Editorial Page Jim's JOTINGS

• ONE OF THE very pleasant things about Christmas is the exchange of greeting cards. The daily quota of mail brings with it acquaintances renewed only at the Christmas season, word of friends made over the years but long since separated from our current world, a scribbled promise to visit during the holidays or perhaps just a gay greeting.

• GETTING A CHRISTMAS tree always holds a measure of excitement. I'm afraid the day may come when those artificial trees may yet take over the place of prominence accorded the tree in most homes. But before it does I'm happy there's a place where its possible to go and cut your own tree without the furtive searches of years ago. Then the outing included not only locating a suitable tree but finding an agreeable farmer or hi jacking one over a fence with some agility and speed.

• JUST BECAUSE it is the Christmas season I sympathize with the policeman who must do his best to get the "Santa Claus" who "celebrated" (?) too soon, home to his children; the notification of the next of kin following late but its possible our world his own family to afford the protection at Christmas that we all come to expect from every police-

• IT'S A BUSY time of year in the home and on the highway but hopefully it shouldn't be such a busy time that there are no moments left for safety. In the home and on the highway take an extra moment to be safe. The Christmas tree not properly cared for can become a significant fire risk ion to you readers whom we seek just as the driver who mixes alto serve 52 weeks of the year.

cohol and gasoline is hazardous on the highway. Let's all contribute our share toward safety.

BY JIM DILLS

• AT THIS POINT of writing the arrival of snow seems a little highway accidents; a Christmas may be bathed in white for the dinner for those "of no fixed ad- Christmas season. It's one of dress"; square away the family those things that most will hope trouble that develops after a for in limited form. Too much drinking party and probably can displace many holiday plans spend part of the day away from but we really need a little to set the atmosphere.

> BUT JUST BEFORE I hit the final keys on this week's column I want to express a sincere good wish for a fine Christmas of fellowship, pleasant company, a good dinner, pleasant conversation with friends and family and an appreciation of the true meaning of this annual celebration. Merry Christmas from myself and all the others here at the Champ-

Sugar and Spice ...

BY BILL SMILEY

Are you one of those birds who goes around in a perpetual grump at this time of year? Whether we like it or not, the celebration of Christmas has changed drastically in the last generation or so.

Many people resent this and regret it. They feel that commercialism has taken over the festive season, that the true meaning of Christmas has been smothered in a swirl of electronics and gimmickry, of advertising and noise and vulgarity and pure greed. I don't agree.

Admitted, Christmas is no longer a simple observance of the birth of Christ. In a complex and neurotic age, it has become complex and neurotic. Physically, the holiday is exhausting, and financially it is crippling.

But it's a little too glib, and certainly naive, to suggest that the spirit of Christmas has been

Certainly, Santa Claus and Rudolph are pagan figures. Certainly, some of the Christmas songs are nauseating. Certainly, many Christians are utter gluttons at this season. Certainly many of the decorations and cards and gifts are in the poorest taste.

But these are only material things, the outer trappings of the great festival. Beneath these gaudy robes, the bones of Christmas — the grand old carols, the simple, enthralling story — are as strong as ever. And the great heart of Christmas the real desire for peace and

goodwill — beats as warmly as

Brownies and Cubs go carolling to homes for the aged. Service clubs and church groups and women's organizations hustle around with boxes of cheer for the sick and the poor. Firemen and legionnaires repair toys and wrap gifts for under-privileged children.

Almost everyone, however temporary it may be, begins to glow with a genuine desire to give, to love, to be one of a great human fellowship. No don't tell me the true spirit of Christmas is disappearing.

Come, now, all you Scrooges. Admit it. You enjoy giving at Christmas, even though you grumble a bit, and even though you have to do without things yourself. Until next June.

And one of the great things about Christmas, the real Christmas, is that the gifts that really count don't have to be wrapped, and don't cost a cent.

