

Entertaining Angels: Fate In Immaculate Metro Suburb

By MARGARET GOVAN
North Thornhill
Correspondent

Mrs. Jones was working on a Christmas list, or rather a collection of Christmas lists: people to entertain, people to send gifts, people to remember with cards, and the office party for which she took responsibility. Not that she enjoyed Christmas. It had almost no meaning for her except an ache in the throat and longing for Christmases past. But she knew her duty. She would carry on with everything as usual.

Mrs. Jones was a member of the Establishment. She was dimly conscious of this but rarely thought about it. Her husband was a successful lawyer, very successful. They always voted Conservative, and gave to the election funds. Not that he was a politician but he liked a finger in the pie, and he had an entree by this method.

They were members in good standing of an orthodox, Protestant church, and attended when convenient, which meant she went regularly, but he didn't although he sat on a church board, and was a generous supporter. He contributed to quite a number of "status quo" organizations, and only withdrew his contributions when he found, on occasion, that there were "radicals on

Arson Suspected Satan's Choice Fire

Arson is suspected in a fire that caused about \$6,000 damage to a house in Markham rented by Satan's Choice Motorcycle Club.

The fire occurred December 17, about 10:45 pm and was attended by Unionville Fire Department.

A spokesman for the department said that oil was found running freely from a broken pipe in the basement of the house.

The house is owned by Nino Prato of Agincourt.

the board." **IMMACULATE SUBURB**
Her house was in a suburban area which had been country when they moved there some years ago. It was well and pleasingly built. It had all the amenities, beautiful, sumptuous furnishings and was always immaculate. Big Donald, her husband, would have stood for nothing less.

On this particular afternoon, Mrs. Jones was disenchanted by everything. She wondered, as she did constantly, where young Donald was. She hadn't heard of him for over three years when he had walked out of his father's office after an outstanding scholastic career. He had been destined from birth to be a partner in the law firm. He had phoned her to say "good-bye" but hadn't even bothered to come home and collect some of his many, very many possessions.

"But why?" she had demanded.
"I'm stifled," was his short answer. "See you someday." And that was that.

And Susan, lovely, attractive, bright Susan laboring in that horrible boarding house she and her husband had set up, and looking the absolute limit. As a housekeeper she was impossible. There had never been any time for learning the elements of household management, what with dancing lessons, skating lessons, art lessons, etc.

PHOTOGRAPHY
The boarding house was all because her young husband who had such a promising future at the University, had decided to go in for photography. To support him Susan had taken on the boarding house.

OPTED FOR
So far, he hadn't made a cent; was experimenting, if you please. Still, he wished her husband had not been quite so outspoken the last time the two of them had been up for a meal, and that was endless months ago. Mrs. Jones would like to see Susan, but her first loyalty

was to Big Donald, as she knew, Susan agreed on one point; her first loyalty was to her husband, Paul. Paul laid down the law that there would be no fraternizing until Big Donald apologized. That would never happen. Unlike Mohammed, Big Donald never went to the mountain! Paul was every inch as stubborn.

"Life," Mrs. Jones mused, "was no gift!"
Just then the door bell rang. It was a very faint tinkle. She would never have noticed it if Yapper hadn't brought it to her attention. She glanced out of the window. What a night it was! She had not realized about the heavy, wet and driving snow that turned into slush as soon as it fell. She hadn't heard a car. Whoever would come out to this place on such a night, without a car!

MAN IN JEANS
She answered the door and drew back in surprise. The man was bareheaded, and wore jeans and a shirt with some kind of shiny black jacket. Water was dripping from the long, unkempt hair, the wisps of a moustache and the straggly, small beard.

"Come in; you'll catch your death of cold." She had no fear; who would dare lay a hand on her? Besides he was so thin, so bedraggled, so very wet.
"Good evening, I'm looking for the Smiths, they live in that little house, I think. But there doesn't seem to be anybody at home."

