# Richmond County Record

SIXTIETH YEAR — ARICHAT, CAPE BRETON, N. S. JANUARY 5, 1957 — No. 18





## Year-End Message From The Premier

by Hon. Robert L. Stanfield, Premier of Nova Scotia

The items by which we are guided in reading the economic barometer all point to 1956 as a year of progress in Nova Scotia. Throughout the year, employment was up and unemployment down over the same points in 1955. At mid-year, the value of building permits was greater than for the previous year as ago were the insurance sales, retail sales and electric power consumption. These are all factors which indicate increasing prosperity and big is, of course, pleasing to see.

Punctuated by the opening of Imperial Oil's gigantic new refinery at Dartmouth, the industrial development of the Province made steady progress. The new refinery has been called a mark of faith by the company in the future of this region and, certainly, as the multi-coloured lights shed their brilliance upon the waters of Halifax harbour, one cannot deny the aptness of the metaphor.

Through other developments do not reach the stature of the new refinery, they have shown heartening growth and, indeed, have been enjoyed by companies both large and small in all sections of the Province.

Perhaps the most important message for us this New Year is that the past behind us and the future before us. The new developments of 1956 will almost certainly herald production increases during 1957. Success of the year just gone will be the bearers of hope and confidence for the years to come. By working together we can build a better future.

So long as Nova Scotians maintain their faith in their own abilities, and keep before them a determination that these abilities will be directed towards ever-increasing productivity then the future of Nova Scotia will be assured.

—:O:—

## C.W.L. Meeting At R. Bourgeois

River Bourgeois — The meeting o the St. John the Baptist sub-division of the CWL was held in the Parish Hall at River Bourgeois Sunday, December 2nd at 1 p.m.

The president, Mrs. Victor Bourque, opened the meeting and in unison with the members present recited the League Prayer and prayers for our Holy Father.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read by the secretary and Miss Hilda Bourque read the financial report.

The spiritual convener's report was read by the president, Mrs. Thibeard reported that the day of continuous rosary which was held on the First Friday in October, was well attended by both members and non members. Also that twenty-five members received holy communion on October 7 which was communion day for our sub-division.

On November 5 several members gathered at the home of Mrs. Clarence Boulnier to recite the rosary for the repose of the soul of his father Mr. Henry Boucher.

Rev. Fr. Samson, our spiritual director, attended the meeting and gave an interesting talk.

The president then read a letter from the Immigration Department in Halifax. The members decided to collect different articles to be sent to this department for the immigrants.

It was then decided that our social activities for the month of December be limited owing to the children's Christmas party and concerts.

—:O:—

The new is but the old come true, each sunrise sees a new year born.

—Helen Hunt Jackson

## *Highland Chieftain Dies*

A Highland Chief died in St. Peters recently in the person of William A. MacDonald, the 12th Chief of Glenaladale. Born in Tracadie, P. E. I., on Glenaladale estate originally granted to Capt. John MacDonald, 8th Chief on whose property at Glenfinnen, Scotland, Prince Charlie unfurled his banner in 1745. The late chief William A., was a nephew of Sir William C., of MacDonald College and Tobacco fame. His physic and hearing belied his age of 85 years on July 20th. He attended Prince of Wales College and Guelph Dairy School. He was an excellent all-round athlete and step-dancer. Old manuscripts in the Montreal area attests to his prowess as rover on the old Victoria and M.A.A.A. hockey teams. This was before the days of the Maroons.

Old timers will remember him too as foreman for twenty years at the Besco development at Marble Mountain. He was the second last surviving member of his family of twelve, the other being a sister, Mrs. Dr. W. B. Walsh of Montreal. He was married twice, His first wife being Kate (Norman) MacDonald from whom he had two sons, Jack, Boston; Rannie, Midway, N.B. His second wife was Bessie MacKenzie with home Harold, St. Peters; Fred Halifax; Mrs. Lindsay Robertson, Boston; Percy, Halifax; Peggie, (Mrs. Jack Adams), St. Peters; Walter, Ontario; Anna (Mrs. Rod MacMullen), Antigonish;

The funeral was largely attended and Rev. Fr. Paul MacNeil P.P. officiated at the service and at the cemetery. The altar boys were three grandchildren and the organist was Rev. Mother Gustave of Stella Maris Convent River Bourgeois, The Pall Bearers all former neighbours and friends were W. D. Morrison, Richard MacDonald, Johnny Alex MacDonald, Johnny Cameron, Lester Robertson and Horatius Smith.

