

Christmas season

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Good King Wenceslas looked out,
On the feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about
Deep and crisp and even.
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
Came a poor man into sight
Gathering winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he,
Where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence
By St. Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither.
Thou and I shall see him dine
When we bear them thither."
Page and Monarch, forth they went,
Forth they went together,
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

"Sire the night grows colder now,
And the wind blows stronger.
Fails my heart I know not how
I can go no longer."
"Mark my footsteps, good my page,
Tread thou in them boldly.
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his Master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted.
Heat was in the very sod
Which the Saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now shall bless the poor
Shall yourselves find blessing.

I SAW THREE SHIPS

I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And what was in those ships, all three,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day?
And what was in those ships, all three,
On Christmas day in the morning?

The Virgin Mary and Christ were there,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
The Virgin Mary and Christ were there,
On Christmas day in the morning.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

O little town of Bethlehem
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight!

For Christ is born of Mary
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep the angels keep
Their watch of wond'ring love.
O morning stars, together,
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us we pray,
Cast out our sin, and enter in
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

GOD REST YE MERRY, GENTLEMEN

God rest ye merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay;
Remember Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas day;
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray;
O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy.

In Bethlehem in Jewry
This holy babe was born,
And laid within a manger
Upon this blessed morn;
The which His Mother Mary
Did nothing take in scorn.
O tiding of comfort and joy, etc.

From God our Heavenly Father
A blessed Angel came;
And unto certain Shepherds
Brought tidings of the same;
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by Name.
O tidings of comfort and joy, etc.

O HOLY NIGHT

O holy night,
The stars are brightly shining;
It is the night,
Of the dear Savior's birth.
Long lay the world
In sin and error pining,
Till He appeared and the soul felt His
worth.
A thrill of hope,
The weary world rejoiced,
For yonder beams a new and
glorious morn.
Fall on your knees!
Oh, hear the angel voice
O night divine!
O night when Christ was born!
O night divine!
O night, O night divine!

HERE WE COME A-WASSAILING

Here we come a-wassailing, among the leaves so green;
Here we come a-wandering, so fair to be seen.
Love and joy come to you
And to you our wassail, too,
And God bless you and send you
A Happy New Year,
And God send you a Happy New Year!

We are not daily beggars that beg from door to door;
But we are neighbours' children whom you have seen before
Love and joy, etc.

God bless the master of this house, likewise the mistress, too,
And all the little children that round the table go
Love and joy, etc.

THE FIRST NOEL

The first Noel the angel did say,
Was to certain poor Shepherds in
fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay keeping their
sheep
On a cold winter's night that was
so deep.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Isreal.

They looked up and saw a star
Shining in the East, beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and
night.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

And by the light
Of the same star
Three Wisemen came
From Country far,
To seek for a King
Was their intent,
And to follow the Star
wherever it went.

CHORUS:

This Star drew nigh
to the Northwest,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did
Both stop and stay,
Right over the place
Where Jesus lay.

CHORUS:

Then entered in
Those Wisemen three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there,
in His Presence,
Their gold, and myrrh,
and Frankincense.

**Our Wish For You...
Have the merriest
Christmas
ever!**

**Sidney News
& Variety**

**USE
CHRISTMAS
SEALS**
It's a matter of life and breath

**MERRY
Merry
Christmas**

**Santa's sure
your Christmas
celebration will
be trimmed with
all things bright
and beautiful!
Let our thanks
decorate your
holidays.**

Sears
Maureen, Moya,
Carolyn & Helen

Best Wishes

May your Christmas be one of Peace and Joy and Giving. Thanks to all.

Dale & Lois Codd

**Tommy Tuckers Toyland
By Hook or By Cook**

Happy Christmas

Here's hoping that you and your loved ones will know every joy at this Yuletide season.

D.A. NANCE
The General Store
Port Washington

Annals of a volunteer fire department

Some hazards of putting out chimney fire

BY BASIL BENDER

Perhaps putting out a chimney fire cannot be considered a great enterprise but many chimney fires turn into house fires, and on rare occasions a house fire turns into a conflagration that destroys a city. If firemen had been able to suppress the first flickers of flame and prevent in 1666 the Great Fire of London, would that not have

been a Great Enterprise?

Actually, when Francis Bacon penned the phrase, "for they are impediments to great enterprises either of virtue or of mischief," nearly four centuries ago, he was referring to a wife and children.

One of the difficulties of fighting fire in a rural environment is locating the fire. Postal addresses are of no help as the whole of our fire protection district is included in Rural Route 1. Most properties are designated by the names of their owners and in the case of old-timers this is sufficient for the fire department.

EXACT DESCRIPTION

In the case of newcomers or recently built houses a more exact description of location is required. Even the name of the road by itself is not adequate, as many roads are long and winding and houses are set back so far in the forest that they are not visible from the road unless they are blazing furiously.

This problem is illustrated by an incident which occurred a few years ago on a fine spring evening just after the ferry had arrived from the mainland. The fire phones rang and several firemen picked up their telephones to hear a very distressed and excited woman report that her chimney was on fire, that she was alone in the house and her name was Mrs. Malvin.

On being asked where she lived, she replied, "Ellison Road," but rang off before she could be asked where on this three-mile-long road her home was situated. The red button on a telephone had been pressed and the sirens activated.

THEY SET OFF

Soon the Fire Hall was a scene of activity and a procession of vehicles set off for Ellison Road.

The yellow pumper was in the lead, the tanker brought up the rear and the fire chief's colour co-ordinated pick-up was sandwiched in between.

As the cavalcade passed the Golf Course and turned into Ellison Road, it caught up with a small station wagon proceeding, as is the island custom, down the centre of the road. Neither the flashing red light nor the wailing of the siren prompted the driver to pull over and let the emergency vehicles pass.

In fact, he seemed to be deliberately impeding the fire truck as he wove from side to side of the road at 20 mph. After a mile of this and no sight of the fire, the exasperated fire chief gunned his truck past the pumper and cut sharply in front of the erratically driven wagon, bringing it to a halt. Waving the fire truck on and delegating Captain Hardy to be in charge, the chief got out of his pick-up and approached the dazed looking man in the driver's seat.

ALCOHOL

As the window was lowered a whiff of ethyl alcohol assailed the nose of the chief. The explanation of the annoying conduct of the driver was obvious. The chief wondered whether to radio the RCMP and report a case of impaired driving.

He decided to take milder action, and after severely reprimanding the shaken driver, he issued a summons for impeding an emergency vehicle. Jumping back, or to be more accurate, fitting himself into his small pick-up, the chief sped away to the site of the fire, now easily located by a woman auxiliary in a fluorescent red jacket directing traffic at the turn-off to the Malvin's house.

Two volunteers had clambered on to the roof and were directing a fine spray of water from a garden hose down the chimney to cool it. As the chief entered the living room he could assess the situation at a glance. The open fireplace had been used as an incinerator and the flames had ignited a winter's accumulation of soot. If the lady of the house had not panicked and tried to beat out the fire no damage would have resulted. As it was, the carpet around the hearth was badly burned and the room reeked of smoke.

THE MOTORIST

Just as the chief was about to leave, the inebriated motorist burst into the room. For the moment the chief was incredulous and at a loss for words, an unusual state for him. As the man opened his mouth to speak, the chief's anger overwhelmed him and he roared at the startled man that he was not going to withdraw the summons,

would not listen to another word and that the interruptor had better leave quickly before something terrible happened to him. The man, now considerably more sober, did as he was ordered.

The following week the fire chief had to appear as a witness in provincial court in Ganges. The driver of the station wagon made no attempt to rebutt the evidence

of the fire chief and was found guilty of the charge. The magistrate levied a fine of \$200.

Leaving the court, the two men met in the corridor. The convicted impeder appeared to bear no grudge. After passing the time of day with the chief he smiled ruefully and remarked, "You not only cost me a lot of money. You ordered me out of my own house as well!"



Season's Greetings

Joy and Peace abide with you and yours this holiday.

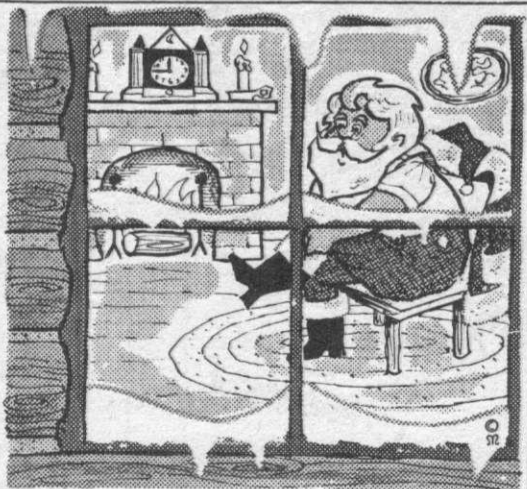
Spanish Hills Store NORTH GALIANO

Thankyou Galiano Islanders

for the support you have given to myself and the animal clinic this year. I hope to serve you more fully in the future and will take this opportunity to wish you all a very Merry Christmas.

Lynda Kenyon

It's Time to Wish you a very

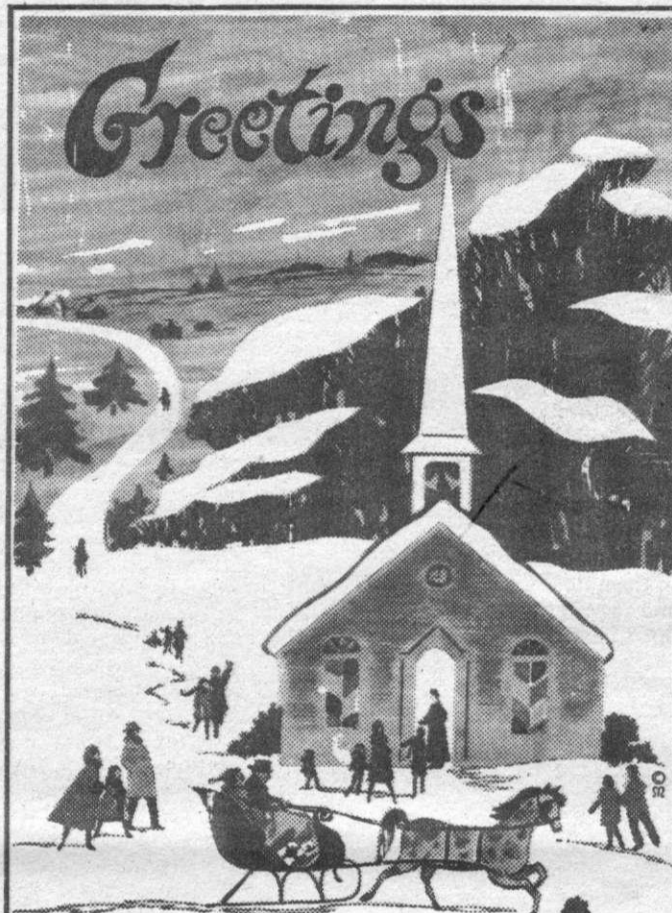


MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Good cheer to our wonderful friends and customers. We're grateful to one and all.

