

## Presents for Residents Santa Claus Visits Manor

By Muriel Thompson

Twenty ladies attended the regular meeting of the Halton Manor Hobby Class held on Wednesday, Dec. 2nd. Mrs. Lockie and Mrs. Allen presided. The meeting began on a personal note when Mrs. Lockie read a poem from the book of poems called Poems a Mother Sings, by Mary Ellen Varley, who is a daughter of Mr. William Varley, a Manor resident. A very pretty afghan was displayed to the class before being delivered to the lady who had bought it. Several ladies who worked on it were praised for accomplishing this very attractive project. After the business portion of the meeting had ended, the members enjoyed a number of Christmas carols sung in the record Sing Along with Milt Miller. This musical portion was followed by the serving of a cold drink and sandwiches donated by Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Lockie. The meeting closed with a Christmas reading by Mrs. Allen and the Mizpah benediction.

Santa Claus paid his annual visit to the residents of the Manor at supper-time on Sat. Dec. 5th, after the Santa Claus parade in downtown Milton. Looking like a genuine story-book Santa, the merry old Saint greeted each resident personally and presented a very attractive tin of biscuits to each one. Since this was quite an undertaking for even such a tireless worker as Santa Claus, he was assisted by several stalwart helpers. They were Fire-Chief A. E. Clement, Assistant Fire-Chief George Bundy, who is also the president of the Santa Claus committee, and Charles Gerwaiss, president of the Milton branch of the Canadian Legion. To Santa Claus and all his helpers in the Legion's and Firemen's organizations, the residents owe a debt of gratitude for such a cheery visit and such an attractive gift.

It was with regret that the residents heard on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 6th, that the church service that afternoon would be the last service to be conducted by Rev. K. L. Campbell as pastor of Emmanuel Baptist Church due to his leaving Milton for another field of endeavour. Mr. Campbell had brought a group of young people to help with the singing and Mr. G. Morton as their pianist. A number of carols were sung by the visitors and residents in unison and two carols by the young people themselves. For his farewell sermon at the Manor, Mr. Campbell based his thoughts on verses 6-7 of Chapter 9 of Isaiah. These verses begin with the words, "For unto us a child is born" and are words of prophecy spoken seven hundred years before the birth of Christ by the prophet Isaiah. Stating that many people living in this strife-torn world wonder why Christ was called the Prince of Peace, Mr. Campbell said that Christ cannot bring peace to our hearts until we open our hearts to Him as the Prince of Righteousness. After the church service on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 6th, the residents were entertained by a very appealing program played and sung for them by about thirty Girl Guides belonging to the 5th Company of Guides of Oakville. The Guides were under the leadership of their commissioner, Mrs. McCallum, their captain Mrs. E. Heath and their lieutenant, Miss Marilyn Turner. The guides looked very smart in their blue uniforms. Brenda Vince proved to be a very fine mistress-of-ceremonies and announced all the numbers of a varied program. Several numbers were sung by the Guides as a group while other selections were sung by the lily of the valley, trillium and forget-me-not patrols. Elna Macdonald, dressed in a costume like those of nearly two hundred years ago, danced an old-fashioned ballet dance. Elizabeth Janeway performed in three dances, an Irish Jig, a Sailor's Hornpipe and a Highland Fling. Piano solos were played by Sue Ann Jarrett and Patricia Hines, accordion solos by Bonnie McCallum and a vocal duet by Carol Ann Tupper and Bonnie McCallum. This enjoyable program was brought to a close with the Guide Prayer and the singing of Teas.

## Chatting

M. H. E.

### DO YOU REMEMBER?

We were chatting about our trip to Boston when our last column ended. I believe we had reached Burlington, Vermont. It was about seven-thirty at night, so we stopped at a motel on the outskirts of the small city, called "The Cupola". Very aptly named it was too. Formerly an old farm, the driving sheds, barns, etc., had been converted into wonderfully comfortable motel units. All the buildings featured cupolas on their roofs—a style of architecture frequently used in the old days in Vermont. Painted a deep maroon, the quaintness of the buildings was accented with white trim, giving them a most attractive appearance. The old brick farm-house had been made into a restaurant. We had dinner there that evening and also breakfast next morning.

The big feature of the breakfast menu was, of course, pancakes and Vermont maple syrup. Normally I couldn't face anything sweet first thing in the morning, but I thought it was a good opportunity to try their famous maple syrup. I had a notion of buying some to take home, because we hadn't been able to buy any Ontario maple syrup this year. However, I was quite disappointed: Their syrup couldn't be compared to ours. It tasted like sugar and water, with synthetic maple flavouring added. From that breakfast on, all their advertising along the roadides extolling the wonderful flavour of Vermont maple syrup, tempted me not. Had we been able to find a farmer who made his own, no doubt it would have been just as good as our Ontario product. But that was practically impossible for strangers to do.

AS I WRITE this, looking out now and then at the bare black branches of the trees, it's hard to realize that a few weeks ago they were full of the splendour of their autumn foliage. All that late October day, driving from Burlington, Vermont, to Boston, the scenery was so beautiful it almost defies description. Only an artist could capture it on a camera. Next best thing was coloured "stills": and I had my trusty little Pony 135 along for occasions such as this.

