



**LAST SERMON SUNDAY**

**MINISTER** for almost ten years at Norval and Union Presbyterian churches, Rev. G. Lockhart Royal is in front of Norval Presbyterian where on Sunday he preached his final sermon before moving to Goderich. He succeeded Rev. Leonard Sell here when the latter moved to Midland.

**All Students Participate In Christmas Concert**

With every one of the 420 students participating, except for a few kept home by ill ness, parents jammed Wrangles worth school auditorium on the evening of Christmas entertainment.

Emphasis was on music, with Kenneth R. Harrison conducting many of the choruses and acting as pianist for others, directed by R. Pinkerton of the teaching staff.

Members of the staff who arranged the concert were Principal William Knirrade, B. Pin kerton, Mrs. Hazel Hall, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Findley, Mrs. Shirley Burich, Miss Ruth McElreath, Mrs. McEachern, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Murcar, Mrs. James, Mrs. Morrow, Miss Sandra Scott, Miss Elizabeth Moffat.

Each of the school grades had its share of the spotlight, from the kindergarten songs and recitations to the impressive final number as the senior pupils paraded from the rear of the auditorium to the stage, their voices raised in The First Noel.



The junior grades had several songs and choral recitations, as well as a dance. Frolic of the Truant Toys Christmas in other lands was portrayed in pantomime as an explanation was given of how celebrations occur in England, Germany, Sweden and Holland. David Scott was commentator.

David Farrell sang Gosh Rambino as a solo with the Grade 6 choir which also contributed a rousing 'Christmas Day in the Morning'. A group of pupils from the same grade went through the intricacies of a square dance also.

Vivien Perry, Jenny May Brownridge and Yolanda Gould sketched sang a delightful lullaby 'Little Lamb' and a high light was a parent 'A Star in the Night' telling the Christmas story. Soloists were Mary Rawson, Heather Barber, James Stamp and Arlene Brownridge.

School board chairman Ed wim Wilson was master of ceremonies, and pointed out the extra benefits which today's public school children enjoy compared with the days when he was a student. He mentioned also advances in education such as the teaching of French.

**WINTER PARKING**

No Motor Vehicle shall be Parked on Any Street in the Town of Georgetown

**FROM MIDNIGHT TO 6 A.M.**

From December 1st to March 15th

by order,  
**ROY HALEY,**  
CHIEF CONSTABLE

**Sugar and Spice**  
Dispensed by BILL SMILEY

"You're a failure, Smiley," he told me. He said it casually but I must admit that I quailed before the said, knowing that he was laughing at me. He was laughing at me like an ape. I know he could see right through me.

"Yabbut... I started to say whenever I'm put on the defensive, I find myself saying that 'It's Old English or something for 'Yes, but...' he brushed it aside. "Yabbut me fu yabbut. For years you've been trying to blame it on everybody but yourself. Face it. You're a failure and you know it."

With a vestige of my customary dignity, I drew myself up about an inch and asked him where the heck he got that idea. After all, I told him, there's meat on the table every day, nobody has holes in his shoes, and we have furniture, a car, an electric dryer. We even have a kitten that may, or may not, be pregnant.

He just looked at me and snorted. "You're such a failure you don't even know your own failure," he continued in that disgusted way he affects. "Your furniture is junk your car won't be paid for until 1962 and that's the cheapest dryer on the market." He went on "What about the important things? Do you have a recreation room? No. Do you have a patio? No. You don't even have a television set! You're forty years old and you don't even have one lousy little transistor radio!"

Everything he said was right, of course, but he didn't have to look at me with such distaste. I began to get a little sore. "Now, just hold on there, Buster," I retorted. "You may think these are the important things in life, but we're not all like you thank goodness. What about the real values, the solid achievements?"

"Yes," he needed, hawking, spitting and scratching in a most disgusting fashion. I stood right up to him, and told him a thing or two. "How about that B.A. degree I earned? How about being that fighter bomber against the Germans? How about editing a newspaper for ten years? How about a wife and two children who are devoted to me? You think a fellow can do all these things and be a complete failure?"

He rubbed his bristly chin, looked at me with the unwholesome of a former about to clean out the stalls, and said flatly: "Yes. It took you ten years to get that B.A. and they were sympathetic to veterans or you'd never have made it. You were a second rate pilot, responsible for the loss of an \$80,000 aircraft. You edited that paper with more complaining than a ruptured hen laying eggs. And I can show you even bigger failures than you, who have a wife and eight children devoted to them."

"Maybe so," I shot back but I was stopped up pretty darn quick when I decided to become a teacher. I was that look like a failure. He bared his tobacco-stained teeth at me in a grimace of scorn. He opened his mouth for the crushing rejoinder. I braced myself for it. And just then, like the bugle of the cavalry arriving in the nick of time, a piercing feminine call came up the laundry shoot. "Are you going to spend all day in there? Your eggs are hard and the tea's getting cold and it's 8:30."