From Gladys and Vic

The Corner Store Galiano Island



It's Christmas, and time to greet good friends... time, too, to count our blessings. One of the greatest of these is the friendship of those whom we are privileged to serve.

To all, our thanks and best wishes

Edel and Karl Satermo

Park Drive Guest House

Season's Greetings

To All From

Galiano Lodge

the great escape

Right at Sturdies Bay, Galiano Is.

Phone 539-2233

And the memory lingers on...

From Page Two

entertained by a Londoner who had been staying with us a few days previously.

The tradition of Simpson's in the Strand is short termed in comparison with many of the old hostelrys. It dates back to the 1820's.

The attraction of such an establishment is its consistent offering of good fare, pleasingly presented. It is reassuring to be aware of the distinguished people who may have sat in your place to enjoy the repast. It is much more to the point, though, to have some assurance of a half-way decent meal. Tradition has to be wed with a good kitchen to produce a satisfactory dinner.

That's where they have it made. **IN HEREFORD**

The Green Dragon, at Hereford, is where it all was. During the not-so-recent war I was stationed with the air force at Hereford on what must have been the oddest of all air force stations. It was more like a pantomime, on looking back, with a writer of farce and melodrama directing an air force of puppets. Hereford city was our escape to reality.

Women's Lib was living in Hereford at that time, although we never met. It was her headquarters for several years when she was a nurse in the riverside hospital.

The Green Dragon is ancient and pleasant, with a traditional English menu, but its main appeal was nostalgia.

The city's old pubs were once part of my life and I could no longer remember their names. I couldn't even remember the pubs where we used to fight the Ulsters and the Princess Pats.

Hereford, however, is changed. From an ancient, attractive market town with every other building a monument it has become a busy thoroughfare with traffic weaving an impenetrable pattern of delay. **IT IS BENT**

In Cleobury Mortimer, between England and Wales, is the Talbot. We have always stopped there for a drink because my father-in-law used to stop there in our youth. The town is ancient and the Talbot

is ancient. It has all the appeal of a black and white architecture tested and proved long before the grey concrete of modern times tried to put it down. The spire on the church at Cleobury Mortimer is cranked and crooked. In a modern setting it would be unacceptable, but generations of worshippers have happily gathered under its leaning direction in no degree distracted from their prayers by the irregularity of their church.

While drinking in the ancient houses - and many are 300 and 400 years old - the visitor is constantly reminded of the need for maintenance on the old buildings. The

average hostelry has been kept up to a fair degree from necessity. And they are of a size that permits a fair amount of work without crippling the owner. But so many churches are being renovated or are the subject of appeals for funds to repair them, that there may not be enough sterling around to meet their needs.

GLAD THEY ARE

In the Welsh border country, where the roads are rarely wide enough for two Mini's to pass, there are tiny little pubs dropped in between the hedges for no obvious reason. Now they're there, the

visitor is always glad to find them.

The roads, not the motorways, are green-bordered in the country and the British cow still chews the British cud with British complacency.

All these things make up a picture that stays with you long after you get home. The green of the countryside; the black timbers and white plaster of the ancient rural homes and the brasses and iron work which always seem to have accumulated in the pubs.

And if you have a taste for it, the beer is different.

Discarding your Christmas tree - a happy ending

Wondering if there is any tradition concerned with when a Christmas tree should be dismantled and taken down? January 6th, Epiphany or Twelfth Night, marks the traditional end of the holiday and used to be observed by the burning of the tree and greens.

However there can be a happier end for your tree... one you will enjoy and find rewarding. Setting your tree up outdoors and hanging it with popcorn strings and suet makes a beautiful, natural bird feeder. Think of the fun you'll have observing your lively feathered friends through the months to follow!

Merry Christmas

We wish you joys to remember, memories to treasure and love to share at Christmas and always. With full hearts we say thanks.

Mouat's Closed Dec. 25th, 26th. Re-opening Thursday, Dec. 27th

FROM THE MANAGEMENT AND STAFF OF

MOUAT'S TRADING CO. LTD.

NOEL
NOEL

To life...
To laughter...
To joy ever after!

Happy Holidays to all!
Annie Shuttleworth
Annie's Music Box

Association hears of early days in Prince Rupert

BY ELSIE BROWN

The regular meeting of the Gulf Islands Branch of the B.C. Historical Association was held at the Community Hall, Saturna Island, Sunday, November 25. All islands except Pender were represented.

President Marjorie Ratzlaff welcomed the visitors, Mr. and Mrs. A. Mitchell of Saturna.

After the reading of the minutes there was some discussion on the embroidered screen which is presently being housed at the home of Tracy Pillsbury. She reported that photos had been taken to be accompanied by a poster and to be displayed on the Outer Islands.

It was decided that an evaluation of the screen be made and Mrs.

Ratzlaff offered to look into the matter so that a reserve bid could be made on it. It had been decided previously that the screen should be sold rather than have a raffle.

MORE ACCURACY

Lorraine Campbell mentioned that in the essays contributed by the students for the Essay Contest, accuracy regarding dates of events should be stressed in future.

The treasurer's report was given by Evelyn Saunders who has requested that members who wish to receive the *Historical News* magazine, published by the B.C. Historical Association, pay their dues before the end of the year.

Correspondence included a letter from L. J. D'Amore requesting the participation of the Gulf Islands Branch in a tourism study. The members felt that the study was not applicable to the association and information to this effect be sent to D'Amore.

Following the meeting, Tracy Pillsbury gave an interesting talk on her early experiences as a school teacher at Prince Rupert in 1929. Before she left Regina she was told there were no boats, according to the ticket agent, to Prince Rupert. However, on arrival on the coast Tracy found that both the C.P.R. and Union Steamships made calls and she made the trip on the *Princess Mary*.

ON LABOUR DAY

Tracy arrived on Labour Day weekend and stayed at the Prince Rupert Hotel. Loggers and fishermen were in town to celebrate the holiday, some from the Indian village of Metlakatla.

It was in 1906 when the first survey party arrived to lay out the streets but very little work had

been done on upkeep. The roads were in poor condition and planks were used to cover the muskeg.

Prince Rupert was the terminus for the Grand Trunk Pacific, and the first train arrived in 1914.

T. D. Pattullo was mayor in 1913 after which he went into politics. Mr. Stark was the mayor in 1929.

It was a canvas town: court was held in a tent and the police and newspaper offices were also housed in tents. Judge Manson presided at court.

FIRST HOUSE

The first proper house was built for the harbour engineer and his family above the dock site.

In 1918 a sawmill was built and operated by H. R. McMillan and airplane spruce was produced for the war. A drydock was built with plans for ship building in 1924. A fisheries experimental station and grain elevator followed in 1925.

A Community Hall was built at

Acropolis Hill with indoor tennis and basketball court. It was later used as an army base in World War Two. A park was built by service clubs and named Franklin Roosevelt Park.

Dr. Tremaine was the first doctor to come to Prince Rupert. Others arriving later were Drs. Reddie, Cade, Kergin and Orme.

A favourite saying in Prince Rupert was, "When it rains it hits you twice."

Resident families were the Tremagnes, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Pillsbury and doctors and their wives and families.

Tracy met her husband, the late Richard Pillsbury, many years later at Duncan.

During the social hour which followed, Tracy answered a number of questions about her stay in the coastal city.

HAPPY HOLIDAY!

Wishing all of our fine friends and patrons the best of everything for the Holiday Season. We thank you for your loyal patronage.

Salt Spring Precision Jewellers
Alex & Thelma Houston

Merry Christmas

Let Santa go modern if he likes . . . but the sentiment is old-fashioned, still. Warm greetings and thanks for your loyalty.

Wilf & Ben
Green-Lor Construction

Merry Christmas

Yuletide is the season to be jolly . . . and it's a fine time to wish you and yours the happiest. Warm "thanks," too.

Gulf Island Propane Gas Ltd.
Box 450, Ganges, B.C. 537-2233

Christmas Wishes

May the seeds of love and hope flower for you and your loved ones at Christmas time. Our best wishes and thanks.

Walter Davis, Mgr.
Sandi, Mark, Mike, Peter, Geri & Marguerite
Foxglove Nursery & Landscapers

Surprise! Surprise! Have a Hearty Barbequed Christmas Dinner!

How about a Christmas barbeque!

The Christmas holidays are celebrated in many parts of this country, and around the world, in warm and often tropical climates. How appropriate to ask friends and family to share a Christmas barbeque dinner! This recipe for an unusual and tasty main course, and some of the trimmings, should add variety to a heretofore traditional menu.

