

**BIRTH OF CHRIST**

**The Christmas Story**

And there were in the same country, shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night. And, lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them: "Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born, this day, in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying: "Glory in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men."

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another: "Let us now go to Bethlehem, and see this thing which has come to pass, which the Lord has made known unto us."

And they came with haste and found Mary, and Joseph and the Babe lying in a manger. And when they had seen it they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child. And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen as it was told unto them. - Luke 2: 8-19.

**Wasted Food Resources**

Pressures on the world's food supplies because of its too rapidly increasing population are intensified by certain demands, many of which are highly questionable.

For example, our over-supply of pets. In North America 57.4 per cent of urban families have one or more. Apartment living tends to reduce their number, but it is believed to be rising. They make inroads on both protein and starch supply.

Another example is deliberate food destruction in world liquor production. Beer takes 16 million pounds of barley malt annually, (with a five per cent yearly increase) of which total, Canada's breweries account for nearly four per cent (1970).

Canadian distilleries use over one billion pounds of grain, largely corn. If this also is four per cent of world production (not including rice), it means 25.4 billion pounds, which with barley malt, comes to over 41 billion pounds, more than 40 pounds each for one billion hungry people.

Besides this, wine production, highly acclaimed by some, destroys great quantities of fresh fruits, also robbing the food supply. One B.C. winery boasts of using 4,000 tons (1972) and plans expansion. This doubly offsets the hard-earned four million pounds' gain of China's largest commune of 80,000 people. The high cost and shortage of raisins are largely due to their use in wine production.

Clearly, we have yet to use all our resources with conscience, compassion and intelligence in this encroaching on the rightful claims of the hungry, while manufacturing a product causing our impairment.

When the UN Food and Agriculture Organization stated last June that wheat requirements of 1973-74 could not be met from 1973 production, it behooves all governments to curtail these wastes, making the savings available to the hungry, who are mostly children.

At all times, but especially at the Christmas season, thought regarding the needs of others should guide our practice.

**A Western Christmas**

In the West's first settlement at Red River (now Winnipeg), the Scots, whom Lord Selkirk brought there in 1812, celebrated the Christmas feast as a close-knit community. It was here that "Hurl", played by teams between goals on the ice, using sticks and a ball, not a puck, is supposed to have marked the origin of hockey in Canada.

In the evening everyone danced to the bagpipes. Not until 1820 was the Christmas season celebrated as a religious festival in the two mission churches (French-Catholic and English-Protestant).

But Red River folk saw bad times in the Christmas of 1821, when each person in the settlement was rationed to one pint of wheat a day, boiled into a thin soup.

By 1831, Joseph James Hargrave was able to describe a happier Christmas, for now Red

River was a well-established Hudson's Bay Company post. For months before the holiday, loaded dog teams were bringing an abundance of supplies into the trading stores of Fort Garry - even the carcass of a bear.

Christmas dinner was served in the Fort's great hall. On the long table were smoking roasts of beef, unborn buffalo calf (boiled whole), a gourmet delicacy, besides every kind of vegetable. The dinner ended with "fur trade" pudding, as near to the traditional English plum pudding as could be achieved considering the shortage of currants and raisins. Sometimes dried Saskatoon berries were substituted.

"Let us drink to absent friends," was the only toast of these folk so far removed from the people and places they loved.

**ECHOES FROM THE PAST**

**10 YEARS AGO**  
Dave Blaney, son of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Blaney, of Georgetown, was selected by a panel of scouting officials to represent the district at the American Scout Jamboree at Valley Forge, Penn. Dave was selected from among four candidates.

One member of Georgetown council for 1964 took his oath of office before the new year arrived. Charles Hildebrandt would miss the inaugural meeting because of a trip to Germany, and was sworn in early by clerk Clarence Benham.

Stuart Hall, manager of Master Feeds mill at Stewarttown, was elected president of the Ontario Retail Feed Dealers' Association. He had served for nine years on the executive of the association.

Mrs. Sam Walker was returned as president of the Women's Auxiliary of St. George's Anglican Church. Vice-president selected was Mrs. Thomas Parry, while Mrs. William Chaplin was named treasurer and Mrs. Ken Ewles was chosen as secretary.

