



The Liberal



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CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

By Rev. Father F. C. Robinson, Our Lady Queen of the World Roman Catholic Church, Richmond Hill East.

Christmas is always a source of great joy to the world. The birth of Christ meant that the long period of waiting for the Messiah had come to an end. Darkness gave place to light, coldness was replaced by warmth, spiritual poverty was supplanted by spiritual wealth, but most of all sadness waned and joy burst upon the world.

Mary's, his beloved spouse's, and they were now one little family.

Outside the stable, joy was in the air, too. Angels from heaven sang for joy and conveyed the good news to the shepherds. Their hearts beating fast with the heavenly news, they hastened to the stable to find the mother with her Child wrapped in swaddling clothes. Even the animal kingdom was present, perhaps with the dogs which raced with the shepherds or the cows and oxen whose manger was the crib.

Today, many hundreds of years later, joy is still being given to the world because of the birth of that same Child. However, there is one difference, instead of angels being the messengers, you, the readers of this editorial, must bear the good tidings.

You must bring joy from the birth of Christ not to the shepherds minding their flock but to the sick, the blind, the deaf, the hungry, the lonesome. One visit from you to an elderly patient, even one you don't know, will bring joy to that person.

Right here in the Southern Six, there are hundreds of elderly people, hundreds of shut-ins, who have no one to call on them. They are as close to you as the listings in the yellow pages of the telephone book under the heading of nursing homes.

As the heavenly messengers must have received great happiness in bearing the good news to mankind, so will you as you bring joy and gladness to those wrapped in loneliness and sadness.



Firstly there was the joy of the young mother holding her infant son in her arms for the first time. Her heart must have been exploding as she pressed Him to her bosom. Joseph, too, looking over her shoulder, shared the happiness that belongs to a young father, though he was the foster father. This was the infant he was to shelter and protect. This was the Child that was

Yuletide Nuisance

It's that time of year again — when the homeowner and those people who seem to get a thrill from stealing outdoor lights carry on a war of nerves. We know by the number of calls we receive from irate residents that the theft and destruction of bulbs is in full swing. Unfortunately the culprits often turn out to be young people who have nothing better to do in the evenings than roam the streets, hiding and stealing bulbs from outdoor displays.

Most citizens take great pride in their homes and as part of the Christmas season decorate them with colored lights and yuletide displays. They should not have to contend with an irresponsible element in the community who seem to derive a certain pleasure from destroying other people's property. This marks the fourth year that Richmond Hill Hydro has sponsored a Christmas Home Lighting Contest and awarded five valuable prizes to lucky winners.

Christmas is a time for family and hearth, a time when all should make that little extra effort to be kind and considerate to their fellow man. It

is difficult, however, to put aside the hustle and bustle of everyday life and generate a feeling of warmth and goodwill towards your community while being constantly reminded that what you should really be doing is making certain no one steals your bulbs tonight.

Some citizens have become so discouraged with this yuletide vandalism that they have simply given up the practice of decorating their homes at this time of year. When this happens then everybody suffers and there is a loss of team spirit which means so much to our community pride.

Unfortunately this "hit and run" type of activity is very difficult for the police to control. It is obviously not easy to catch the culprits in the act of stealing the lights. However that is what should happen and those responsible should be made to replace the missing bulbs at their own expense.

This is also an area where citizens might help one another by informing on the bulb snatchers whenever they are observed.

Letters to the Editors

SUPPORTING OUR SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dear Mr. Editor,
Recently Mayor Thomas Broadhurst declares "Symphony Week" in Richmond Hill. Your local symphony orchestra, sixty-five strong, put on an ambitious programme which included an oboe concerto played by an eighteen year old and an entire Brahms Symphony.

Since that concert countless people having presumably read the article in the Dec. 12 "Liberal" have made enthusiastic comments to me about the orchestra — how lucky Richmond Hill is, how they understand the concert was a great success. Unfortunately none of these people had taken the trouble to come to our concerts and give us the moral support and encouragement they say we should have. On December 5 there was a notable absence in the audience of people one would most expect to see, the music teachers in the area, both private and from the school system. Where were the music supervisors from Vaughan Township and Richmond Hill school systems, and Bayview, Langstaff and Richmond Hill high schools? Small chamber groups from our orchestra have given concerts and demonstrations in

school hours, free of charge and we have requests for more programmes of this nature. In return we had had assurances of support in the form of an audience from the music teachers.