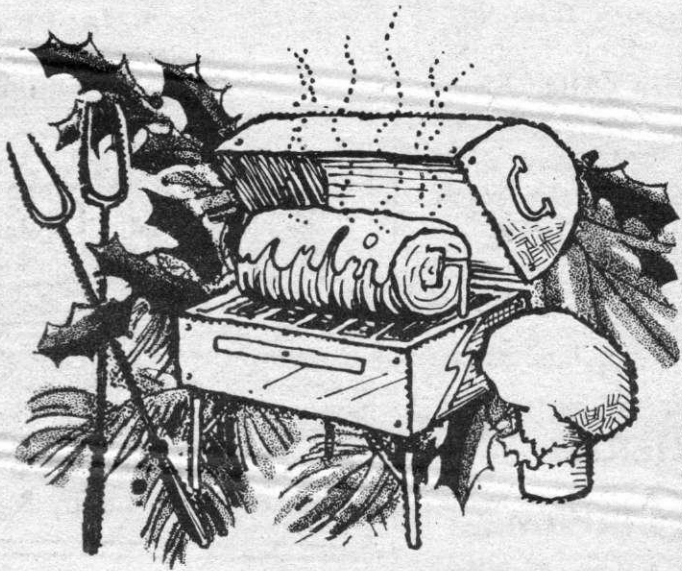
After serving your favorite hors d'oeuvre and holiday potions try this barbequed honey glazed pork loin . . . you may never serve anything else at Christmas again!

Barbequed Honey Glazed Pork Loin:

About 3 hours before you plan to serve, prepare outdoor covered grill, using manufacturer's instructions for indirect heat cooking.

Glaze: Stir 1/2 cup honey, 1 teaspoon ground ginger and 1/4 cup brandy together in a bowl. Mix well and set aside.

Roast: Rub 1 tablespoon salt and 1 teaspoon cracked pepper into a 4 1/2 pound double top loin pork roast. Insert meat thermometer into mid-



dle and place roast on grill, over drip pan, with fat side up. Roast 2 1/2 hours on covered grill, adding more briquettes to sides of grill every hour, as directed by manufacturer. Baste meat often

Set meat on previously heated platter, remove strings and let stand about 15 minutes. While waiting to carve roast, set out salad and trimmings.

Grilled Scalloped Potatoes:

Peel a medium size potato

for each serving. On squares of aluminum foil, lay thin slices in overlapping layers and dot with 1 tablespoon butter, salt and pepper. Add 2 tablespoons milk. Seal package with double fold and cook on grill, close to coals for about 15 minutes.

Test for tenderness, and if necessary reseal for longer cooking.

Orange slaw or a salad combining fresh orange sections, avocado slices and romaine lettuce will add piquant flavor and holiday color to your delicious feast! Enjoy! Enjoy!

Air pollution

In Canada, air pollution was significantly reduced at local levels during the 1970's. Environment Canada is working toward further

reductions by identifying new control technology, determining tolerable levels, checking automobile emissions and, together with provincial and local governments, enforcing the Clean Air Act.



CHRISTMAS WISHES

May your holiday ring with joy and good cheer.

Ken, Jill, Nicola, Joshua, Justin & Chelsea

Ken Byron Excavating



Our heartfelt thanks! May all of your gifts be wrapped in holiday spirit, your tree be decked with good things. from

Duncan Paving Ltd.

YULETIDE

Bringing old fashioned joys to warm your heart this holiday. Thanks to you all.

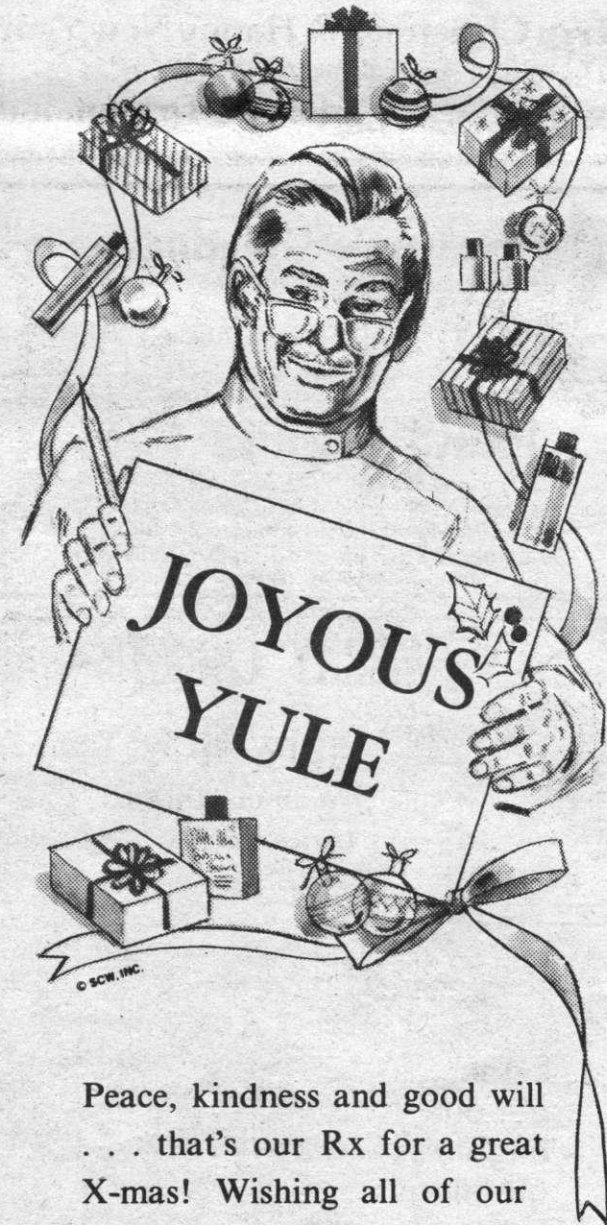


A.B. Construction



Best wishes for health and happiness, peace and good will, to all.

Village Jean Shop



Peace, kindness and good will . . . that's our Rx for a great X-mas! Wishing all of our wonderful customers a beautiful holiday season!



Ganges Western Drug Mart

Seasons greetings expressed by



Season's Greetings
To all
MARGARET MACKINTOSH

"Season's Greetings"
to all our friends
Ben - Micheline
Guy - Marc - Berdine
Mulder
We loved the Island
GOODBYE

Merry Christmas
and Happy New Year
to relatives, friends and neighbours
Eileen, Linda & Gavin Bilton

Merry Christmas
& Happy New Year
To all our Friends & Neighbours along R.R.2
Sam & Elsie Cochran



Merry Christmas
& Happy New Year
to all my friends
George De Long



Merry Christmas & Happy New Year
To friends & neighbours on Salt Spring and
especially friends in Riverside, California
Ron & Kaye Knight

MERRY 
CHRISTMAS
& A Happy New Year
to all our friends on
Salt Spring
Mel & Lorraine
Topping

Winnie Stewart
wishes all her friends on Salt Spring
A Joyous Christmas
& a very happy & healthful New Year


Merry Christmas & Happy New Year
to our friends and neighbours
George & Hazel Truefit



CHRISTMAS GREETINGS
to our friends on Salt Spring
Peggy & Marjorie,
Fred & Tiger

MERRY CHRISTMAS
& Happy New Year
to all our relations, friends & neighbours
Evelyn and Ronnie Lee

To all our friends on Salt
Spring and the other
Gulf Islands,
—the people we know and
those we don't—
We wish you
happiness at
Christmas
and health, peace and joy
in the New Year.
Ian and Elsie
Macdonald
Ganges Hill




Season's Greetings
May Christmas be a joyful one and the New
Year happy and bright for all our friends
and pleasant acquaintances
Bill and Doris De Long

Merry Christmas & Happy New Year
to all my friends
Mary E. Drummond




Season's Greetings
to my friends & neighbours on Salt Spring
Marie Patchett

MERRY CHRISTMAS
& A HAPPY NEW YEAR
to our neighbours and friends on Salt Spring and the Outer Islands
May the year 1980 be a happy one for all
Sincerely, **WEBSTER and ETHEL DAVIDSON**
Alders Ave., Ganges



Season's
Greetings
to all our friends among
the islands
Johnny & Ellen
Bennett



TO ALL FRIENDS
& NEIGHBOURS
LOVE & JOY
TO YOU IN
A SEASON
OF NEW
HOPE


SUE
JONATHAN
THOMAS
BENJAMIN
AND EMMA
YARDLEY



MERRY CHRISTMAS
& Happy New Year
To all our friends
Gordon, Lotus, Gwen & Nan Ruckle



Ringing
out our
brightest
greetings
for
A JOYOUS
CHRISTMAS
Thelma & Oscar Wallace



Have a
Jolly Holiday
The specialty of the house is our
wonderful patrons! In your honor
Santa's cooking up a special
order of joy and contentment...
with our compliments.
Chuck, Claudia, Sage, Janet, Carole, Roberta & Georgette, at
DAGWOOD'S

many islands readers of *Driftwood*

Christmas Greetings

Mr. & Mrs. Nels Degnen

Caroline Fennell wishes a
Merry Christmas
To all Friends and Relatives



A Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all my neighbours and the friends I made during my seven years of living at Ganges.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Annie Jensen

Holiday Greetings

to all our friends
From **Tim & Ina**
Riverside, Cal.



I wish all my friends on Salt Spring and the other Gulf Islands

**A Merry Christmas &
A Prosperous New Year**

Sydney McNulty



Season's Greetings

to all our many friends on Salt Spring

Mary & Bill Clements



Grateful for kindness and help in an eventful past year, we wish a

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

to our Island friends old and new.

Sincerely, **Hermann & Esther Kirchmeir**



To my many good friends, relatives and neighbours,
I wish them all

The very best for the Festive Season

and may 1980 be a happy & prosperous year

Isabella Mouat

**A Very Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year**

to all our friends and customers at the Farmers' Market

Alan and Agnes Hedger

Christmas Greetings

to all our friends

Best Wishes for 1980

May it be a new year of fulfilment and satisfaction

Alec & Helen Spencer,

Annie M. Spencer & family

christmas greetings

Hello everyone

**Merry Christmas, Happy New Year
all thru the year.**

Edna Reed



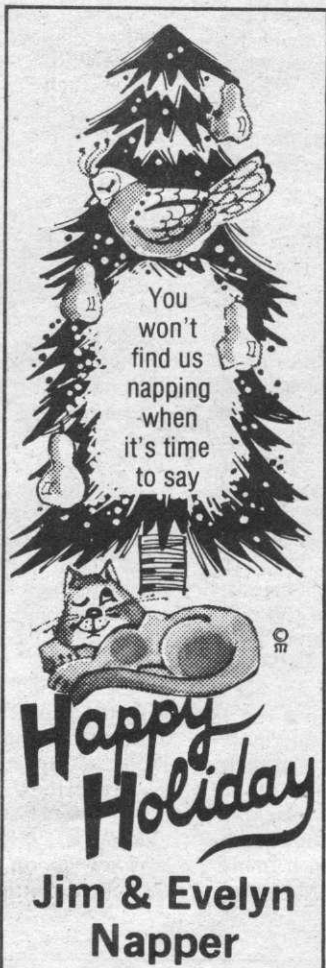
HOLY NIGHT

May your Christmas be
one to treasure always.