Mr. and Mrs. Chuck Hill were winners in a Georgetown Junior Chamber of Commerce contest for a trip to Jamaica. Georgetown Jaycee president George Farrow, a TCA passenger agent, bid the couple farewell as they boarded a plane for the trip.

**20 YEARS AGO**  
Masons of Credit Lodge elected a new executive and Leslie Clark was chosen worshipful master. Walter Fidler was named senior warden while James Evans was named junior warden.

A plane that was set down in a field on the farm of Norman Bird finally was claimed by its owners. The plane made a forced landing and two young men told Mr. Bird they would return shortly to move the craft. They were late returning and left no names or addresses.

Music teacher Kenneth R. Harrison played musical accompaniment for the Christmas show at Wigglesworth Public School. Senior pupils Diane Hill and Lois Niven read the nativity story. All grades at the school took part in the presentation.

Georgetown's Bob Goldham was the subject of a column by Milt Dunnell in the Toronto Star. Bob was having a good year as a defenceman with the Detroit Red Wings of the National Hockey League.

**20 YEARS AGO**  
C. Howard May was elected by acclamation to serve Georgetown as reeve. G. Wesley Murray was elected by acclamation as deputy reeve. Also placed in office by acclamation was the entire council consisting of George Cleave, George Currie, and William Wilson.

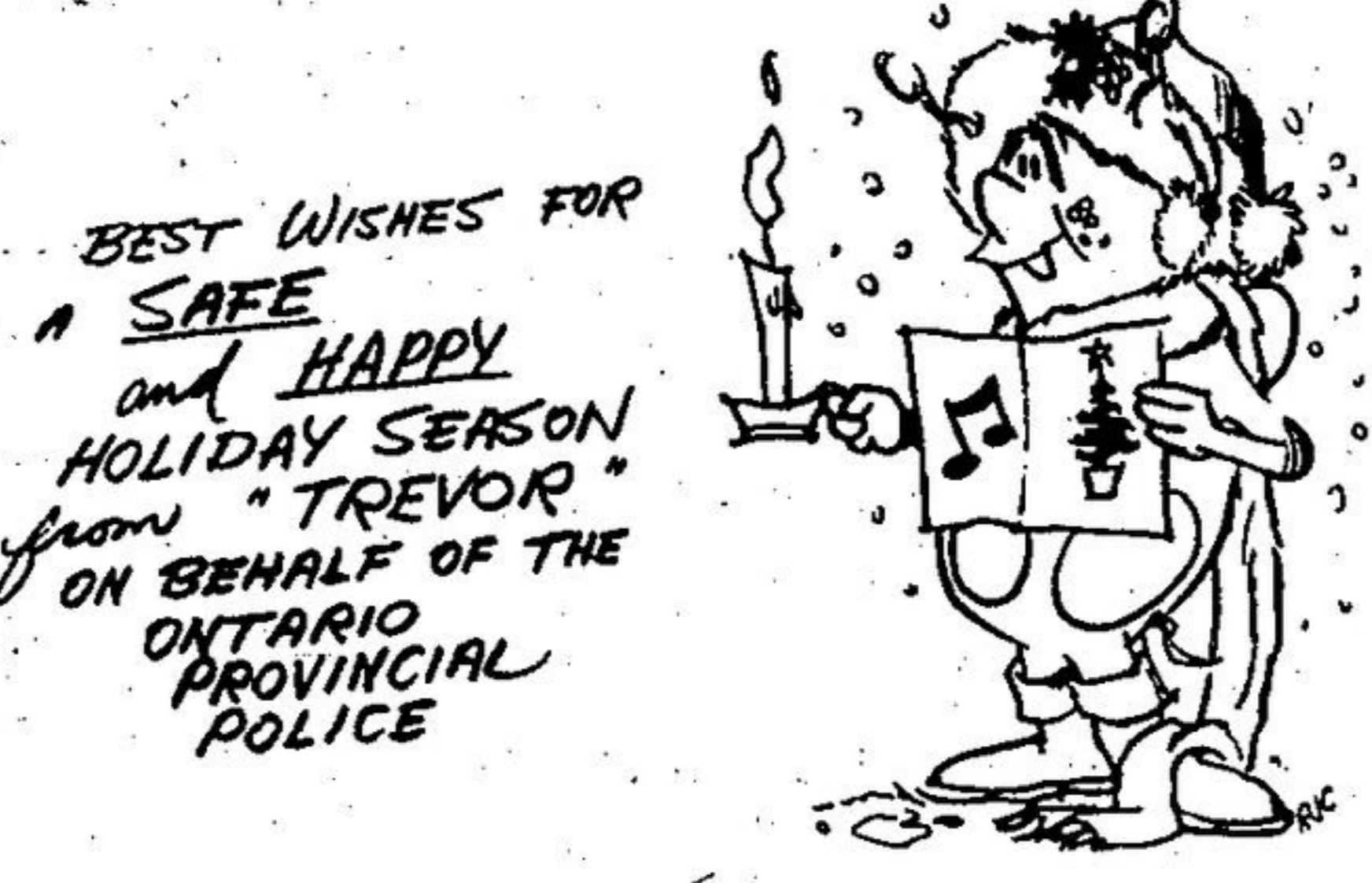
Dolores Broomhead received a special Christmas gift from her brother, Reg, serving with the RCAP in Britain. It was a brooch, crafted by a British soldier who escaped with forces at Dunkirk, but who lost both legs in the action.

