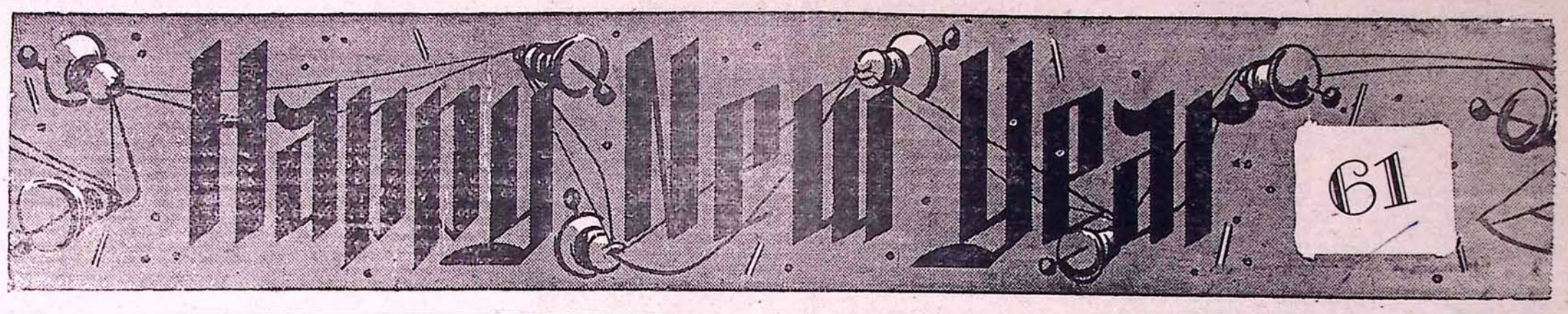
Richmond County Record

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT"

An Independent Journal Devoted Solely in the Interest of Richmond County

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR | ARICHAT, Cape Breton, Canada, DECEMBER 31, 1960 | NO. 17



Ramblings In The Past

By OLD TIMER

THE CENSUS OF 1811

I recently had occasion to see a copy of the 1811 census for Isle Madame and surroundings. This copy was published in 1935 by the Provincial Archives in order to preserve the original which apparently was rapidly deteriorating and in danger of becoming a total loss.

The census gives the names of the heads of families, the total population and the number of cattle, sheep, horses and vessels owned by each household.

There is no particular reason why I should use this document except to show the relative populations of the districts at the time and the fact that most of the names mentioned in the census have been perpetuated in the several sections to the present time. The names are spelled as in the original decument.

ARICHAT.

Rev. Frances LeJametel
Maximian Foret
Ignatius Foret, his son
Policarp Foret
Paul Foret
Alexander DesRoches
Joseph DesRoaches
Luke DesRoaches
Register DesRoaches
Moses DesRoaches
Lewis Hureau
John Godletche
Fabian Fougere
George Sidret
Widow of Vincent Paon
Maximin Landry
John Landry
Peter Landry
Joseph Landry
David Landry
Joseph Poirier.
Widow Eleanor Poirier
Widow of Simon Foret.
Michael Foret.
Simeon Foret Jr.
Bernard Patte.
Hylarion Foret.
Firmin Foret.
Joseph Foret, his son.
Joseph Vigniot.
Gabriel Landry.
Gregory LaVache.
Francis LaVache
Simon Babin
Joseph Babin
John Boudrot
Peter Boudrot
Joseph Hebert
John Hebert
Renold Vigniot
John D'Arable
Peter Bouche, Sr.
Peter Bouche, Jr.
Lewis Briand
Stephen Yvon
Paul Giroir, Sr.
Paul Giroir, Jr.
Benonit Bouche
Joseph Bouche
Joseph L'Anglois
Francis L'Anglois
Peter Bouche, son of John
Joseph Bouche, son of John
Simon Bouche, son of John
Charles Landry's widow
Charles Landry, her son
Joseph Grenon
Nicholas Quesnell
Paul Beausejour
Lewis Hureau Jr.
Victor Terrieau, Sr.
Victor Terrieau, Jr.
Mark Bellefontaine
Augustus LeBlanc
Victor LeBlanc
Moses LeBlanc
Firmien LeBlanc
Paul LeBlanc
Michael Terrieau
Joseph Terrieau
Peter Terrieau
Simon Terrieau
Peter Babin's widow
Honore Babin
Joseph Babin
Anthony Wolf
John Baptist Chevalier
Thomas LeNoir
George LeNoir
George Moore
John Jean
John Le Rossignol
Clement Hubert
Anthony Noel
John Sands
Peter Renouf
Christopher Marks
Francis Grimes
John Edwards
Lawry Kavanagh
Godfrey Erbach
Mills Donahue
Robert Markam

Totals: 91 heads of families with a population of 475. Owned by the inhabitants: 217 cattle, 304 sheep, 9 horses and 30 vessels.

(To be continued.)

———;O:———

West Arichat Notes

Born— To Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Boudreau at St. Anne's Hospital, Arichat, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Dorey were motor visitors at the home of his sister, Mrs. Edward Forgeron, for several weeks.

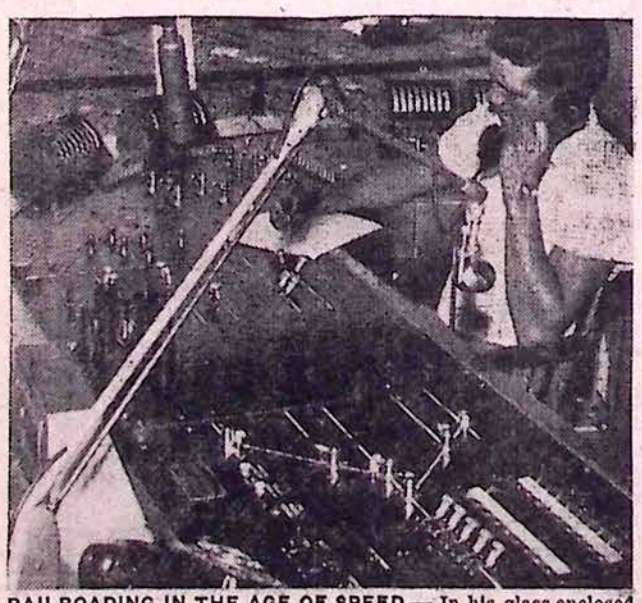
The Misses May and Alice DesLauriers of Halifax and Boston, Mass., were motor visitors at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. DesLauriers, during the week-end holidays.