When the school board hires members of the Toronto Symphony it has to pay several

hundred dollars for a similar concert, all our group asks in return is some attendance on our twice yearly concerts but the so called musically cultured teachers were too apathetic to even come and see if we were worth hearing.
MRS. ANN SELLEN,
RR 2, Maple.

Negative Income Tax—End To Poverty

"The poor are always with us." But it came as a shock to many Americans and Canadians to learn how numerous and poor they are. Welfare and social assistance programs as presently devised, seem to have failed. At best they are only temporary expedients. At worst they are permanent blight, crushing the spirit and self respect of the recipients and draining the pockets of the remainder.

A fresh approach towards poverty is required in Canada and one of the most promising, if radical, proposals is a form of negative income tax. Whether such measures will prove any more effective in eliminat-



(Photo by Stuart's Studio)

Horse raiser, trainer, riding teacher and manager of the Gold Medal Olympic Equestrian Team, Lou Mickucki stands with "Himeryk", one of his imported Polish show horses.

Mr. Mickucki on Himeryk won the Elementary Dressage Championship at the Royal Winter Fair last year. "Horses are my life", he says.

Horses Are His Life

By MICHAEL RAPSEY

Running a riding school might seem a pedestrian pastime for a man who managed an Olympic champion equestrian team. But for Lou Mickucki of Headford whose riders won a gold medal for Canada in Mexico this year, running this particular riding school is a dream come true.

A DREAM

"If any man ever had a dream this is it," he says surveying his 120-acre estate, Ambercroft Farms, on the corner of Markham Road and Concession 3 in the Headford area of Markham Township.

Here he has four barns and two arenas to house the 70 odd horses he owns or boards for other people. He points with particular pride to the one barn and arena, isolated from the others, where he keeps the 20 horses for his school.

"This is where it (the Olympic Victory) all started — with the young people," he says. "I don't ever want to forget them."

ANYONE CAN RIDE

"With this school I want to

prove that anyone can ride without having a lot of money — businessmen after work, ladies and youngsters who want to ride and can't afford a horse.

"This is not a riding stable where anyone can come off the street and rent a horse for an hour," he explains. "They must be serious about wanting to ride and be prepared for several months of instruction either in groups or individually."

"And they won't just get any old horse," he adds. "They'll be assigned a horse which they will ride every time they come so they can get to know their mount. That's very important to proper riding."

MAYBE ARGENTINA
But for a sudden change of mind Lou Mickucki's riding stable might be located on the pampas of Argentina and Argentina might have taken the gold medal in Mexico.

When the Communists took over his native Poland after World War II Mr. Mickucki decided not to return and accepted an offer to go to Argentina with four other Polish officers

to form a riding team. As the boat was ready to leave he changed his mind and decided to remain in England.

Somehow the Canadian Equestrian Society managed to convince him that he should manage the Canadian Olympic team and in 1949 he arrived in Montreal, speaking very little English and with very little money.

When the Canadian Equestrian Society "fell by the side, meaning ran out of money" in 1952 he went to work for the then captain of the Canadian Equestrian team, Col. Baker.

STARTS ON TWO ACRES

"Five years later he went into business for himself training horses and riders and boarding horses on two acres on the corner of Leslie Street and Steeles Avenue on the border of Metro.

"For a long time I dreamed of a bigger place near the city where I could start a proper school but I couldn't afford it," he said.

In 1960 he went to Rome for the Olympics where he learned that Poland was investing heavily in raising specially bred show horses for export. "At that time Canada had very few proper show horses," he said. "Show horses then were usually thoroughbreds that hadn't quite made it on the race tracks."

"I was a bit afraid of returning to Poland," he recalls. "But as a businessman with money in my pocket I found that the Communists treated me very well."

His trip to Poland paid unexpected dividends. Not only did he get his horses but he also saw his parents again for the first time in 21 years. Since then he has imported a shipment of Polish horses every year.