Art Speight rescued a baby duck from Highway 7, where the bird had set down, apparently to rest. The duck, christened Oswald, weighed only two pounds. The bird was escouped in Speight's garage where it took to a diet of mash.

Mr. and Mrs. A.H. Perrott of Lindsay (for several years) was leader of the Georgetown Band; they were honored by a message of gratitude from Queen Elizabeth for having given a home to a British war guest.

United Church Sunday school staged a Christmas concert, under the direction of Mrs. H. C. Wigglesworth, Mrs. R. C. Todd and Mrs. Norman Burns. CGIT under the direction of Miss Margaret Evans staged a Christmas pantomime.

*'Twas the night before Christmas  
and all through the town  
people were happy,  
not a face wore a frown.  
And out on the street  
not a driver'd been drinking,  
it seems that they'd all  
been doing some thinking.  
To drink and to drive  
on this day or any,  
would endanger their lives,  
indeed that of many.  
So they walked, went by cab,  
or just stayed at home  
and Christmas morning arrived  
with no children alone.*



**Reasonable Oil Supplies Set Out In Bank Letter**

In its annual forecast of oil and gas supplies, the Toronto Dominion Bank foresees a reasonable balance for Canada in 1974 providing that no further significant dislocations afflict the world supply situation. With normal winter conditions and restraint in consumption, Canada's overall petroleum product demands can be met in 1974 despite some regional imbalances.

The current issue of Business and Economics, entitled the Canadian Petroleum and Natural Gas Industries in a Year of Crisis, is the bank's annual review of the oil and gas industry. It was prepared prior to Prime Minister Trudeau's statement on energy in the House of Commons on Thursday, December 6.

The review says: "Canadians need have little to fear so far as their access to ample domestic sources of energy over the longer term is concerned. But whatever decisions are made to develop such resources, Canadians are still confronted with rather urgent short-term supply questions."

**PRICE STRUCTURE**  
It would have been impossible because of unacceptable costs to have prepared for the current contingency. In the perspective now, however, of a newly emerged supply and price structure for energy and particularly for oil, Canadians must be assured that the utmost co-operation and decisiveness are demonstrated by Federal and Provincial governments.

Any reasonable decisions which can assure Canadians of adequate energy supplies, while the present crisis lasts, would surely be acceptable to most Canadians.

Looking beyond the present disruptions to supply, the Bank predicts that "What seems most probable is that the Canadian public

**PRIVATE MORALITY**  
**Social Standards Relate To Ethics Of Individual**

There is a truism that morality cannot be legislated. At least, it is true in the sense that no moral points can be earned for not stealing or not killing or not cheating on income tax returns, simply because a person is afraid of being caught.

But the phrase has taken on a new twist in the last few years. In some quarters it is suggested that morality ought not to be legislated. Ethics are regarded as a private and personal matter in which the state should have no interest. As the Prime Minister said a few years ago, the government has no business in the bedrooms of the nation.

There are very few things we do, however, which do not affect others. The members of a society do not live in splendid isolation from one another, despite the myths we are fed to the contrary. A vivid example is the case of the pro-abortionists across the country, who have rallied to support Dr. Henry Morgentaler's demand that abortion laws should be removed from the criminal code.