What finer gift can we give our children than the teaching of the lovely carols, the telling of the thrilling story? And what greater gift can they give us than the look of wonder and delight in their

Think of all the other incomparable gifts for which no charge account or credit card is

An invitation to Aunt Martha to spend Christmas Day with you, even though she's 86, deaf as a

stone, belches like a Hottentot, and always carries a crock in her

A warm smile for your husband on Christmas morning, and the heart-felt statement that you always HAVE liked Christmas trees leaning at a 45degree angle.

A warm smile for your wife on Christmas morning, and the fervent remark that she's never looked lovlier, even though she resembles a camp-follower in the Crimean War.

A simple announcement from your wife on Christmas morning, in the twentieth year of your marriage, when your kids are in high school or college "Guess what, dear. We're going to have a baby."

A sincere, sympathetic phone call to your neighbor on Christmas morning, when you discover that his front-lawn display, featuring Santa Claus and the Seven Dwarfs has blown down in the night. Interspersed, of course, with a few jolly "Ho! Ho! Ho's!", in the spirit of the season.

These are the gifts that give real joy, whether you're giving or receiving, if you have the true spirit of Christmas. Now wait a minute. Don't rush back to the stores with your wife's mink stole or your kid's toys. Just in case

Ask the minister. He's already

burdened down with an endless

round of Sunday School concerts

and bageants and candlelight ser-

vices, to say nothing of the guild

teas and auxiliary yule meetings

and visiting shut-ins, and now he's

wondering when he'll find time to

sit down and think out his Christ-

mailed, just ask anybody and

happiness and friendship.

men, everywhere.

Let's call it the Christmas spirit

And to all the readers of

Down(s) in This Corner, may the

Christmas Spirit prevade your

home and brings you the happiest

Christmas-ever.

- and hope that it is shared by all

you'll know.



Everywhere the children are laughing, eyes sparkling with excitement or closed in will come to all good children . . . the children of our little world.

And the teenager, outgrown of Santa Claus and all that jazz, secretly wonders if his misguided parents will read and satisfy his inner craving for a scooter, perhaps, or skis, or sports car, or evening gown, or cheque in well-rounded numbers . . .

The sophisticated adults assume the customary don't-bother-about-me posture . . . but not far beneath the surface hope that they'll be showered by all manner of gifts. Not, mind you, because of any avarice, but because it flatters and at least momentarily imbues a sense of importance.

In this little world of ours the gay lights on the streets are reflecting clear evidence of the season. There is a happy, bustling spirit of good fellowship in the air and strangers are surprised to find a cheery smile doesn't cost anything, yet brings warm divi-

The well-loved Christmas carols are heard again with their Yuletide message and even the pre-occupied business men of this little world of ours are surprised to find themselves humming those well-known hymns.

There are the smells of Christmas too the glorious aroma of the Christmas pudding, the delightful scent of fruit-cake, shortbread and cookies, the snow-fresh smell of pine needles and the Christmas tree.

But somewhere in that other world a child is crying. Somewhere outside the world of abundance there is no tinsel wrapping, no craving beyond a crust of bread to stay the hunger for just one more day. Amplify this

feeble cry by a hundred million more and multiply the answer by ten to get the decibel sleep dreaming of the bounties they know of want in that other world. How much do broke out in J. C. Bell's flour and council, presented William Panwe hear in this little insulated world of ours? And hearing even faintly, do we need?

> How often do we look at our children asleep in their beds and fail to see through them a lonely manger with a bed of hay. We look at the colored lights on our Christmas tree and fail to see, through them, the glorious galaxy of stars which shone in the Heavens on that winter's night so long ago.

Who among us can deny the tug at the heart we feel when we spot a ragged, shivering little figure with his or her nose pressed tightly on the breath-frosted window of a store? The little tug at the heart you feel is the true Spirit of Christmas trying to force its way into a busy, modern world once

The Spirit of giving! Not the giving of material things that cost so much, but the giving of love, of concern toward the sharing of happiness is after all the most precious gift we can bestow and the one which costs so little and brings such wonderful dividends.

The sharing of love and happiness with others is a rare privilege we should be proud to know is ours. And at what better time of year can we start making use of this privilege than at Christmas when thoughts turn to the Heavens and we are assured that in the eyes of God, all men are equal?