**Ken, Cecilia, Kristi,
Paul & Kim
Sampson**

Driftwood office
will be closed
from **December 24**
to **January 3, 1980**

Driftwood will not
publish on
December 26
or
January 2, 1980



You
won't
find us
napping
when
it's time
to say

**Happy
Holiday**

**Jim & Evelyn
Napper**

To Everyone:

Merry Christmas, Good Health and Much
Happiness in the New Year.

Art & Hazel Paterson

Merry Christmas & A Happy New Year

to our neighbours and friends on Salt Spring
and the Outer Islands

May the year 1980 be a happy one for all

John & Margaret Davidson

Season's Greetings

To all our friends & neighbours

Vicki and Reg Griffin



Season's Greetings

To all our friends on Salt Spring Island

**Dot & Bill Anderson
Duncan**



Greetings

to friends and neighbours

From **G.C. & W. Shaw**

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

to one and all

From **John & Mary Inglin**



To wish all our friends on Salt Spring a very
happy, thankful Christmas and may the
coming year be kind to you every one.

Doug and Bessie Dane

HOLIDAY GREETINGS



As we gather together to share the
blessings and joy of the holiday with those
we love, we greet old friends and say thanks.

**Merry Christmas & Happy New Year
The Murakamis**

THE HISTORY OF THE STARK FAMILY

Early settlers encounter hostile Indians

Seventh in a series

This week, Marie Stark-Wallace's manuscript describes pioneering in the Gulf Islands in 1860.

It was a bright day in 1860 when the Starks moved to Salt Spring Island. Sylvia remembered 1860 chiefly because John E. Stark, the second son, was born four months after they landed.

They came to the northwest side of the island in a sailing vessel. The cattle were lowered into the water with strongropes. They swam to land and took the trail leading up to their home, lowing as they went on without anyone to guide them.

The passengers clambered down the side of the ship on rope ladders, and into two Indian canoes manned by two Indians, a man and his wife.

LANDED WITH THEM

A Hudson Bay Co. man landed with them. Mr. Macauley, the Hudson Bay agent, offered to stay with Mrs. Stark and the two children while Mr. Stark went down to the settlement to get conveyance to haul their baggage.

While they were waiting for him, the two natives, with their natural keenness of sight, saw canoes in the distance. As they drew nearer the native and his wife became very much excited, showing fear. They said it was the northern Indians; they were hostile to the tribes inhabiting the islands in the strait. The Indian woman stole away into the bush near her canoe.

The Haida, or northern Indians, had several big canoes, seven or more, heavily loaded with furs. As soon as they saw the small group on the beach they turned and headed for the spot.

EXAMINED CONTENTS

They beached their own canoes then



Another picture of Willis Stark (1856-1943), son of Louis and Sylvia Stark. He was born in California and came to Salt Spring with his parents in 1858. Except for one brief journey to Vancouver, Willis spent his entire life on Salt Spring Island.



Known to Salt Spring Islanders as "the panther", Willis Stark was known for his great cougar hunting expertise. Willis and his two hunting

dogs were invariably called upon whenever a cougar was seen. He looked after his mother after his father's murder in 1895.

thought this would surely be his end. **SOON SURROUNDED** He begged the Haida Indians to put him ashore anywhere but the Haidas tried to out-run them but were too heavily loaded. They were soon surrounded by a desperate band of men on the war path and heavily armed. "We will not kill the white man," they said to the Haidas, "but we will kill you."

So they agreed to let the northern Indians take Mr. Macauley to his destination and they all paddled to the head of the bay we call Ganges and put Macauley out.

They then went out into the bay and fought a most desperate battle with hundreds of local men to a comparatively small number of northerners.

Another account of that historical battle came in a newspaper published in 1932. It read that only one of the northern braves escaped, and he was so badly wounded it was doubtful that he recovered.

HOSTILE

That was the time the local natives themselves were quite hostile. They held meetings with much Skookum pow-wow, Chinook strong talk, as they saw their beaches and hunting grounds usurped by the incoming settlers.

The sight of carcasses of animals lying on the beaches, their hides taken and the meat left to spoil. When an Indian came to one of such he made a clucking noise with his tongue, which indicated disgust. It only served as fuel to an already heated situation.

Salt Spring Island was officially named Admiral Island in 1859, but it still retained the name it had acquired in 1856, Salt Spring, a self name because of its salt springs.

According to the *B.C. Historical Quarterly*, 1951, there were 70 resident land owners on the island in 1860. The first white settlers were Mr. and Mrs.

Lineker and family who came in 1858. **SIX FAMILIES**

As Mrs. Stark remembered, there were six coloured families on Salt Spring Island in 1860 when the Starks came.

She said there were two old coloured people known as Grandpa Jackson and Grandma Jackson. Grandma Jackson was 112 years of age and Grandpa Jackson was 114 years of age. They did not stay long on Salt Spring.

Sylvia Stark's first sight of her new home on the island was an unfinished log cabin surrounded by trees and thick underbrush. It was anything but encouraging. It called for work, in which she would have to take part.

But one happy thought in this wilderness, it was their own and it stood for freedom. And that all absorbing thought was all the stimulus needed for the coloured settlers in those days.

HADN'T RECOVERED

They hung a quilt up for a door, and the neighbours came and helped Mr. Stark to put a roof on the house to keep out the rain. Sylvia had not recovered quite from the shock of their first landing. She found it hard to get used to their wild surroundings. It was so lonely being located in an isolated place quite a distance from the settlement.

There was no doctor available then. She was yet in her teens, and felt the need of a woman's advice and companionship.

The first time she was left alone with her two small children she wept despondently. Her little son Willis tried to comfort her. Stroking her head soothingly, he said, "Don't cry, Ma. Let's go home." The only home he knew was in California.

But a change was coming to Sylvia. She would know the peace of a comfortable saviour. She would know why her mother used to hide away in the old shed to pray. She was often left alone with her children. There seemed to be no other way. Their neighbours were in the same predicament to some extent when their men went to town for provisions.

GUIDING HAND

Looking back over those dark days, Sylvia often made the remark, "Now I can see the hand of God guiding me through all of my troubles, guiding me to a higher life."

Her husband was not sympathetic, so she would steal out into the woods to pray, although wild animals roamed through the bush; black bear, cougars, even wolves were on the island in those days.

But she was serving Daniel's God, the bush had no terrors when the urge came to pray.

Then one day as she lay on a couch, tired and self abandoned, these words came to her: "Fear not for I am with thee." (Isaiah, 41: 10)

It gave her joy. It was the answer to her prayer. On this wild and unconquered island she had found new life. She could not read the Bible and understand it without the help of those faithful missionaries of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, who visited the settlers and read the Bible to them, giving much needed help those days.

Four months after their arrival to Salt Spring a second son was added to the Stark family. They named him John Edmond. He loved adventure. He took up the trail where his parents left off and pressed further northward as a prospector and mineralogist.

The next instalment relates the murder of a friend of H. Estes, Jiles Curtis, by Indians. Mr. Curtis was brought to the island by Mr. Estes to help with the Stark family farm.

Christmas in the air force recalled by island residents

Christmas in the air force during the Second World War was spent in two completely different ways by two Salt Spring Island men.

As the commanding officer of his unit Joe Stewart was obliged by custom to serve Christmas dinner to his own men.

December 7, 1941 was the date that Japan entered the war and it was a time when Stewart was in England in charge of preparing a squadron of Hudsons (old-fashioned American aircraft) on Christmas day.

Stewart said he started off his day as usual at 6 a.m., checking equipment and briefing the air crew. He had no lunch that day because Christmas, he said, was like any other day.

COST HIM A TIE

In 1943, however, Stewart said he had the opportunity of serving Christmas dinner to his men though the experience, he added, cost him his tie.

It was also something of a custom for the men to enact some tomfoolery on the "old man", in this case the "old man" was Stewart. He said his men got rowdy and cut off his neck tie.

Stewart said it was customary that the officer, after feeding his men, went to his own mess to eat. He couldn't remember that the officers ate anything different from the men.

Both of those Christmases were spent in southern England's aerodromes where Stewart was in charge of a unit responsible for aircraft moving to and from various points.

PRISONER-OF-WAR

Another islander who spent two Christmases overseas while in the air force is Bruce Campbell of Beaver Point, who was in a German prisoner-of-war camp. Campbell spent the Christmases of 1943 and 1944 in Stalag Luft 3.

The camp was located near the

town of Sagan, 90 miles north west of Breslau and about 50 miles from the German-Russian front on the Oder River.

Stalag Luft 3, Campbell said, was composed of five different compounds or lagers. Campbell was in the north lager, which held 2,000 men.

In addition, there were four other lagers which held a total of 10,500 prisoners. All the compounds were separated from each other, Campbell said.

HAD TO COOK

The last Christmas Campbell spent in Stalag Luft 3 was the one in which he was responsible for the cooking for the men in his room.

Their room held eight men and was a part of a much larger hut. It was approximately 10 by 12 feet in floor area and contained four double-tiered beds, a three by six-foot table and one chair. The room also had a small stove for heat.

Campbell said the entire camp had been on half rations from the Germans and from the Red Cross for four months prior to Christmas. The ration of coal per room each day was 2½ briquettes, each briquette being a little smaller than a standard building brick.

He said they saved the fuel for the evening, just before supper and bed. The temperature outside, Campbell remembered, was zero degrees Fahrenheit and there was a foot of snow on the ground. The custom of the day to keep warm was leave your overcoat on and stay in bed all day or at least before and after meals.

