

Christmas Comes to Misswa

My grandpa was wrong. He is very wise but he is getting old "along in years", he says. Last fall I asked him "How many days till Christmas?" "Jimmie", he says, "I'm afraid there won't be much of a Christmas this year. I'm sixty-five years of age and, never before do I mind a year that times have been so bad as this 1937 year. This depression is awful. I don't know where it will end. No, I'm afraid Santa Claus will come with a very light packback this year, that is if he gets here at all. "But," I says, "won't we count on the teacher's Christmas concert?" "Yes," says grandpa, "Mrs. Dodd will not disappoint us in that, but don't be looking for a tree, and gifts and Santa Claus." "But," I says, "we can count on the I.O.D.E. sending a box, can't we?" "That's what you think," my grandpa said. "I guess that I.O.D.E. people are finding it tough enough to look after themselves this year," and from the way he pulled on his pipe I knew he wouldn't talk any more just then.

But I knew there would be a good Christmas in Misswa. There always has been. And the signs were fine. First the snow came and covered up the leaky roofs and the dirty door yards, and all the old sawdust heaps and a lot of the big twister stumps which were left there when Harkins mill burned down three years ago. It stuck all the way up the west side of the big brick smokestack standing up straight to the sky, which hadn't burned when the mill went and it made big white hands on the Spruce and the Jack pine trees, and when the sun was going down, just before it set behind Sugar Bowl Hill everything looked like heaven and said to me "Sure, Jimmy, there will be a Christmas this year, like others."

Then there were great signs around Mrs. Dodd's house. Mrs. Dodd is the teacher and she lives with her girl Ruth, (Ruth is in my class and is real cute looking), and she lives with Ruth in a house, an old mill house. Mrs. Dodd calls it "The Teacherage." The Teacherage was just like all the rest of our houses, small and made of wood and with no paint on. But Mrs. Dodd fixed up her house inside with nice wallpaper and lots of lovely colored paint. And she made a nifty dressing-table out of two orange crates, and a wide board, and nice cotton with all colored flowers on it. Upstairs is all in one and she fixed up a room for our mothers and big sisters to work in. And she put her sewing machine up there. After supper Mrs. Dodd learns them to make nice little dresses and pants and things from the old things. Sometimes the I.O.D.E. sends a big box of old clothes. Mrs. Dodd says we should call this stuff "used clothing," and that it all comes in useful somewhere. The children of Misswa go to Mrs. Dodd's too, but only from half-past four till half-past five. We sit around the Quebec heater in her kitchen and she tells us stories about gnomes, about fairies and bunnies, and wee people and heroes, and the kind women of the I.O.D.E.

But just about a week after the snow came Mrs. Dodd says to us at school "Now children, it will not be convenient for me to have any of you come to the teacherage until after the Christmas concert. You will have to practice your pieces at home, and I will hear you say them every day from three to four here in school. Your mothers will need all the teacherage to make you Christmas costumes. That box which the Exile of Erin Chapter sent us last fall with your new underwear had lovely stuff in it for costumes. They will fit the things on you at home and sew them at the Teacherage. They have also some other work that is pressing them and they don't want children underfoot. Hah. That was a sure fire sign! "Some other work was pressing them."

Mrs. Dodd has been in our school for three years, and always before, she said the same thing and after we found out that they had been making mittens and sweaters and scarves and socks and candy and sugar apples and popcorn and grand big ginger cookies. "Scrummy Cookies" made from a recipe Mrs. Alex Carson's uncle had sent her from away down near Ottawa. That uncle is a naker and is very well off. Grandpa says that if I want to be sure of my living to go into something like baking as people always must eat. All the women in Misswa liked the recipe (Mrs. Dodd says directions for a cake is called a recipe). It is a grand recipe for us in Misswa, for it makes cookies of cookies and is easy on the butter and the sugar and the eggs.