—:O:—

## New Year's

A new prayer for the New Year,
In mercy, heavenly Father, hear.
The former things are passed away,
Make all things new for Thy great day,
Give us the best Thou hast to give,
By which alone we still may live—
A new heart and a new birth
For a new heaven and a new earth.

—Estelle M. Hurll

## LORRAINE FOREMAN




With a toast to the New Year, here is vivacious Lorraine Foreman singing star of CBC "Country Hoedown"

**PRAYER KEEPS ME YOUNG: —LOUIS ST. LAURENT**

Ottawa, Ont.—(CCC)— General Alfred Gruenther, retiring Supreme Commander of NATO, paying an official call on the Canadian Cabinet was greeted by Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent, "Well, how are you? I've come to get the recipe for those vitamins you are taking here. You look so young. Maybe you're not working so hard," General Gruenther said as they shook hands.

Mr. St. Laurent, who is 74, replied happily: "Maybe it is because so many people are praying for me."

## Minister of Labor Gives Report



from the Hon. Stephen Pyke, Minister of Labour

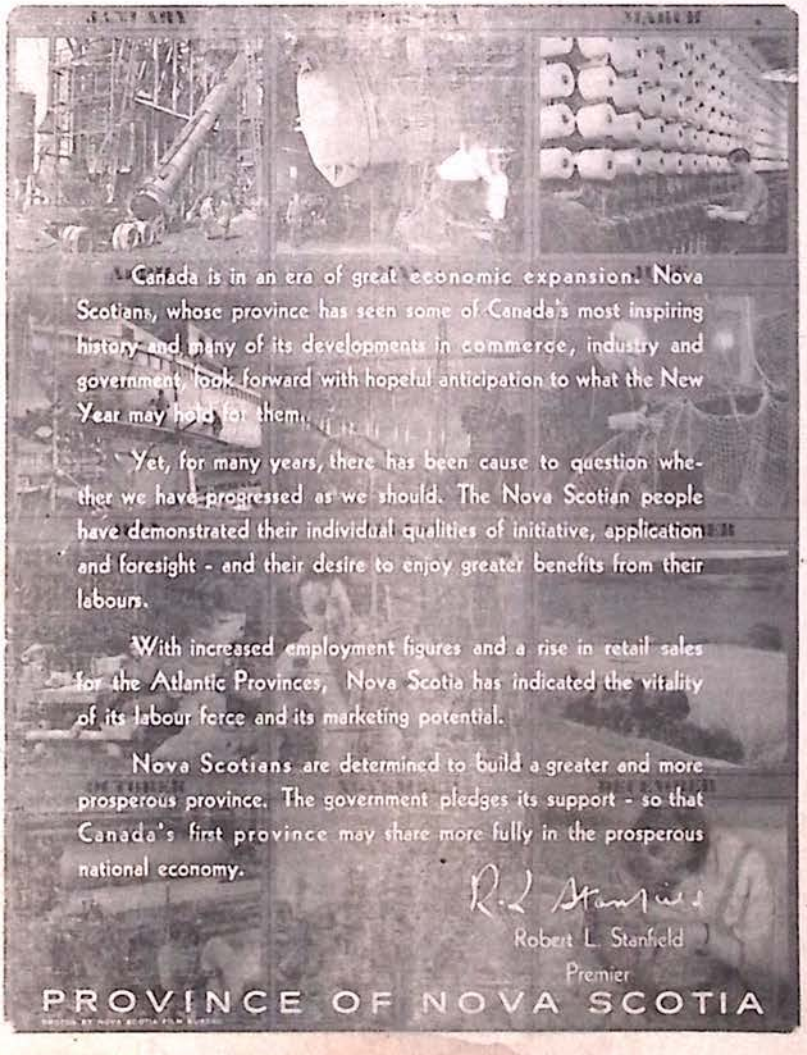
The year 1956 will be recorded in the annals of the trade union movement as a milestone in labour's drive to obtain solidarity within its ranks. At an historic convention held in Halifax in November the two provincial federations of labour, formerly made up of unions affiliated with the Canadian Congress of Labour and the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada, were merged into one Federation of Labour, comprising both craft and industrial unions. This amalgamation at the provincial level marked another step forward in the unification of the ranks of labour for which the groundwork was laid at the Merger Convention in Toronto last April when the two great national bodies, the Canadian Congress of Labour and the Trades and Labour Congress of Canada mergered to form the Canadian Labour Congress.

