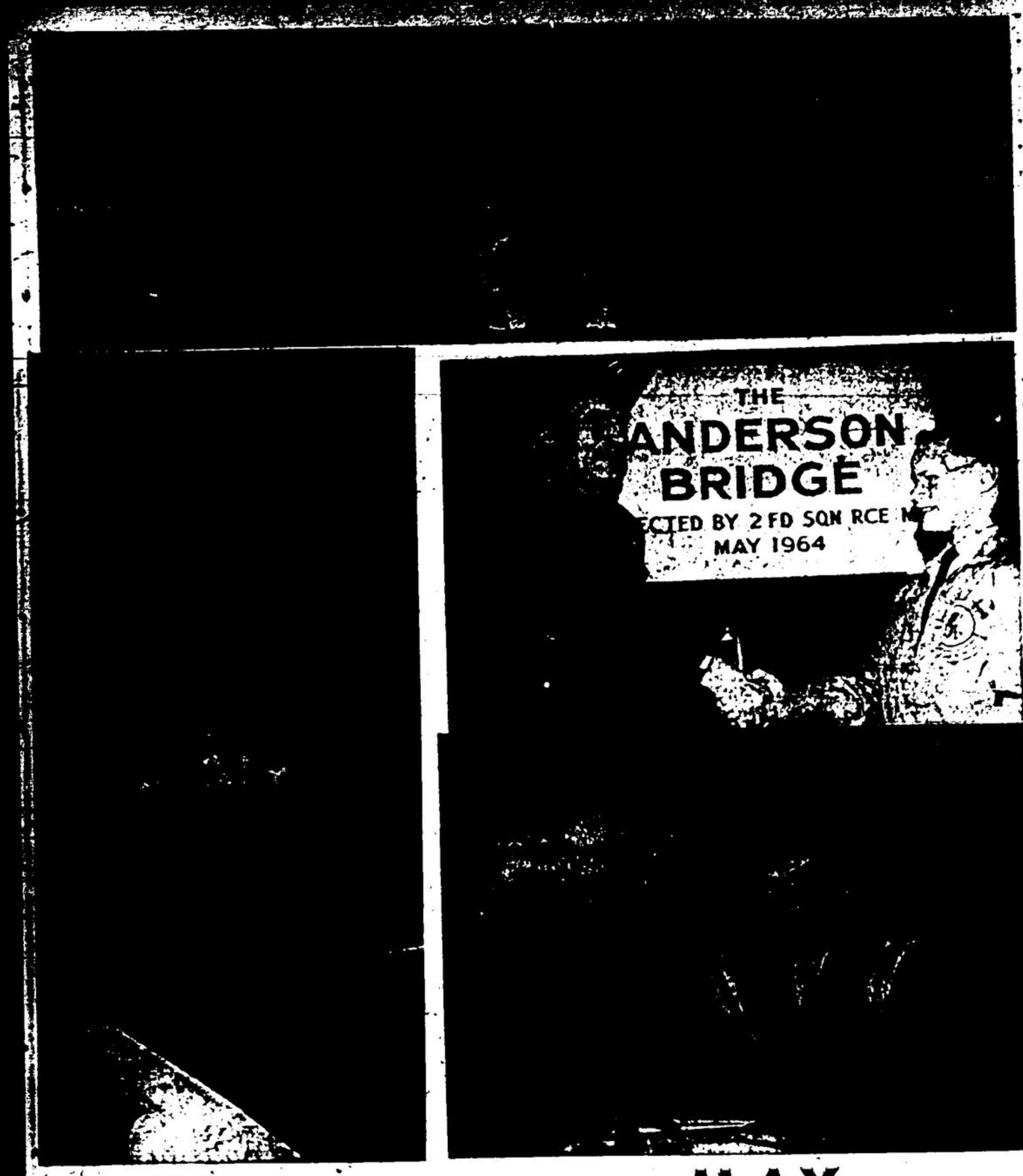

THE OLD YEAR IN PICTURES

MAY

TOP: The Department of Defense Production gives Avian Ltd. a $540,000 shot in the arm with the announcement of a development cost-sharing program. LEFT: With spring comes the circus, and hundreds of Georgetown youngsters get their first look at the real world of sawdust and acrobats. MIDDLE RIGHT: Army engineers gain experience and render a service by building the Anderson Bridge, a long span over the Credit gorge at Camp Nor val. BOTTOM: Baseball is in the air and umpires sharpen their diamond knowledge with a school here in preparation for opening day.