Resolve now to share your happiness all year round with others, secure in the knowledge that Bob Cratchit, his wife and Tiny Tim will live again, as once more around the world echo those wonderful words -

Merry Christmas. One Solitary Life . . .

"Here is a man who was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman. He grew up in a carpenter shop until He was thirty and then for three years He was an itinerant preacher. He never wrote a book. He never held an office. He never owned a home. He never had a family. He never went to college. He never put his foot inside a big city. He never travelled 200 miles from the place where He was born. He never did one of the things that usually accompany greatness. He had no credentials but Himself. He had nothing to do with this world except the naked Power of His divine manhood.

"While still a young man the tide of popular opinion turned against Him. His friends ran away. One of them denied Him. He was turned over to His enemies. He went

through the mockery of a trial. He was nailed to a cross between two thieves. His executioners gambled for the only piece of property He had on earth while he was dying - and that was His coat. When He was dead, He was taken down and laid in a borrowed grave through the pity of a friend.

"Nineteen wide centuries have come and gone, and today He is the centrepiece of the human race and the leader of the column of progress. "I am within the mark when I say that

all the armies that ever marched, and all the navies that ever were built, and all the parliaments that ever sat, and all the kings that ever reigned put together have not affected the life of man upon this earth as powerfully as has that One Solitary Life."

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

GLANCING BACK TO 20 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, Dec. 20, 1945.

At the council meeting on Monday evening, Councillor Rush inquired if council was willing to sell a building at the tennis court to that organization. The tennis club proposed turning the court and building over to the Board of Trade during the winter months for their use as a skating rink for children. It was left for the tennis club to send a representative to the regular meeting on January 4 with the proposal.

Milton voters went to the polls on Monday to elect two councillors when four qualified for the two seats which were not filled at the first nomination. Victor Norris headed the polls with 237 and Harold Whewell polled 217, to take second place.

Milton arena went out of the

wool business and back to its or iginal use for which it was intended this week. First skating of the season was on Monday night, and Tuesday night the first hockey practice was held. It looks as if Milton arena would ring again this year to the cheers of hockey fans. The Milton Branch of the Canadian Legion is sponsoring the Intermediate and Junior entries in O.H.A.

An icy wind and snow covered ground in Gage Park, Brampton, didn't chill the enthusiasm of hundreds gathered to meet the Lorne Scots when they came home Monday. The regiment, which boasts of having served in every country the war touched, first went overseas in January, 1940. Col. Louis Keene has been administrating officer since the outbreak of the war. Major Stewart Beatty was in charge of the group that arrived on Monday.

GLANCING BACK TO 50 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, Dec. 23, 1915.

According to orders from militia headquarters, authority has been granted that 50 per cent of each Canadian expeditionary force unit be granted Christmas leave from the night of the 23rd inst. to the night of the 27th, and 50 per cent from the night of the 30th to the night of January 3rd. This will give four days to each officer and man at his home. The privilege will be restricted to well conducted and deserving

feed store, in the row of wooden the fire brigade reached the spot and turned on the water, the building, which extended a long way to the rear, was in a blaze.

T. D. Hume's garage on the west and his moving picture theater, the Princess, on the east, were soon on fire and in spite of all that could be done, the flames worked into E. F. Earl's tin shop. All these were destroyed. The cause of the fire is unknown.

Last Thursday evening, Duncan Campbell, warden of the county of Halton, having practically completed his term fo office, entertained at the Hotel McGibbon, his fellow members of the county council and other friends. Towards the end of the evening, About 2 p.m. on Sunday, a fire the warden, on behalf of the ton with a leather seated easy buildings on Main St., opposite chair for himself and a rocker the Bank of Hamilton. Before to match for Mrs. Panton, to mark the completion of 50 years of service as county clerk. The warden expressed the sincere thanks of all the council.

GLANCING BACK TO 100 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, Dec. 21, 1865.

The County Council met December 12 pursuant to journment. The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed. Mr. Hood moved, seconded by Mr. Clay, that the warden is hereby instructed to procure 50 cords of wood for the use of the court house and the jail.