Industrial peace rather than industrial strife has been the keynote in labour-management relations during the past year. Although the time-loss in man-working days will exceed that of last year, on the whole labour-management negotiations were carried on in the true spirit of compromise which is so necessary to the success of voluntary collective bargaining. In some cases agreement between the two parties was brought about by third party intervention which is the role the Department of Labour plays in industrial disputes, either by the appointment of a Conciliation Officer or a Conciliation Board, but for the most part agrement was reached in the matters in dispute through direct negotiations between management and labour.

The record of the past year in the field of labour-management negotiations augurs well for the future of the Province, as it is indicative of the fact that both parties are alive not only to their individual responsibilities, but to their responsibilities to the community as a whole.

Since assuming office I have had the opportunity to assess the role which the Department of Labour plays in the economy of the Province. While I am impressed by the variety of functions which a Department of Labour is required to assume in our modern economy, I am cognizant of the fact that many of these functions could not be discharged properly without the full understanding and support of both workers and management.

It is my earnest hope that with the co-operation of both these groups progress will be made towards the betterment of our economy generally and that the well-being of all Nova Scotians will improve during 1957.

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M. J. BOURINOT, Publisher

ARICHAT, Cape Breton, N. S.

JANUARY 5, 1957

## Happy New Year

We wish our readers patrons and friends a Very happy and Prosperous New Year.

Our sincere thanks and appreciation go to all our loyal customers for their support in advertising and job printing orders.

We are looking forward to expanding our business and this can only be accomplished by your continued support, we solicit your business for 1957.

A special thank you goes to all who made our Christmas edition such a noted success by a greater advertising volume which necessitated ten pages.

In this short message we close in thanking all our correspondents who contribute to the success of the Record.

On August 28, 1957 the Record will celebrate its 60th birthday, having been established by our late father, Bertram Bourinot on August 28th, 1897.

—:O:—

## Forgive Me When I Whine

Today upon a bus, I saw
A lovely maid with golden hair;
I envied her — she seemed so gay
And Oh, I wished I were so fair.
When suddenly she rose to leave,
I saw her hobble down the aisle
She had one foot and wore a crutch,
But as she passed, a smile.
Oh God, forgive me when I whine
I have two feet—the world is mine.

And when I stopped to buy some sweets,
The lad who served me had such charm.
He seemed to radiate good cheer
His manner was so kind and warm.
I said, "It's nice to deal with you
Such courtesy I seldom find."
He turned and said, "Oh thank you, Sir!"
And then I saw that he was blind.
Oh God, forgive me when I whine
I have two eyes—the world is mine.

Then, when walking down the street
I saw a child with eyes of blue.
He stood and watched the others play;
It seemed he knew not what to do.
I stopped a moment, then I said:
"Why don't you join the others, dear?"
He looked ahead without a word,
And then I knew; he could not hear.
Oh God, forgive me when I whine
I have two ears—the world is mine.

With feet to take me where I go,
With eyes to see the sunset's glow
With ears to hear what I would know;
I'm blessed indeed. The world is mine;
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine.

Anonymous

## NOTICE

The second Annual Meeting of the 26th Council of the Municipality of the County of Richmond will convene at the Court House Arichat, on Tuesday the 29th day of January, A. D. 1957, at the Court House, Arichat, beginning at 10 a.m. All letters, petitions accounts, etc., intended for the consideration of the Council at said Annual Meeting should be in the hands of the Clerk on or before the 19th Inst.

E. C. DOYLE
Clerk - Treasurer
Municipality of the County of Richmond

Municipal Office
January 2, 1957.

## LETTER at Christmas



"WONDERFUL weather for Christmas!" Timothy Bowan thought as he trampled through the snow with an armful of mail from the post office.

But he was apprehensive, for in the bundle was a letter from Caroline, his daughter. Why, he kept asking, would Caroline be writing now, the day before Christmas, unless to tell her parents that she wouldn't be home for the holidays?

Noisily he stamped the snow from his overshoes of the back porch, then walked into the kitchen which was savory with the odor of his wife Rachel's Christmas cooking. Then, as Rachel approached the bundle of letters he had placed on the table, Timothy found himself shrinking from the room, fearful of how Rachel would take the news.

No Caroline for Christmas! Why, never once in her 24 years had Caroline been away. But, then, she was building her own life in the city, now — new friends, new interests. And spending the holidays with two old parents was probably pretty dull.