Christmas day, 1944, at Stalag Luft 3 was a very busy one for Campbell because he had seven men in his room, for whom he had to prepare three meals. The men had been saving bits and pieces from their Red Cross parcels for several months before Christmas just for the event. It was to be the

biggest bash of the year.

Campbell wrote down the menu he prepared and remembers where and how each of the courses came into being. All the men pooled their food together and had a combination of Canadian, English and American fare. When the Germans did bring them food parcels, there was no telling what country they originated from.

Breakfast on Christmas morning, Campbell recalled, included "midlothian porridge" from Scotland, honey spread on German toast and Mother Parker's fresh coffee from Canada.

The toast came from bread which Campbell said the Germans gave to them each day. It was black and contained sawdust for bulk. Campbell said they got one piece per room, 1¼ inches thick, and it had to be sliced into quarter-inch slices to go all the way around.

CHEESE

For lunch they again had German bread but this time they had American K-ration cheese spread on it and more Mother Parker's coffee.

Tea time was something the men never missed if they could help it. Campbell said they would take as many food breaks during the day as they could to break up the monotony.

For tea that day they had biscuits, butter and jam from an American parcel, plus one piece of toast with honey and orange pekoe tea someone had saved.

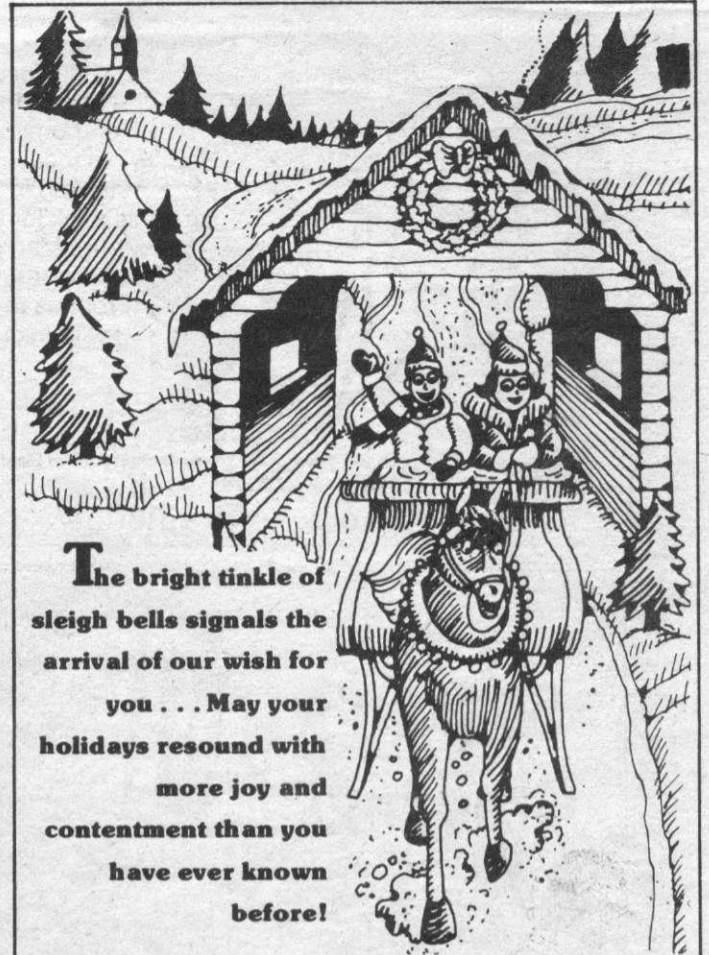
Now dinner was the big event and what everyone had been really saving for. Campbell used all the innovations he could think of to serve up common food in a festive manner.

The dinner menu was baked turkey pastry roll with grape jelly; baked potatoes with drawn butter; mashed, creamed white turnips; and creamed butter carrots out of a can from a U.S. parcel.

CIGARS, TOO

Dessert consisted of steamed plum pudding with honey cream sauce and date and cherry creamed ice with Christmas cake and coffee. Campbell said the dinner wouldn't

Turn to Page Thirty-Two



The bright tinkle of sleigh bells signals the arrival of our wish for you . . . May your holidays resound with more joy and contentment than you have ever known before!

Merry Christmas

Gerry and Barb Bourdin

Lancer Contracting Ltd.



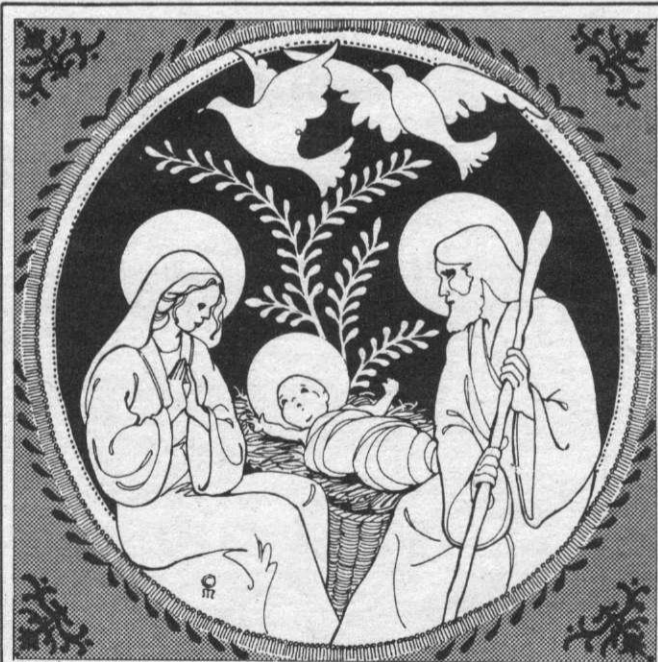
Have a Happy Holiday

Thanks is the best expression we know to show how much we appreciate your friendship and loyalty. We wish you and your loved ones a Christmas brimming with peace and happiness.

Don and Lois

Don's Radio & TV

MOUAT'S MALL

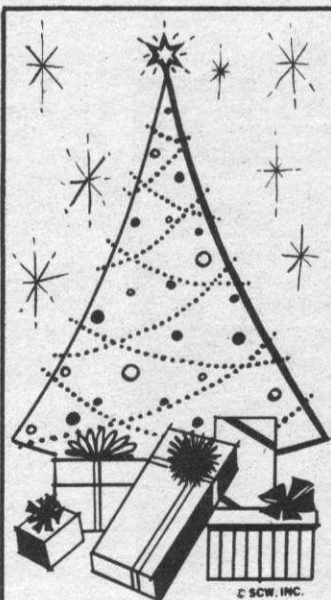


PEACE ON EARTH

May the radiance and gift of His love light your way to everlasting peace and contentment. Best wishes for a joyous Christmas.

Special Thanks From THE MARCOTTES at

Marcottes' Garage



MERRY CHRISTMAS Best wishes to all the friends who have patronized us.

Humperdinks Meat & Delicatessen



Santa slips in with a thousand and one wishes stacked in his pack for a Merry, Merry Christmas. From us to you, thanks.

Warm Holiday Greetings to all our Customers and Friends Throughout all the Islands

Ken and Beryl

G.K. Arnott — Fireplaces

Vancouver's heroin trade is topic of award-winning book

BY BRIAN SOBER

A book that will certainly satisfy every fan of court-room drama and mystery is the award winning novel *Needles* by William Deverell, a resident of North Pender Island.

The author is a criminal lawyer whose practice in Vancouver gives him a profound insight into that city's drug trade and street life.

The book is about a Vancouver Crown prosecutor, Foster Cobb, whose personal disasters have led him into the solace of heroin.

Tired of working for the government, Cobb has left the attorney-general's department to set up his own private practice, but his fascination with the needle causes him to neglect all else.

KING-PIN
His work as prosecutor has on several occasions put him on against Dr. Au, the king-pin of

convinced that, while free on bail, he must practise his deathly scalpel-art on the unsuspecting prosecutor.

An array of prostitutes, pushers and undercover cops are drawn into a complex and terrifying plot that almost ensures Cobb's doom.

Withdrawing from a forced heroin overdose inflicted on him by Au's men, Cobb flees to a lonely

stretch of beach off the west coast of Vancouver Island.

There, betrayed by a friend, he faces his foes alone, weakened, and weaponless he finally succumbs to the acupuncturist's needle dexterously wielded by Au.

Needles was the unanimous and enthusiastic first choice of an international panel of judges for the Seal First Novel Award.

Book review

Vancouver's heroin trade and a prominent Chinese citizen.

Although obsessed with getting Dr. Au convicted and sent away, Cobb has always been defeated by Au's highly respectable lawyer.

Suddenly a gruesome murder occurs in Vancouver's Chinatown and the police have charged Au with the slaying. Then, a policeman is killed in an attempted murder of witnesses who were to testify against Au.

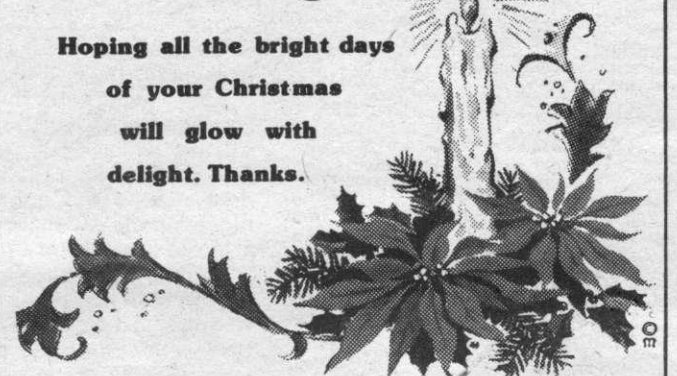
Cobb's brilliant performances in the past prompt the chief attorney to ask him once again to act as prosecutor in Au's trial.

The confidence and far-reaching power of Au threatens to crush Cobb, but through a miraculous chain of events the inscrutable but psychotic doctor begins to crumble.

SCALPEL-ART
The cross-examination and humiliation of key defence witnesses leaves Au shaken and

Greetings to All!

Hoping all the bright days of your Christmas will glow with delight. Thanks.



JoAnn, Des & Bradley of

D.A. SMITH
General Contracting Ltd.