The Fenians are coming to grief in Ireland. Luby, the publisher of the Fenian newspaper The Irish People, has been sentenced to 21 years' imprisonment. Moore, the pike maker, gets 10 years and another named O'Leary gets 20 years. There are now 20,000 British regulars in Ireland.

We are happy to announce that W. D. Lyon Esquire has been again elected Mayor of Milton, without opposition.

According to the announcement, a meeting of the shareholders of Milton Petroleum Co. was convened in the town hall on Monday evening of last week for the purpose of electing directors and for other business. The following gentlemen were appointed trustees: Messrs. McKindseys W. D. Lyon, John Dewar, John White M.P.P., John Hatton, Robert Matheson, S. Center, R. . Whyte and James McGuffin. These directors were authorized to petition for incorporation as soon as necessary conditions are complied with.

A large number of shareholders were present and considerable interest was displayed. The shares taken now amount to \$1,650. A meeting is called for Friday evening next at the usual place and

LET'S PLAY BRIDGE

To give the opponents a trick in a suit, while you have a high card in the suit, goes against the grain of most bridge players. However, this is often the easiest way to make a contract. You give up a trick while you have control of the hand. The play is called a "ducking" play.

A good example of this occurred last week at a duplicate bridge game in Toronto. wife and I defended the hand and declarer went down to defeat, not because of what we did but as a result of what declarer did not do.

Here are the hands. Dealer — West. North - South vulnerable. North

S-K J 6 H-A K 10 7 3 C-A K 8 West S-10.7H-Q 9 6 D-KQJ10832 D-6 5 C-QJ109632 South S-A9853H-J 8 2 D-A 9 7 C - 74

The bidding: North East All Pass

Taking advantage of the vulnerability, my wife opened the bid-

ding with three diamonds, but North - South were not to be de-

nied and they reached an excellent slam in spades.

West led her singleton club, hoping for a quick ruff in order to set the contract. The lead, however, gave declarer a good chance to make his slam. The club was won in dummy and a spade led to the ace. A second spade lead was made and a successful finesse taken in dummy. The spade king removed West's last trump.

Declarer played the heart ace, just in case there was a singleton queen around somewhere, but this was not the case. At this point, declarer went astray.

In order to take the heart finesse, which would have given him all the tricks, he led a diamond to the ace and tried the heart finesse. This lost to East's queen, and East quickly led a diamond, to defeat the contract by two tricks.

How should declarer have proceeded? After taking the heart ace, declarer should simply have led a low heart from dummy. East can win his heart queen but no lead can defeat the slam. Declarer can win a diamond return with is ace and discard two diamonds on dummy's long hearts. In all, declarer takes five

spades, four hearts, one diamond and two clubs for a total of 12

Last week's winners were: first, Bill Hamilton and Harry Frost; second, Cam Sinclair and Bob Dickson; third, Lou Bertasson and Mrs. K. Coates.

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QUOTE OF

"God Bless us every one," said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

> -Charles Dickens From "A Christmas Carol"



