

A Feature Page



News Parade

By O. McO.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

Another Christmas has rolled around and hence the time for wishing our readers the Season's Greetings, with the hope that 1943 may bring a victorious and lasting peace to a troubled world.

It is rather useless wishing our friends in the services overseas, Christmas Greetings, as by the time they read this column Christmas will be a long way off. But we can thank the boys for their Christmas mail, and continue our overseas letter, written some weeks ago, and give them some idea of how we back home are spending our fourth war-time Christmas.

Well, boys, it will certainly be a white Christmas as there is plenty of snow, and looks like the real old-fashioned type, we used to like when we were kids. And cold . . . just 28 below on Sunday . . . but it is moderating, so that by Christmas the usual winter sports may be enjoyed. The cold didn't interfere with Santa on Saturday though, he arrived this year as usual under the auspices of the Lions Club, and in a sleigh behind Ken McMillan's ponies. Luckily he could find a sleigh after so many green Christmases . . . However, Tim Stacey wasn't around this year, for like yourselves, he was on duty this year . . . so genial Frank Petch took Santa's role.

We hear the Hogback at the golf links is in excellent shape for skiing, but there are few skiers left . . . Even the fair sex are beginning to thin out as the girls are taking to army life . . . There is no skating at the arena as yet, not that it isn't cold enough, but there won't be any hockey, so there will still be lots of time for skating. Winter sports are showing the lack of your services.

Hope you were able to get all the good things you wanted to eat for the one big day of the year . . . Some back home may go short on Christmas candy this year . . . There was a time when merchants would press you to take more, but now they try to sell you less to make the sweets go around . . . And butter, just this week it became a product of the rationing board. So we, too, will have to stop buttering our bread on both sides. And "Christmas Cheer"—you wouldn't think that article would be scarce, but we are told stocks are dwindling and there may be rationing here yet. Hope you got your parcel well in advance of Christmas and enjoyed all the good things . . . The ladies took great pains to see that your parcels held nothing but the best . . . and a treat for everyone.

Say, it is nearly midnight . . . I better continue some other time, or Christmas will be here before we know it . . . So to Bruce, Les, Jack, Walter, everyone of you overseas . . . yes, and in Canada too . . . Greeting, and the best of luck and a safe return in '43.

ANOTHER NOMINATION

Seems we just completed recording a hectic nomination meeting and an even more exciting election here in town, but now we look to the township for some further news for these columns. Next Monday is nomination day in Esquimes, and we believe to the farmer, it is one of the days when he takes time off from his many duties about the farm to come in and hear what the representative municipal body has to say regarding local conditions. We haven't heard many comments on the work achieved by last year's township Council, and so we take it that the citizens were well satisfied. But, then again, this is not a fast rule that no news is good news, for anything can happen at nomination meeting. This was clearly evinced at the recent town nominations, and which will see four new faces on the 1943 council. It might show keen interest on the part of township ratepayers if a run was necessary, but this doubtful, due to the election last year.

We haven't actually attended a township nomination meeting, but have heard a good deal about the "goings on," and the cold feet one gets sitting around the big hall at Stewarttown, so we think we might drop around this year, so that others may share in the views of the council and prospective candidates, if any, through these columns next week.

Poetry

THAT CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

When I was a kid of two or three, my heart was wrung up in the Christmas tree. But the years rolled on and like all things then, I found that the tree was the tree of then. Old Santa Claus seemed to have feet of clay—no need I remember that awful day. When the kids at school let the secret out and put all my fables to better rest.

Then came the years when at Christmas time, I spent and spent to the very last dime. On people who did just the same as me—trying to find that last Christmas tree. Teaching back into childhood ways for the world that came in the Yuletide ways. But never finding that grasping hold of the lost illusions of faith grown cold.

The years rolled on and a baby came, and I found that our home was not the same. As the years I'd searched for Santa Claus, for now I found him back in our home. The same old exciting Christmas Eve, the same old game of make-believe. For a few short years till the finds out too, that Santa Claus is me or you.

I know it's wrong to live a lie and trade on the trust of a little child. But some things in life must shade the truth—some little white lies are meant for youth. And perhaps for us who have searched the way for one more glimpse of childhood's pure. The book of life in which Job writes will keep those records of Christmas nights.

BRINGING IN THE TREE

Father gets the turkey.
Mother makes the pie—
Each one has a Christmas job
To do, and so have I.
Sister strings the popcorn
To decorate—but, gee,
I have got the biggest job—
Bringing in the tree.

Turkey is important.
Pie and such are great.
Popcorn strings you have to have
When you decorate.
But I guess a Christmas
Christmas wouldn't be
If you didn't have a boy
Bringing in the tree!



SEASON'S GREETINGS

Again we welcome the opportunity of extending to our many customers our sincere thanks for the loyal support, friendly co-operation, and the many courtesies extended to us during the year 1942.

Each passing year has its quota of new friendships made and old ones more firmly cemented; this contributes appreciably to the pleasure of doing business, as we like to feel that goodwill is not merely a Christmas thought, but something that is part of our every transaction during the year.