ASHGROVE

Carols on Electric Guitar S.S. Concert

The annual Sunday School concert was held in the basement on Tuesday evening, Dec. 22nd and what an exciting evening for the children, Mr. Charles Austin, the superintendent was chairman and called out each number for what proved to be a splendid program. Joanne Wilson welcomed everyone with a well worded welcome and then each class presented a skit or play which was very well done right from the little beginners in Margaret Brownridge's class to the Seniors in Mrs. John Buddell's class, piano solos and recitations were given, also David Austin played lovely Christmas hymns on his electric guitar and the humorous Christmas recitations by Mrs. Claude Pickat were much enjoyed. After the program Bruce McClure and Clayton Dick Jr., gave out the gifts from the gaily decorated tree after which lunch concluded this very happy occasion.

It's getting close to the end of 1964 and once again the door swings wide upon another year. A clean and trackless path that we may tread, with faith to guide, with dreams held close and dear, the precious gift of time that looms ahead, and soon will bring, the New Year's promise of another spring.

Happy New Year, Everybody!

Season's Greetings from Trinidad to my Friends in Georgetown

Dear Friends:

Once more I am engaging the services of the 'Herald' to convey cordial Christmas and New Year greetings to you — this time from Trinidad, West Indies, where I am now making my home with my son, Rev. Arthur Dayfoot, and his wife and family, who as you know, are United Church missionaries here.

As some of you already know, I came in late May from my home in Victoria, B.C., to this tropical island, accompanied by my son, Arthur, by jet plane with a brief stop over in Toronto with relations there. We left Malton airport the morning of May 30th, arriving that evening with stops at Bermuda, Antigua and Barbados.

Since then I have been endeavouring to adjust to this new environment and climate, so different from any I have ever known that I do not know what to say about it. Can you imagine celebrating Christmas in a country where the thermometer now registers between 80 degrees and 90 degrees F., or at the coolest 70 degrees?

However to those who 'keep Christmas in the heart' the rejoicing over its message is the same regardless of temperature or latitude or ANY circumstance. May the One whose birthday we celebrate on Dec. 25th teach us how to do so in a way worthy of the occasion!

My family here join me in wishing you all a very happy season.

As ever,
Sincerely,
(Mrs. C. B.) Catherine Dayfoot
care Rev. A. C. Dayfoot
P.O. Box 92, San Fernando
Trinidad, W.I.

SUGAR AND SPICE
by Bill Smiley

A Christmas Crisis or Two

Maybe I'm getting old, but that Christmas rush seems a little rushier every year. And every year, it takes me a little longer to get over it physically, financially and psychologically.

Everything, this year, was going along fine. That is, in its normal maudlin state. Tree wasn't bought; exam papers unmarked; Christmas cards not purchased, let alone sent; no idea of who would be at our place for Christmas; dozens of presents to buy for people who wouldn't be satisfied with the moon wrapped in solid silver.

But this was normal, and no cause for alarm. Then, things began to go haywire.

First, my wife discovered she had a hernia. This was rather a blow to all hands. She thought it an extremely unladylike ailment. I associated a hernia with wearing a great belt called a truss. I don't know why you wear them but I haven't been reading those ads on the back of True Confessions all these years for nothing.

But trust her. It was merely a dainty hernia of the esophagus or sarcophagus or something, a tiny puncture in her diaphragm, not to mention her self-esteem.

The next thing was worse. My daughter, my delicate little flower, my baby, was invited to the Christmas Prom. There was hell to pay. "She's only a child! It's ridiculous. She's certainly not going to start running around with a gang, at her age."

First I pointed out that it wasn't a gang that had asked her, only one kid. Then I observed that the "child" is nearly 14, wears most of her mother's clothes, and is loyally enrolled at the high school, where the dance was to be held.