Capt. Clarence Forgeron arrived home to spend the winter with his wife and family.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. L. Halfpenny, Port Royal, at St. Martha's Hospital, Antigonish, recently a son. Congratulations!

Banns were published for the forth-coming marriage of Gaston Richard, son of Evangeline and the late Paul Richard, Aricat, to Miss Mary Madonna Dorey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Dorey. Marriage to take place on Jan. 9th.

(Continued on Page 4)



RAILROADING IN THE AGE OF SPEED — In his glass-enclosed observation post high atop the retarder tower at Canadian National Railways' new $15 million automatic classification Moncton Yard, the operator sees that freight cars roll into their assigned tracks. Levers, switches and pushbuttons on the complicated control panel enable him to take over if necessary from the automatic operation of retarders and switches. However, with an electronic brain in control he need not touch a thing under normal circumstances. The yard reduces terminal time of freight cars at Moncton, Hub of the Maritimes, by as much as 80 per cent. When it is operating in co-ordination with another Canadian National automatic yard at Montreal, to be opened in the Spring, it is expected that existing freight schedules between the Atlantic Provinces and Central Canada will be as much as halved.

Nova Scotia Pulp Limited To Employ 300 Men

The Nova Scotia Pulp Limited—a Canadian Company with international backing—will employ between 250—300 men when its new mill near Port Hawkesbury is in full production at the beginning of 1962.

Operating on a round-the-clock, seven-days-per-week basis, the mill will produce 125,000 tons of high-grade bleached sulphite pulp per year and will require 250,000 cords of pulp wood annually.

Daily production capacity of the mill will be 350 tons. The pulp—which will bear the trade name "storafite"—will be used for the manufacture of fine paper tissue and food containers as well as other high grade papers. Its main outside market will be the United States.

Average intake will be 800 cords per day with a peak, when required, of 2,000 cords daily. Of the annual250,000 cords, three-fifths will come from Crown Lands and the rest from other sources. Fifteen to 20 per cent of this will be hardwood. Eight foot pulpwood will be used.

Eventually the company will be responsible for the management of Crown Lands in seven eastern counties. These will be divided into three divisions—New Glasgow, Port Hawkesbury and Baddeck, each under the supervision of two foresters.

One of the main features of the company's woodland's department will be meetings to put woodlot owners throughout the eastern part of the province "in the picture" with the company's future.

SERIES OF MEETINGS

A series of meetings for owners will be held all over eastern Nova Scotia in which the company will explain its intentions and proposed program and forward its ideas on forest management. A guide will be issued to the owners regarding the company activities.

A forestry class for schools in the areas is also being planned.

At the beginning of the company's development much of wood required will be purchased from woodlands department manager, Hans G. Lindberg appeals to owners not to "shave" their lots.

"A system aimed at encouraging owners to manage their lots on a sustained yield basis is being considered," he said. "We are ready to help every woodlot owner with advice on cutting and managing their woodlots."

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HAPPY NEW YEAR

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

Our thanks to the District Correspondents, "Old Timer", "MacTavish", Home and School Associations, Knights of Columbus, Catholic Women's League, Church Organizations and the many contributors to our columns which helps the old County weekly to report the happenings.

To our advertising patrons, printing patrons and our many subscribers. Thank You!

Through your continued support and co-operation, we look forward to serving you in the New Year.

THE BOUNTY

In Lunenburg harbour while strolling one evening,
Just passing the time in the cool autumn days;
My interest was quickened, and old memories awakened
By the sight of a ship, just launched from the ways.

Now there's nothing unusual, when you know Nova Scotia
And the sight of a ship anchored out in the bay,
For this is the home port of ships and of sailors,
Our history goes back to square rigger days.

But this was a ship, of a style and an age,
You read of in history, written page after page,
Of hell ships and captains, and sagas galore,
And men made of iron that sailed from our shore.

Of old Captain Kidd and the gay Spanish Main
And Oak Island treasure, where his gold still remains,
Of trips to Australia by way of Cape Horn,
And washing down decks on a cold frosty morn.

When the menu for sailors was chiefly one course,
Hard tack and black tea, and lots of salt horse,
With a portion of rum drawn from the hogshead,
'Twas the owner's contention, you were really well fed.

My interest awakened, and making me bold,
I accosted a man about eighty years old,
My friend, do a favour, and haste to explain,
Am I seeing this, or am I insane?

He shook his old head, which was grizzled and gray,
And directed his gaze to where the ship lay,
For a moment in silence he studied the scene,
Then he said, "You're a sailor, but where have you been"?

That ship is the Bounty, complete in detail,
An old time square rigger, and ready to sail,
But to me she's a phantom, in a fantastic way,
A visable ghost ship, and there's more I could say.

She was built for the movies, in Lunenburg town,
The home of the fleet that has world wide renown,
There's no other craftsmen this side of Mars
Could fashion that hull and set up those spars.

To lay out those sails and follow the plan
Of her standing rigging, that calls for a man,
With knowledge and background, of years in the trade,
A true Nova Scotian where the best ships are made.

I say, "She's a phantom of earlier days,"
Built in with each story while still on the ways,
She'll be manned by two crews, where'er she may sail,
For the mutinous crew will be there without fail.

To you M.G.M., who has spent so much money,
And to all of you others who think this is funny,
I say, "History repeats, and collects, without fail,
I know—I was there—in the days of square sail.

Written by WILLIAM E. VARNER, Truro, R.R. 3, Col Co., N. S.

SUGAR AND SPICE

by BILL SMILEY

Well, how did you make out at Christmas? Was the loot up to expectations, or was it the usual conglomeration of tasteless ties, toys that break if you give them a puzzled look, furniture with a scratch on it, accessories that don't match anything you wear, and coffee pots with a candle under them, of which you have two already?

Was the turkey one of those increasingly rare birds with a real turkey flavor—a dandy, tender, big fellow with six drumsticks, four breasts, and meat that falls away from the bone—like the kind we used to buy? Or was it one of those frozen slobs of things, forced along in a hothouse atmosphere, all breast and thighs like a movie actress, looking so beautiful in their plastic bags, and tasting exactly like roast plastic bag?

Did the old man manage to keep his nose out of the jug on Christmas day, or was he in his usual condition: carving all over the tablecloth, comical as a severe toothache, and, after dinner, as lively as a sated octopus?

★ ★ ★

Did the kids tiptoe down at 6 a.m., check their stockings with muted glee, and play quietly and happily with their toys until you came down? Or did they rocket down with the stealth of skeletons dancing on a tin roof, put the record-player on at full volume, rip open presents not meant for them, and then start a big fight over the one from which the tag was missing?