In 1962 he was able to buy 20 acres in Markham Township.

ANYTHING POSSIBLE IN CANADA

"But it still wasn't enough land for what I really wanted to do," he says. "So one day I called on the owner of the rest of the property and told him of my plans and hopes."

"We talked about my school and plans often after that and eventually we reached an agreement so that I could buy the remainder of the land."

"Anything is possible in Canada," he says as he looks out his living room picture window over the gently rolling hills that are now his.

Christmas

Angels sang and shepherds ran
And wise men came to see
And now the world in wonderment
Bedecks its Christmas tree.

They sing the song the angels sang
And join the shepherds too
But do they ponder what it means
Or think it not quite true.

Did Mary bear an infant child
Without a human father?
Can angels ever really sing
Or did men dream it rather?

What is it causes crowds to sing
As if they really mean it?
Of Bethlehem and of its star
Had wise men truly seen it?

The world lives on and Christmas goes
And men forget the glory
As war and crime and sin deny
The wondrous Christmas story.

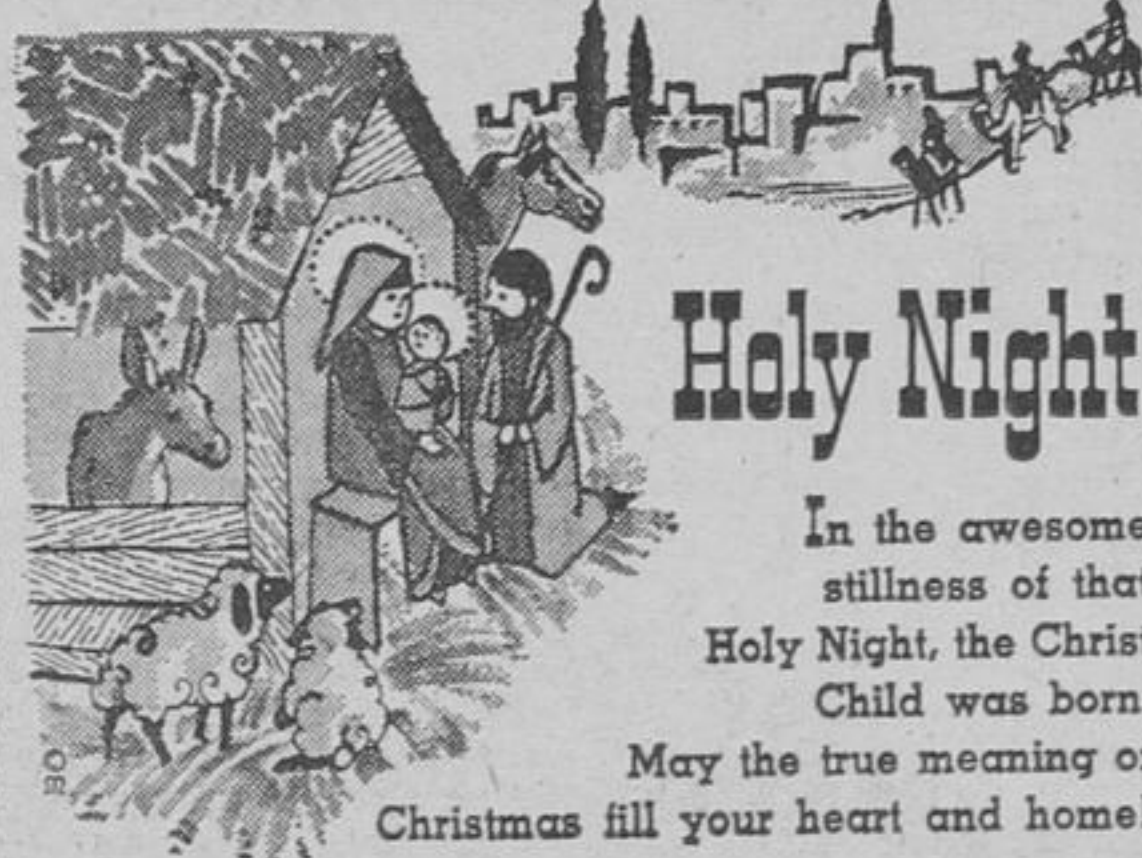
And yet the aching heart of men
Would wistfully desire
To know that Jesus really came
To save a world on fire.