And boy! Are the cookies easy to take! If you'd like it, I'll get the recipe from my mother and copy it out for you. What say? So I knew there would be a tree with gifts on it for everyone with best Christmas wishes from your mother and your father and your sisters and brothers and your grandpa and grandma and others. When there is a tree there is always Santa Claus with white whiskers and a red coat stretched across a big belly. I told Tolvo Maki good big packback. I told Tolvo Maki these signs and I said "you think there will be a good Christmas in Misswa, don't you?" Tolvo is a big boy in the eighth grade. He grinned and said "Sure, kid, sure" and whined off whistling.

And just the last week of school Mrs. Jonson washed her blue and gold bedspread that she got at the I.O.D.E. penny raffle in Sudbury and put it out on the line. Mrs. Jonson washes that quilt when her daughter Helen is coming home. Helen is married to Nick Baronsky, the section foreman up at Mileage 85, and they are terribly well off. They have two radios, one upstairs and one down in the section house. And they went to Toronto once and stayed two nights at the Royal York. Always Helen looks like she is a lady walking out of a page of Estelle's catalogue and Nick wears nice suits with a red necktie and pants in green and tan shoes. He has a large stomach and speaks English just as good as us. Every year Santa Claus wears shoes like I like Nick's and has his pants in green. So as soon as I saw Mrs. Jonson put out her bedspread I knew Nick and Helen would be along and I was sure that there would be a Santa Claus at the Concert.

For the next few days I hung around the station when the train from the south came in. Macfarlane, the old Indian who does chores for Mrs. Dodd was always there too with his husky in the hand sleigh. I asks "Are you expecting something big, Mac?" "Huh," he says, "Big, for the teacher!" On Wednesday morning I stopped and the baggage man dumped off a great big carton. Mac loaded it on the sleigh but before he started off for the Teacherage I spelled out where it had come from. Sure enough, it was the Christmas treat from the Exile of Erin Chapter sent to Mrs. Nellie Dodd, Teacher S. S. No. 5 Drew, Misswa Post Office.

The Christmas tree and Concert were just tops, so my uncle Harry from Groun Hog River said. We had it in the loft of Emerson's store with planks for seats. The women made a big curtain out of old tents and Mrs. Dodd said it did just as well as the one in the Royal Alex in Toronto. (What is the Royal Alex? I hadn't time to ask her, we were so happy.) The school sang a chorus, "Welcome Merry Christmas."

Then we marched off but big Tony Sebastian, clumsy as kept looking at the audience and fell off the platform. His face was very red, but Mrs. Dodd said it didn't matter. Yvonne and Yvette Dion (they are girl twins) sang a duet "Ring the Christmas Bells," then the big boys and girls had a play "Teaching John His Lesson." Then Willie Creighton who is ten years old said "The Purple Cow." Willie is slow to learn. The teacher worked hard practising him but at the concert he could only remember a little. He said "I never saw a purple cow and I never love to" and then he made his bow and went down. But we all gave him a big clap anyhow.

Next my grandpa played "Turkey in the Straw" on the fiddle and it was time for the Christmas play by the school children. Joe Desjardins was Good King Wenceslas and when he stood up to sing in his nice purple mother Hubbard with gold lace around the big collar and cuffs over black cloth to show it up I looked at his feet. Louis was afraid he'd have to give up this part in the play. His shoes were too worn out to stand up before Helen and Nick Baronsky and my uncle Harry and all those other swell people who travel on railway passes to the concert. He had to tie on both soles with string to keep them from flopping. But Mrs. Dodd said "Don't worry, Louis, I'll see you get new shoes somehow." And sure enough Louis was standing up straight and proud in nice new gum rubbers like a king and singing so well that his mother sniffled a little and had to wipe her eyes with her show handkerchief. "Those gum rubbers came in that I.O.D.E. parcel. I'll bet a nickel," I said to myself. Then the teacher told me so when I asked her, "How come Louis has new gum rubbers?"

I got through my part O.K. I was "Hutcher Page" and wore a tight top part of silver stuff with bloomers of black shiny cloth. Mrs. Dodd said that some ladies down south had had dresses of silver lame and some of black satin she was sure, for the pieces for my "doublet and breeches" had come last fall in the I.O.D.E. box. Then we sang "Jingle Bells" and in came Santa patting the boys' heads and kissing the little girls as he passed up to the platform.