Did Mother remain poised, calm and smiling all day? Or did she get flustered, undercook the turkey, oversalt the gravy, break one of her good, bone-china cups, have a little tiff with Aunt Jane over the pudding sauce, scream at Dad that if he didn't take those flaming kids out for a while she'd suicide, then burst into tears when it was time to do the dishes, and everybody else was fast asleep?

We had a good Christmas, thank you. We always do, even when all these things happen. And they have. Plus one Christmas, when I lifted the turkey out of the oven, and dropped it smack in the middle of the floor. Plus another one, when the family chipped in on a television set for the grandparents. And we had to put the monster on a toboggan to get it in to the farm. And we had kept it a great secret. And little Kim, aged 5, tottered in first out of the snow and blurted: "Aren't you excited about the TB, Granny?" TB was her word for television, and Granny knew it.

★ ★ ★

This year, we had some specially nice things happen. One evening, a little before Christmas, I was crouched in the psychopatric ward, oathing over compositions. There was a long-distance call for me. It was Mr. I. B. Lucas of Markdale, Ontario, to tell me that he liked my column and to wish me a Merry Christmas. It was kind and thoughtful of him, in these days when people are too busy, or too lazy, to pass the time of day, and it warmed the shrivelled cockles of my heart for days.

Then, just before Christmas, we were invited to a going-away party in the old home town. Who was going away? We were, despite the fact that we left last September, and would be back for Christmas, a few days later. That's the way they operate in that town, and we like it.

So, a couple of old friends, with whom we have fought out many an issue, blackened many a reputation, watched many a sunrise, laid on a posh shindig. We started out in a snowstorm, and eleven hours later arrived there in a snowstorm. And for such a gathering I'd drive through a blizzard for a week. There was the old gang, thirty or forty of them, and just as full of beans as ever, ignoring ulcers and heart conditions to give up a royal welcome.

★ ★ ★

It was grand to see them. Within ten minutes I was back in the throes of local politics, being blamed for the new sewage unit that went through when I was editor and a councilor. The Old Battle-axe was chattering like a bluejay with The Girls. There are no friends like old friends. I thought they'd have changed a lot, be older, steadier, more settled. After all, we hadn't laid eyes on them for three months. But they were just the same. We got to bed at 7 a.m.

What more could anyone want at Christmas than good wishes, good friends, and a good pair of snow tires, in case they live a couple of blizzards away?

CNR SANTA CLAUS SPECIAL CARRIED 500 HOME FOR HOLIDAY

HALIFAX—A Canadian National Railways special train has carried close to 500 Canadian Army personnel, their wives and children home for the holiday season.

They were part of the 900 soldiers and dependents who arrived here aboard the S. S. Carinthia, and who represents the final troop movement in the annual rotation of servicemen from the 4th Canadian Infantry Brigade Group stationed in Germany.

Among thise to board the CN Special were 150 children and for some of them it was their first Canadian Christmas.

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OLDEST CHRISTMAS CARD MAKES 31st ANNUAL TRIP

MONCTON—The oldest Christmas card in continuous service has made its 31st annual pilgrimage, a novel yuletide link between a couple of Maritime Scots.

Neil McLellan, Moncton, superintendent of Canadian National Express in the Maritimes, mailed the card to his friend, George Bartlett, CN Express agent at Sydney.

The two have been mailing it back and forth to each other at Christmas since a friend of Mr. McLellan's gave it to him in 1950 when he was working for the company at Glace Bay.

What prompted the whole thing? "Could be the novel inscription appealed to our native Scottish sense of thrift, "chuckled Mr. McLellan.

It says:—

"Im sendin' a cairt tae wish ye
A Christmas fu' o' cheer.
I'll sign my name in pencil
So ye'll can use the cairt next year."

Richmond County Record.

Printed in our own plant.

Established 1897

(Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.)

No responsibility is assumed by this newspaper for opinions expressed by correspondents.

Subscription rates to any part of Canada $2.00; United States $3.00 per year. All subscriptions must be paid in advance.

MARSHALL J. BOURINOT
Editor and Publisher

ARICHAT, Cape Breton, Canada
DECEMBER 31, 1960

The Guiding Star

Lift up your eyes, ye sons of men,
The Guiding Star leads through the night;
The Lord will bring his people forth
To liberty, to truth, and light.
Be not dismayed, our God is King,
Peace to the nations He will bring.

The madness and the wrath of men
Shall yet be made to praise our God.
The nations, drunk with pride of power,
Shall fall before His chastening rod.
Lift up your hearts; be of good cheer,
A brighter morn is drawing near.

—William J. Bridgman.

(The above poem was written by the late Rev. William J. Bridgman,at one time a Rector of St. John's Church here for ten years. This poem is very timely in the light of world conditions to-day.
—Editor)

———:O:———

GIVING

Giving does not impoverish us in the service of our Maker, neither does withholding enrich us.

—Mary Baker Eddy

Wedding Bells

FOUGERE—LANDRY

St. Joseph's Parish Church was the scene of a lovely Yuletide wedding on Tuesday, 27th., when Martine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Landry of Petit de Grat, was united in marriage with Francis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Fougere, of Boudreauville.

The double ring ceremony was performed by Rev. Father McDonald, P. P.

The church was beautifully decorated and was thronged with invited guests and friends of the bride and groom.

Mr. Xyste Landry, organist of the church, played the wedding march, as the bridal party entered the church and took their places before the altar, where the bride's father gave her in marriage.

The bride looked charming in a gown of silk- bengaline, with portrait neckline, full length sleeves and bouffant skirt. She wore a shoulder-length veil of bridal illusion, held in place by a pearl tiara, and carried a bouquet of sweetheart roses.

Petite Patsy Landry, niece of the bride, was flower girl, she wore a dress of white velvet and carried a basket of flowers.

Maid of honor, was Miss Brenda Fougere, who wore a gown of white rganza, with blue picture hat and matching accessories.

Miss Theresa Landry was bridesmaid, she wore a gown of white nylon organza, with pink picture hat and matching accessories.

They each carried a cascade of blue and pink mums.

Claude and Vernon Boudreau, acted as groomsmen. The ushers were Mr. Robert Marchand, uncle of the groom and Mr. Henry Boudreau.

Following the ceremony a wedding reception was held at the home of the groom to over one hundred guests.