The child's aunt and other adult sympathizers intervened for her, and the Old Battleaxe began to soften. But I almost spoiled it. "What kind of a boy is he?" she demanded. I told her that as far as I knew, he was a nice lad, that it wasn't his fault his dad was an alcoholic, his mother ran around with men, and he had had to work in the poolroom on Saturdays.

She swallowed the works, and it took me a week to convince her that he was a perfectly normal 15-year-old in grade 10, with the biggest paper route in town.

I shouldn't have been so smart. It cost me the following: a new pair of shoes; a new dress which is suitable for wearing to next year's Prom; and nothing else, except that you can't wear the same dress you wore to last year's Prom, and about 12 hours of listening to the old lady telling about how tough things were for girls when she was 13.

Right on top of this came the worstest thing of all. We had three invitations for the Friday before Christmas: a staff party, a dinner party, and the Biennial Pre-Christmas Buffet and Brag of the Young-At-Heart Fighter Pilots.

I had a terrible time making up my mind which to attend: They invited wives to the first two. The third one is held only every two years because it takes the Young-At Hearts two years to get over it.

Well, after I got home from the fighter pilots' party, and had a couple of buckets of plasma, I knew I'd made the right choice.

Imagine exposing your sweetie-pie to a lot of rich foods and stuff, and her with a hernia and all. That was about the only thing that wasn't exposed there, for a day or two.

Oh, well, everything else went off on schedue. The tree fell over four times. The turkey was tougher than an old rubber boot. All our presents had to be exchanged because they didn't fit.

And we had the shortest shortest cocktail party, on Boxing Day, that we've ever had. Usually, when you ask people to come from five to seven p.m., you lever the last couple out sometime early on December 27. This year, it was all over at 5:30. I'd forgotten to order the booze.

Terra Cotta Inn Expanding Will Add 1,000 Square Feet

Terra Cotta Inn is planning an L shaped extention on the east side of the main building of the Inn that would add 1,000 square feet of floor area up two floors.

The owner, Mr. Harry Farrar, said the addition was made necessary by an increase in business and more room was needed in various departments of the operation.

Mr. Farrar's application for a building permit was referred to Building Inspector Laurie Wood by Chinguacousy Council when the owner appeared at the township council meeting.

The owner brought with him a rough plan of what he proposed to do. It was suggested that more detailed plans be provided for the building inspector in order to obtain ap-

Varian Gets $15,201 Defence Contract

Ottawa (Special to the Herald): A Georgetown firm, Varian Associates of Canada Ltd., has been awarded a contract by the Dept. of Defence Production, it was announced here by industry minister C. M. Drury.

The contract, valued at $16,201 is for electronic test equipment.

It was one of 67 unclassified defence contracts for $10,000 or more awarded during the first half of November. Total value of the contracts was $2,502,211.

JUST ABOUT TIME
TO WISH EVERYONE THE HAPPIEST, CHEERIEST HOLIDAY!
SPEIGHT'S AUTO ELECTRIC
AND MOTOR TUNE-UP
32 Water Street 877-2726

NEW YEAR GREETINGS
May the New Year bring every happiness to those it is our great privilege to serve.
MASTER FEEDS
STEWARTTOWN 877-3512

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL
We're chiming in with good wishes and grateful thanks to our kind and generous friends.
BILL BAILEY
"THE OIL MAN"
GEORGETOWN BRAMPTON

1965
HAPPY NEW YEAR
Let the good times roll in '65! Thanks to every one of our friends and best wishes from us to you!
LINCOLN MOTORS
AND AUTO BODY REPAIR
199 Guelph Street 877-2862

Happy New Year
It gives us special pleasure to extend greetings to you, our kind friends. Many thanks!
BILL GARBUTT
Plumbing and Heating

Happy New Year
To old and new acquaintances, our sincere thanks for many happy memories and best wishes for the days ahead. Happy New Year to all!
BARBER and HENLEY LTD.
INSURANCE AND TRAVEL AGENCY
MILL STREET

Happy New Year
To old and new acquaintances, our sincere thanks for many happy memories and best wishes for the days ahead. Happy New Year to all!
JIM BELL
GLEN TAXI
PHONE 877-2432