

# Bottle of ink only gift

By Mary Hubelit

On November 28th, 1979, the Terrace Bay-Schreiber News published my first Christmas column, following almost a year of chatting with you from time to time. Now, in my eighth year with the paper I'll give it to you again, with the same best wishes:

"Well, friends, it seems the sentimental season is almost upon us again. Christmas inspires the release of many emotions, not only love and goodwill. You have seen and perhaps felt, panic, impatience, greed, relief, dread, but honestly now, have you seen much humor? Supposed to be the hap-

piest public occasion in our lives, and yet there is nothing funny about it.

However as you grow older and think back, situations of rib-ticking proportions abounded. Maybe that's because most of the other emotions have been drained off us by now, and humor is all we have left?

Anyway, what about that boy you were crazy about in Grade V? You sent him- in the mail- a present "from Santa Claus, who loves you very much!" and then blushed scarlet for six weeks every time you passed him on the street or in the school corridor. Mind you, if the insensitive beast hadn't gone around town showing off and attributing his gift to a girl *he* liked, it would have been easier on you.

We all know the glaze that covers Daddy's eyes (not to be confused with the one he came home with last night) as he 'helps' Junior put his train set together. You *must* get a picture of it- he'll never believe you otherwise.

Didn't you squirm with embarrassment for the little angel in the Christmas pageant whose halo kept falling over her eyes? But it *was* funny!

Scotch tape has been much improved since its invention, but will you ever forget the look on big brother's face as all the living-room streamers, hung from the big red bell by the chandelier, gently and unanimously swooshed down from their tapings and festooned themselves around him? Mother's face clearly said "You and your new-fangled notions!" Father tiptoed to the kitchen and little sister remembered it was bedtime.

When I watch the current TV commercials my mind flashes way back to 1930, the year my only present was a bottle of ink. The country was in The Big Depression, I know now, but we were poor all the time and not particularly dismayed by this Christmas. The family had scratched together cash for a roasting chicken and a 75-cent bottle of port wine (the one you pay \$7.00 for now), but gifts?- forget it!

After the chicken was in the oven we prepared to all sit around together, have a glass of port ("one small glass won't hurt 'em") and sing a few carols. I set up around me the greeting cards I had received from several pen pals, admiring their bright, sparkly colors, and rather envying the girl who had signed here with green ink- I thought that was the very essence of elegance!

Mother served the wine and Dad

handed brother and me a small parcel each- gift-wrapped yet! Brother unwrapped his very first real hockey puck. I found the most beautiful, shimmering, precious gem in the whole world- a bottle of green ink! Mother said my eyes were green too, as I looked up and thanked her.

So, friends, it seems the secret lies in wanting what you get, and not necessarily getting all you want. MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY!"



## First Christmas Carol

The first Christmas carol composed in America was written in the Huron Indian language, by a Frenchman.

The lyrics were written in 1641 by a native of France, Father Jean de Brebfeuf, for his Christian converts. He set the words to a popular French tune, "Une Jeune Puceile."

In his writing, the French priest described the Hurons' reverence for Christmas: "They built a small chapel of cedar and fir branches in honor of the Infant Jesus... Even those who were at a distance of more than two days' journey met at a given place to sing hymns in honor of the newborn Child."

After the Hurons were defeated by the Iroquois, they resettled near Quebec, preserving the Christmas carol among their traditions.



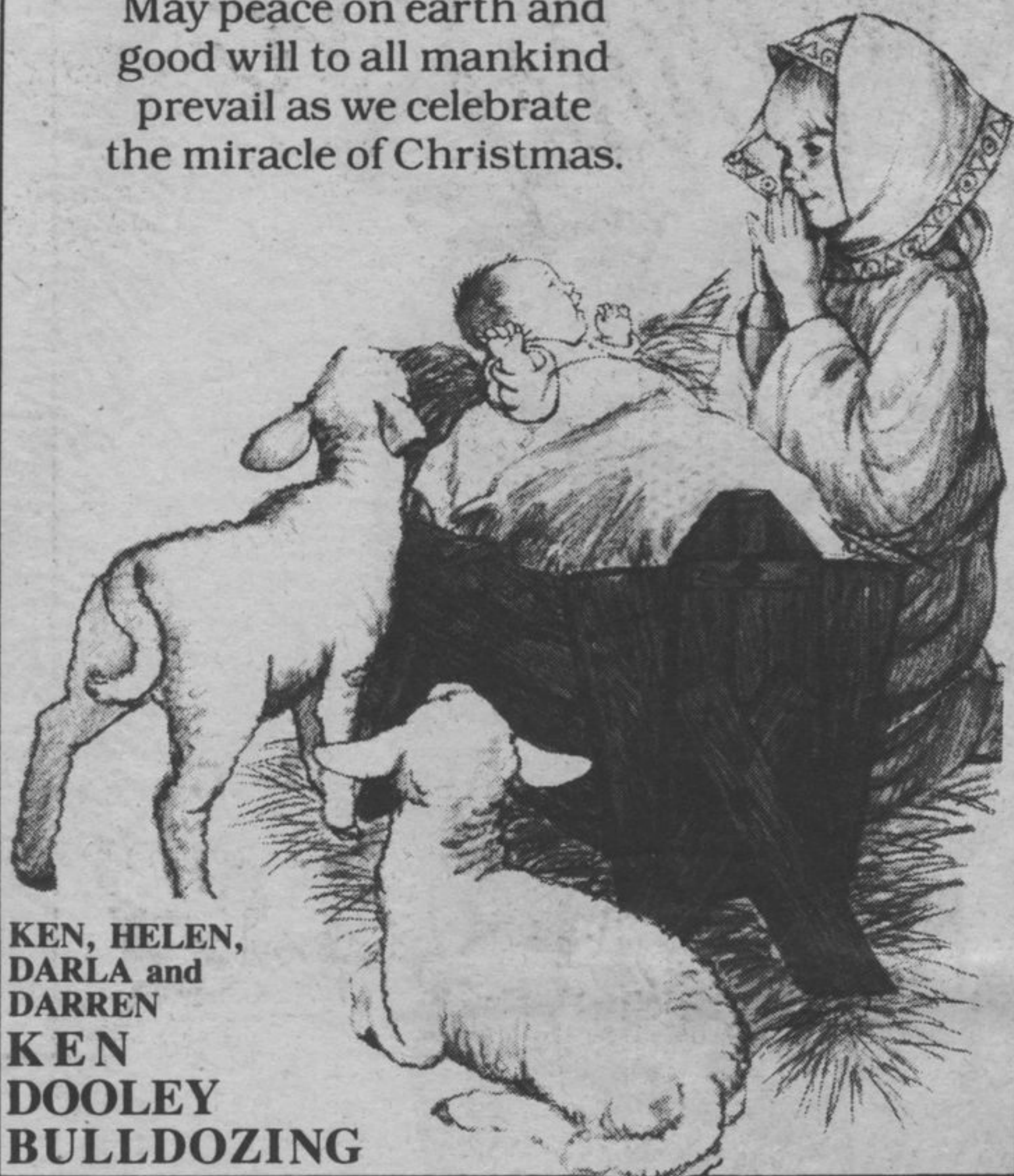
May all your dreams come true for you and your loved ones this season!



