

## White Christmas

This year will be a white Christmas. The last green Christmas in Ontario was in 1954.

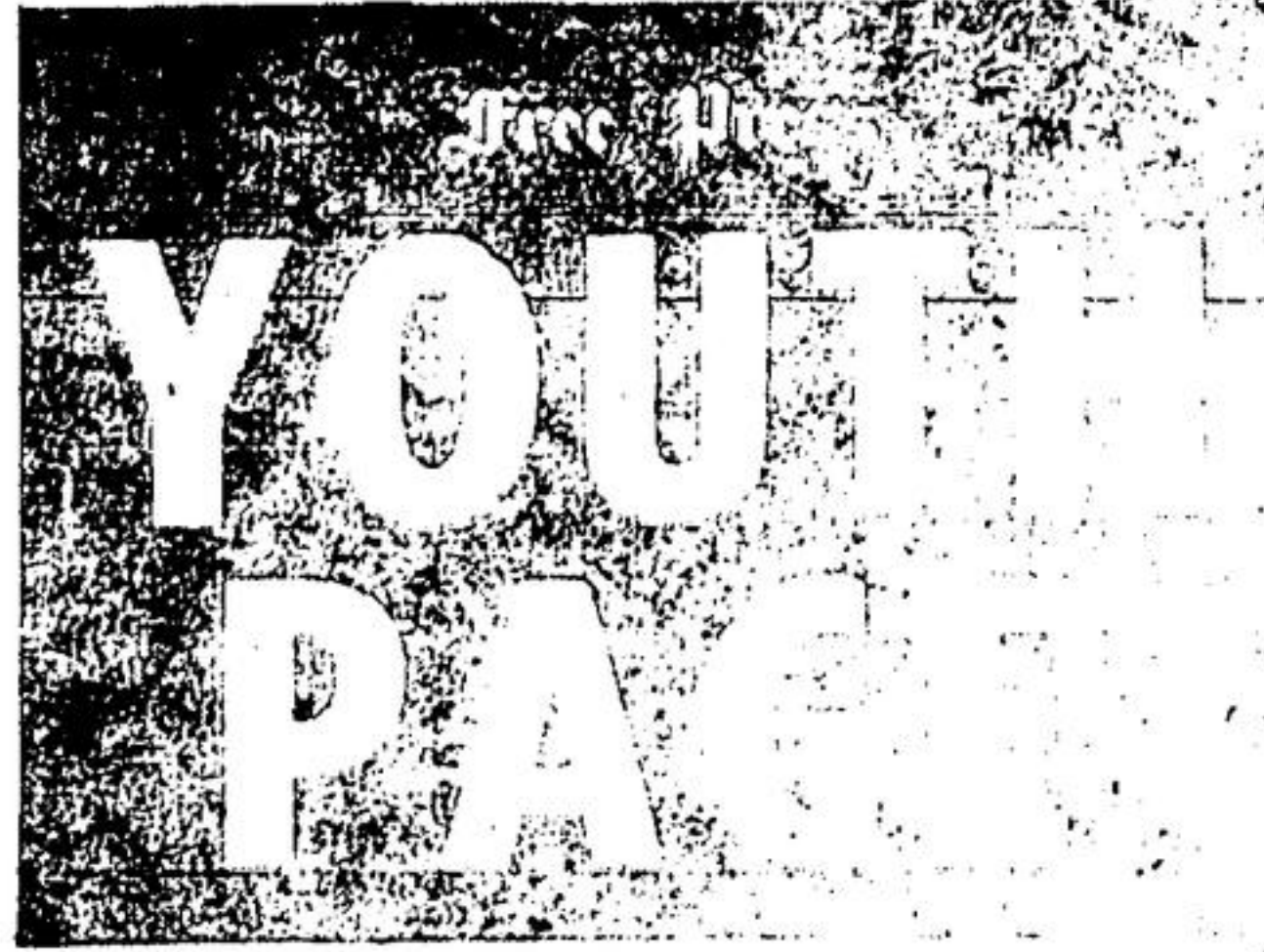
Snow is for snowmen, skiing, making angels, throwing snowballs, and just gazing out from a warm room trying to follow the path of a falling snowflake.

No Christmas is quite Christmas without snow.

Friday night's semi-formal had a good band and poor attendance, too bad. It was the first joint effort of the G.A.A. and student council.



REAL HAY added a realistic touch to 10A's A.D.H.S. room decorating contest. (Staff Photo)



fresh tracks  
by Barbara McIntosh

### THE SAME MERRY CHRISTMAS

Christmas is the same old stuff year after year. It has been dissected, modified, analysed, criticized, revitalized, commercialized, and re-Christianized, but it is still essentially the same—and that's what makes it special.