But how would Rachel take it? If only someone, anyone, would spend Christmas with them to relieve the loneliness! Well, how about young Tom Wakefield, with whom Caroline had once been in love, a fine young chap who didn't have a home, and who probably would miss Caroline this Christmas as much as he and Rachel would?

A few minutes later Timothy was tramping downtown through the snow again, and into Tom Wakefield's garage.

"Merry Christmas, Tom!" he shouted, walking into the small office.

"Same to you, Mr. Stone!" cried Tom. "What can I do for you?"

"Well, Tom," Timothy began, "you can make a couple of old people pretty happy if you'll come to dinner with us tomorrow. You see—I don't expect Caroline will be coming and, well, it would be nice if you'd join us."

"Gosh, thanks Mr. Stone!" Tom answered. He turned red, then pale. "I'll be there!"

Back home, Timothy was reprimanded. "Well, Mr. Stone, where have you been, leaving me all alone with this news about Caroline!" Rachel's eyes sparkled.

"I know, darling," Timothy said, "It's too bad she can't be here for Christmas, but I've asked Tom Wakefield to join us. It'll be kind of nice having him, remembering how he and Caroline used to be so close. You know, I think that boy is still in love with her—"



Timothy found himself shrinking from the room.

Mrs. Stone smiled. "Well, we'd better get busy, since company's coming. Fix a fire in the hearth, will you?" And as Timothy went off on his errand, her eyes followed him, smiling.

The Stone household was a busy place Christmas morning. While Timothy tended his stock and poultry, Rachel fixed the turkey, set the table and then went upstairs to dress. And shortly after noon Tom Wakefield arrived, handsome young Tom, and the three of them sat down in the living room before the fire for a short visit before dinner.

Then an automobile horn blared out front, and Timothy ran to the window.

"It's Caroline!" he shouted, beside himself. "Rachel, come quick! She must have come in on the noon train!"

Then she burst into the room, lovely Caroline, laughing merrily, tossing her bags on the floor and running to her parents.

Suddenly she saw Tom, standing white and tense beside the fireplace, and momentarily her mouth fell open with surprise.

"Oh, Tom!" she cried. "You here, too? This makes it perfect!" And she ran to his arms, while Rachel drew her puzzled husband into the kitchen.

"You may be a pretty smart man, Timothy," she explained quietly as she lifted the turkey from the oven, "but we fooled you that time! You just assumed, because Caroline wrote the day before Christmas, that she wasn't coming home. What she said in the letter was that she was tired of the city and was coming back to stay.

"Of course," she smiled, "I'll give you credit. Poor Caroline's heart was breaking for fear, so your inviting him here today makes everything perfect!"

## Rendezvous

LAURETTE was dining alone in her apartment, while outside the tempo of a New Year's Eve celebration grew in intensity.

It was quiet, sitting there by candlelight, a beautiful moment to reflect back over the 12 months just ending—except that tonight was no cruise! Tonight the vigil would end, the problem would resolve itself. But which way?

It was a strange thing they had done. Just a year ago tonight, while all New York was going mad welcoming the New Year with raucous gaiety, they had been sitting in this very room—yes, Harry over there in the big arm chair and she, Laurette, in the very chair she occupied at this moment. "Laurie," he used to call her; not "Laurette," the name everyone else used, but "Laurie," the convenient abbreviation he had invented.

"I'm a failure, Laurie," he had said. "Five years on the same job with nothing to show save a thinning head of hair and an almost empty bank account."

Laurette remembered how she had tried to comfort him, and then the bombshell:

"No, honey," he had said flatly. "It's no use. We can't be married, for I'd merely be fastening a millstone around your neck. I'm leaving—leaving you right now!"

She had cried, protested, and then he had agreed to make a game of it. His parting words, still vivid, were:

"If you'll wait a year, Laurie, dear—a year from tonight. If I've succeeded, if I've made something of myself by then, I'll be back. A year from tonight. If not, well, probably you'll never see me again."

She still remembered the firm set of his shoulders as he walked out the door that night, bound he knew not where.

She remembered the questions their friends had asked. Where was Harry? Away on a long trip she had replied, at first. Then she had ceased to offer excuses, and of course the friends stopped asking questions.

Only once had there been word of him, and then only very indefinite news.

"I saw him getting into a cab on Market street," Bill Collins had told her upon returning from a trip to San Francisco. "At least I think it was Harry. Saw him only an instant, though, and I couldn't be sure!"