NODS ONLY, EXCHANGED
"Yes, they do." She knew the Smiths and she and they exchanged nods. Neither she nor they seemed interested in enlarging the acquaintanceship.

"You wouldn't know when they are coming home?" She shook her head. "Did they expect you?" she asked.
"I came from Halifax, and you never can tell when you'll arrive if you're hitching a lift. There is no use writing ahead of time."

She stared at him, thin almost to emaciation, with a curiously innocent look in

his blue eyes, and there was something of Young Donald about him. It was that which moved her. "You'd better come in and change into dry clothing," she said brusquely.

He laughed lightly. "My change of clothing is just as wet."
"I'll find you an old dressing gown, and you'll take those clothes off, I'll dry them in the dryer."
He brought the palms of his hands together in an odd gesture, at least to her it was odd; perhaps it was Hindu; she wasn't sure. He thanked her. "If I could just wait here quietly until I see a light in the house," he added.

SHE WAS DISTURBED
"Come in at once and get those clothes off," she replied crossly. She was disturbed, and ill-at-ease. She didn't know how to deal with this. Donald was not going to be pleased, but he wouldn't be home for hours on a night like this.

His clothes were clean, she noticed, and free of odor. How he managed to keep them that way, she wouldn't know. She put them in the washing machine. A good wash wouldn't hurt them. Then she went up to the bedroom where she had left him.

"There is a fire in the front room," she said not too graciously. She added, "When did you eat last?"
"This morning. But it's quite all right. Don't bother, please."

"What about bacon eggs?"
"I'm a vegetarian; a little cereal is all I need."
"Coffee?"
"No thanks."

TRUSTED MY DOG
She fetched the cereal, and found him with Yapper at his feet. Yapper was not a particularly friendly dog, but must have decided that this stranger was trustworthy.

"You came all the way from Halifax to see the Smiths? Are they close friends?"

"I don't know what you

mean by close friends exactly. I like them, and I had to come this way because I am going to see my father in the States. So I thought I would visit them."

WHAT JESUS SAID
"Why, Jesus said that. Judge not."
"I know. I built the Douk-abors some saunas baths. For free. I try to do something for people if I can." It wasn't boastful; just stating a fact.

Mrs. Jones sat there in relaxed silence, thinking. He made relaxation easier. He was so relaxed himself. He had given her much food for thought.

"You seem to have so few possessions. Are you satisfied that way?"
"For me it is the only way. It makes life so much simpler to have no attachment to things. You are free."

"Do you mean you can discipline yourself not to care?" she was amazed.
"Sure. Not all at once. It takes time. St. Francis did, you know. Most of us care too much about every little thing. And most things don't matter."

A LONG PAUSE
There was a long pause. The young man seemed content to talk or not to talk, and his hostess certainly required time to think. A never ending list of "things" ran in circles in her mind. All of them took time to care about, to worry about.

Could one really rid one's self of things? She doubted it. She was a little old to begin. As for Big Donald, he would consider such an idea downright ridiculous.

"Do you do not care about people either?"
"People are different from things, but up to a point I don't care. So many little relations and confrontations hurt our feelings. Some are important, some don't really matter. You have to set your priorities."

He glanced out of the window.
"There is a light at the Smiths. My friends must be back," he announced. "I am greatly beholden to you. Do you think my clothes are dry?"

CLOTHES ARE DRY
"I'm sure of it, but do you have to go so soon?" She had spoken from her heart, not her head. Donald would not be pleased to find this stranger here.

"Yes, I must be gone." He gave her a blessing as she stood on the steps to bid him good-bye. "Love and peace!"

She went back to the fire and sat down. "So very odd. He didn't even say he is a Christian, but he seems more Christian than I, and I am a professing Christian. I wonder — my trip? Have I one? Did I want Susan to take my trip? And young Donald?"