Terrace Bay Public Library

## O Come Let Us Adore Him

May peace on earth and good will to all mankind prevail as we celebrate the miracle of Christmas.



KEN, HELEN, DARLA and DARREN  
KEN DOOLEY BULLDOZING



With deepest appreciation for your friendship and good will in the past, thanks and Merry Christmas.

PALM DAIRIES

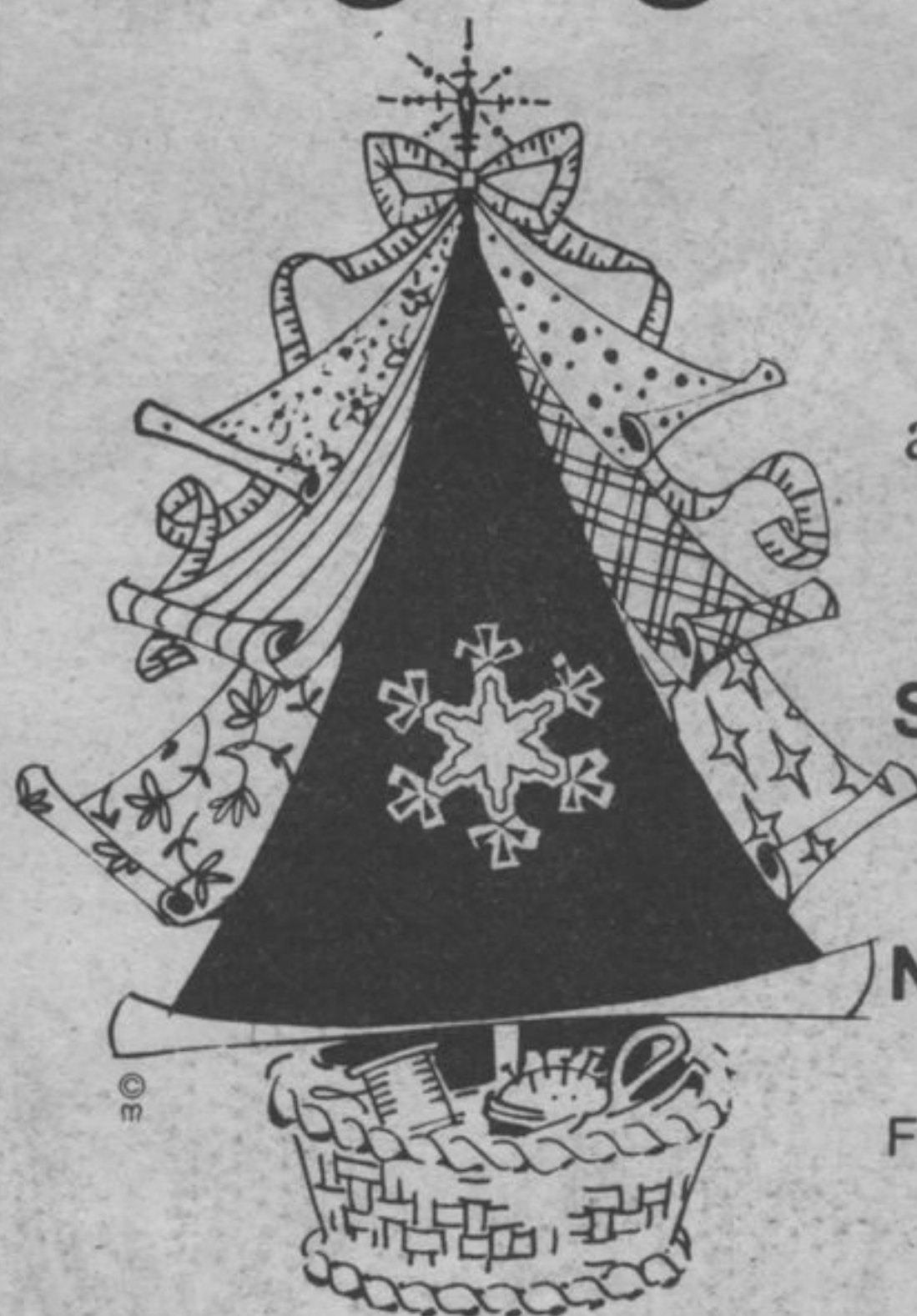
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