Midnite came, and the noise reached a mighty crescendo.

So tonight she was waiting. Only God and she and Harry knew how important was this New Year's Eve. Bill Collins had asked her out for the evening but she said, no, she wasn't feeling well and would stay home. Then he asked if he might drop around to her apartment and she begged off. Bill had given her a puzzled look, but only God and she and Harry knew. . . .

Laurette washed the dinner dishes, brushed her hair and straightened up the living room, because Harry used to enjoy sitting in front of the hearth with his pipe.

At eleven o'clock there was a knock at the door, and Laurette's heart jumped. But it was only the lady next door, pausing long enough to extend the inevitable "Happy New Year!"

"What's happy about it?" Laurette wanted to ask her.

She picked up a book and tried to read, but it was no use. Midnight came, and outside the noise reached a mighty crescendo. At that moment Laurette suddenly realized that Harry had failed her; New Year's Eve was over, and he hadn't kept the rendezvous!

Then the telephone jangled and Laurette leaped to answer.

"San Francisco calling Miss Windsor," said the operator. Then a long silence, while Laurette held her breath. Hadn't Bill thought he'd seen Harry in San Francisco? Finally the operator came back: "I'm sorry, Miss Windsor, but our lines have apparently gone out somewhere. I'll have to call you back."

Then Laurette had an idea. "Operator," she asked, "was that call addressed just to Miss Windsor? Wasn't there a first name?"

"Why, I guess so," came the reply. "Yes, here it is—to Miss Laurie, La-u-r-i-e Windsor. That's you, isn't it?"

"I'll say it is!" Laurette shouted gleefully. "But only one person in the world ever called me that!"

—:O:—

The best preparation for the future is the present well seen to, and the last duty well done.

— George Macdonald

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| ☐ Canadian Homes & Gardens | 3.35 |
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| ☐ Collier's (bi-weekly) | 4.30 |
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| ☐ Saturday Night (bi-weekly) | 1 Yr. |
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| | |
|---|---|
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KATE YARROW had so often heard neighbors remark that she would be an old woman before her time, that she had begun to think of herself as quite middle-aged. Actually she was not quite 30, nor had her full days as mistress of the Yarrow household turned her hair gray or her cheeks wan.

Sometimes, since she had taken her mother's place, Kate did think she was imposed upon. But she blamed no one. Her father was generous enough with the money, and she had Martie in the kitchen and old Sam for outside work. But five inconsiderate younger brothers and sisters, a preoccupied father and a grumbling grandfather made a household that required supervision.

For the past two years, Kate thought, there had really been no Christmas. But this year would be different. The brothers, all in boarding school or college, had accepted invitations to spend the holidays with room-mates. One sister was visiting an aunt, and the other had gone south with her grandma but youthful grandfather. And Kate's father was spending the season with a thoroughly capable widow who, it had been whispered, he was considering as a possible second wife.



Bill did not neglect his privilege.

So as soon as the last member of her brood had forked down the driveway Kate told Martie and Sam to take a two-day vacation — and then settled back to spend Christmas by herself. She ran into the capacious living room and with a completely undisciplined leap landed herself sprawling upon the divan. Everyone but Kate sprawled on that divan. Kate never had time. Now she would begin the Christmas holidays by staying there for hours.

Before dinner time she donned her best red evening frock and over this her couch. Then she went down to the kitchen to make herself a meal, admitting for the first time that it was rather lonesome in the old house. She heard had tappings on the old brass knocker, and went to open the door rather timidly.

But her timidity gave way to annoyance. There was her elder brother, Tom, who had started that morning solemnly to pass the holidays with a group of bachelor friends. And here he was, back—with five young men in tow! They were heavily laden, turkey fret protruding from one of the bundles.

"Well, we began talking it over," Tom said, "and decided Christmas at the club would be a frost. So I asked the fellows to come home with me. I was afraid you wouldn't have things for the feast, so we stopped and got what we thought you'd want. Bill, here, even got mistletoe, though I told him there'd be no pretty girls!"

Then, turning to one of the young men whom Kate had never met, the tactless brother went on, "Bill, this is my sister. Now, I'll run along and get the car in the garage. And, sis, you might take the fellows up and show 'em where you want 'em to sleep!"

Bill alone of the young bachelors noted the look of disappointment on Kate's face. Later, after she had prepared an impromptu Christmas Eve supper and laid aside her smock, she heard Bill say from the other end of the table, "I thought Tom said there would be no pretty girls here. Boys, let's drink a toast to Sister Kate!"