Season's Greetings

To all our customers & friends

Bill, Dorothy, Gordon and Robert

C & R Taxi Ltd.

Closed Christmas Eve After 11.30 pm
Closed Christmas Day 3 to 7 pm

Business as usual over New Year's

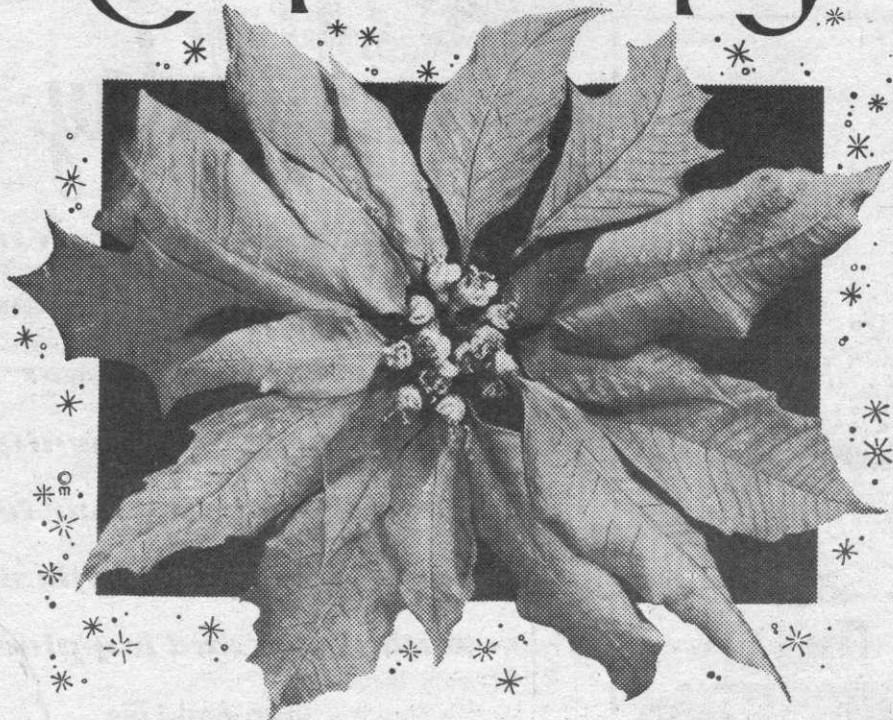


Merry Christmas and a whole new year of good eating



from the volunteer workers of **meals-on-wheels**

Christmas Greetings



Our wish is simple and sincere. May the holiday bring gladness to you all. Thanks to everyone.

BANGERT & VAN MEEL
Contractors

Merry Christmas to all

We're teaming up with Santa to bring you a host of happy holiday dreams come true... and our thanks.



Joe, Faye Bossio, Tony and Nicole
Fernwood Store

Christmas a time of quiet confidence

'We're still learning' what it all means

BY VERN McEACHERN
Ganges United Church

Psychologists say that for many people, Christmas is the most depressing time of the year. Poor people are unable to afford gifts for their children. Old people are in rest homes and nursing homes. Widows are lonely, remembering better Christmases when there was a man around the house, helping with the tree, carving the turkey, just being there. Members of broken homes think of former years when the whole family celebrated together. Some people become so despondent at Christmas time that they consider suicide, and some go through with it.

Yet we know that next Sunday and on Christmas Eve our churches will be filled with sounds of "Joy to the world" and "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men". Some will say, "That is a good sound. The world is too filled with noise, confusion and uncertainty. It is time we took a break from the turmoil and the trouble. It is time we demonstrated some quiet confidence in things to come."

SELF-DELUSION?

Others might say, "Isn't it a case of self-delusion to talk about peace and quiet confidence? Do we dare to say 'Peace on earth', when there is no peace? In a time when ancient verities are assaulted and chaos is king, how can we talk of peace in a spirit of quiet confidence?"

Nevertheless, we must insist that Christmas is a time of quiet confidence. Our quiet confidence is not an expression of satisfaction with things as they are. Nor is it nostalgia for a "golden age" which we hope will return if only we outlast the present turmoil. No, our confidence is in the promise of God that He will not abandon us. He will lead us to the promised



REV. V. McEACHERN

land of His Kingdom of peace and brotherhood.

DECISIVE PART

Christmas assures us that God has taken a decisive part in our human history. "In the beginning was the Word, the Word was with God, and the Word was God . . . In Him was life, and the life was the light of men. The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it" (John 1:1, 4-5).

In this truth is grounded our quiet confidence that no matter how confused or embattled or discouraged we may be, God has joined Himself in our human struggle. He refuses to dwell in a Divine Majesty aloof from our pains and hopes. He seeks no glory for Himself apart from the healing and the fulfilment of this strange drama we call "history".

What is the motive behind this Christmas gift? Why, with all the choices open to Him, has the Creator of the universe chosen to get so involved with us?

GOD'S LOVE

Certainly the answer is not to be found in any attraction we may possess. The answer is simply, God's Love. That is why we are told, "Above all put on love, which binds everything together in perfect harmony" (Col. 3:14). God's love, however, does not make the world go round as though history

were in senseless rotation; His love makes the world move on.

The love that moves us on is the love that first we knew at Christmas. At Christmas, in a little town just down the hill from Jerusalem, the vows were exchanged. "For better or for worse, in sickness and in health": God became man. The very centre of all that *is*, all that *was*, and all that *will be*, became one with human history, with your history and mine.

STILL LEARNING

We're still learning what it all

means. The first century Christians were confused on some points.

Even the apostles didn't understand the full implications of the Good News. But through the confusions, disappointments, defeats and long times of waiting, we know the truth of the decision revealed at Bethlehem. And thus we are strong and unafraid in the quiet confidence of Christmas.

"And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth. . . . And from His fullness have we all received, grace

upon grace . . . No one has ever seen God; the only Son who is in the bosom of the Father, He made Him known". (John 1:14, 16, 18).

To one and all, a joyous Christmas and New Year blessed with His Peace.



CHRISTMASTIME!

**Deck the halls and sing with glee
as we welcome an enchanting,
fantasy filled holiday.**

Roy, Jeannette, Gordon, Sandra and Michael

Roy Lee Petroleums Ltd.

Season's Greetings

Tidings of the Holiday Season to all of our fine friends and patrons. We enjoy doing business with you.

Toni Luton
**Kenton House
Gallery**

BEST WISHES FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Ho-ho-ho! We're brimming with holiday happiness - and it's mostly because of you, our fine friends and customers. You've made us proud and happy to serve you through a successful year. To you and your family, a Happy Holiday.

SALT SPRING LANDS LTD.

If Jesus had never come . . .

BY JOHN RODINE
Mayne Island Community Church

The Christmas story tells of the bridging of a great gulf which separated God and Man. It is the story of God's infinite love breaking through the barriers of sin to enter into the heart of man and deliver him from the power and the penalty of sin.

Our finest Christmas carols are but faint echoes of that great angelic chorus, when the angels

heralded the birth of the saviour. Our Christmas joys are but flickering candles in comparison to the glory of the Lord that shone round about the shepherds when Jesus came. The many acts of kindness at the Christmas season are but faint reflections of the eternal love of God as it found expression in his gift of the Saviour.

Someone once asked this question, "What if Jesus had not come?" He then proceeded to

suggest that if Jesus had not come there would be no Christmas, no

have been ours to enjoy if Jesus had not come.

are children of the same Father, then we are brothers and in that case I have no right to hold my brother in chains."

THE STATUS OF MUSIC

It is humanly impossible to accurately assess what music has done for a burdened world. It has comforted many a wounded heart and calmed many a stormy life. If Jesus had not come there would be no Handel's *Messiah*, no Gaul's *Holy City*, no Christian hymnology, e.g.: *Rock of Ages, Abide with Me, Softly and Tenderly, Lead Kindly Light, Blessed Assurance, Rescue the Perishing, God be with you till we meet again.*

IN THE FIELD OF LITERATURE

If we should remove from our libraries all that has been put into them through the Christian message, they would be terribly and shamefully depleted.

THE CONDITION OF HUMAN LIFE

When Jesus came to this earth three fifths of the people living under Roman jurisdiction were slaves. Slavery was never outlawed by education. There were well-educated men who would never question the propriety of slavery any more than we would dispute the law of gravity.

If Jesus had not come slavery might well be a world wide proposition. When the gospel was preached and accepted by the slave and the slave owner, together they would kneel side by side and accept the same Christ. It was then that the slave owner acknowledged his wrong and said, "If this man and I

Many years ago a young boy was sent to work in an English coal mine. He had ability, ambition and high ideals. He attended a night school, gave close attention to his studies, and eventually he became a leader and an honoured parliamentarian.

On his 50th birthday a celebration was held in his honour. Many of the humble and of the poorer class marched in the procession for their champion. The flags waved, the bands played and the crowd applauded. Toward the end of the great procession came a company of miners bearing a large banner, with this inscription, "He was one of us."

Today the Son of God is adored by angels and archangels. Millions of liberated men and women, liberated through the message of the gospel, gladly cast their all at his feet and we who toil with the harsh realities of this world can raise our banner to the champion of all time, Jesus Christ the son of the living God, and we can say, "He was one of us."

What a bleak and dismal world this would be is Jesus had not come!

Jesus himself said, "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly." *John 10:10.*



REV. JOHN RODINE

Christmas carols, no gospel message, no hope for sinful man. There would be no Bibles, no churches, no missionary programs. This in itself would make the world an intolerable place in which to live. We would also be deprived of some of the lesser, though highly treasured blessings which are ours to enjoy today.

THE TREASURES OF ART

If Jesus had not come, we should never have gazed upon Raphael's *Madonna and child*, Hoffman's *The child and temple*, Holman Hunt's *Light of the world*, Da Vinci's *Last Supper*, Salman's *Head of Christ*. These and countless hundreds of artistic creations, all telling in part the Christian message, which would never

MERRY CHRISTMAS



Baking a warm batch of Holiday Greetings to all of our wonderful friends. Have a Happy Christmas full of good things.

Mike, Fern, Steve & Brenda Bromley and Rhonda

Embe Bakery



The Joy of Christmas

It's Christmas . . . season of peace and joy. May its many blessings be yours to share, always.