Homes will be decorated in the same traditional style with evergreen boughs, red ribbons, and in most cases the same strings of lights and tree ornaments as last year. Budgets will take the same beatings and whole families will gather for Christmas feasting. Little girls will get dolls and boy friends will get sweaters.

Children will gaze over letters from Santa in deadly earnest and make plans for expected presents. Everywhere, some will be reaching the age of question and parents will add lib methods for the fat man to get down that chimney.

The church will become the traditional gathering place. Ministers will find lost sheep, save their souls for an evening, and then lose them again until Easter. Students will be welcomed home from college by drippy-eyed parents and marched off for display at the Christmas Eve service.

Christmas week is party time, when everyone likes everyone else. Cute girls will snare their favorites under the mistletoe and even simple-faced boys will get their one kiss of the year.

On New Year's Eve, the swingers will be out on the town and the losers will be watching Lawrence Welk. Someone will wear a lampshade while attempting the jerk, and everyone will exchange kisses when the clock strikes midnight.

And then it will all be over. People will resume sleeping in through Church, donations to the poor will dwindle, Grammy will go back to the nursing home, and the holiday spirit will dry up with the Christmas tree.

It's that sameness that makes Christmas, and the knowledge that last year will repeat itself this year and next. But it only happens at Christmas.

Free Press

Local News Items

DEADLINE FOR cashing in vouchers won in the Santa Rama draws is the end of the month. Get shopping, you lucky winners!

CHURCHES WITH Advent Weaths had the final candle lit last Sunday.

### Ballinacod 4-H girls enjoy party

On Saturday evening Dec. 14 Ballinacod 4-H Homemaking girls held their eighth meeting in the form of a Christmas party. Each member invited a friend to come with her. Games of Bingo and charades were played in which prizes were given. Dancing was also enjoyed.

During the evening the girls presented their two leaders, Mrs. Leo Jamieson and Mrs. Buchanan with Evening in Paris gift sets. Irene Keir one of the senior girls was presented with a polished aluminum tray. Irene has taken 12 clubs and won County honors. The Ballinacod W. I. donated the gift and Mrs. Jesse McEnery made the presentation.

ANOTHER REASON MOST PEOPLE LISTEN TO...

CFRB 1010

RAY SONIN



## Christmas

BY ANDREA BROOSTAD

C is for Christ who was born this day  
H is for holly, so bright and gay,  
R is for reverence which we should hold  
I is for icicles so clear, so cold,  
S is for the star that shone that night,  
T is for trees decorated bright,  
M is for mistletoe hung beneath the door,  
A is for articles spread cross the floor,  
S is for Santa whose sleigh bells are ringing  
Spelling out Christmas and the good cheer it's bringing.

## A Christmas threnody

By Stephanie Merrin

Once upon a time I knew a child.  
Her eyes used to glow at the thought of a Christmas tree, lights, a wreath, and gifts. She'd giggle gleefully when a certain elf was mentioned, and for years her stocking was meticulously hung at the foot of her bed. A glass of ginger ale and a mince pie were set out for the rotund gnome every Christmas Eve. And shivers of apprehensive delight ran down her spine when she speculated silently on what Santa would bring.

Despite her preoccupation with candy canes and baubles, Christmas as a heartfelt experience. It was bells pealing through a starlit night, lazy snowflakes spiralling onto upturned, rosy faces, and a companionably silent walk to midnight service. Her Noel—the drowsy fragrance of spruce in a warm church; the gentle voice of a joyous man, drifting in the vague cavities of a sleepy child's mind. She was rocked to slumber by the deep sure sound of beloved carols. Christmas was stumbling to a creche and waking to kneel in adoration of the Child. It was a convulsive movement of the soul, and a deep ecstasy of pain. Joy, love and a thousand fears were manifested in her silent tears attributed to over-excitement. Then she was aware of crisp air drying her face, crunching snow, and a tingle of happy anticipation before falling asleep on Daddy's shoulder.

Such was her Christmas the child I knew. The opening of presents, the turkey dinner were anticlimactic, culminating in a depressing letdown irrelevant to gifts received or given.

That child is no longer little—she is growing up and I find I knew her better in the past. Her Christmases have changed now. The magic of the tree is fading, and in the harsh light of a winter day it appears cluttered. She liked it better unadorned. The myth of Saint Nick is lost in the multitude of Santas on street corners.

Christmas Eve is not frostily beautiful now she is too big to snuggle on Daddy's shoulder. It is simply cold. The face of the man in the pulpit is sadder, older, and his voice rings loud as it drowns his own doubts. The choir, too, tumbles for words to timeless carols, and the sound quavers.

A thrill of remembered joy sparks as she ponders the creche, but tinsel emotions are poor conductors. The flame flickers and dies—she reaches blindly for tangible evidence of love, and her gaze falls on the visage of the Christ Child.

