

THE Season's HEARTIEST Wishes

We're coming your way with best wishes for a happy holiday and many thanks for your patronage.

Georgetown Tire and Battery
64 Main St. N. — TR. 7-3290

Sugar and Spice
Dispensed by BILL SMILEY of the Warton Echo

One of the times when I begin to doubt seriously the sanity of my fellowman is during the week or so before Christmas. Let's take a look at some of them and you'll see what I mean.

Look through that store window. There's a young married woman, holding a child on her hip with one arm, her hat awry, her hair coming down, perspiring freely, and holding up with the other arm a pr. of pink and charcoal pyjamas, for her husband's Uncle George, whom she has never seen. Yep, she's taking them. Size 42. Uncle George takes a 36 and has never slept in anything but his long underwear.

Let's wander into the hardware. Sure enough. There's a man buying a gift for his wife, something she'll really appreciate. Is it a dryer, so she won't have to go out in the snow to her knees to hang the clothes? No. Is it one of those steam irons that makes ironing so easy? No. Is it one of those electric fry-pans to replace that rusty crusty old one she wanted to throw out years ago? No, it's something much more personal and thoughtful than that. It's a set of paint brushes. She mentioned about eight months ago, and about eight times since, that she'd certainly like that back room painted.

Here's an interesting conversation. Young merchant just leaving for work. Wife saying: "Have you got it all straight now. Just a small tree this year, about 6 feet. It was too big last year and messed the drapes. And be sure to order the turkey. Around 14 pounds. And three strings of coloured lights." Nodding vaguely as he wonders if

that merchandise he ordered will arrive in time for the Christmas trade, he rushes out.

That night, after a hard day, he arrives home with — you guessed it — three six pound turkeys, one 14-foot Christmas tree, and no coloured lights.

Come into our house. The three piano players in the family are getting up a trio for the Christmas concert. Old Lady on the right, young Hugh on the left, and in the middle, not much higher than the keyboard, little Kim. Peace on Earth is the carol they're practicing.

The first verse goes like this — "I wanta be the one to say 'go.' No I wanta. Be quiet, both of you. I'll say it. 'Go.' Aw, Kim, you have to spoil it every time. It isn't me, it's Mummy. Hugh, leave her alone. Now, start over. 'Go.' Well, what's the matter, Hugh? Why didn't you start? Stop wiggling, Kim. Well, he's puching me. I am not, she's taking up too much room. Will you kids shut up!" And so it goes. Peace on earth, the two kids giving each other crafty elbow smashes in the ribs at every opportunity.

Let's look in on another happy old pre-Christmas custom, setting up the Christmas tree. Man drags in large tree, dripping snow, needles and mud on rug. "Where did you get that spindly thing?" asks wife. Why does everybody else have a beautiful tree and we always wind up with a bag of bones?

"It's not so bad if you turn the blank side to the wall," wheedles husband, and "it'll look all right if you put lots of decorations on it," waving vaguely at tree. Tree looks as though (a) the International Affiliation of Spruce-bud Worms had been using it for their annual banquet, or (b) it had been used in the palisades at the Battle of the Long Sault.

But here's a charming scene, in this warmly-lighted bungalow, the young daddy, a child on each knee, reading them the delightful A Christmas Carol by Charles Dickens. And the sweet, piping innocence of their childish comments: "But Daddy, if Scrooge was so mean, why didn't Bob Cratchit take a gun and shoot him? I bet the Lone Ranger would."

Say what you like, though, it's pretty hard to be cynical about Christmas. After the children are bedded down on Christmas Eve, you sit there watching your wife fussing and cussing as she tries to wrap a snow shovel in gift paper, and a warm glow creeps through you. It's not the glow from those two hokers you had, either. It's more like the glow Hannibal had when he'd hauled the last elephant over the last Alp.

And you know it's all been worth it, when you come down Christmas morning, and the kids are sitting there, eyes shining, cheeks bulging

FARM NEWS

Pasture Returns High
J. E. W.

During the past month many Halton dairymen have told us that their cows are not producing the way they should. In line with this the dairies in Toronto nearly all report a shortage of milk.