"And what does he mean by meditation?" She supposed it was a kind of praying. She had never prayed much — it didn't seem practical — so she had only turned to it in desperation when there was no solution to her problems. But perhaps if she gave some time to thinking with an awareness of God's presence.

HUSBAND ARRIVES
Her husband came in, wet, cold and cranky. "Filthy night. And all the idiot drivers are on the roads."

"What about a hot bath and some coffee? I have the coffee ready and I'm waiting." She liked preparing and serving him food and drink. Actually it seemed all he wanted from her these days. Or was it all she gave him?

It was a couple of days later that she told him. "Donald, I'm going to see Susan."
"Good idea. She'll be fed up by this time and a little interest on your part will bring her round..."

"I'm not interested in bringing her round. I want her to live her own life, as she wants to live it."
INCREDULOUS STARE
Big Donald stared at her incredulously. He was about to speak and then didn't. Instead a slow blush turned his face dark red.

"Donald, is something the matter?" There was real concern in her voice. Do you feel ill?"

"I'm OK" he muttered. He was thinking of the last time he had seen Donald. There had been a big row — all young Donald's fault of course... but his wife's words had startled him. That was what young Donald had said.

"I must live my own life as I want to live it. Not yours. All I'm asking is a couple of years to think things through. Perhaps I will choose to be a lawyer. I just don't know."

"Of course you'll be a lawyer," Big Donald had stormed. "Father was a lawyer. I'm a lawyer. After all I've done for you you are morally obliged to be a lawyer. The firm must go on."

SON TURNED AWAY
It was then that young Donald had turned on his

heel, and walked out without another word. Big Donald could still see him, still hear him.

"These young people! And his wife taking their side. Only what had happened when he had blustered and Young Donald had left, held his hot, angry words in check."

DAUGHTER HAPPY
Mrs. Jones went to see Susan the following day. Things were going better at the boarding house than she could possibly have expected. Not her way of living, but a way of living. Susan was very happy and delighted to see her.

As she was leaving Susan asked hesitatingly: "Would you — and father come for dinner on Christmas Day? We are having a big dinner here on Christmas Eve. Several of the people have nowhere else to go. We've told them that we are taking a holiday on Christmas Day, and they can have kitchen privileges for once, as long as they don't get in our way," she chuckled.

"If you could come here, we'd like that. There will be decorations, and good left overs, and just the four of us."
"At home there'd be just the two of us," her mother said soberly. "I'll see what I can do with your father."

FATHER CAPITULATED
Big Donald capitulated finally. It had been tough and go, but he did want to see Susan. He was very fond of her. Mrs. Jones had been tactful, patient, and understanding. Perhaps her attempts at meditation had paid off!

When they entered the dining room Big Donald was immediately attracted to some outstanding photographs on the dining room walls. He had a genuine appreciation of art, and he was drawn to these immediately.

"Who does this work?" he asked.
"Your son-in-law," Susan replied demurely, and then added: "Aren't they something, Dad?"

"They are," he agreed, and decided then and there, to buy one, in a month or so. He couldn't resist them.

DINNER WAS PLEASANT
The dinner was very pleasant. Mrs. Jones was happier than she had been for months. And her husband was on his best behavior.

After dinner was over Susan announced she'd had a note from Donald. Her mother's heart gave a lurch. She carefully avoided Big Donald's eyes.

"He's well?" she couldn't hide the trembling in her voice.
"Quite well, I think. He's in Whitehorse."
"Doing what? Big Donald's voice boomed.

"Everything and anything," she replied lightly. "Dish washing, taxi driving, tourists' guide, reporting, giving skiing lessons. He is doing the last two at the moment."

"Can't he settle down?"
MAY START WRITING
"Doesn't know what he wants to settle at. I shouldn't be surprised if he went on reporting and then started writing in earnest."

There was a long pause while each thought his own thoughts. Mrs. Jones wondered if young Donald was getting enough to eat. Big Donald felt the same bitter ache of disappointment. Susan's husband was considering asking Big Donald if he might do a study of his head, while Susan seemed to be struggling with some idea of her own.

