

Women's Church, Civic And Social Activities

MISS MAMIE SOCKWELL, Editor—Phone 215

Mrs. W. J. Bason Entertains Her Club

Mrs. W. J. Bason's home was the setting for the Christmas party for the members of her bridge club which was held Saturday evening. A dutch supper was served at the beginning of the evening after which bridge was played at two tables. The award for the highest score went to Mrs. Fred Hubbard, Sr. The group exchanged gifts.

8th Column Bridge Club Has Christmas Party

The members of the 8th Column Bridge club held their evening. The group gathered at annual Christmas party Monday the Wilkes Hotel where a three-course dinner was served at 6:30 o'clock, with covers laid for eight. The table was appointed in the Christmas note with an attractive arrangement of holly.

Social Calendar

The Senior Woman's Club of Wilkesboro will meet Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock at the home of Mrs. G. T. Mitchell with Mrs. Joe Pearson, Mrs. E. N. Phillips, and Mrs. O. K. Whittington as associate hostesses.

Christmas bells, and red candles. Following the dinner, the members went to the home of Miss Mary Jo Pearson where bridge was played at two tables. Mrs. William Carrington won the top score prize and Mrs. Fred Hubbard, Jr., the low score. The guest prize went to Mrs. Darwin Smithy. At the close of the game cold drinks were served and gifts were exchanged.

Bradford-McNeill Vows Spoken On October 11

Mr. Frank McNeill announces the marriage of his twin sister, Frances, to Fred H. Bradford of Cornelius, N. C. The marriage took place at York, S. C., October 11.

Mrs. Bradford is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McNeill. Educated in the North Wilkesboro High Schools and at W. C. U. N. C., she has taught at Flat Rock School, Mt. Airy, N. C., for the past few years.

Mr. Bradford is a graduate of Cornelius High School and Davidson College. He is also a member of the Flat Rock faculty.

After the first of the year they will be at home in Mount Airy.

St. Cecelia Music Club Gives Christmas Program

Friday evening, December 12, the high school division of the St. Cecelia Music Club met with Miss Blanche Livingston at her home on the Moravian road, and gave their annual Christmas program. Miss Barbara Ogilvie, club president, was in charge of the program. Miss Nancy Lee Yates, club secretary, held a brief business meeting.

"Joy to the World" was sung by all the members, after which Miss Fay Russell read the poem, "World Hope," by James Francis Cooke. Mr. Jack Howard read a brief biography of Handel, and

gave a synopsis of Handel's oratorio, "Messiah." Mrs. Prevette, the club counselor, told the history of the first American Christmas card. Piano solos were played by Misses Elizabeth Carlton, Louise Kennedy, Mary Sue Williams, and Messrs. John Wright and Hoke Steelman. A trumpet solo, "Silent Night, Holy Night," by Edwin Gilreath closed the program.

Delicious refreshments were served by Mrs. Livingston and her daughters, Blanche and Lenore. In a Christmas Carol contest, Miss Barbara Ogilvie and Mr. Bryce Morrison scored highest.

Oakwoods Y.W.A. Holds Monthly Meeting

The Oakwoods Y. W. A. met with Mrs. Archie Anderson on Wednesday evening for their monthly meeting. Mrs. Vernon Stroud, the president, presided over the business session and Mrs. Anderson was in charge of the program. She was assisted by Miss Nora Laws, Miss Mary Louise Jones, Mrs. Vernon Stroud and Miss June Jones.

Two new members were added to the group, Lucile Blevins and June Jones. At the close of the meeting Mrs. Anderson, assisted by her sister, Mary Louise Jones, served delicious refreshments.

Boomer News Items In Brief

The Baptist church had a Christmas tree Tuesday evening and a pouncing for the pastor Rev. E. V. Bumgarner, of Taylorsville, who was present and gave a fine talk on his visit to the holy land.

Rev. S. I. Watts filled his regular appointments at Pleasant Hill and Bethel Saturday and Sunday. The Pleasant Hill church gave the pastor a good pouncing which consisted of groceries and other things to supply a home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Lockhart of Hickory, visited Mrs. G. M. Earp Sunday evening.

Mr. J. H. Isbell and daughter, Elizabeth, Mrs. L. D. Phillips and daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Isbell and son, all of Lenoir, visited Mrs. Julia Phillips recently.

Mrs. Charles Pearson, of North Wilkesboro, visited Mrs. Julia Phillips Monday.