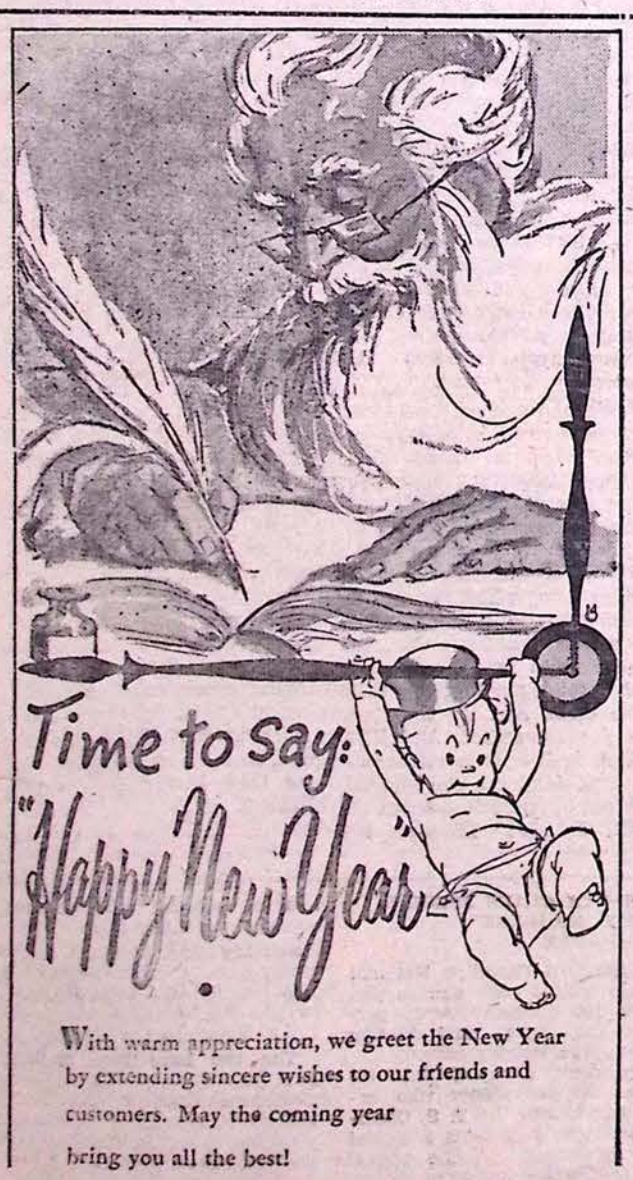
In the evening a dance was held in their honor at the parish hall, followed by a buffet lunch for all invited guests.

The happy couple left on their honeymoon, followed by the best wishes of their many friends.

They will take up residence in St. Catherines, Ontario, in the very near future.



DR. DONALD IVEY, a professor of physics at the University of Toronto has become a nation-wide television personality thrugh his appearances on the science series The Nature of Things seen Sundays on the CBC-TV network. As host for the series, Dr. Ivey introduces viewers to an important way of understanding life and their environment.



With warm appreciation, we greet the New Year by extending sincere wishes to our friends and customers. May the coming year bring you all the best!

Harbor View Garage & Appliances

Ernest Landry James Landry

LOUISDALE, - - Cape Breton

Hon. Robert L. Stanfield
Premier of Nova Scotia
Reviews the Year 1960

As we assess the affairs of Nova Scotia at the close of 1960, we are thankful that progress has been made in nearly all phases of the provinces endeavours.

We are fortunate in that a recent levelling-of trend has not been felt in Nova Scotia to the extent that it has in many other parts of the continent.

Because of the increases in consumer income and consumer spending, we can conclude that most Nova Scotians had more of the material things of life at the end of the year.



Our people were producing more goods and sales were increasing in the retail side. The value of products manufactured in Nova Scotia also was up.

In construction, the level of building new dwellings was maintained, and this was not so in all the other provinces. Commercial, industrial and institutional building also increased.

There are many other economic factors that show Nova Scotia indeed is continuing to move ahead at a pace which is promising.

On the other hand, of vital concern to every Nova Scotian and most ohter Canadians is the uncertain future of three of the Cape Breton Island coal fields.

Efforts continue by all concerneed in seeking a solution to this distresssing problem.

There were many significant events in Nova Scotia last year, however, providing evidence of progress.

Among them was the completion of the inter-provincial power grid system linking Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Of primary importance in our efforts to attract industry is the availability of power in Nova Scotia at a cheaper rate than in most other states and provinces along the eastern seaboard.

The opening of the Halifax International Airpojrt last summer provided Nova Scotia with facilities for air travel and transport that compare favorably with [illegible] to be found anywhere.

In the age of jet transport, the benefits of the airport and related services will be substantial in the future to the whole province.

Also in the field of transportation, another major move forward was the paving of another 342 miles of highway in the province, raising to 3,150 the total number of miles of hard-surfaced main routes.

Several new plants situated in various parts of the province went into production during the year, indicating that Nova Scotia has attractions for industries that are seeking new areas for their expanding opeations.

Industrial Estates Limited, the provincial Crown Corporation established in 1957 to assist in the development of new plants and the expansion of others already located in the province in its endeavors.

The year-end reviews of the various departments of the provincial government points out that important accomplishments resulted from an active year.

The year 1960 was one of solid achievement and progress for Nova Scotia but there are challenging problems still in need of solution.

Wth faith in the future and the concerted efforts of all Nova Scotians, I am sure that the province in 1961 will continue to move ahead.

Arichat-Sydney Daily Bus Service

(Except Sundays and Holidays)

Leave Arichat	8.30 a.m.
Leave Grand Anse	9.00 a.m.
Leave St. Peter's	10.00 a. m.
Leave Big Pond	11.00 a.m.
Arrive Sydney	11.30 a.m.

Leave Sydney Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 5 p.m.

Leave Sydney: — Friday and Saturday at 6 p.m.

Tickets can be purchased in Sydney, at Acadia Coach Lines, where a rest room is provided for the Arichat Bus Service.

G. A. LeBLANC
Operator - Sydney

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Diary of a Vagabond

BY DOROTHY BARKER

It finally happened. I knew at the time I shouldn't oil the hinges on the old front door. Ever since I was a child I have had a horror of being locked out of my own house. There has always been a spare key hidden under the sill of the door, but for some reason I had taken it indoors to remove damage the weather had caused to its smooth surface. Before I started the job of oiling the hinges I had rubbed it with cleanser, then oiled it and laid it unthinkingly on the dining room table.

I was preening with pride as I tested the hinges. No squeek! I gave the door an extra little push and wham, it flew out of my hands and shut with an ominous click.