Then he made a speech "Ladies and Gentleman and especially Children. I'm glad to see you all again this year. I'm getting old and find it hard to lug around the old sack so I've arranged with people here and there to do my shopping for me and to send it on ahead F.O.B. The Exile of Erin Chapter of the I.O.D.E. shipped for me in Toronto and then he stopped and spoke to two big boys at the back. "Sam and George, will you just bring up that box so that I can give around the gifts?" "Oh, what's here?" he says as he opens the top. "A letter!" He reads:

Dear Santa: We hope that you will find our shopping for you satisfactory. We are very happy to be of service. You will find something to wear, something to play with and something to eat for every child in Misswa, and also a gift for Mrs. Dodd, Merry Christmas to all. Women of Exile of Erin Chapter I.O.D.E.

And it was a box! Woops! After Santa gave around the gifts from the box he took the presents from the tree. Sam and George helped. Then two men and Mrs. Dodd passed around the candy and the sugar apples and pop corn and ginger cookies and there was a case of Carnation

milk come from the I.O.D.E. and the children had warm water with milk in it and the big people had coffee. (Nick had brought a pound of coffee with him). We were tired and we all said Merry Christmas and good night and went home to bed.

Next morning when I got up late Grandpa was smoking the south window, running my toy automobile on the window sill. I went up to him and says "Isn't that a swell toy and you were wrong about Christmas, grandpa, weren't you?" and he says, "Esure was Christmas did indeed come to Misswa with a bang thanks be to some good hearted people and I mean Mrs. Dodd and the I.O.D.E. ladies."

HOW LONG DOES SOIL RETAIN FERTILIZER?

The question of how long do the effects of fertilizer last in the soil is a perennial topic among Canadian American and British farmers. In this connection, considerable interest has been aroused by an informative comparison appearing in "New Agriculture" at the instance of the research scientists of Missouri University. In Great Britain, it is common agreement between landlord and tenant to consider the effect of fertilizer as lasting for three years. Accordingly if a tenant moves off the farm before three years have elapsed after applying the fertilizer, the landlord reimburses him according to the fertilizer value still left in the soil.

As pointed out by Dr. W. A. Allard of Missouri University, the answer to the question of length of effect depends on the land, the location and other factors, but, from the results and the preference of the cattle on a farm near Golden City, Mo., it had been demonstrated that the beneficial effect on hay from fertilizer can last at least for eight years.

In 1936 a five acre plot at the end of a 100 acre field of prairie grass was treated with fertilizer. At harvest, the hay from the treated area was mixed with hay from 20 acres in making the stack at one end of the field. Three additional stacks had hay from the untreated area. For eight consecutive years, the cattle showed their decided preference for the treated hay. Although the water was located at the other end of the field the cattle went back and forth daily to consume the stack containing the fertilized hay. Last fall, the cattle showed no preference among the various stacks but for eight years they had grazed exclusively in the five acre field that had been fertilized in 1936.

CLEARING AUCTION SALE

HOLSTEIN COWS AND HEIFERS, TRACTOR, FARM IMPLEMENTS, HORSES, FARM IMPLEMENTS, HAY AND GRAIN

The undersigned auctioneers have received instructions from

A. SMITH

To sell at his farm, lot 1, con. 5, Esqueping, 2 1/2 miles from Milton, 3 miles from Hornby on County Road on

TUESDAY, JANUARY 15

Commencing at 10:00 o'clock, the following:

HORSES: 1 General Purpose Mare, 7 years, extra handy pair.

HOLSTEIN COWS AND HEIFERS: 1 Reg. Holstein Cow, fresh, Heifer calf at side, 1 Grade Holstein Cow, due Feb. 6, 1 Reg. Holstein Cow, fresh, 6 weeks with choice bull calf at side, 1 Reg. Holstein Cow, milking, due June 20, 1 Reg. Holstein Heifer, 1 year old, open, 2 Grade Holstein Cows, due Feb. 19, 1 Grade Holstein Cow, due April 12, 1 Grade Holstein Cow, due April 22, 1 Grade Holstein Cow, due April 30, 1 Grade Holstein Cow, due May 7, 1 Grade Holstein Heifer, due May 15, 1 Grade Holstein Heifer, due June 3, 1 Grade Holstein Heifer, due July 21, 5 Grade Holsteins, last spring calves; 1 Grade Ayrshire Heifer, 1 year, open; 2 Hereford and Durham Steers, 1 year old, 1 Reg. Holstein Bull, 2 years old, good stock bull.