It was she who broke the silence. "I've been accepted at Osgoode next year," she said. "This place can manage on its own with a little help now I've got it organized. You always said I had a lawyer's outlook, Dad. Could I do some work in your office, and perhaps, later, if I were any good..."

"YOU!" it was explosive. "You a lawyer?" weighing the pro's and cons. "You as a partner..." and he smiled broadly.

"She'd do it under her own name," said his son-in-law. They had evidently talked it over.

VISITOR OF MYSTERY
"And I don't even know what his name was," thought Mrs. Jones. "I'll be beholden to him all the rest of my days. A Christmas present to me from God."

It was impossible, but it had happened.

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L. M. Clement
Clerk
Town of Richmond Hill
56 Yonge Street North
Richmond Hill, Ontario.

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PARKS SUPERINTENDENT
Applications will be received until January 4, 1974 for the position of Parks Superintendent. Duties will include the development of appropriate maintenance procedures to ensure successful programming of parks facilities and general supervision of parks maintenance. Qualifications: Applicants should have parks management and horticultural training or be certified or certifiable by the Ontario Department of Education for a Permanent or Interim Municipal Recreation Director's Certificate Type "B". A minimum of five years related experience in a supervisory position required. Salary to commensurate with experience. Usual fringe benefits in effect. Please reply in writing giving complete personal data including experience, education and other qualifications.
N. J. Pickard,
Clerk-Administrator,
Town of Markham,
8911 Don Mills Road,
Markham, Ontario.

In Provincial Junior "A"

Rams Bombed By 7-3 Score By Vaughan National Squad

By FRED SIMPSON
The Vaughan Nationals put the final nail in the Richmond Hill Rams' coffin Tuesday night with only 16 seconds left in the game. It was a humane burial.

That final goal at 19:44 made it 7-3 for the Nationals in a Provincial Junior "A" encounter and put them in a first place tie with Seneca Rangers who lost 6-1 to Wexford.

But the Rams had really died during the second period which saw the Nats outshoot Richmond Hill 16-4 while coming from behind a 2-1 deficit.

BRUMWELL SHARP
They could easily have had more goals this time out except for the sharp play of Goalie Doug Brumwell who outstanding throughout the game. The Nats level led 4-1 shots at him while Richmond Hill was firing 22 at the opposition nets.

TWO BY HARTMAN
Richmond Hill's Mike Hartman maintained his scoring craftsmanship with two of the three goals with Jim Clement getting the other one.

It was a frustrating night all around for the Rams who just couldn't get untracked. Their frustration showed in the final minutes of the

game as they attempted to defeat the Nats physically if not on the scoreboard.

That really didn't work either. It only got them a series of penalties.

FEBBO FOILED
A typical example was Rick Febbo's vain efforts to get at one of the opposition but he just couldn't shake off the linemen. Just one of those things.

Among those participating in various fights were Robbie Yotoff and John Jalsevac of the Rams and Ike Makos and Jeff Woodvatt of Vaughan. None of them were particularly damaging although a lot of energy was expended.

Yotoff also drew a game misconduct during one of the flare-ups near the end and Goalie Brumwell was handed a two minute penalty for leaving his crease to get a better look at the action.



(Photo by Dave Barbour)

Travelways Juniors Down Thornhill Lions 5-1

Thornhill is really flourishing hockey country with its fast expanding strong Church League and OMHA team action. This year the Church League has jumped to another higher age bracket with local competition for enthusiastic junior age players. Even at the bottom of the standings its obviously lots of fun as these Travelways and Thornhill Lions players show (from left to right) Norm Sharp, Brad Kirkpatrick, John Hopper, Will Brunnett and Don Kirby. Travelways downed Lions 5-1 on this particular occasion December 8 at Markham Centennial Centre.