## Artists compete in 16 classrooms

The Acton Free Press, Monday, December 23, 1968 5

Sixteen classes at A.D.H.S. got the Christmas spirit last week, mustering all available artistic skills for the second annual room decorating contest.

Efforts ranged from a sick-looking, undecorated spruce in the corner, to elaborately trimmed rooms with candle light and atmospheric music.

The winner was 12A and their total class project. There were streamers across the ceiling, decorations on the walls and lighted tree in the centre. Candles glowed and students chanted Christmas carols to further impress the judges. As an added touch of originality, the door was covered in red paper complete with a giant silver lock and key.

Linda Lawson composed the following poem for the occasion!

Many who have gone through my doorway have failed,  
Many have built up their dreams and have sailed,  
Many have hurried by me, so they wouldn't be late,  
Many have despised me and what I stood for,  
No one cared for me; I'm only a door.

I saw many in their moments of unwonted despair,  
Sometimes their disappointments I wished I could share,  
Many have passed by me with a smile on their face,  
But sometimes it vanished and a frown took its place,  
I wanted to help them, but what could I do?  
I'm only a door that you open, to walk through.

Many students have constantly quarrelled behind my back,  
Some about teachers, or about spies that they lack,  
Many have wished they could lock teachers out,  
But in the end I'm a useless old door  
Without a key I'm nothing more.

I have heard people exclaim that no school spirit is here,  
But many have proven them wrong that is clear,  
For once they have decorated and given me a key,  
My brothers have also been adorned in holiday dress,  
Suddenly it is a time of joy, it's Christmas.

They had let their imaginations stray  
To childhood dreams they had tucked away,  
Many were worried what to put here,  
While others were worried what to put there,  
As they were trimming the room I seemed to smile  
to myself.

Were these the impetuous children I'd known?  
Suddenly at Christmas I had noticed they'd grown.

I have changed too, I'm no longer just a door,  
I'm here to give a message, Yes—that's what I'm for,  
And those who wish to turn my key  
May see the spirit of students at Christmas,  
through me.

Second place winner 10A, came up with the most original idea. Their room was transformed into a stable complete with real hay, a manger scene, and cardboard cows. The creche was spotlighted, and the curtains drawn for added effect.

Honorable mention went to 11A and 12B. Marks were close among the others with 11D, 11C and 9B scoring high.

The event was sponsored for the second year in a row by the Girls' Athletic Association. Judges were Mrs. Dorothy Anderson, Esther Taylor, and Barbara McIntosh. They received a box of goodies for their comments.

The 12A class will get the wooden plaque made by the shop boys last year.

## Year-End Savings on Our Goodwill Used Cars and Company Demonstrators

Take advantage of our high inventory today and save hundreds of dollars before Dec. 31.

MILTON MOTOR SALES LTD.  
THE HOME OF GUARDIAN MAINTENANCE SERVICE  
388 Main St., Milton, 878-2355

## Sincere Thanks

TO

## BEARDMORE & CO. Limited

For Sponsoring the Annual Children's Christmas Party and Employees' Vouchers.

Employees and their families were well provided for throughout the afternoon Saturday.

Your individual attention and kindness, as well as your thoughtfulness to Beardmore employees and families are deeply appreciated.

♡♡♡♡♡

MAY WE TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY OF WISHING THE COMPANY AND OFFICIALS "A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR"

EXECUTIVE AND MEMBERS OF U.P.F.A.W., LOCAL 479



A SPOTLIGHTED MANGER scene on the back wall of 12A helped to impress judges into awarding them top prize. The same class won the plaque last year for their efforts as 11A.

MILTON 878-3272 Show Times Sun. thru Thurs 8 p.m. Fri. & Sat. 7 & 9 p.m. Sat. Matinee at 2 p.m.

MON.-TUES. DEC. 23-24

"DON'T RAISE THE BRIDGE, LOWER THE RIVER" — Color  
JERRY LEWIS

"MAGIC MOLICUES"  
"FALLIBLE FABLES" — Cartoon

WED.-THURS.-FRI.-SAT. DEC. 25-26-27-28

"BLACKBEARD'S GHOST" — Color  
(by Walt Disney) PETER USTINOV — SUZANNE PLESSETTE

"SCROOGE McDUCK"

There will be two showings of "Blackbeard's Ghost" Christmas Day, Dec. 25: at 7 p.m. and 9 p.m.

SUN.-MON.-TUES.-WED. DEC. 29-30-31 - JAN. 1

"SHAKIEST GUN IN THE WEST"  
DON KNOTTS — (COLOR)

"TURKEY A GO-GO"

"HAVE GUN CANT TRAVEL" (Cartoon)