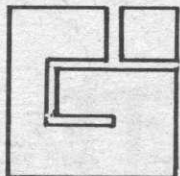
Heather & David Rainsford

Greetings

to our many customers in the Gulf Islands

Len & Joy Larson

Best wishes for the coming year



GULF ISLANDS INSURANCE LTD.



WARM WISHES

As the sweet sounds of Christmas echo round the world, we wish you all the blessings of a joyous holiday season.

SALT SPRING ISLAND Garbage Collection Service

There is danger in giving too much attention to others

BY S. HILDEBRANDT

Community Gospel Church

In the midst of our gift-giving we need to be reminded once again that Christmas is supposed to be His birthday. There is danger of giving such attention to others that we lose sight of the most important of all, the Lord Jesus Christ.

Conscientious Christians sincerely desire to give Christ his proper place of pre-eminence in their lives, not only in the month of December, but the remaining months of the year as well. With others, seasonal sentiment has taken the place of sacrifice and service, which God expects from every true believer.

It is at this time of year that we have particularly impressed upon us the truth of God's "Unspeakable Gift" coming to us as a babe in Bethlehem's manger. Keep in mind, however, that "Jehovah-Saviour" not only came to us, but also for us. The message of the angels to the shepherds that eventful night on the Judean hills is for all men everywhere. "For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." (Luke 2:11)

"GREAT EXCHANGE"

A Saviour promised, a Saviour provided. A Saviour who must be personally recognized and personally received if his redemptive work in our behalf is to benefit us. Once we realize our need of Christ and receive Him as our personal Saviour from sin, we are then in a position to make what is called "the great exchange".

"For the love of God constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead; and that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again." (11 Cor.5:14,15) The Lord Jesus Christ did pour out His life on Calvary for you and me. "He gave Himself a ransom for all" to buy us back from the enslavement of sin.



PASTOR HILDEBRANDT

The Lord Jesus Christ now not only claims us by right of creation (for He made us) but His far greater claim by right of redemption. The apostle Paul puts it this way: "What know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost - For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's." (1 Cor.6:19,20)

What God expects from you is not only your time, talent or means, but YOU. The totality of your being - body, soul and spirit. If he succeeds in getting you, all these other things will be his also. Have you given yourself to God in a once-for-all, absolute and unconditional act of surrender?

Make this Christmas your most memorable by *giving yourself* without reservation, to the one that came to bring you peace with God.

A gift to cherish

Expectancy lives at Christmas

BY GRACE A. WRIGHT

Yes, it is a gift - a God-given gift, but one that is often misused, or allowed to lie dormant so that it dies from sheer neglect. This is the gift of expectancy, the power to look ahead with interest, and with a profound determination to do better than one has in the past.

Alas! Some people do look ahead but only to see the misery and misfortune that might happen. Others are so busy looking ahead they see nothing of the road they travel on and thus miss many of the little everyday joys of living.

What greater joy, and health-giving power, can be ours than to wake up each morning with this feeling of wonder and expectancy - provided we use it in the right way.

Some people are inclined to let things slide in the hope that tomorrow will be a better day. That is not using the gift in the

right way any more than it is used correctly to predict disaster. But to wake afresh each morning with the feeling that we have been given another twenty-four hours in which to accomplish much is true joy.

Yesterday is past - we cannot relive it so there is little point in looking back and saying: "If only I had done, or not done, such and such, things would now be so different."

RESOLUTIONS

This is the season when so many people make New Year's resolutions. How hard it is to resolve something for a whole year and stick to it; consequently we quickly drop our resolve and think or say: "What's the use of trying!"

How much easier it is just to have to keep that resolution for 24 hours?

If we do fail, how wonderful to know that, God willing, we will be given another fresh, unsullied start on the morrow.

Each day is ours to start anew, To do the things we ought to do. The sins of yesterday are gone, We're given strength to carry on. So for this morn, and come what may - I voice my thanks at break of day.

Serving a bishop

Entertaining friends and family adds to the many delights of this festive and glorious season! Unusual food or drink not only offers a unique touch to your gathering, but will start the conversational ball rolling as well. A drink called a Bishop, very popular in Northern European countries is colorful and appropriate.

Strongly resembling mulled wine, it is a spicy concoction of heated port wine (or sherry or bordeaux, if that's what's on hand), spiked with cloves and the peel of lemon or orange. The proportions of the ingredients we leave to your individual taste and imagination . . . Skoal!

Yuletide



Greetings

Happy Holidays
To our Salt Spring Island Customers from everyone at

Aladdin Travel

Use Christmas Seals

A marriage so permanent it's the only one

Greatest event in man's history

BY P. A. BERGIN
Catholic Church of Salt Spring Island

When peaceful silence lay over all
And night had run half her swift course -

Down from the heavens
From the royal throne
Leapt your all powerful Word.
And the Word was made flesh.

Who hasn't heard people say that Christmas is just for children - not for grown-ups - that the real joy they get from the Christmas celebration is watching the children enjoying it so much.

This is true - if those who say it really mean that in order to enjoy Christmas one must become as a little child. If an adult doesn't enjoy Christmas - if he entertains nostalgic memories of childhood Christmases - maybe it's because he refuses to become a little child. "Unless you become as a little child . . ."

In order to really enjoy Christmas, obviously we must understand what it means - what it's all about. What then does it mean?

What is it all about? Why are people making merry? Why do we so effusively greet one another on this day? After the church service on Christmas day, possibly even during it, you will wish one another a truly happy, merry Christmas.

WHY BE MERRY?

Why should we be merry on this particular day of the year? There must be some reason for it. I can understand why we shoot off



REV. P. A. BERGIN

firecrackers on July first - it's the anniversary of the birth of our great country. We all understand why we observe a few moments of silence on Memorial Day - to pay tribute to those who have laid down their lives in defence of those things we hold so dear. I can understand a man making merry because he has come into a fortune. But I can't understand him making merry if the fortune is just a joke - a phony.

Now is this is not the day Our Saviour was born, then why are we making merry?

If this is not the day on which God came to live with His people, Emmanuel, God is with us, then all of our fun is just empty, foolish fuss.

If you saw a man on the street laughing uproariously - tears of joy streaming down his cheeks - and all the while having no reason for his laughter - you would think the man was out of his head. He would be rejoicing without a reason - surely a sign of insanity.

NO REASON?

And so if this is not the day on which Christ left the heavens to remake the hearts of men and reshape the face of the earth, then there is no more reason to be glad on Christmas than there is reason for being glad on July second. If Christmas doesn't mean Christ, then why are we so merry on this day - why all the fuss on this day - any more than on December 26 or 27?

If Christmas doesn't mean God amongst us - then we are absurdly having the feast without the festival - decorating the town for a victory that never took place - carrying gifts to a wedding that is really a divorce.

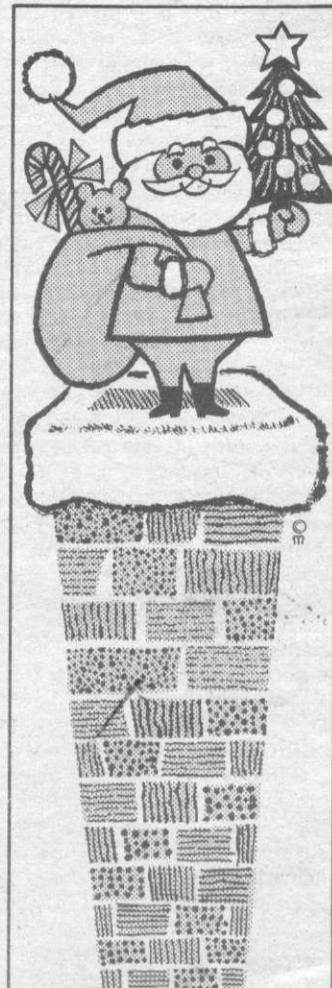
I know why I am glad today, and I know why millions of others are glad - so do you.

It's because we are celebrating the greatest event in the history of man - a marriage, so solemn, so permanent as to be the only one. The world never grows tired of celebrating the Divine Nuptials, of God and man, in the Incarnation of Our Lord and Saviour. The great mass of people in our land, the large number in our community who are being merry because it's a fashion rather than because it's a marriage, have confused Yuletide with Christmas; log burning with the Incarnation; the giving and the receiving of gifts with the giving of one's whole self to God and fellow man, and the receiving from God of the power to become a Son of God. Sometimes we miss so much in

order to gain to little. Now we who say that we celebrate Christmas not for ourselves, but just for the children, that our only real pleasure is the pleasure of seeing our little ones so happy, could and should learn from those same children a very important lesson.

The lesson is this - the only way to discover the meaning of Christmas is by being little, by being not childish, but childlike - which is only another way of saying by being humble. Only the humble - the truly humble - found Christ on that first Christmas night - the humble shepherds and the humble wisemen. The shepherds were wise in their humility, the wise men humble in their wisdom. And it was the wisdom of their humility and the humility of their wisdom that brought them to the feet of the Eternal Wisdom, who emptied

Himself, who humbled Himself in taking the form of a servant. Or as St. John the Baptist stated it, I must decrease in order that He may increase!



Merry Christmas


May Santa find your home bright with happiness at holiday time.

We appreciate your patronage.

Lorraine Dever
Gold Star Cash & Carry
PORT WASHINGTON




MERRY CHRISTMAS
and
Happy New Year



Dawn, Danny, Johnnie & Bryan at
et cetera BOOK & STATIONERY

Best Wishes for the Holiday Season



Jack and Wendy Hughes
Gulf Islands Water Taxi




JOY

May the beauty of the season impart its wonder, peace and hope into your heart.

Marlene Leask & Lois Codd
Peaches & Cream

Greetings

Here's to a very Merry Christmas full of peace and happiness.



Management & Staff
Harbour House Hotel

A season linked with family

BY JOHN BAILEY
Anglican Church

Christmas, in its early stages, was a great theological festival celebrating the Incarnation of the Word.

This theme is still seen very clearly in the epistle and gospel which are selected for reading on Christmas Day.