But come He did and come He shall,
As prophets still inform us
And He will reign as King of Kings
As angels sang at Christmas.

ARTHUR B. ARNOT

(Dr. Arnot is the minister of the Richmond Hill Baptist Church).

Silent Night,



Holy Night

In the awesome stillness of that Holy Night, the Christ Child was born. May the true meaning of Christmas fill your heart and home!

TAYLOR'S JEWELLERS
23 YONGE ST. SOUTH



Rambling Around

by Elizabeth Kelson

How The Littlest Cherub Was Late For Christmas

This Christmas it is my pleasure to bring you the story of "How the Littlest Cherub Was Late For Christmas" by Dr. Minton Johnston, pastor of Thornhill Baptist Church.

In his books, Dr. Johnston has always managed to convey the gentlest, most tender approach to life you can imagine. First, it was in "Twenty-four Hours To Live", followed by "Washing Elephants and other Paths to God", "How the Littlest Cherub was Late for Christmas" and his latest book, which is "Noise in the Sky".

Some might think that only in the children's section of the library would there be a place for such books. I believe there should also be copies in the adult section because the truths illustrated in them are universal. Many an adult would respond with an echo that comes from his own heart.

In his foreword, Dr. Johnston exclaims: "Cherubs! I wonder where Leonardi De Vinci, Raphael, Murillo and their fellow artists got the idea of the little baby angels with soft downy wings hovering over the Virgin Mary, or gazing in wide-eyed awe at the Ascension."

"No matter where the inspiration came from, if one grants angels (and how lonely the realm of the spirit would be for God if there were none), the thought of baby angels seem an essential consequence. Baby angels learning their trade, learning obedience, learning how to be messengers for God, are a fascinating thought, and perhaps one may be permitted to pursue it and imagine a little of what it must have been like."

"Particularly at Christmas do angels come into their own. For them it was the most joyful, the most wonderful occasion in all eternity, and surely, surely, if the Lord of Glory became a baby as he did, then the infants of heaven must have a place of honor at that time that thrills all childish hearts."

"This little story was written and dedicated to all who, looking at the manger in Bethlehem, feel the wonder of God's love and find in their hearts a kinship to the baby who lay there and the cherub who crooned over him."

The story below is a condensed version but I believe its message comes through clearly.

THE LITTLEST CHERUB

It is true that many on this earth long for the Heavenly Kingdom because they think once there they could be idle for the rest of their lives. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Everybody worked in the Heavenly Kingdom except the Littlest Cherub. And everybody was

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Find Old Coins In Unused Trunk

While clearing out an old trunk recently, Mrs. Elsie Marloff, May Avenue, Richvale found a handful of old coins. One was a medallion struck to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1897. This medallion is unique in that it bears the profiles of four generations of the British Royal family, in fact of four monarchs — Victoria, Edward VII (her son), George V (her grandson) and Edward VIII (her great-grandson). The latter was never crowned as he abdicated and is now known as the Duke of Windsor.

Another medallion is one issued in 1927 at the time Canada was celebrating the 60th anniversary of Confederation. One was presented to every school child in the nation. Since Canada was involved in World War I in 1917, it was decided not to formally celebrate the 50th anniversary of Confederation. Such celebrations were postponed until 1927 when a two-day holiday was held July 1 and 2.

Also included in Mrs. Marloff's find are a 1900 British penny, a 1941 Liberian half cent, a 1916 Belgian 25 cent piece and a badly worn and distorted 1919 large Canadian cent.

These coins are on display in "The Liberal" window this week.

The Chief of Police and Members of the Richmond Hill Police Wish One And All A Happy and Safe Holiday Season



A VERY MERRY Christmas

To faithful friends old and new, hearty thanks for your good will and best wishes for a wonderful holiday season.

Rice's Flowers
RICHMOND HEIGHTS CENTRE
RICHMOND HILL

FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR

Peace and Happiness to All



from JAMES RYAN FAMILY & STAFF at CANINE CONTROL