It was then I noted the sky looked as though it had been papered with battleship linoleum and the breeze that whished around the front entrance was as chilly as charity. Even the house dress I wore felt as though it had been made of tissue paper.

I looked through the dining room window, possibly hopeful that the key would get my message and hop right out through the glass and into the key hole. Over a chair was a thick woolly sweater I had discarded as I warmed up to my lubricating task. So near, yet SO far away.

Surely the back door would be open but even as I ran around the house I knew it would be securely bolted against marauders. I tried every ground floor window hopefully, not one gave even a little crack. I stood contemplating the possibility of smashing a cellar window until I realized that in the winter. I fasten each frame securely with nails so that they won't rattle when a north wind blows.

I remember that firemen often have magic ways of gaining an entry into a home without doing too much damage. So I hurried next door to ask for the use of my neighbour's phone.

"Don't do that," my neighbour said when I explained why I was dashing through a snowdrift coatless, clad only in a summer frock. "The fire brigade will come screaming down street with sirens wide open and you'll have the whole town at your door before you know it. Besides, it will cost you $15 for the call. You don't get that kind of service free any more. No let's put Patty through the milk cabinet, she'll open the door for you."

Patty was small for her three years and as I watched her mother bundle her up in her nylon snow suit I calculated she might just make it if I gave her a shove. Then a horrible thought entered my mind. What if Patty got stuck and I couldn't get her in or out!

Clad in a borrowed coat I guided Patty down the hill that seperates our two homes, telling her in an assuring voice what an adventure it would be to go through the milk cabinet. "Like Alice falling down the rabbit hole only more fun," I declared.

The wee mite went through the small opening like a greased seal. I could hear her pattering around the house. I called to her, "Patty dear, open the front door." No answer. I waited. Two little feet had come to rest somewhere within. I implored her again to go to the front door and twist the knob. SILENCE!

Then I got a whiff of nail polish through the door of the milk cabinet. I called again, "For heaven's sake, Patty, open up the door."

A small face covered with gorey nail enamel appeared impishly at the milk cabinet. She pretended not to understand me when I explained where the front door was "Cookie," she demanded.

"Oh, all right, get a cookie out of the jar in the kitchen and then be a good girl and open the door." Patty had been taught her manners. She never took a cookie without makig her wants known and having lived beside me since birth, she knew well how to pull the kitchen stool over to the counter and reach the cookie jar.

Just as I could feel my hair turning white as a Saanan goat, Patty opened the door and strolled out. Cookie crumbs stuck to the nail enamel on her cheeks, gave her an ellfin appearance. Mercifully, her snow-suit had escaped damage and the remainder of the bottle of enamel had only spilled on the glass top of my dressing table.

As I mopped up Patty and table with tissues soaked in polish I thought how usually peaceful my travels aboard a train are. as compared to the hazards of domesticity.

Notice To All Motor Vehicle OWNERS and DRIVERS

The Registration Year is the
CALENDAR YEAR
and all Motor Vehicle Plates
Expire December 31, 1960

EXTENSIONS OF USE ARE AS FOLLOWS:

Commercial Plates	January 31st, 1961
Passenger Plates	March 31st, 1961

Operators Licenses At end of Birth Month Fee $1.00
Do not apply for renewal of your Operator's License until the month of birth as shown on your present license.

Chauffeurs Licenses December 31st, 1960 Fee $5.00

1961 registrations will be available on and after December 20th, 1960.

1960 passenger vehicle plates will be used for 1961, revalidated by a DECAL STICKER which is to be placed on the inside of the windshield at top centre in front of the rear view mirror so that it may be read from the outside. For windshields with centre divisions place sticker to right of top centre.

All other registrations will be new plates with black numbers on canary yellow background bearing year 1961.

PLEASE APPLY NOW
while your present plates are valid, and we can give good service

REGISTRY OF MOTOR VEHICLES
E. S. Campbell, Registrar
4617

SUGAR AND SPICE

by BILL SMILEY

Well, here we go into another twelve months of that fascinating, irritating, horrible, beautiful, tragic and joyous process known as living. I've seen forty of these boxes of tricks and treats opened, and I hope I see forty more. And the same to you.

I don't remember much about my first New Year's, in 1921. It was spent in a small village in Quebec. I was staying with my parents at the time, as I was six months old. The Great War had been over for more than two years. The post-war boom was still on, and my Dad had bought his first car, a Chev. with side-curtains. He treated that car, and every one after it, like a particularly intractable horse, which would respond only if you yelled hard enough and swore at it with enough feeling.

Ten years later, we stepped into 1931 with the sentiments of a man about to jump into a barrel of broken glass in his bare feet. The Great Depression had begun. Business was terrible. The mortgage prowled, like a great beast, always there, slavering, when my Dad looked over his shoulder. My parents held long, late-at-night conversations, and to the small boy, lying half-awake, uneasy, they had sinister undertones.

The hunger of the beast would not be denied, and in the end, the mortgage swallowed everything for which my dad had worked so hard for more than twenty years. What a prospect that must have been! Fifty years old, five children to feed and clothe, home and business lost, and thousands of younger men scrambling for every job in sight.

* * *

But the Great Depression had failed to reckon with my mother. She was a bonny fighter, with a tough and cheerful spirit. In the next decade she took on the Great Depression and licked it single handed. My dad worked at anything he could get. My mother sold home baking, took in boarders, and in the afternoons, trudged the streets, selling a line of cosmetics to her friends. Somehow, we staggered through the depression, kept off the relief rolls, and never missed a meal.

Remember New Year's of 1941? That wasn't exactly an occasion of great rejoicing, either. The Germans had overrun Europe. England and the Commonwealth fought on, back to the wall. My parents had three sons, ripe and ready to be pulled down by the dogs of war. Three times, they were to receive one of those dreaded telegrams.

The first read: "Critically injured." But eldest brother fought a hard fight, had a tremendous constitution, and pulled through with the loss of one eye. The second read: "Missing in action." But a cannon shell missed youngest brother's head by an inch, and after two days' drifting in a rubber dinghy off the coast of France, he was picked up by Air-Sea Rescue. The third read: "Missing in action." But middle brother had climbed safely out of a crash-landing in Holland, and a few months later the word trickled through that he was alive and a prisoner.

* * *

What did New Year's of 1951 bring? Nothing spectacular for yours truly. The Cold War was on, but the important things in life were a wife, a small son, and what turned out to be a small daughter well on the way. There was also a mortgage of mountainous proportions to gnaw at. We gnawed for the next decade, and chewed it down to a hummock, losing a few teeth in the process.