May your Christmas Season be joyful and the year 1943 blessed with a victorious peace and prosperity.

"As We See It"

By J. A. Strong

IF EVER there was a Christmas season when the gifts that we were passing out should be useful gifts, this surely would be that season. With the war still in the future, or at least the worst part of it still to come and with so many ways in which we could give our money to successful uses such as war charities and the like, it did seem that this year we really should cut down on those Christmas gifts and the ones that we did buy should have been something but the Christmas variety. But we didn't have a choice. With the thought of purchasing useful gifts over a thought of course naturally turn to something for the home and we would have had to have gotten a sack of granulated sugar for instance, but of course we had to cross that off as being out of the question. The next idea was to get five or ten pounds of butter for a sensible Christmas gift but again we were out of luck. Where could one purchase that much butter this last month? Purchasing of those two items as of being unobtainable we decided to compromise on a ten pound tin of corn syrup. But again we were out of luck. It just went to be had. Here we were all set to give useful gifts this year and we didn't have a chance. The next best thing that we could think of was war saving certificates, and although the receiver of such a gift was unable to either wear them or eat them or even use them yet there would be the satisfaction of knowing that those same certificates come in useful later on to enable the owner to purchase some of those necessities that we had intended handing out this season and who knows but that they might be really appreciated at that time.

THE WORD rhubarb used at this time of the year is just like a breath of spring. Perhaps you may not associate the word with the present war and yet the plant originated on the banks of the Volga River in Russia. Perhaps that is the reason that rhubarb is such a hardy plant, and one that can be grown so successfully here in our own Dominion.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME" is a quotation that most of us have used at one time or another. It seems that there are a couple of 1942 babies that to date have not been given a satisfactory name. We refer to the new highway to Alaska and also to the new dam and I see on the Grand River in the Township of West Gwillimbury. The Alaska Highway has been called the "Al-can" highway. However, that doesn't seem to be a suitable name, sounding as it does too much like the "Old-Can" or perhaps the "Oil-Can" highway. Anyway the importance of this recent highway calls for a more suitable name and we wonder if the name "The Robert Service Highway" wouldn't be suitable. Service did much to advertise that part of the world in his Song-Dough Rhymes in a way that sticks and deserves the honor of having this modern highway named after him, we would think.

The dam and lake are much nearer home and no doubt a good many Herald readers have visited the dam from time to time, and would be interested in its name whatever that name may be. Along with a good many others we would think that the dam should be called "The Pergus Dam." The name would serve the double purpose of naming the dam and giving its location as well. We would call the lake "Lake Pergus." The word serves being used because of its being the name of a flag station that at one time was located along the north west shore of the present lake site near the center of its length. Lake Pergus would be an outstanding name, somewhat similar to Lake Louise which everybody knows is located in the Rocky Mountains not far from the town of Banff. If the new lake ever becomes as famous as Lake Louise it will have gone some distance. On the other hand it might become quite a famous resort. It will likely depend upon the use that may be made of it in the future by those responsible for its upkeep and development. The future of the new lake might be compared to the opportunity that exists of making this a better world to live in after the war.

NO DOUBT there are a good many homes that the Herald visits each week that have had members overseas for several Christmas seasons now and there are others that have mem-

bers over there this year for their first Christmas away from home. It would be nice if we could have our boys home for the holiday again this year, but there is an important job to be done before they will be home again. Those of us back home can best do our bit by keeping a stiff upper lip right now and also in the days that lie ahead. Perhaps we can help some others that may not be so fortunate as ourselves this Christmas season and we can keep on writing to the boys overseas. In that way we could help to make the days that follow the holiday season brighter also.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to the Editor and Staff of the Herald and to its readers everywhere. We sincerely hope that before another Christmas time rolls around that all our family circles will be complete once more and that Peace and Goodwill will have become a reality.

SERVICES OF Pilgrim Holiness Chapel

We are leasing the building formerly Kemhead's Bakery. Until necessary alterations are made, services will be held in the apartment upstairs. NEXT SUNDAY 7:30 p.m. H. W. HOBBS, Pastor. EVERYONE WELCOME

WAR-TIME TRAVEL TIP NO. 5



PLEASE! Don't wait to be asked

War traffic makes heavy demands on railway accommodations... now more than ever, it is necessary to consider the convenience of others.

CANADIAN NATIONAL

"YES, we're doing without our Long Distance calls to Mary and Dan this Christmas"



THE exchange of Christmas greetings by Long Distance telephone had become a peace time tradition in many a Canadian home. But such calls are a luxury in war time—and luxuries have no place in a war economy. War needs the wires you'd like to use for Christmas messages. War business, and the boys in camps who will be calling home from all parts of Canada, will be delayed unless you avoid your usual Christmas telephoning. If you really must send your greetings by Long Distance, won't you please do so a few days before or a few days after Christmas—not on Christmas day. This will be part of your contribution to Canada's war effort.



BROWN'S BAKERY