While our Halton mows and granaries, in most cases, were well filled, the bulk of our feed this year certainly appears to lack milk producing ability. True, a lot of our oats, with the exception of the Garry and Rodney varieties, were badly rusted and light. That is one factor in the low milk production problem—the second and we think the more important factor, is the poor quality of our hay.

Again, the low quality of our hay is largely the result of weather conditions. In late May and early June, growing conditions were poor and our meadows were very short. In fact it was mid June before our meadows actually started to make growth — consequently it was late June before a large percentage of our farm operators got haying operations under way, and this coupled with catchy weather, saw many folk still at the hay end of July — a month after the crop should have been in the barn—the result, a lot of badly weathered, poor quality hay. And we know of no better way to determine quality in hay, than by the way the old dairy cow responds. When one has to feed a lot of molasses with the hay in order to get the beasts to clean it up, you can be positive the quality isn't there and when they do, it doesn't produce milk.

This all goes to remind us of the truth of that statement — "Our hay and pasture crops are our most valuable crops." That brings us to the "Pasture Story" of the year.

Grosses Over \$215

On July 3rd, some of our farm operators will recall the twilight tour sponsored by the Halton Soil & Crop Improvement Association. On that tour we paid a brief visit to a five acre long term pasture on the Ken Ella farm at Hornby. Ken laid the pasture down in 1955 on a five acre field near the barn. It is a field which contains both high and low land, so Mr. Ella selected two different seed mixtures—one for the three acres of high land, and the second for the low end of the field which normally floods in the spring.

With a spring creek running along the front of the field and close to the barn, and on top of this, being the sort of field one does not like to plow more frequently than is absolutely necessary, it makes an ideal field for a long term pasture. Ken seeded it down with a bushel of oats to the acre. The oats and the commercial fertilizer (600 lbs. of 4-24-12 to the acre) were sown first — then the seed mixture was broadcast at 22 lbs. to the acre; and finally the field was packed.

The oats were pastured off and despite the dry season of 1955, the Ella herd also got some more pasture off the field the same fall. The wet spring of 1956 prevented the cattle being turned in until June 10th. The pasture was so far ahead of the Ella herd of 17 Jersey cows that it was thought advisable to fence off 2 acres of it with an electric fence. This was cut for hay, and yielded 282 bales averaging 45 lbs. to the bale. Valuing the hay at \$15.00 to the ton, and the Jersey milk at \$4.60 per cwt. (which was the average price Mr. Ella received for his milk at the farm in 1956) the field grossed \$215.00 per acre this past season. That Ken appreciates the value of good pasture is borne out by the fact that he topped dressed his pasture with barnyard manure in the fall of 1956, and in October last the field received another 200 lbs. to the acre of 0-20-10.

This story should not be interpreted however, as suggesting that everyone should lay down a long term pasture. There are farms which have fields which lend themselves to the idea — in other cases the general farm layout may lend itself better to hay-pasture mixtures which can be included in the regular rotation. However, it all adds up to proving that "Hay and pasture crops are our most valuable crops!"

—Now is the time to replenish your printing stock of envelopes, letterheads, etc for the new year.

GREETINGS for the New Year

May the New Year bestow upon you an abundance of all the best things that life has to offer, . . . good health, much happiness, and many good friends.

ROBERTSON ELECTRIC
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THE Season's Good Wishes

May all the good cheer and joys of this happy holiday season stay with you and your dear ones throughout the coming year.

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Happy New Year

May the music and merriment of New Year's Eve carry over into a New Year full of happy days and the good things of life for you and your family.

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MAIN STREET N.

Happy New Year

May your New Year dance with gala occasions and sparkle with happiness.

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HAPPY NEW YEAR

Here's to 1957 May it bring you everything you're wishing for.

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The Happiest New Year Ever

A wish for the New Year from us to you.
May you meet with success in all you do.
And may happiness shine on you and yours.

JOHN LENZ
ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR
TRiangle 7-3414

Happy New Year

May your New Year be filled with laughter that is joy, the mellowness of friendship and the satisfaction of accomplishment rewarded.

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And may happiness shine on you and yours.

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ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR
TRiangle 7-3414

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