Suddenly, it's 1961. Both my parents have died, slowly and painfully, in the last ten years. But the process goes on, always changing, always exciting. There's a new job, in new surroundings. There is a boy whose voice is changing to that of a man, and whose feet are the same size as his father's. There is a girl with auburn hair and a cheeky face who topped the honor roll in Grade 5. There are new little cousins springing up all over the country. There is a brother just gone to Europe, and another just coming back from South America.

The hair is a little thinner, the glasses a little thicker, and the day after a New Year's Eve party something to be contemplated with real horror, but there's plenty of life in the old boy yet, and I can hardly wait to see what's going to happen to the world, and to us, before somebody hollers, "Happy New Year," and I realize that we're about to totter into 1971.

Toronto Telegram News Service

NEWS ABOUT TOWN AND COUNTY



Take Up Residence At St. Peter's

Donald F. Matheson and his sister, Ethel Matheson, of L'Archeveque, have taken up residence in their new dwelling in St. Peter's.

We wish these old friends every happiness in their new home.

———:O:———

In Hospital

Mrs. Lorenzo Boudreau, was a recent patient at St. Anne's Hospital, here.

Friends will be pleased to learn that she is now much improved in health.

———:O:———

From Stirling

John A. MacAskill, of Stirling a former Councillor of District No. 13, was a business visitor to town during the week.

———:O:———

To Newfoundland

Mrs. Warren Jones and son, Brian, who were visiting in Newfoundland at the home of her father and brother have returned after a very enjoyable visit.

———:O:———

From Ottawa

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Marchand and family of Ottawa, are visiting at the home of Mrs. Marchand's brother and sister-in-law, Sheriff and Mrs. D. O'C. Madden. Mr. Marchand is also visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robbie Marchand of Boudreauville.

Mrs. Marchand is the daughter of Mrs. Alice Madden and the late William Madden.

———:O:———

From Grand Anse

Mrs. D. D. Buchanan of Grand Anse, was a motor visitor here during the week, and was accompanied by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Bert Buchanan and children.

Mrs. Buchanan's father, the late Capt. MacIntosh, was a noted Gloucester skipper in the days of sailing vessels.

It was nice seeing our good friends.

———:O:———

Home For Holidays

Misses Helene and Lorraine Benoit, spent the Christmas holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Emile Benoit.

Miss Ina LeBlanc, spent her holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Barthe LeBlanc.

Miss Marilyn Binet, spent the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Binet.

MRS. JAMES B. LANDRY.

We regret to announce the recent passing of Mrs. James B. Landry, of D'Escousse, a highly respected resident of that Northside community.

We extend sympathy to the bereaved husband and daughters. We would like to receive a fuller account of Mrs. Landry's passing.

———:O:———

Home From St. Joseph's University, Moncton

George Fougere, son of Mr. and Mrs. Rene Fougere, Elm Street, is spending his Christmas holidays home with his parents.

—Yarmouth Herald.

———:O:———

From Bagotville

Capt. Clarence Forgeron, Commander of a tug in the employ of Foundation Maritime, arrived from Bagotville, where he spent the past several months operating on the waterfront.

Capt. Forgeron was appointed Superintendent of Operations for the Foundation Maritime in the Bagotville area.

The Capt. will spend the winter with his wife and family at West Arichat.

———:O:———

To Louisbourg

Miss Priscilla Theriault, the popular manager of the D. D. MacDonald Store here, spent a few days in Louisbourg.

———:O:———

Service To Be Televised

A church service from St. James the Apostle Church, Montreal, will be televised on Sunday, January 8, at 12 o'clock noon.

The Rector of St, James the Apostle Church, who will be the speaker, is Canon Ralph Latimer, a native of Arichat.

———:O:———

From Halifax

Paul Doyle, B. A., a law student at Dalhousie Law School, spent his Christmas holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Doyle.

This is Paul's final year at Law School, and we look forward to seeing him establishing an office in his native Arichat, after his admittance to the bar of Nova Scotia.

———:O:———

Bishop Davis

Rt, Rev. W. W. Davis, D. D., Coadjutor Bishop of Nova Scotia, will visit St. John's Church, Arichat on Sunday, January 15th., and will be the Celebrant at Holy Communion at 11 o'clock a. m. He will also hold an early morning service at Holy Trinity, Port Hawkesbury, the same day.

———:O:———

Home For Winter

Capt. Hubert Forgeron, in command of the Department of Public Works tug "Canso", arrived home to spend the winter with his wife and family at Port Royal.

Capt. Forgeron was engaged in dredging operations along the Atlantic Seaboard during the past summer.

———:O:———

Christmas Services

Midnight Mass and Christmas Day services, at Notre Dame Church, were largely attended, with Very Rev. A. P. Poirier, as celebrant.

The choir rendered many beautiful and appropriate Christmas hymns and carols at the Christmas Eve Mass.

———:O:———

From Hawkesbury

Abraham MacIntosh of Port Hawkesbury, was a motor visitor here last week and visited his old friend, Narcisse Marchand, of Petit de Grat.

Mr. MacIntosh is a retired engineer from the C. N. R. Ferry Service, where Mr. Machand was a steward for some years.

Abe, as he is familiarly known by his many friends on Isle Madame, served as Engineer on boats in the Arichat-Mulgrave Service for many years.

On the trip here Mr. MacIntosh was accompanied by Mr. William MacMillan of Hawkesbury, o former Superintendent of Ferries.

Mrs. MasIntosh is the former Lina Mauger of Cape La Ronde, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mauger.

From Louisbourg

Douglas Kennedy, of Louisbourg, is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Theriault, of this place.

Doug will be one of the principals in a very happy event to take place here later in the month.

———:O:———

From Toronto

Capt. Edmund Forgeron, Commander of a tug on the Toronto waterfront, arrived home recently to spend the winter with his wife and family at West Arichat.

Capt. Forgeron spent the past several years in the Province of Ontario.

———:O:———

ENGAGEMENT

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Theriault of Arichat, wish to announce the engagement ofeir th daughter, Priscilla, to Mr. Douglas Kennedy of Louisbourg.

Marriage to take place in the near future.

———:O:———

Excellent Postal Service

The postal service at the local post office during the Holiday Season, was of a high order, and much credit goes to Mrs. Mildred Ducharme, Postmistress, and her Assistant, Mrs. Leo Marchand and staff.

