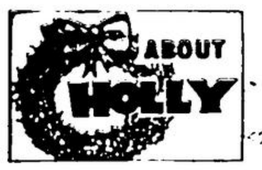
The Bible says "God so loved the world that He gave his only Son."

As we prepare to celebrate another Christmas how many of us remember these words or are our thoughts too completely occupied with a present for Uncle John and Aunt Susie, with the preparation of lavish and expensive decorations with the table settings for a sumptuous feast?

God did so love the world that He gave us His Son, that He gave us this day that we call CHRISTMAS. This He gave us, nothing more. He did not supply the traditions. He spoke not of holly and mistletoe nor of food and feasting. The many things that have come to be associated with the observance of Christmas by all too many people have been added through the centuries. The sad part of it all is that some have become so fascinated by all the embellishments that they have lost sight of the true meaning of Christmas: Christ's birthday. The day on which Christ was born. The day of the Redeemer. A Holy Day. A Spiritual Day.

Let us keep our bright Christmas trees, the coloured lights and deck the halls with boughs of holly. Let us set a table that would please the palate of a king. But with it all let us find the time to search hopefully for the joy and peace that was Christ's purpose when He was born and when for thirty years and three He walked the face of earth, the highest example of life as a mortal being.

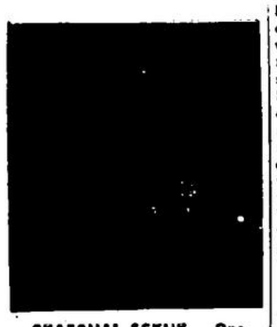


The popularity of holly as a Christmas decoration is not merely because the plant retains its prickly green leaves and bright red berries after winter's cold has withered other forest greenery.

Before the Christmas Romans sent gifts of holly to friends to mark the December festival of Saturn. The superstitious Druids kept holly in their dwellings, as an invitation to the 'spirits' to enter and seek shelter from winter cold and winter winds. The early Germans used holly in an observance which marked the return of the sun from its southward pilgrimage.

In medieval times holly was used as a remedy to treat a variety of aches and ailments. Some early American Indians even attached twigs of holly to their shields, in the belief that some special powers within the holly would make them more formidable in battle.

Holly, like mistletoe, is surrounded by legends and superstitions, dating back to pagan rites and rituals. We moderns attach no particular significance to our use of holly as a Christmas decoration — other than that it is 'traditional' and 'pretty.' Yet, we use so much more holly than our ancestors used that today the plant has all but disappeared in some sections of the country.



SEASONAL SCENE . . One of the things that most of us, especially the young, like best about Christmas is that our everyday scenes are transformed into colorful wonderlands that come aglow at night with hundreds of gaily colored lights. The outdoor Christmas tree, now an established American tradition, is to be found in most every village and hamlet in the land.

LEGION NOTES

by Leslie Clark

As usual Monday night's party for the kids was a real success. In fact we can't recall a better one.

We think that Branch members tend to minimize the tremendous amount of work done by Gob Collier and his committee on this project each year. There is no individual or group that works harder and gets any more kick out of it than Gob and his boys (even Santa, the old devil). I can afford to be rude to him now that my two youngsters know the bitter fact that palomino ponies do not come either on the tree or by Santa's promises!

Gob himself has always carried the big load on this yearly event and we hope that members will remember to thank both him and his committee for an excellent job.

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With the end of the year almost here we should like to offer our congratulations for what has been another good year in the Legion's history. To all the officers we say thank you, and feel sure that is the feelings and would be the wish of virtually all the membership. And while the whole executive has been good, there are individuals who deserve special mention. First the president, a fairly new member of town and branch, who has 'arrived,' and unlike some newcomers has not found everything about the town to be backwards and outdated, but on the contrary, has become an integral part of community life and has been willing and anxious to take part in anything worthwhile. He is specially to be commended for his work regarding the hospital draw, which now approaches or may well be over, the half way mark. On a pledge of $10,000 over a five year period, $4,000 was paid in November and we feel confident that the rest will be knocked off in record time, with luck, possibly in 1961. To say this is heaven sent for the hospital is to put it mildly, a godsend, because, if you stop to think, if that money lies in the branch account, it gathers only the small percentage of bank interest. By giving it to the hospital AHEAD of schedule it saves the hospital from paying the very high percentage it would be necessary to get that amount of money to continue work on the building, thereby LESSENING the ultimate cost of your hospital. — But that's beside the point. We started to say, Dave you did a real good workmanlike job in your first year as No. 1 boy in Branch 120.