Mrs. Lillie Russell visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Davis, at Pores Knob Sunday.

Miss Mozelle Gilbert, of Boomer, and Mr. R. C. Parsons, of North Wilkesboro, were married Wednesday evening at the home of Rev. Gilbert Osborne. Mrs. Pearson is the daughter of Mrs. Odie Gilbert, of Boomer. We hope for them much happiness.

Mr. A. F. Greer and son, Atwell, are very busy with their shop work. They have just completed a large ruck body for Mr. Frank Henderson, of Wilkesboro.

RED CROSS HEADS WRITE LETTER TO PEOPLE OF COUNTY

(Continued From Page One)

president, P. Ward Eshelman, and its loyal employees have contributed more than \$1,000.00, and no less loyalty has been shown by Ed Gardner of the Carolina Mirror Company and its employees who have donated more than \$500.00. Many other substantial donations have been made by individuals and the sacrificial gifts are too numerous to mention in this letter; however there is much work to be done to reach our goal, and we have every reason to believe that it will be oversubscribed, and we now call upon all peace loving, God fearing men and women, boys and girls, to rally to our boys under the flag.

We take this opportunity to thank one and all, our boys and girls who brave the rain today in soliciting for this great cause, the industrial plan's, stores, churches, and all citizens who so splendidly joined in the opening of our campaign this morning at eleven o'clock, and bespeak your cooperation in raising our goal of \$4000.00.

Respectfully,
A. F. KILBY,
J. H. WHICKER.

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Prunol has an old-fashioned "prune whip" taste which children and adults like. Scientifically prepared from mineral oil, phenolphthalein and prune juice, Prunol produces comfortable elimination—no griping or irritation. Guaranteed to satisfy or your money refunded. In 50c or \$1.00 sizes. Sold and guaranteed by

HORTON'S
DRUG STORE

Modern Toys Offer Children Varied Appeal

Gather in the parlor, folks, and have a skeet shoot.

Or, if you're militarily inclined, become a chair strategist with new games "suggested by air and naval warfare and army maneuvers."

You can do either, or both and much else, too, according to Santa Claus, whose bag contents reveal just such a variety of toys for Christmas, 1941.

"The desire of adults to forget wartime jitters in relaxing fun at home is reflected in an increased demand for easy-to-play games," say toy manufacturers. "Parlor versions of bowling, skeet shooting and skeeball are being featured on Christmas toy lists everywhere."

You also can shoot darts with rubber-band guns, build model airplanes, or, if you're the kind that would, swipe junior's miniature submarines and watch them dive in the bathtub.

The main point, says Santa Claus, is that "the American toy industry is geared to give children their full quota of happy play hours in 1941, unshadowed by war."

That wasn't so in 1914 when Germany was the world's greatest toy-producing country.

American-made toys were a poor substitute. But all that is changed. For the past 20 years virtually all new designs and improvements have been initiated in the United States' toy shops.

Patriotic and national defense themes are carried out in this year's toys. The latter includes coast defense guns and the like, all "scientifically tested," in the interests of society.

There will be the usual scientific toys, dolls, and things-on-wheels, but with improvements. In the first category is a microscope using a polaroid light; in the second, China maidens with "Hollywood glamour set-coiffure"; and in the third, motorized army equipment of the "latest designs."

Defense isn't the only government function reflected in toy designs. The F.H.A.'s influence is apparent in a new double-decker bunk calculated "to eliminate crowding in doll houses."

St. Francis Started Use of Yule Crib

It was St. Francis of Assisi who gave the Crib the tangible form in which we know it today. In 1223 he visited Rome and told Pope Honorius III his plans of making a scenic representation of the place of the Nativity. The Pope gave his sanction and on Christmas eve, St. Francis constructed a crib and grouped round it the figures of the blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, the ass and ox, and the shepherds. He used live animals in a real stable.

The custom spread from Italy to Spain, Portugal, France, the Netherlands and Germany, and from these countries it has spread to all corners of the earth.

Museums throughout the world possess very ancient cribs. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, has a group which dates from before 1478.

The custom of placing cribs out of doors as Christmas decorations in the yard has become popular the past few years.

Huge Christmas Feasts Served in Old Castles

Christmas dinners served in medieval castles were in reality "feasts." The meal lasted usually from three in the afternoon until midnight.

One of the dishes always on the table was meat pie. In delving into history we find that Sir Henry Grey in England ordered one baked that was nine feet in circumference. It weighed 165 pounds and was served from a four-wheel cart built for the purpose.