The mails handled at the Arichat post office were very heavy, however, deliveries were maintained on schedule, with the exception of late train arrivals due to heavy express, passengers and mails, and taking into consideration that the Eastbound train from Halifax to MacIntyre Lake, has to serve many communities and larger centres, such as Truro, New Glasgow and Antigonish. The Conductors, Mail Clerks, Baggage and Express men, have a major operation on their hands at the Christmas Season, and we can fully appreciate their task and personally offer our thanks to Mrs. Ducharme and her staff at the local post office, and to the train crews of the Sydney-Halifax Express, wishing them one and all A Very Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Visiting His Home

Douglas Shaw, is spending a holiday at his home in Martinique, with his mother, Mrs. Harry Shaw, and sister, Norma.

His father, a war veteran of the First War, is a patient at Camp Hill Hospital.

Doug's many friends are happy to see him.

———:O:———

From Cornwall

Mr. and Mrs. Thadius Poirier, and two children, arrived here from Cornwall, Ontario, to spend the winter at the home of Mrs. Poirier's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Barthe LeBlanc of this place.

———:O:———

D'Escousse Correspondent

We solicit the services of a correspondent to supply the Record with the happenings of D'Escousse and the surrounding districts on the Northside.

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NAVIGABLE WATERS PROTECTION ACT

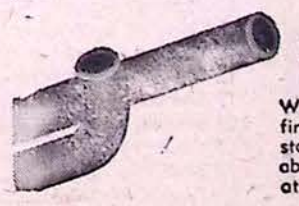
R.S.C. 1952. Chapter 193

The British American Oil Company Limited hereby gives notice that it has, under Section 7 of the said Act, as amended, deposited with the Minister of Public Works at Ottawa, and in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds for the County of Richmond, at Arichat, in the Province of Nova Scotia, a description of the site and the plans of a wharf to be built in the Strait of Canso, near Point Tupper and Sunnyside, in the County of Richmond and Province of Nova Scotia.

And take Notice that after the expiration of one (1) month from the date of the first publication of this Notice The British American Oil Company Limited will, under Section 7 of the said Act, as amended, apply to the Minister of Public Works at his office in the City of Ottawa, for approval of the said site and plans.

Dated at Halifax, Nova Scotia, this 28th day of December, A. D., 1960.

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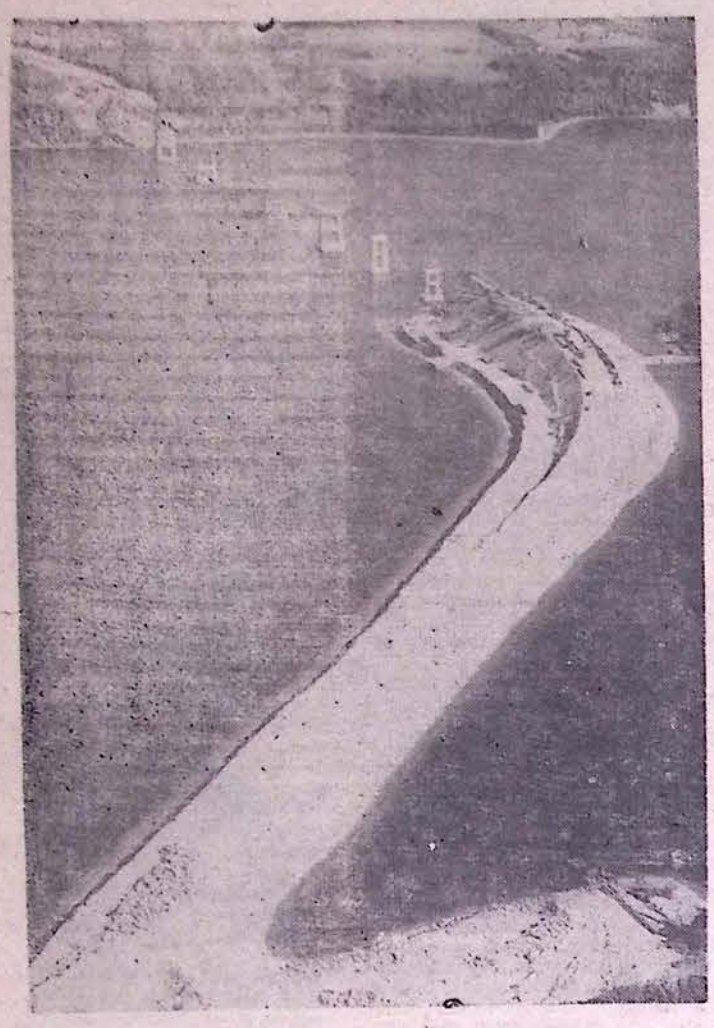
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Bridge Nearing Completion



Construction of the Big Bras d'Or bridge span, which connects with Seal Island causeway, is progressing favourably. The crossing, which will replace the present ferry system at Ross Ferry, is expected to open for traffic early next summer.—(Nova Scotia Information Service Photo.)

Auto Insurance Costs to Remain Same in 1961

The All Canada Insurance Federation in a statement released said a survey of insurance companies indicated Canadian motorists generally will pay about the same for automobile insurance in 1961 as in 1960.

Small increases in premiums for third party liability insurance will apply in some of the larger cities.

In addition, many motorists will pay more or less next year depending on whether the no-claims record has worsened or improved said the statement.

The federation said many companies will introduce a new coverage called all-perils, which will consolidate the present collision and comprehensive insurance on the motorist's own car.

———:O:———

World Population Nears 3 Billion

WASHINGTON — The world's population will round out 3,000,000,000 before the end of 1961, a population research group says. The Population Reference Bureau, which describes itself as a non-profit educational organization, said the world's population is now more than 2,900,000,000.

———:O:———

Gems of Thought

****

We make a living by what we get, but we make a life by what we give.

—Norman MacEwan

****

You can never expect too much of yourself in the matter of giving yourself to others.

—Theodore C. Speers

****

He who gives money he has not earned is generous with other people's labor.

—George Bernard Shaw

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

—Shakespeare

———:O:———

WEEKLY SMILE

The small boy, visiting a farm for the first time, was taken out to see the lambs. He finally worked up enough courage to pat one. "Why," he exclaimed delightedly, "they make them out of blankets!"

———:O:———

In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.

—Henry Ward Beecher

Old Customs Back After 50 Years

An old Halifax custom was revived, after more than 55 years—but with a new twist. Bags of apples and oats were put on the downtown Christmas tree, Sackville at Barrington streets, prior to Dec. 25th with the aid of the Nova Scotia Light and Power Company's special new truck.