Trouble was that the most breathtaking vistas always opened up while manoeuvring a sharp curve on a high hill. It was not too fast for the eye to catch the panorama of mountains completely tapestried in scarlet, bronze, bold and green, rolling endlessly ahead and on all sides. But by the time I had grabbed for the camera and got it focussed, the peak of a magic moment had passed. And drivers who aren't picture-taking enthusiasts, just don't go backing up mountain roads so that you can get that "perfect shot". This happened time and again. Finally I became so frustrated from missing so many gorgeous pictures, I decided to put the camera away and just store away the beauty in my mind's eye. It was unforgettable. A veritable paradise for colour picture fans. But to get your "shots," plan to take your time and drive very slowly.

**IN SPITE OF** having driven thru mountains all day, we made very good time. The roads were excellent. We arrived at the outskirts of Boston at dusk. Having been warned that it is one of the most difficult cities on the continent in which to drive, we stopped for a bite to eat (I had ordered which is baby cod), and phoned ahead for hotel accommodation. That proved to be a wise move. There were several conventions in the city and the hotels were filled. So we drove back five or six miles to Lexington, and stayed at the "Battle Green" motel.

**WE WERE TOO** tired to look around much that evening, but the next morning, learned that the area was rich in historical significance to the Americans. Lexington is a residential suburb of Boston, comparable to Oakville. The houses are all white frame, and for the most part, trimmed with black. Ruffled white curtains are at every window. They are typically "New England" style.

After a little tour around the local landmarks, we really got down to brass tacks and studied the Motor League maps of the city of Boston, so that we wouldn't get too snarled up in the maze of streets running into their downtown area. It gave us a headache, but was worth it, because with the aid of a little bit of luck, we drove right into the heart of Boston without any trouble—asked a friendly policeman for a good downtown parking place—and there we were, set to see a few of the sights.

**SEEMED TO ME,** walking along the street where most of the big stores are located, that there were a great many shoe stores, and stores featuring men's clothing— as compared with Toronto, for instance. The city is old, and many of the buildings have a weatherbeaten look. The main business section is just a couple of streets up from the sea, and the day we went walking, the salt breezes were mighty cold and penetrating.

We headed down to the old market place, to a restaurant that had been recommended to us, called "Durgin Park." Situated right in the middle of the wholesale meats section.

It's hard to even reach the bottom of the rickety old stairs leading up to the place, for the big meat trucks backed up to the unloading ramps.

**"DURGINS"** HAS been famous in Boston for over a century. It specializes in New England fare, served in generous portions, in very unpretentious surroundings. Nothing has been changed over the years. The unadorned light bulbs still glare down on the worn old floorboards, plain hardbacked chairs and long family-style tables. You hang your coats on pegs on the wall. And are they busy! There was a big line-up for lunch and when we left at 1:30, people were still waiting. All the food is prepared in view—the chefs with their big white hats officiating, and the waitresses running around like mad. What a wonderful business to have built up out of the idea of "plain and old." Certainly there isn't anything spent on upkeep. Even the walls haven't been painted in over a hundred years. And the people flock there. For the same reverse reason, probably, that people from the loveliest homes quite often like to have a rustic, small retreat, and the more rustic it is, the better they like it. Contrasts make life interesting and certainly that was the word for "Durgin Park."

### VANDALS WRECK TREE LIGHTING

The meanest thief has become even meaner over the past year.

Lois Scott of 29 Gower Cr. notified police last week of such senseless mischief at his home on Dec. 9th when vandals operated on a small tree on his lawn decorated with outdoor lights.

Police found the wires severed with wire cutters and the coloured bulbs smashed.

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## Million Dollar Year for United Ontario Co-ops

A record million dollar year in net earnings for United Co-operatives of Ontario for 1959 was announced at UCO's annual meeting. The total \$1,063,379 before taxes came from a \$64,598,289 sales volume, which Hugh Bailey, General Manager, reported as being 12 per cent higher than last year.

This fast-growing co-operative wholesale and associated local co-operatives have the largest single distributing program combining feed, fertilizer, petroleum and farm supplies in Ontario. In addition, they have extensive livestock and grain marketing operations in this province. And the net earnings reported by UCO means over \$900,000 of the earnings goes back to locals as patronage dividends. The locals in turn will be able to pass on these savings to their farmer-members and other patrons. The \$922,604 will be paid out as approximately \$890,000 in common shares and \$32,600 in cash dividends. Largest single patronage dividend is nearly \$40,000, to be paid to Thessalon Co-op.

President Alden McLean, Mulrirk, presented the director's report to about 500 delegates from farm supply and other co-operatives. He told of rapid expansion of UCO in the past year in many areas. A new

Marketing Development Division was established as a service to groups of producers who wished help with their marketing problems; an Urban Department was added to the Local Division and is now providing a fuel oil service to consumers in the Metropolitan Toronto district. Mr. McLean also reported the building of a half million dollar fertilizer plant at Tillsonburg and the purchase of nine acres and warehouse, facilities formerly owned by a tractor-trailer company at Weston.

Sessions continued with a junior farmer meeting, and a banquet in the evening, at which Mr. J. D. Roberts of Tennessee Farmers Co-operative will be guest speaker.

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