It was past midnight that night when Kate left the kitchen. The boys had helped with the dishes under Bill's orders, but there would be pies and puddings to make for the next day and Kate knew she would have her hands full. She was up early to prepare the festive breakfast, and all day she worked in the kitchen.

It was late Christmas night when she had finished the last work in the kitchen. As she passed through the hall, Bill stood waiting for her. There, above them, hung the mistletoe — and Bill did not neglect his privilege.

"It isn't just because of the mistletoe," he told Kate, holding her still close to him, "I loved you when I first saw you. It has been outrageous for us to suppose on you this way."

"It's all been worthwhile, Bill," Kate replied, "because I've made myself believe that I was doing it all for you—alone!"

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# NEWS ABOUT TOWN AND COUNTY



**From Prescott, Ont.**

Capt. Edmund Forgeron arrived from Prescott, Ont. where he was in command of a tugboat for the past several months.

Capt. Forgeron will spend the winter at his home in West Arichat.

—:O:—

**From Port Arthur**

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bowen have arrived from Port Arthur, Ont. to spend the winter at the home of his mother Mrs.William Bowen of Lochalde.

Alfred was employed during the past summer on a freighter plying the Great Lakes.

—:O:—

**On Furlough**

Pte. Stanage Binet of the Royal Canadian Regiment stationed at London, Ont, spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Binet.

We wish Stan every success.

—:O:—

**Visiting Familys**

Eddie Edwards representing J. E. Morse and Co., Halifax, is spending the holidays with his wife ann family.

—:O:—

**From Digby**

Mrs. Robert Denton of Little River, Digby Co., spent the holidays with her mother Mrs. M. Edwards.

—:O:—

**Home for Christmas**

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Theriault and family of Halifax spent the holidays at the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Theriault, Arichat, and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Briand of Pondville.

Leon Theriault, also of Halifax was visiting his parents.

**Arrives Home**

Raymond LeBlanc an engineer on a Great Lakes freighter has arrived home to spend the winter with his wife and family; and his parents, Capt. and Mrs. Chas. LeBlanc who are residing with their son and daughter-in-law.

We welcome our good neighbor home and wish him a very pleasant holiday.

—:O:—

**From Mulgrave**

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Wilneff and children Barbara and Douglas, spent Christmas Day with Mr. and Mrs. Lester Wilneff.

—:O:—

**To Liverpool**

Capt. John Hennessy of this place has joined the S.S. Markland as second officer.

The Markland is owned and operated by the Mersey Paper Co. of Liverpool.

Friends wish Capt. Jack every success.

—:O:—

**Here for Christmas**

Alexander Marchand, who is employed in Halifax spent Christmas here with his wife and son at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Acton.

—:O:—

**From Halifax**

Nick Boudreau, who is employed in Halifax spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Boudreau and family.

—:O:—

**Home for Holidays**

Paul Doyle, B. Ed., supervisor of Port Hawkesbury High Schools and Miss Margaret Doyle, R.N. who is taking a Nurses' Teaching Course at Dalhousie University, are holiday visitors at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Doyle.

**BIRTH**

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Allan Butler (nee Helen Robertson of Truro) of Montreal, a daughter, Jane Kristine. Congratulations.

—:O:—

**To Newfoundland**

Warren C. Jones, the popular proprietor of the Arichat Hotel and Restaurant spent the Christmas Holidays visiting relatives and friends in Newfoundland.

—:O:—

**From Halifax**

Lloyd Bourinot spent the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Bourinot.

Lloyd is employed as a pressman at the Royal Print and Litho Halifax.

—:O:—

**From Halifax**

Lloyd Latimer who is employed in Dartmouth spent the holidays here guest of his parents Mr. and Mrs. Irving Latimer.

—:O:—

**From St. Marys**

Carroll LeBlanc, a student at St. Mary's College, Halifax, is spending his holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond LeBlanc.

**From Boston**

David Gordon, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gordon arrived from Boston to spend the holidays at his home here.

David is a student at a college in Boston.

—:O:—

**From Halifax**

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mayo of Halifax spent the Christmas holidays at the home of Capt. and Mrs. Joe Mayo of this place.

—:O:—

**From Edgehill**

Miss Norma Jean Sorge a student at Edgehill School for Girls Windsor, spent the holidays with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. N. M. Sorge.