So I shut up, rubbed in the leather, took a suck on that first flag of the day, gapped over the toilet, and when I started to shave, he had disappeared. Satisfied, no longer a failure, I sped through the rest of the business and ran briskly down to breakfast, the picture of a well-groomed, lean, dedicated teacher.

A man spends most of his time trying to impress somebody. At work, it's the boss, fellow workers and subordinates. At home, it's the wife and children. At any other time, whenever he happens to be around. We get ulcers, heart attacks, divorces and the odd punch in the eye, trying to impress somebody.

But try as I might, I can't impress that old hard case who lives in behind the mirror in our bathroom. I know he'll be there again tomorrow morning, bleary-eyed, rumpled, scratching, disillusioned, and cynical. Tomorrow morning he'll probably try to convince me there is no Santa Claus.

**THE FIRST CARAT**

The carat used in weighing diamonds was originally based upon the weight of the seed of the carob, a tree of the Mediterranean region, according to World Book Encyclopedia.

**Poppy Day Proceeds Near \$700 This Year**

Almost \$700 is reported in proceeds from the Poppy Day efforts this year.

Report on the day was delayed this year because of the illness of Mrs. Thomas Greave, who has convened the tag day for many years. Friends are pleased to know that she is now home from hospital and making good progress after her heart attack.

Besides donations from net chants in town, the committee acknowledges donations from the following: Provincial Paper Ltd., J. H. Mackenzie & Son, Ltd., Alliance Paper Mills, Beaumont Knitting Co., Town of Georgetown, Dominion Seed House, Bank of Commerce, W. H. Kentner & Son, Esquimaux Township, Esquimaux Women's Institute, Lions Club, T. Eaton Co., I.O.O.F., Credit Valley Botling Works, Local Council of Women, Credit Lodge, Kinsmen, Rebekahs, Canadian Legion, Legion Auxiliaries, Legion Imperials, Rotary Club, Local 474, Local 481.

Mrs. Greave wishes to remind readers that the fund is still open for further donations.

**WORDS OF THE WISE**

You cannot antagonize and influence at the same time. — J. S. Knox.

**3-CABS-3**

RADIO EQUIPPED  
RELIABLE DRIVERS  
**GLEN TAXI**

Operated by Jim Bell  
Service Every Day  
including Sundays

TR. 7-2432

**SEEING SANTA**... Visiting Santa to inform him in advance of the things to put under the tree is a yearly tradition just about everywhere. Santa is a kindly, big man — sometimes, it seems, too big for the very young, especially if mommy happens to get more than a couple of feet away. Santa, stout bearded fellow that he is, seems to take it all in his stride. Just part of the day's work, you know!

Set up electric trains away from the tree. A spark from the train could set the tree on fire.

Casual...  
OR  
Party Fashion...

YOU'RE ALWAYS IN STYLE  
WITH A COIFFURE BY OUR EXPERTS

**Delrex Beauty Lounge**

KAREN and MARIE

Open Evenings on Tuesday and Friday  
PHONE FOR APPOINTMENT: TR. 7-3326

**DOWNTOWN CHRISTMAS STORE HOURS**

BEGINNING THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15th to 23rd  
OPEN 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. EVERY DAY

CHRISTMAS EVE - DECEMBER 24th  
Open 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Best Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season

**YOUR DOWNTOWN MERCHANTS**

**SATURDAY EXCURSIONS to TORONTO**

Good going and returning same Saturday only

EXCURSION FARES FROM:

Brampton	\$ 1.00	Chesley	\$8.55
Elora	2.75	Hanover	5.10
Fergus	2.75	Harriston	4.50
Georgetown	1.35	Kincardine	6.45
Guelph	2.10	Lindsay	4.85
Kitchener	2.65	Paisley	5.80
Karna	7.35	Palmerston	4.65
Stratford	3.75	Southampton	6.45
Brantford	4.80	Winkham	5.50
Walkerton	5.15		

Corresponding Fares from Intermediate Points  
FULL INFORMATION FROM AGENTS

**GO BY TRAIN**  
CANADIAN NATIONAL

Let... **FLOWERS**

Say "MERRY CHRISTMAS" For YOU

BRIGHTEN YOUR HOME WITH MISTLETOE AND HOLLY!

MAKE YOUR CHOICE EARLY FROM OUR LARGE SELECTION OF BEAUTIFUL FLOWERING PLANTS, DECORATIVE TABLE CENTRES AND LOVELY BRIGHT BOUQUETS!

**NORTON FLORAL**

MAIN STREET Triangle 7-3582

For a jolly good gift... give Bata!

Miss Pam: Black, brown, black, leather, heel, 5-9 and half sizes. \$9.99

Miss Alaska: Black, brown, leather, shooting wing, 4-10. \$8.99

Gay Cavalier: Black, white, corduroy, elastic gore, step-in, 6-11 and half sizes. \$2.99

Cuddles: Red, blue, patterned, corduroy, shooting cuff, 4-9 and half sizes. \$2.99

your Bata buy is your best buy!

**Bata**

Delrex Market Centre — Georgetown