

"Dropping, dropping, dropping, dropping, hear the pennies fall; everyone for Jesus, He will get them all". Remember as a youngster with what glee and gusto you sang this old tune? It was the favorite with children and with parents. Some Sunday School teachers beamed with joy when the little tots sang the chorus at Christmas tree concerts.

Remember those good old green tree concerts when the teachers and parents drilled and drilled tiny tots cute short pieces of poetry, or perhaps it was a song like "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star", or it might have been a recitation about "My Dog Carlo". It took many nights for mother to make a dress and at times the "bottom of the barrel had to be scraped to find enough pennies to buy a strip of gingham for a new dress or a pair of boots, but the little dears always looked lovely.

Everybody went to the concert and the old box stove almost burst assunder when crammed full of four ft. sticks

of hemlock. The coal-oil lamps on the walls and the one on the little old melodian were clean and bright and the wicks were turned up real high. Father and Mother and the grown-ups sat in the hard wooden seats and the children sat on long wooden benches made up of scantlings placed on boxes, chairs and sometimes wooden nail kegs. One year a tier of seats was built on the platform. Sitting away up there "almost near the ceiling" was almost "heavenly".

What a concert, great in length, for every mother's son or daughter had to have a part in the dialogues and choruses. "Merry Christmas" was a long word to act out and each child brought out a hidden letter.

All evening the boys and girls waited with stary eyes for the jingle of sleigh bells announcing the arrival of Santa Claus and when the jolly old Fellow pounced into the room the walls of the building almost fell out. He had his big pack and it was crammed with toys, candies, oranges, slate pencils, dolls, mouth organs, whistles, tops and balls.

The night of the Sunday School Christmas Tree Concert was over, but the memory lingers on. Remember?

\* \* \*

The individual who came up with the name Canadian National Railway is deserving of a medal extending into perpetivity. The one word National has scope, depth and meaning. Just as it takes millions of seeds to grow into a giant field in the Western Prairies, so it has taken many thousands of men of all ranks to build the giant octopus labeled the Canadian National Railway.

Loyal and efficient men have spent many years in rounding out the life of the C.N.R. Recently one of these Lindsay railroaders was honored by fellow employees.

Len. D. Eason who recently retired as Terminal Traffic Manager for the Lindsay area, was presented with a purse of money by associates in the local organizations.

Len Eason started his railroad life in Peterboro and after a few years at Bowmanville was advanced to Lindsay as Freight Agent in 1953 and became Terminal Traffic Mana-

ger in 1964, with jurisdiction over Lindsay, Omemee, Sunderland, Cannington, Beaverton, Woodville, Fenelon Falls, Kinmount and Haliburton. Mr. Eason has been in charge of such departments as Running Trains, Way Trains and Maintenance Department.

At the surprise visit to the Eason residence, 38 St. Lawrence Street, the presentation was made by Mr. Eason's successor, Mr. Kevin Cummins, Office Manager of Peterboro.