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To the vices (and there probably is the odd bit of vice there) the same applies. Gob has been very active in helping with Xmas Tree, and his work as sports officer, Merle Reid, his 2nd vice, when not busy arranging parades, has been active in organizing and promoting the rifle shooting, a major source of sport on Monday evenings for members, and he has also been most helpful and imaginative in his work on the float for the Santa parade. Incidentally, this year's was the best ever!

Alex Taylor by his very lengthy and able service as bingo chairman, has created a larger source of revenue than many branches we know of make by all their projects in any one year. And do our old friend Mrs. Grieve, we could say the same. In her clown welfare and [illegible] she will always be synonymous with her name. And before [illegible] should be said about the amount that [illegible] and I Dare to Dress who took over much of the entertainment work on and around and did a grand job particular is on the dance. With the new [illegible] the place looked 100 per cent better and certainly added to these affairs.

We could go on but will say quite right here, with the final thought not only the ones singled out but all the officers did a great job.

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In the New Year, let's see a real effort for new members, and a real spirit of cooperation among everyone in Branch 120, and great things can be accomplished.

Let's not hear any bickering or squabbling, but a genuine effort to make 120 the best in the province!

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To all the Branch 120 members and their families from all the Clarks: May God Bless You all and make this the most blessed Christmas ever, and a wonderfully prosperous New year!

Science, Biology Changes Coming In High Schools

Changes in Ontario school curriculum are planned by the Department of Education.

Education Minister Robarts states in a report that the entire science program of the schools is under examination. New courses of study for Grades 7, 8, 9 and 10 have been prepared and will be introduced gradually beginning in 1961.

A committee is already at work revising the Grade 13 course in biology, and this fall another committee will begin revising the Grade 11 physics course.

The department is also examining the whole question of secondary school mathematics. As an initial step in this investigation, some 36 schools will participate in an experimental program this year to determine the value of such a program for Grade 9 classes.

The success of previous experiments in the teaching of the Russian language, conducted by some schools, has led to the inclusion of Russian as an optional subject for the Ontario Secondary School Graduation Diploma.

ABOUT HOLLY

Superstitious Britons considered it unlucky to bring holly into the house before Christmas Eve. Even today, the superstition persists that if the leaves of holly brought into a home at Christmas are smooth (rather than rough) the wife will 'rule' the household during the following year.

Diary of a Vagabond

BY DOROTHY BARKER

He sat with two paper bags in his lap, meticulously shelling peanuts from one and placing the husks in the other. He was a youngish looking old man, with a pink and white complexion and sparse strands of silver white hair combed carefully over a bald pate. His large spectacled blue eyes watched the landscape from the train coach window and he hummed a tuneless melody as he popped one peanut after another into his mouth.

It is peculiar to my nature that I always speculate about people who interest me. Half the fun of my vagabonding is in watching my fellow passengers and fitting them into a pattern of everyday living. This man had a particular glow that made it hard for me to catalogue him. Travelling salesman? Nope. Farmer? Definitely not. Maybe a merchant? Hardly, for this was a Tuesday and early in the forenoon. Besides, we were bound for a smallish city some distance from wholesale houses where a merchant might be bound on a shopping day in the middle of the week to replenish his stock. He surely wasn't a doctor or a lawyer for his hands showed they had known years of hard toil.

This guessing game began to frustrate me. Then I caught his eye. He smiled and made some comment about the weather, gathered his bags of peanuts and husks up in one hand and came over to sit with me. He first offered to shell a few for me and when I politely declined, he disclosed that he was a food faddist and attributed his healthy senior years to nuts, fruits and raw vegetables. But that wasn't all, he said, health, happiness and a successful adjustment to declining years depended, in his opinion, on a planned retirement.