The epistle is taken from the opening lines of Hebrews and begins, "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds."

The gospel reading is perhaps the most magnificent passage in the New Testament and is paralleled by the great creation narrative in the Book of Genesis. The passage of John 1 begins "In the beginning was the Word" and climaxes in the fourteenth verse "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father) full of grace and truth."

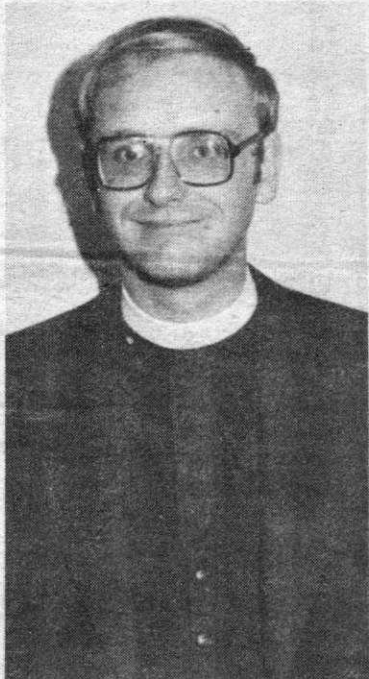
Theology is a field of thought which attempts to answer some of the great questions which face mankind.

Theologians deal with questions like "Who is God?", "What is the relation of God to the world?" and "What does God have to do with me?". The Early Church Fathers said that anyone who prays is a theologian.

It does not take great intellectual skill to know God or to seek him. It takes prayer. It is clear in both the epistle and Gospel quoted above that the authors were great men of prayer. It was prayer which led them to see the significance of the birth of Jesus for themselves as individuals and for mankind generally. It was prayer which led them to write.

Today our primary concern at Christmas is not so much with a celebration of the great theological insight given to us in the Incarnation, but rather with a celebration of family.

While there are some who regret the excesses of Christmas as it is



REV. JOHN BAILEY

celebrated today, no Christian can doubt that family life is strengthened by such celebrations.

It is a time when most of us come together for a meal with other

members of our family or we are welcomed with open arms into the life of some family. We all tend to let down our defences, openly feel needed and show our need for other people.

Surely something of the healing power of the Incarnation is felt in such a season of family closeness and generosity.

Have a happy and fruitful Christmas season!

Yule Legends

French peasants believe that a daughter, born on December 25th, will be wise, witty and virtuous.

Polish children get their holiday gifts from Mother Star, and her companion Father Star, not from Santa Claus!

Named to order of Canada

Daughter of a Ganges woman has been named a member of the Order of Canada.

Elizabeth Ann (Betsy) Lane, daughter of Mrs. Bette Greer, became a member of the order at a ceremony in Ottawa October 27. Presented to her by Governor-General Ed Schreyer, the award was made for her services to the arts, particularly in B.C.

Born and educated in Vancouver, Mrs. Lane has been involved in a long list of art-oriented groups. She was recently appointed a member of the advisory committee on cultural policy, established by the secretary of state.



To all our friends and customers, may the spirit of Christmas light your home and its warm glow fill the new year.

Dorothy & Mel Cooper

Wishing you Peace, Joy & Contentment

from the members of

The Gulf Islands NDP Club



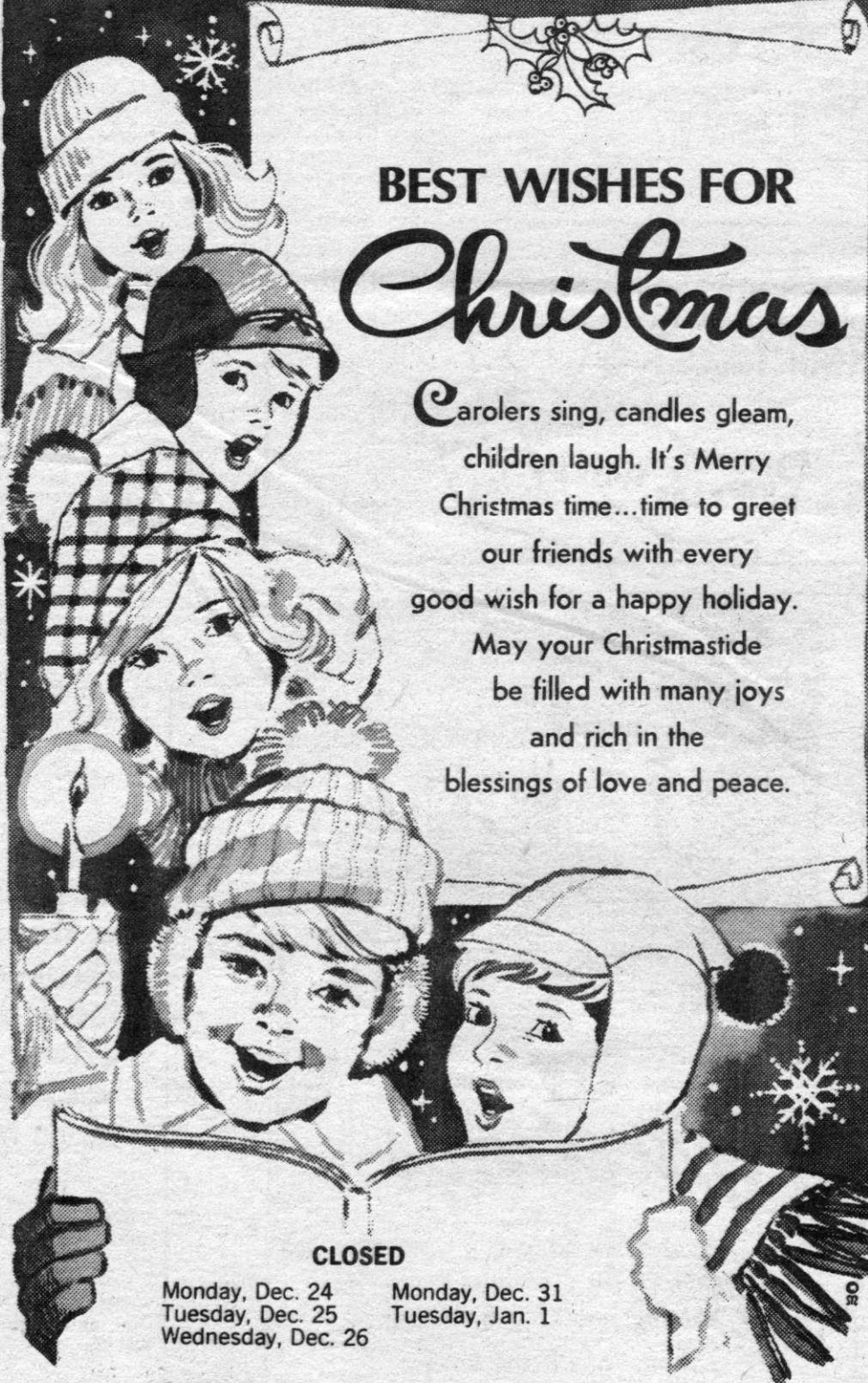
Merry Christmas

Happy New Year

From Morley, Joan & Staff

SEASIDE KITCHEN

CLOSED FOR THE HOLIDAYS



BEST WISHES FOR Christmas

Carolers sing, candles gleam, children laugh. It's Merry Christmas time...time to greet our friends with every good wish for a happy holiday. May your Christmastide be filled with many joys and rich in the blessings of love and peace.

CLOSED

Monday, Dec. 24	Monday, Dec. 31
Tuesday, Dec. 25	Tuesday, Jan. 1
Wednesday, Dec. 26	

Duncan and District Credit Union

Merry Christmas



To all our customers on the Island From Roger, Frank, Pat & Paul

P & B Plumbing
Sidney



Cover drawing is work of local art student

The cover drawing on *Driftwood's* Christmas issue this year is the work of Wendy Pattison, an art student at Gulf Islands Secondary School.

It was her art teacher, Caroline Hamilton, who suggested that one of her students do the art work for this issue. Last year, it was Miss Hamilton herself who contributed a portrayal of the child Jesus making the Gulf Islands.

Wendy Pattison is a grade 12 student and has been studying art in the school since grade eight.

She is not planning a career in art, however. Miss Hamilton said that in view of the "precariousness" of the former, Wendy intends to go in for nursing.



WENDY PATTISON

Christmas in Germany

From Page Twenty-five

have been complete without a selection of hard candy which was procured from somewhere. There were even cigars to make the evening complete.

One of the secrets Campbell readily gave up for publication was his recipe for date and cherry creamed ice. To make it, he said, mix up a thick batch of "Klim" and add the cherries and dates, then place the whole works outside to freeze.

The only sad part of the whole

affair, Campbell said, was that nobody could eat even the smallest part of each of the different courses. "We weren't used to the rich food. Our stomachs had shrunk so much that men were getting sick while trying to eat what they had waited so long for," Campbell said. "There was only one man, I think, who ever made it as far as the cigar."

Also in Stalag Luft 3 from Salt Spring Island were Ivan Mouat and Jim Olding. Mouat and Olding spent some time together in the same lager, while Campbell was in a separate one.

Mouat said his Christmases there were much the same as Campbell's. "We went all out and then wondered later why we did it," he said.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Thank you clients for your patronage!



FRANS BEIJK
537-5121



Greetings

Look who's bringing loads of joy and happiness for your loved ones. We enjoy helping you. Thanks, neighbors.

From Tony & the Boys

Salt Spring Freight Service

To all our customers of Fuller Brush, Rawleighs, Shaklee and Electrolux,

we wish you a

Merry Christmas & a Happy New Year

Gavin Reynolds

To all our friends & customers,

Merry Christmas & Happy New Year

Jake & Audrey Buitenwerf
Golden Acres Farm



A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!

What is Santa carrying in his bag? All our best wishes for a happy holiday season.

John Taylor — Electrician

You know when someone tells you to take a walk? Maybe they've got the right idea.



Opening the door to the spirit of Christmas and its many delights, we extend thanks and warm wishes to our many friends.

Ron & Norah McQuiggan, Betty Valdez, Alma McQuiggan, Leo Horncastle, George McEwen



Islands in the GULF