—:O:—

**From St. Mary's**

John LeBrun, a student at St. Mary's College, Halifax, is spending his holidays at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J.H. LeBrun. Also home for the holidays is their daughter Miss Ann LeBrun, a student at Mount St. Vincent, Rockingham.

—:O:—

**In Next Issue**

Particulars of the Boudreau-Foggere, wedding which took place at St. Joseph's Church, Petit de Grat, recently, will appear in our next issue.

—:O:—

**From Everett, Mass**

Dannie Forrest, son of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Forrest, of Everett, Mass., spent the Christmas, holidays, at the home of his grandmother, Mrs. Daisy Power.

John leaves on Saturday after spending a very enjoyable holiday.

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## Doggie in the Window

By LILLIAN MITCHELL

SANDRA sighed and slipped into her white fur jacket.

Mabel laughed, her brown eyes crinkling at the corners. "Oh, well, maybe it isn't as much fun going out for New Year's Eve with a crowd of girls, Sandra. But, at least, come Monday morning, we shall have something to tell at the office."

"I know, I know," agreed the grey-eyed Sandra. "Only if I'd guessed how very few men there would be here in Evenyton, I'd have chosen to stay in the City where I do know men—from school days. And I'd never in the world have bought this fur jacket on the so-called easy term basis!"

Arm in arm they left the boarding house and hurried towards the bus stop where they were to meet two other girls. The air was fresh and icy and Sandra pulled the collar of the white fur jacket closely.

In the darkness, a small dog crossed the sidewalk, nearly tripping them in the dragging leash.



"Come on," Mabel said. "The girls are waving that a bus is coming, Sandra."

"That must be the doggy in the window," Mabel laughed.

"That doggy must have a good home," Sandra chimed in. "What a coat! The golden fur drags on the sidewalk, for a fact."

The golden Pekingese looked up at her with enormous eyes and waited. Sandra stopped, looking closely at the collar that dragged.

*"Tom Tang, I live at 432 Euclid Avenue. Please take me home."*

Sandra glanced up at the nearby house. "Well, Tang, you are home. Skip up those steps, Pup."

"Come on. The girls are waving that a bus is coming, Sandra," Mabel said.

"I'll meet you at the corner of State and Broadway. I'm going to ring the bell and tell them their dog is loose," Sandra said.

"Oh, the dog will get inside, all right. Come along!"

But Sandra stooped again, swooped the tiny dog into her arms and ran lightly up the greystone steps. Her ring brought no one to the door although she could clearly hear the soft chime when she pressed the button. Opening the door that was unlocked, she called gently, "Here's Tang. Anyone at home?"

"Oh, come in, please," answered a silvery voice.

Sandra, still holding little Tang, moved along the hallway to an open doorway where a fireplace glowed and an elderly woman sat in a wheelchair. "Danny took him walking, my dear, and Tang must have got away, somehow."

"Ah, well, he couldn't have got himself lost," smiled Sandra. "He was right outside your door."

"Yes, but he chases cars. We even had him trained by a professional training school and they really trained him in everything except car-chasing—and with his leash dragging—" she sighed.

Then the door burst open and a tall, dark-haired young man rushed in. "Grandma! Tang—why, you little yellow rascal! You—"

"He's not yellow—he's golden!" interrupted his grandmother. "And I'll wager you took him in that convertible I got you for Christmas—and he jumped out—and this is the blonde girl who lives down at 666 on the same street—goes home every night with the brown haired girl at sixteen minutes after five. My grandson, Donny."

"How do you do," murmured Sandra, edging towards the doorway. "How in the world did you ever guess I lived at 666?"

"The lady who keeps it is a friend of mine, my dear. Me, I get to sit in the front window all the time because I fractured my hip ten years ago."

"Oh," said Sandra. "I am to meet some girls downtown—"

"How's for me driving you down, the busses will all be jammed at this time—on New Year's Eve—and if your brown-haired girl friend will double date. I've a classmate home from the hospital—he's an intern where I am this year—"

"That'll be nice—and maybe I'll see the four of you on TV when I look on at midnight," said his grandmother. "Don't let me keep you," she urged. She heard the front door click and motioned to the dog to jump into her lap. "Well, ol' pup, I never made a better trip down that hallway to the front door—in double quick time, too. That girl and Donny—they couldn't be righter for each other, eh?"

Self-knowledge is an everlasting task.—Christopher Harvey.

## *Faith and Peace Are Eternal...*

TWENTY centuries have passed since the inn at Bethlehem was overcrowded because of Caesar Augustus and his census.