HAY, GRAIN, ETC.: 10 ton mixed Hay, Red Clover and Alfalfa; 10 ton mixed Hay, Red Clover and Timothy; 200 bus. Fall Wheat; 50 bus. Barley; 250 bus. Erban Oats; 10 ft. Easling; 250 bus. Carrier Oats.

TRACTOR AND TRACTOR IMPLEMENTS: Tractor on rubber, Cockshutt No. 70, new; Tractor, new, 16 plate, as good as new; Tractor, 3-turrow, Cockshutt Flow, new, 7 ft. Cockshutt Grain Binder with Tractor Hitch, new; 3 section Drag Cultivators, almost new.

HOSE-DRAWN IMPLEMENTS: 1 Mower, Cockshutt, new; 1 Cockshutt Hay Rake, as good as new; 1 Manure Spreader, Cockshutt, new; 1 Single Scuffer, new; Whiffletree; 13-disc Seed Drill with fertilizer attachment; Steel Land Roller, Rubber Tired Wagon with tires like new; Wagon Box; Flat Hay Rack; 1 Walking Plow; Platform Scales, 2000 lbs. capacity; Fence, Strainers, new; Post Hole Digger; Slush Scraper; Steel Wheel Barrow; set Seed Harrows, 3 section; Old Collars, set heavy Breeching; Harness, almost new; Fanning Mill; Extension Ladder; Electric Fencer, new and wire; Forks; Feel; Truck; Hand Power Clippers; several kegs of Nails, all sizes; Hoop; extra long Work Bench; Doubletree; large 2-wheel Trailer with almost new tires; Chicken Fountains; Feeds; Fattening Crates; Brooder Stove, 1000 capacity; Bars, etc.

Anyone in need of implements would do well to attend this sale as these implements, etc., are mostly all new and in extra good shape.

TERMS: CASH

No reserve as the farm is sold and the Proprietor is holding a furniture sale later in the season.

ROY HINDLEY, J. A. ELLIOTT, Auctioneers.

Geo. Currie, Clerk B-26-2



ENEMY WEAPON: A German one-man sub-machine, the first to arrive in Canada, is pictured being carefully loaded on a Canadian Pacific flatcar at Montreal, for shipment to Ottawa after its arrival in the Dutch ship Blommestein. Along with an extensive collection of captured enemy weapons it will be used for research purposes and later will form part of Canada's projected World War II museum. Experience gained through war years in handling cumbersome munitions shipments of high and wide loads to the railroads enables the C.P.R. to transport safely these present trophies of war.

Advertisers Meet the Most People

LOCAL NEWS

Draws Most Readers

Study of Newspapers Reveals

However strong the appeal of world and national news, even during the greatest war in history, the magnetic attraction of local news is still more irresistible, the Bureau of Advertising, American Newspaper Publishers Association holds in a new study, "It's the Local Touch", on the basis of the past five and a half years' findings of The Continuing Study of Newspaper Reading.

"Deep-rooted, constant, and never failing is people's interest in news," the booklet declares. "War affects it only to make it still more intense and to broaden its horizons. Over and over during World War II, the compelling attraction which big war news exerts has been demonstrated.

"But no matter how vital to us are the acts of Hitler and Hirohito, of Churchill and Chiang Kai-shek -- no matter how vividly news from faraway places like Lingayen and Bastogne is etched on our minds -- what happens in our own town, around the corner and down the street, is still of unique and commanding interest to us all."

The Home Town Weekly is pre-eminent in its presentation of LOCAL news. Nowhere else Can the reader get complete coverage of local events

That is why the Home Town Weekly has the highest READER INTEREST

SERVING THOSE IMPORTANT PARTS OF CANADA THAT LIE OUTSIDE THE CITIES

CANADIAN WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS ASSOCIATION