Before the turn of the century, city hall was situated at the foot of George Street. During the Yuletide, a handsome tree was erected before it and tied to the branches were bags of apples and oats as treats for the cabbies' horses.

In those days, the Grand Parade was a sloping field, complementing contours of Citadel Hill which rose sentinel-like behind it. Ranged before the parade, along Barrington Street, were the barouches which were the taxicabs of the 1890's. One particularly handsome one owned and driven by a Mr. O'Brien was in brisk demand for weddings, funerals and state occasions. His carriage was pulled by four white horses guided by white reins. The driver was equally resplendent in white gloves and beaver, the fur top hat brought over from the British Isles by the early settlers.

On Christmas Eve, the Victorian cabbies drove their horses to the Yule tree and from it gave them their presents of fruit and grain.

With the advent of the automobile in the early 1900s, the custom was discontinued, until this year. There will be another difference. Birds, rather than horses, will enjoy the treat.

The "singing" Christmas tree was the gift of the Downtown Business and Professional Men's Association, the city of Halifax and Rediffusion Inc. Hanging of the apples and oats necessitated a second call on the light and power company. Previously, a ladder truck was loaned to assist in stringing the lights.

———:O:———

West Arichat

(Continued from Page 1)

Mrs. Francis Babin spent several weeks visiting relatives and friends in Halifax.

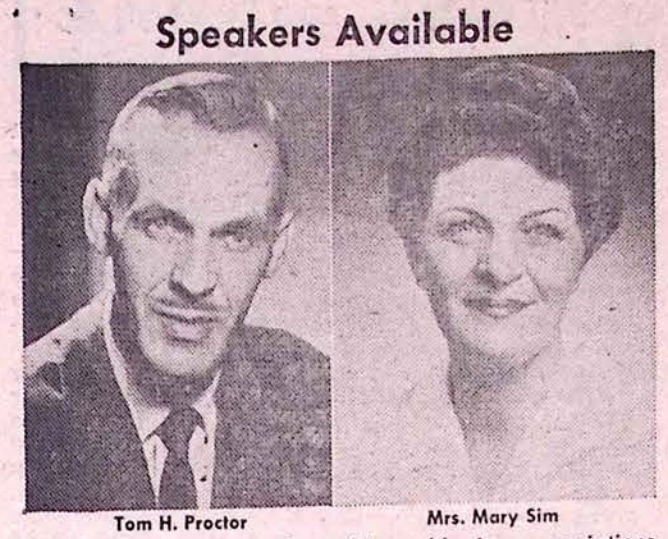
Ann Forgeron of the N. S. Normal College, Truro, is spending her holidays with her parents, Capt. and Mrs. E. Forgeron.

Amedee Covin arrived home to spend the winter with his wife and family.

Ronald Forgeron and Arthur LeBlanc, also a friend, Felix Samson of Louisdale, are spending their holidays with their parents. All three students are at St. F. X. Antigonish. Mr. Samson is spending his vacation here.

Gaston LeBlanc of Moncton is spending his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. LeBlanc.

Speakers Available



Tom H. Proctor — Mrs. Mary Sim

In response to invitations from clubs and business associations for speakers, the Canadian Association of Stamp Companies has appointed Mrs. Mary Sim, housewife, and Tom H. Proctor, sales promotion expert, to address groups who send requests to the association's offices at 20 College Street, Toronto. Both will explain the purpose and operation of discount stamps in Canada.

CHAUFFEURS LICENSES

EXPIRE - DECEMBER 31, 1960

BE SURE. Renew your license now and avoid inconveniences and delay. Detach the renewal form from your present license, sign it, noting any change of address, and send it with $5,00 (by money order or cheque) to the Registry of Motor Vehicles, Provincial Administration Building, Halifax, Nova Scotia. There will be no extension of time after December 31st.

RENEWAL APPLICATIONS SHOULD REACH THE REGISTRY OF MOTOR VEHICLES BEFORE DECEMBER 19 TO ENSURE DELIVERY BEFORE DECEMBER 31.

LICENSE FEE $5.00

1961 Motor Vehicle Plates and Permits will be available on and after December 20th, 1960.

OPERATORS LICENSES expire at end of BIRTH month in 1961.

DO NOT APPLY until first of BIRTH month as shown on license

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Canadian Home Journal	2.90
American Magazine	4.10
Chatelaine	2.90
Popular Science	4.00
Canadian Homes & Gardens	3.25
Look	4.10
Family Herald and Weekly Star	2.75
Hunting & Fishing in Canada	3.60
Child Life	3.95
Flower Grower	4.10
Redbook Magazine	3.90
Collier's (bi-weekly)	4.10
Humpty Dumpty's (10 issues)	4.10
Esquire	6.60
Outdoor Life	3.75
Screen Stories	3.25
U.S. Camera Magazine	4.60
Le Samedi (French)	4.10
Argosy (Man's Magazine)	4.60
Christian Herald	4.10
Mayfair	3.10
Woman's Home Companion	4.25
McCall's Magazine	3.90
Free Press Weekly Prairie Farmer	2.75
True Story	3.25
Parents' Magazine	3.60
American Girl	3.75
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Family Herald & Weekly Star	1 Yr.
Free Press Weekly Prairie Farmer	1 Yr.
Saturday Night (bi-weekly)	1 Yr.
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Chatelaine	1 Yr.
Farmers' Magazine	2 Yrs.
Canadian Poultry Review	2 Yrs.
La Revue Populaire	1 Yr.
Rod & Gun in Canada	1 Yr.
Modern Screen	1 Yr.

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McCall's Magazine	1 Yr.
True Story	1 Yr.
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Photoplay	1 Yr.
Parents' Magazine	1 Yr.
American Home	1 Yr.
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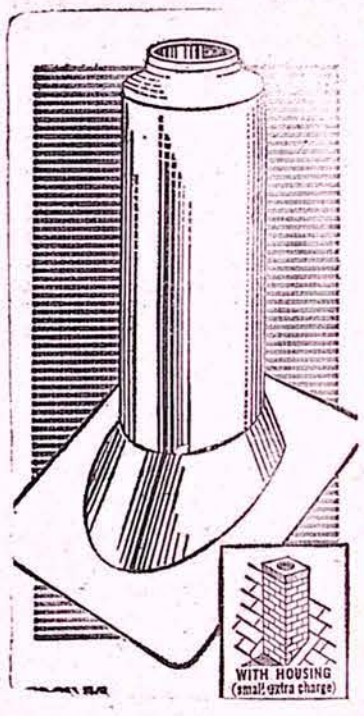
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