The highways who crowded the inn were committed to oblivion by their contemporaries and, except for the census and penchant ambitions of Bethlehem, it wouldn't matter too much if Augustus completely vanished from the history books.

It is generally immaterial that, as puppet king of Judea, Herod fortified the kingdom and kept it out of the clutches of Cleopatra, rebuilt the city of Samaria, and endowed several pagan temples long since scrambled into dust. Few people know, and fewer care, that his wife and two sons were murdered at his command. This sort of a Roman-just Jew is remembered chiefly because of his hypocritical treatment of the Wise Men and because he authorized the slaughter of the Holy Innocents—and even this deed of incredible cruelty might have been forgotten if the Innocents were not associated with the Babe of Bethlehem who grew into the Christ and bequeathed a new philosophy of love and peace to all mankind.



Some men question what has been accomplished during the 20 centuries since Bethlehem.

True enough, some of the records have been written with indelible inks of hatred and prejudice and splattered with much blood; but cynics had best not rest their argument too confidently upon the gory records written or provoked by men who either did not know Christ or openly rejected his commands.

On the other hand, the glad tidings announced to a few shepherds at Bethlehem have inspired courage and faith and love such as no earthly decree or proclamation has ever called forth.

Faith and Peace are eternal quests—and twenty centuries are mere fleeting moments of Eternity


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## *Wassail Bowl For Auld Lang Syne*

The Wassail bowl goes around in Scotland—and elsewhere—at New Year's time.

The origin of the custom is really lost in antiquity: Saxon ancestors probably quaffed their ale from the polished skulls of defeated enemies, and the Rowena legend must be classified as "presumably fiction."

Rowena is reported to have offered her father's guest—Prince Vortigren—a bowl of wine with the salutation "Lord King, waes-hael," literally, "To Your Health." Draining the bowl with one draught, Vortigren fell in love with Rowena and they lived happily ever after.

Anyway, in time the bowl itself became an ornament of graceful design—decorated with branches of greenery which formed a canopy over the bowl. The mixture within was warm and included ale, sugar, spices, sweetened wine was added by hosts who could afford it, apples floated on top of the decoction, sometimes called "lamb's wool" or the "old man's beard." The poorer classes carried a bowl decorated with ribbons around the neighborhood, begging that it be filled, so they, too, might enjoy the Wassail.



The custom of making short calls on New Year's Day was in full swing throughout America about 1900. Newspapers carried columns of "at home" notices specifying the hours during which visitors would be received. A succession of "open houses" and punch bowls sometimes substituted the courtesy accorded to hostesses — receptions were often "crashed" by fabulous strangers; hence, the publicly announced "open house" custom has fallen into decline and, New Year's calls now being exchanged only by intimates, the Wassail bowl goes 'round in private.


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Songstress SHIRLEY HARMER was recently elected one of the ten best-dressed women in Canada by a nation-wide poll of impartial fashion experts. As everyone knows, Shirley is the star of CBC-TV's weekly revue "Showtime."

## *Miracle Play In Modern Texas Town*

LOS PASTORES, the lyrical Spanish - Indian miracle play introduced to Mexico centuries ago by Spanish monks and presented in San Antonio during the Christmas season, is enacted primarily for its spirituality.

A group of amateur actors go from house to house by invitation and because it is traditional that no one prompted by idle curiosity should witness the performance, only the initiated can find the scene of presentation.

Usually someone's back yard becomes the stage; the doorsteps serve as background for the Nativity. Meager scene, various objects are set on the stairs: pieces of crockery, tinsel, pinecones, gaudy ribbon scraps—anything the resourceful outdoors supposedly beautiful. In the center of the lowest step the Christ Child (a life-sized doll placed on a platter with divers gaudy candy) is surrounded by plaster shepherds, donkeys, etc.



A tent opposite the Nativity gives evidence of representing hell; a bonfire has been built within and five devils emerge therefrom.

The play has no definite time for beginning, but finally, a spot starts to walk back and forth resting. Overdressed shepherds drone a seemingly endless song. Eventually the comic relief, carrying a rosary of spoons, also represents the soul of its earthly journey and is often accompanied by the white winged Archangel Gabriel.

It is a never-ending performance: seven devils, six in sequined black with animal masks and the forked-tailed Lucifer in brilliant red, are finally vanquished; likewise, a wild Indian is overcome and kisses the Christ Child; the shepherds and all in attendance kiss the Child, solemnly and as slowly as possible.


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