The decision to kill the fetus or allow it to live, they say, is one of those private matters that should be made by the woman and her doctor. They would deny the husband any control over the child his wife was carrying, though presumably he had something to do with it getting there.

More importantly, they would deny that the fetus has any rights. To speak of it as part of the woman's body, like an appendix, is misleading, for it is a biologically separate being (mother and fetus, for example, may have different blood types). It does depend on its parent for survival, but then, so does a two-year-old child. Although the fetus physically looks very human, it is an open question morally whether he should be described as a "human being". Yet even the possibility of his being so described should make people wary of denying his rights.

There are bound to be difficulties in legislation dealing with abortion. There are difficulties of definition, like the impossibility of saying when human life begins.

And there are difficulties of application: the present practice seems to be much more widespread than the law envisioned. It would be no solution, however, for Parliament to try to side-step the difficulties, and give in to the rhetoric that this is a question of individual ethics. People may have a "private" morality in the sense that they have their own moral standards, which may differ from those of other people. But those standards deal with how they relate to society around them, and in that sense there is no such thing as "private" morality.

**Livestock Feeders Save On Feed Cost**

According to a study on feed costs conducted by United Co-operatives of Ontario feed marketing department, \$2.5 million dollars were saved by Ontario Co-op livestock feeders.

The \$2.5 million applies to the Co-op swine, beef and dairy supplements sold to Ontario producers from November 1972 to March 1973 but also provided most of April 1973 requirements.

During that time, UCO had a special feed booking program which guaranteed prices from October to March on orders booked by Nov. 15, 1972.

Participating hog producers saved \$1.4 million of the total while dairy producers saved \$700,000 and beef producers \$400,000.

Booking programs were common in the feed industry last fall, however, and some feed suppliers decided to withdraw their contracts when protein costs surged last winter.

While UCO experienced a short term loss in operations, the final result was an actual saving of \$2.5 million to the Co-op livestock producers.

Poultry producers also experienced some profitability as a result of positions taken on soybean

**QUEEN'S PARK WCB Fine Record Acquires Tarnish**

TORONTO—The Ontario Workmen's Compensation Board has always been one of this province's proudest institutions.

Most similar organizations in the U.S. have been run through private insurance companies.

Our Ontario Board, of course, has always been publicly operated through a government-appointed commission. This has meant dramatic differences.

In the U.S. the pay-out in benefits from the premium dollar has tended to run between 60 per cent and 70 per cent.

Here in Ontario it normally has topped 90 per cent.

Our Ontario Board also has tended to enjoy a reputation for good public spirit.

Traditionally the injured workman has been the prime person in its considerations. It has been respected as a humanitarian agency. So much so that people from all over the world have come to the province to study it as a model.

**NOW BACK**  
For a period, unhappily, this fine record acquired some tarnish.

Under the regime of former chairman Bruce Legge the Board acquired a reputation for rigidity, for being a rule-book organization.

Now, however, the government appears to be very definitely determined to restore the Board's oil image.

The retirement of Mr. Legge and his replacement by former federal Labor Minister Michael Starr, of course is old news by now. But the changes are going far beyond this.

For a quite new Workmen's Compensation Act has been brought in.

And its whole emphasis is to restore the former stature of this organization of which we once were so proud.

The purpose is to give it its old image, in spades.

Membership of the board is to be extended, so there will be sufficient bodies to give claimants quick service.

Then its powers are to be less legalistic.

Much more discretionary decision is to be given to the Board.

Its panels will be able to make their decisions much more on humanitarian and much less on role.

Under this new Act this board should once again be one of our great provincial prides.



*We want to hold onto the old customs and traditions  
because they strengthen our family ties,  
bind us to our friends,  
make us one with all mankind  
for whom the Child was born,  
so we will not SPEND Christmas ...  
nor OBSERVE Christmas  
We will KEEP Christmas — keep it as it is ...  
in all the loveliness of its ancient traditions.*

*We thank God for Christmas.  
Would that it lasted all year.  
For on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day,  
all the world is a better place,  
and men and women are more lovable.  
Love itself seeps into every heart, and miracles happen  
And then you will remember what Christmas  
means — the beginning of Christianity ...  
the Second Chance for the world ...  
the hope for peace ...  
the only way.*

*The promise that the angels sang is the most  
wonderful music the world has ever heard.  
"Peace on earth and good will toward men".*

**BILL SMILEY**

**Ghosts Of Christmas Past Fondly Remembered**

When there are no kids around, Christmas loses a lot of its excitement. At least that's the way it seems around our house this year.