Here's the recipe:
2 bushels flour 6 snipes
20 pounds butter 4 partridges
4 geese 2 neat's tongues
2 rabbits 2 curlews
4 wild ducks 6 pigeons and
2 woodcocks 7 blackbirds

Making a Doll Buggy

The amateur carpenter of the family can make a doll carriage easily and cheaply. A jumbo grape basket may be fastened on wooden axles for wooden wheels. Handles can be made from discarded yardsticks or window-shade sticks with a piece of broomstick for a hand rest. Paint any desired color, and mother, aunt or sister will be glad to make a pad for the inside. It makes a dandy Christmas gift for any little girl.

Use the advertising columns of this paper as your money.



MARtha was dependable. Like a patient, willing and uncomplaining horse. Her life on her small farm was not different from a tread mill, always the same, day in and day out, month after month, year after year.

There had been a time when Martha was not alone. That was when her older sister Helen and her younger sister Nancy and her still younger brother Curt lived there at the farm. But that was a long time ago, longer still since their parents had died. The sisters were beautiful and had married well, and Curt, possessed of burning ambitions, had left to make his way in the world.

Frequently they came out to call, to "eat one of Martha's wonderful dinners" and "get a breath of country air."

It was on a Christmas day that Nancy brought Barre Howard out. "I knew you wouldn't mind, darling," she gushed. "Mr. Howard is a traveler and he's lecturing in town tomorrow night."

Martha smiled and nodded and looked up into Barre Howard's tanned face, a face that was strong and kind, with eyes that held a dreamy mystery in their depths.

But no one would have dreamed that there were any thoughts in Martha's head save those that centered around preparations for the Christmas dinner.

It was a sumptuous meal, one of the best Martha had ever prepared. She knew a vague sort of pride at the way her guests attacked it.

Martha sat with the others at the table after the dinner was over, listening to Barre Howard tell of his travels, of far away places he'd visited. He looked at her twice while she talked, directly, penetratingly, and she flushed.

After a while Martha got up and began clearing off the table.



Martha laughed, shrilly and indignantly, and struck again.

She washed the dishes and stacked them away. And when she came into the living room, they were all gone, all of them. After she closed the door and turned on the light, she went back into the kitchen.

For a moment she stood in the center of the floor. An expression came into her face that was leashing of years and years of repressed desires. She took a step forward, seized a broom, swung it toward the corner of canned preserves with strength.

Martha laughed, shrilly and indignantly, and struck again. The way this time, swinging the broom. Half a hundred years of anger and longing crashed to the floor.

Directly in front of her was an instant voice, and in that instant a voice spoke near the kitchen door. "In heaven's name, what are you doing that for?"

Martha started, and there just inside the door, an amused look on his tanned face, stood Barre Howard.

"Why?" she cried passionately. "Why? Because it's what I've wanted to do for years and years and years and it's just today I've had the courage. Because I hate this place, hate being cooped up here. Because I'm plain and unattractive and can't have the things my sisters have. Because Nancy's so selfish. Because she isn't satisfied with one man, but wants another, the only one—I—I—"

She stopped at last, breathing hard, leaning heavily against the sink, guilty, ashamed of what she'd almost said.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. Really. If—if there's something you forgot, I'll help you find it."

"There's nothing I've forgotten," "Then—why did you come back? Why don't you go and leave me alone, like all the others do?"

His eyes were steady, penetrating, dreamy mystery in their depths. "Why do you think I came back?"

She asked. "Why?" She brushed a hand across her eyes. Something was stirring inside of her, something she thought dead. "Why?" she repeated. "How should I know?"

Barre Howard laughed and stood before her, and suddenly the look in his eyes was no longer mysterious. It was like a picture, readily interpreted, telling her why he had come back.

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service)

Mrs. J. F. Johnson Claimed By De

Funeral service was held at the church on Monday at her home in Elk township. Rev. Ed. conducted the service. Surviving are her son Jesse Franklin Johnson and three daughters: Mary Johnson, Handley Johnson, Granite Falls; Montes McNeill, Ferguson; Sallie Church, Hudson; Deasie Shell, Hendrix.

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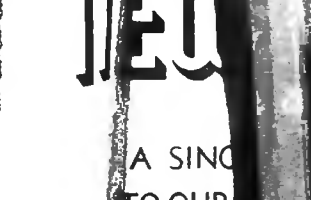
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