DOWN(S) IN THIS CORNER

WITH ROY DOWNS

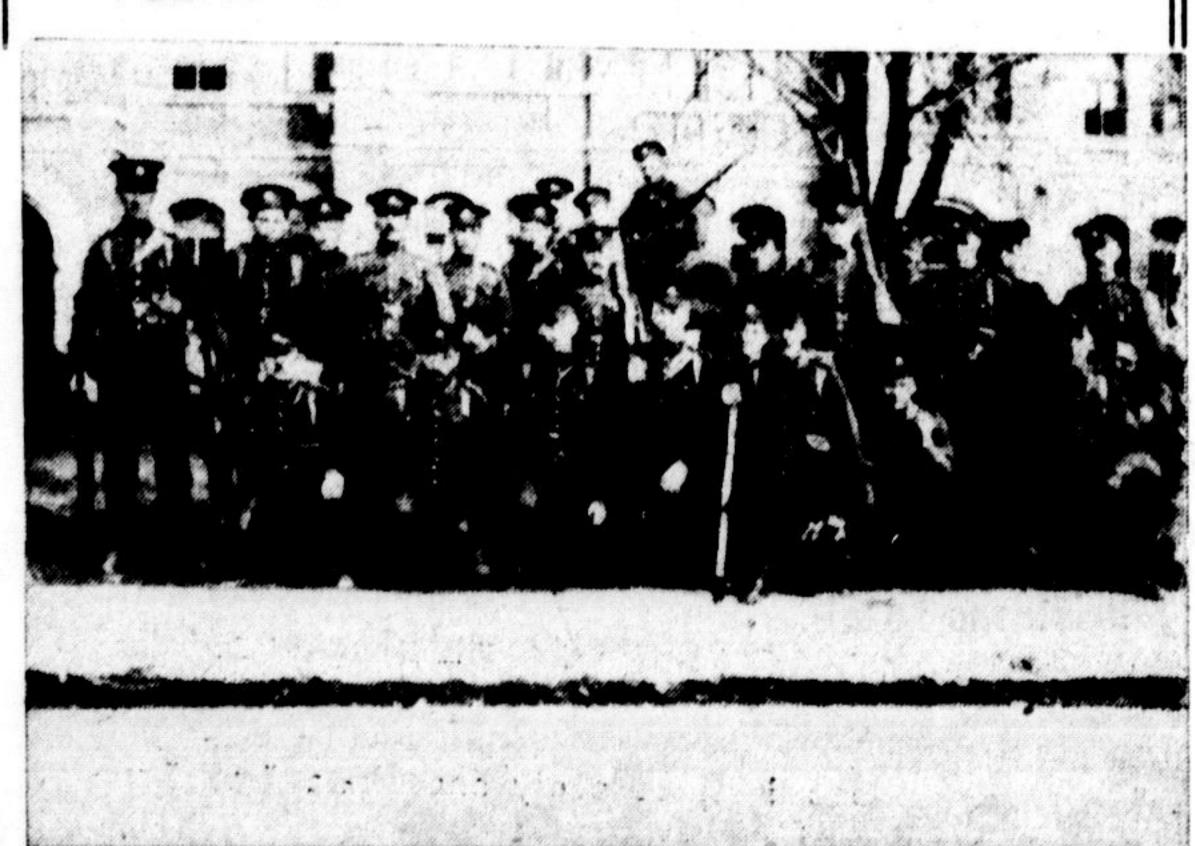
ITS ALMOST Christmas. Ask anybody. Ask the housewife, dashing about in the kitchen cooking up plenty of food and come January 1. goodies for all the "company" that is expected.

Ask the average father. Christmas is practically here and he has done very little (or none at

visualizing the total cost of all the other packages that have been brought into the house and wonders if he won't have to find a place to hide from the creditors,

the tree and it seems to them Christmas "will never get here".

all) of his gift buying. He's been



THE 164th BATTALION'S officers are shown here in a snapshot taken during the early part of the century. Among the 24 officers in the group, those known include George Smillie, Billy Gallagher, Stewart Robertson, Mr. Wilkinson, Frank Cross and Steve Regan. Know any more? Bill Cross of Milton loaned the photo.

Ask the store clerks. They're

"wound up" tight as the drum

fits were never as good and their ulcers never bothered them as badly as at Christmas time.

Ask the children. They are

Ask the merchants. Their pro-

busy answering questions and jangling cash registers and suffering from tired feet and sheer exhaustion caused by extended store Santa's expected to leave beneath

PEEKING INTO MILTON'S PAST

mas sermons to be delivered to a sleepy, overstuffed congregation on Sunday morning. Ask anybody. They'll tell you Christmas is almost here. Regardless of whether all preparations Published by the Dills Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd. are made, all cards addressed or

They'll tell you why Christmas St., Milton, Ont. Member of the C.W.N.A., is almost here. It's a feeling that comes to virtually everyone at this time of year. It is difficult to describe accurately, but it is a mixture of joy and warmth, of

vance, \$4.00 in Canada; \$7.00 in all countries other than Canada.