We've always had a family Christmas, most often at the farm of the grandparents. Those were great old traditional festivities.

We drove to the farm, left the car at the highway and staggered through the snow up the lane to the house, loaded with gifts. The kids, wrapped in the noses, were fairly hysterical by the time we entered the big, warm farm kitchen.

There we were assailed by the enveloping scents of roasting turkey and pine needles, a wonderful combination.

Then came the opening of presents, with everybody protesting, "Oh, you shouldn't have..." Except the kids. They would rip off the wrappings, scarcely glance at the contents and start looking under the tree for another package with their name on it.

**LOT OF LOVE**  
A lot of love and thought went into the gifts, and sometimes there were tears of pleasure.

The women talked a blue streak and caromed off each other as they charged around the kitchen. The men sat around drooling. And the children were the centre of attention - funny and delightful, and they loved it.

Then came the great ory at the table, with everyone from the littlest to Granddad tucking into the turkey and trimmings until their eyes were bulging.

This was sort of the climax of the holiday, and like every climax, it had its anticlimax: great stacks of dishes to be washed; discarded bottles; exhausted kids. In its way, it was a pretty pagan celebration.

But by evening, everything was cleared up, digestions would begin operating again, and there'd be carols and quiet talk and a general feeling of warmth and love and security.

This was the culmination of several weeks of Christmas pageants and Christmas parties at the Legion Hall for the kids, and writing cards to old friends, and scrambling around for gifts, and putting up the three-bladed tree and pretending there weren't going to be a lot of presents this year.

They were good times, and I miss them, but I don't know whether I could stand the pace any more. I was working about twelve hours a day, and there seemed to be a festivity or something every night.

There were a couple of Christmases that are funny in retrospect, though at the time there was a marked lack of Christmas spirit.

**BOUGHT SET**  
One was the time we bought the television set for the grandparents. It was in the early days of TV, and we all chipped in to buy the set. None of us could afford one for ourselves. There was tremendous secrecy. It was to be the surprise of the century. My brother-in-law and I dragged the great brute of a box up the lane on a toboggan and wrestled it into the farmhouse. It was to be opened under the tree.

Kim was about three, and full of that wild excitement that invests kids at Christmas. We had barely deposited the big box in the house when she piped, "Hope you like the tee-bee, Granny." Some secret. / Some surprise.

**INVITATIONS**  
And there was the Christmas we held at our place. The grandparents and the aunts and other assorted bodies were invited. My wife had spent two hours the night before scrubbing and waxing the kitchen floor. I had spent three hours preparing the turkey. We were going to show them that we could entertain in style.

All was in readiness. The Old Battleaxe told me to take the turk out of the oven. I did, skidded on the wax, and roasting pan, turkey and all went flying through the air. Well-to-well grease. Turkey basted in floor-wax. It was one of the less-memorable moments in a happy marriage.

And I remember Christmases a long time ago, in the Depression, when a child's one and only present might be a suit of long underwear, or a hand-knit sweater. Depression, was the Depression.

Of recent years, our kids have come straggling in from university, sometimes with a friend, for Christmas. And we've had music and good food, and fun.



**ALL ALONE**  
Last year we were alone. If I remember correctly, we dined on frozen meat pies. I had bought the usual two trees. I got the little one up. The big spruce was leaned in a corner, and I threw it out on Boxing Day.

This year, we'll be alone again. But things are going to be different.

So Hugh won't be home. He's off in deepest Quebec. But he's already had his present. Daughter Kim won't be home, because I don't particularly want my grandchild born on a bus.

So. We're thinking of closing up the joint and going to the city. My wife can supervise the layoffs. I can write cheques. We'll stay in a hotel, where somebody else had to grapple with the tree. And, if things turn out just right, we might get the finest Christmas present we've ever received. A bouncing baby grandchild.