For years, he told me, he had been a small parts storekeeper in a factory that backed up to the railway tracks in the city we had just left behind. Each pay day he had taken a certain amount of his earnings and earmarked it for a destination. He would place it in the bank and in a small black notebook would jot down the name of a town. The money would equal the cost of rail transportation and return fare to the community.

"When I would hear the trains thunder by, I would imagine I was aboard. I wanted to visit small cities and towns, those that lie outside this room where I was factory bound year in, and year out. For thirty five years I listened to the clang of locomotive bells and heard their steam hoot change to a diesel's whistle. Now I am free, no more parts to inventory and dole out on the order of a requisition slip, no more time clock to punch or a lunch pail to tote. Some folks might say this is a dream come true, my being able to travel some place every week, but the dream is here in this little black book and this red one. It's my bank book."

He was one of the most interesting people I have ever listened to. He knew more about educational problems in small towns, tax structures, road allowances, expansion aches and pains, the names of mayors, reeves, merchants and school teachers in villages and towns all over the province than I, as a newspaper woman, had ever heard of. For this man had put a plan into action. He wanted to learn about how the other fellow lives and what makes small towns and cities tick.

He told me that when he is planning a trip he travels as far as the rail line goes in a certain direction. He stops over in this place for a day, sometimes a week at a time, depending on how much he wants to learn about its people, its problems and its local colour. Then he works back toward the big city, stopping off in each of the small towns en route to carry on his hobby of healthy curiosity.

Since he 'snapped off' the light in his factory cubby-hole for the last time he has travelled more miles than a commuter. He can claim more friends than a banker and about as much knowledge as an encyclopedia. He exuded a calm assurance and a happy sense of well being, only a person who thoroughly enjoys life could demonstrate, while his casual popping of his last peanut reminded me how satisfying are the simple pleasures, if we are only wise enough to prepare for

Unique Decoration

Christmas isn't exactly the season for moth balls, but they can be used to make a unique Yuletide decoration.

Use modelling clay to anchor a tall red or green candle in an apothecary jar. Put in a handful of mothballs and then a quarter cup of vinegar plus a teaspoon of soda for every glass of water needed to fill the jar.

The results may surprise you. The moth balls will dance merrily around the candle for an hour or so. When they stop, another dash of soda and vinegar will start them dancing again.

NOVEL GIFTS

You can design and create novel gift wrappings with soap suds. Make a simulated snow that will stick to your wrappings by pouring two or three cups of packaged soap or detergent and a small quantity of water into a mixing bowl. Mix them thoroughly with a hand or electric beater until the suds have a working consistency of stiff meringue. Put your 'snow' in a pastry tube and you're ready to go.

Use your 'snow' to write greetings on packages. You can also make all kinds of fancy designs, just as easily as it is done on birthday cakes.

To you, our friends and patrons, we extend every good wish for a happy holiday season, with our sincere thanks for the privilege of serving you over the years.

THE GEORGETOWN 5c to $1.00 AND STAFF

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS!

May each of you have a holiday full of cheer, enough to last all through the year!

OSBORNE INTERIORS
CARMAN OSBORNE & STAFF
DELREX MARKET CENTRE

Greetings
HUTCH'S SMOKE SHOP
MAIN ST. SOUTH

To all our many friends and customers— may you enjoy the happiest holiday ever!

THE STAFF OF
B & F AUTO BODY

We're coming your way to wish you a good old fashioned Merry Christmas abounding in the great gifts of health, happiness and contentment.

W. B. Hamilton Construction Ltd.
EVERY BUILDING NEED
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Hi There!

Just Coming Around to Say— "Have a Gay Holiday...!"

KAY'S GROCERY
GUELPH STREET

● To all our friends and patrons, we extend our heartiest good wishes for the merriest, brightest Christmas ever! . . . Happy holiday, everyone.

T. H. BRIGGS
Upholstered Furniture
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Merry Christmas

Here is a hope that the joy of the Christmas season will abide with you always. May its spirit of good fellowship live in your heart throughout the new year.

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