a

Those of us who cannot compete at Tokyo can certainly learn a lesson from

different colors. They are of brother to everyone, broa brotherhood, bound by ties therhood will not come to of common interest and pass."



The Shaggy, Little Bedroom Slippers - A Short Story

Beverley Charbanick, au- tional to her readers.-Edther of the following story, was born in Fort William on an 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 quadraplegic with the use of her fingers

In October 1960 she started vocal lessons along with another young quadraplegic (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 varlous muscular 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.

Now Beverley is developing another skill which should also prove inspira-

Once there was a little girl whose name was Pen-

In her pretty, pink bedroom, under the frilly, pink and white bed, there lived a pair of shaggy white bed-

In the same room in the closet, there lived a pair of shiny black patent leather

room slippers.

Every night at 12 o'clock the shoes and slippers would talk. That was the only time they could talk out loud. Because then they were sure that Penny was asleep. All other times they only whispered.

The patent leather shoes were always teasing or picking on the shaggy little slippers. If they weren't doing that they were bragging about the parties they had been to with Penny.

It was a good thing that Penny never heard what the oxfords had to say about her. All they did was complain about how badly

they were treated. "You should have seen the party we went to to-

day!" patent shoes started to brag. There were so many fancy shoes with shiny buckles and satin slippers with fancy bows. There weren't any shaggy, dirty slippers like you two things." They snubbed the shaggy blue slippers. Turning their well polished toes up at them, they turned away.

"I'd like to go to just one of those parties," right slipper said to left slipper. "You know what I'd like to do?" asked little left slipper. Not waiting for an

answer, he said "I'd like to go over there and kick them right in those pretty, pointed toes of theirs. Maybe even give them a few scuff marks, too. Then we'd see If they're so smart!" he said angrily.

"Don't let them know they've hurt us. That's just with her, because we do. We was practising her dancing, what they'd like to know. They're jealous of us because we live under the bed and they have to stay closed up in that dark closet all the time, unless Penny is going to a party," right slipper tried to comfort left slipper.

One day a new pair of shoes - or were they slip-

pers? - 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

"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'

"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 climb trees at recess, play 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," would know just what to do. the little slippers said to ex- They were going to show

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, twirl around and

move gracefully all over the

"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

Every night when Penny have to help her run and the shaggy little slippers watched very carefully, to hop-scotch, skip and go in 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

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

*lipper 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

under the bed, crawled into bed and soon fell asleep.

"Well, you really did it that time. We wouldn't be surprised if she never wore you again," patent leather shoes said threateningly.

"We told you we were the only ones who could make her dance," the ballerina slippers reminded them. Waving their long pink ribbons at the little slippers, they stood up on their toes and turned around, so they wouldn't have to look at the terrible slippers that had tripped Penny.

"Humph" snorted the patent leather shoes. Clicking their heels together, they turned around too.

"Just because we don't like Penny we wouldn't trip her," the oxfords said briskly. Slowly shifting, they too turned around, sitting with their tongues hanging out because they were still tired from that afternoon's race. "We only wanted to show

her we could help her dance too," left slipper tried in vain to explain. "It's no use. They won't listen to us," right slipper

said sadly. (Continued On Page 16)

the Richmond

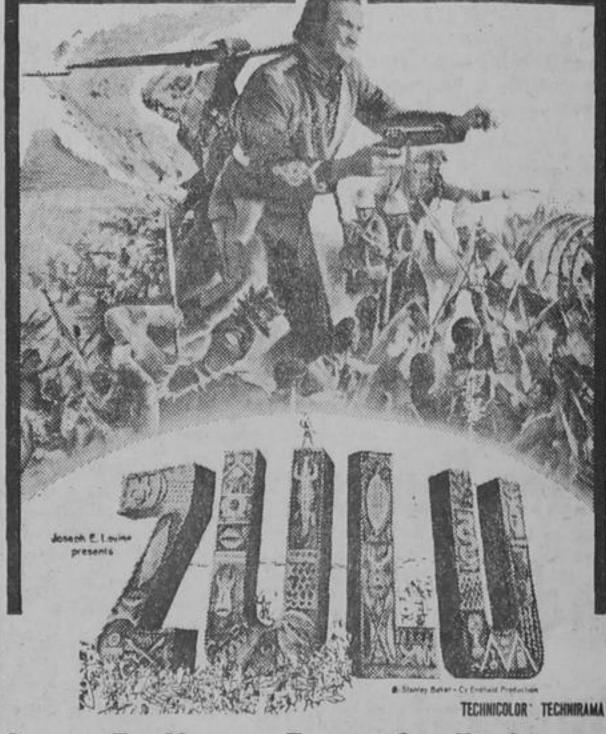
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