

Homemade Santa

By Ancel Beauregard

Harvey Butler ran a chapped hand through the lank brown hair that fell over his forehead and stared contemptuously at Jack and Gordon Linter. Their blue eyes were on him, wide and questioning. "You sure there ain't no Santa Claus?" six year old Gordon asked worriedly.

Harvey laughed. Course the Linter kids were little kids, six and seven but they ought to know better. "You think I'd be parading around in split-out jeans an' a patched shirt if there was?"

"Probably Santa Claus is bringing you new ones for Christmas," Jack said hopefully.

Harvey sneered, thinking of the barren Christmases at his house. They were lucky if they had a tree even. This year on account of his sister—just over three now—mom had said they'd try to have some present. "Any new clothes I get we buy," he said "an' usually I just get my cousin's old stuff, hand-me-downs, mom calls them."

"Well," again Gordon looked hopeful, "that doesn't bring toys not clothes."

"Not to me he doesn't. I tell you there isn't a Santa Claus except for your folks."

Gordon's eyes filled with

tears and Jack looked like crying. "Are you sure?" he asked, his voice quivering. "Your little sister told me Santa Claus—Kaws she calls him—is coming to your house?"

The wind seemed to whistle through all the holes and thin places in Harvey's clothes. "Carol said that? Honest?"

"Yeah" Jack said, "you know how funny she talks. She said he was coming through the door, 'cause you don't have a chimney, when the lights are out and bring her a doll and some other things."

"What things? Try and remember." Harvey felt chilled. If Carol was expecting Santa Claus, counting on him like these kids... How would she feel when he didn't come.

"Doll cradle and a wagon," Gordon said. "And a trike—twike she called it—painted red. You were just kidding us weren't you, Harvey."

Harvey looked at their faces and felt mean that he had told them the truth. After all, he was eleven, big enough to know better and they were just little guys. "Sure I guess there's a Santa Claus but sometimes he doesn't get to all the houses. Like Carol said we don't have a chimney for him to come down, so he probably missed us a couple of times."

The light was back in the boys' eyes. "Sure, that's it. What're you making that scowly face for, Harvey?"

This time Harvey chose his words carefully. "Well, he might miss our house again this year and Carol'd sure be disappointed, so I was trying to think how I could see she got what she wanted. I think I can make her a wagon at the Boy's Club and a wooden cradle. You think that'd work?"

"Sure," Gordon agreed enthusiastically, "long as she thinks Santa brought them,

she won't know the difference."

"What about the doll and the trike? You can't make those," Jack pointed out.

Harvey shivered leaning against the board fence. "Mom gave me money for a haircut that I could use for a doll." Usually Mom gave him haircuts 'cause they were so expensive, but she had a burned hand now.

"Hey, Jack," Gordon shouted excitedly, "how about that old trike in the garage? Harvey could fix the wheel."

"Sure," Gordon answered, "and I'll bet we can find some red paint."

"And we could make her some blocks at the Boy's Club easy."

Harvey shoved his hands in his pockets, swallowing quickly. "Gee, that'd be fine, she doesn't have any now. See you later."

"Come on, Gordon," he

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GREETINGS OF THE Season AND BEST WISHES FOR THE New Year

LEHMAN'S SHOES
Stouffville, Ontario

Jewellery Male Prerogative Since Most Ancient Days

During the past five years, the American man has shone forth in all his glory in a collection of jewellery to dazzle the eye.

The girls seem to think that the male trend to jewellery is a comparatively new one. Actually, man—even more so than woman—has been bejewelled since he crawled out of his caves.

We mean this literally, of course for primitive man decorated himself and his weapons with crude jewellery made of stones and shells to keep evil spirits away.

In the highly developed civilizations of Egypt and Greece jewellery was important. Men of high rank and station wore rings, brooches, necklaces and amulets—since these were still supposed to hold magic powers against ill-luck and disease.

In fact the Romans made such a showing of heavy opulent bedazzlements that Cate (the old emany) passed laws prohibiting the use of all jewellery except that worn for a utilitarian purpose such as a badge of office.

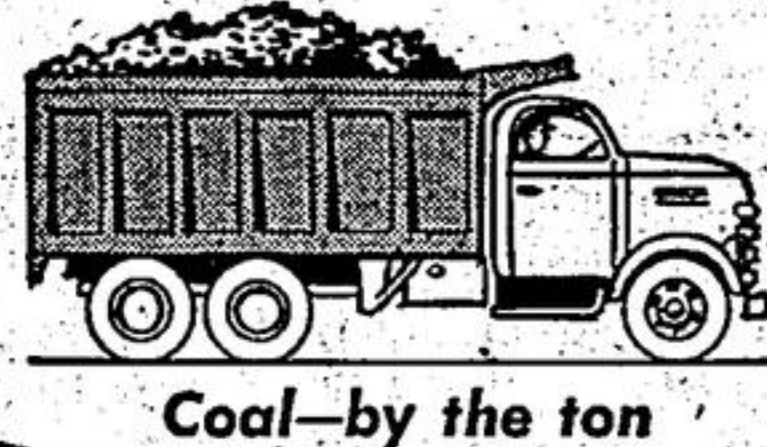
Further along, love-em-and-leave-em Henry VIII of England owned hundreds of brooches, necklaces, collars, pendants and gem-set buckles. And similar male flamboyances held sway until the French Revolution.



Except for Santa Claus himself the photographer was about the busiest person around—at the recent opening of Santa Claus Village at Val David in the Laurentians north of Montreal. Filled with the joyous spirit of Christmas, the enthusiastic cameraman recorded the following scenes showing (1) Santa Claus arriving at his new home via a modern helicopter rather than the

proverbial reindeer; (2) nine year old Marcel Thoun, grandson and official representative of Montreal's Mayor Camillien Houde, presenting the keys of the new Village to Mayor Beaulieu of Val David; (3) Santa Claus and some of his little helpers being welcomed to his new home; (4) a llama from the slopes of the Peruvian Andes, one of the many ani-

mals which roam freely through the village; (6) the jolly old gentleman himself entralling one of his many friends; (7) two of the bear cubs revelling in their specially-built pit which, when illuminated at night resembles a giant birthday cake; and (8) the Chapel of Saint Nicholas which contains a crib reminiscent of the first Christmas.



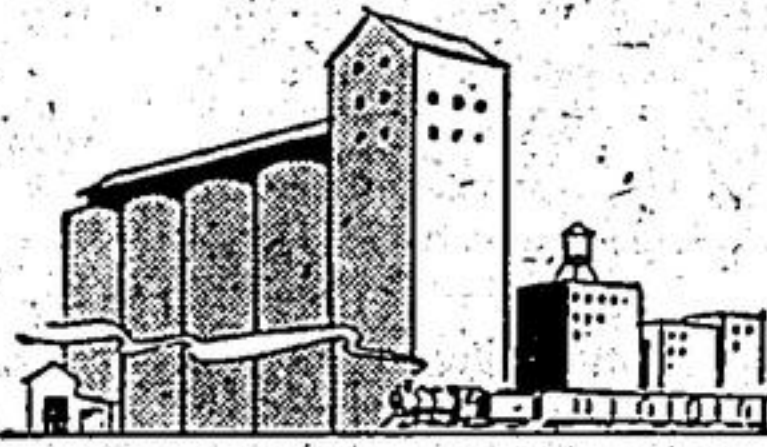
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