

SNOWBOUND CHRISTMAS

BY CLYDE WILSON

Bill Yardley poked a tentative eye outside his blanket. It was daylight, at last. Across the tiny cabin Jim was snoozing quietly, his measured breath almost drowned by the roaring wind outside.

Bill's eyes surveyed the cabin with its old stove and rickety furniture. Cozy enough, perhaps, but this was no way to spend an entire winter, even for the sake of geographical accuracy. Several hundred miles to the south, in Winnipeg, the government office was waiting for early spring when Bill and Jim could finish their surveying assignment and bring back a report.



The pilot dumped overboard a huge bundle.

Ahead, meanwhile, were two months of this maddening snowbound silence.

Bill's glance drifted to the calendar. Suddenly he caught his breath—"Jim!" he shrieked. "Wake up! Wake up! Do you know what day this is?"

Jim groaned, stirred a bit, and answered sleepily.

"Tuesday, ain't it? And so what?"

"Jim! It's Christmas Eve!"

A few minutes later they found themselves staring blankly out the window, almost wishing they'd never discovered it was Christmas.

It was kind of childish to let on that you cared, Bill thought. So he put on his parka and headed for the door.

"Let's forget it, Jim," he advised.

"I'm going to look at our traps and get some fresh air. Be back soon!"

It was no picnic, trudging through knee-deep drifts for two hours. To make it worse, the traps were all empty. Even the animals were staying inside in this weather.

"Wonder if they'll miss Christmas, too?" he mused as he neared the cabin.

Suddenly he heard a faint hum in the sky. It grew nearer. Unmistakably a motor—an airplane!

Bill raced for the cabin door.

"A plane, Jim!" he cried. "Get some black smoke going up the chimney!" Then he raced out to the clearing.

The pilot saw him gesticulating wildly, or else he saw the fresh black smoke over the cabin. The big ship circled, flew off to the north, turned and came back, flying low. Over the clearing it almost stalled as the pilot dumped overboard a huge bundle that plummeted into the snow almost at Bill's feet. Then he waved and sped away.

They got it inside, somehow, though they wanted to open the bundle right where it landed. Once the rope was torn loose an oilskin pouch flew out. A note was inside. From the boss:

"In case you boys have forgotten," it read, "tomorrow's Christmas. Herewith the makings, including some presents your families asked us to send along."

Bill and Jim looked at each other, then they cheered.

"Merry Christmas!" asked Bill.

"Why, it's the best ever! Wait'll you taste this turkey!"

53 Sundays in Year

According to the Gregorian calendar, every year has 53 days of the one it begins on. Generally speaking, the year contains 53 Sundays every five or six years. This occurred in 1923, 1933, 1939, and again in 1944, 1950, 1956, 1961, 1967, etc. The United States naval observatory points out that in any continuous series of 28 years, five have 53 Sundays, unless the series includes a year whose number ends in two ciphers without its being a leap year, as in 1700, 1800, 1900. When leap year begins on Saturday, two of the six-year periods fall consecutively.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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Old-Time New Year Serious

Oldtime New England was serious on New Year's, as witness the title of a book published there in the year of 1702 by one Richard Standfast: "A New Year's Gift for Fainting Souls, or, a little handful of cordial comforts scattered through several answers to 16 questions and objections: As also doubting Christians invited to Christ."

Chinese New Year's Greeting

The Chinese New Year's greeting is "Gai-hi," or "May joy be yours."

Dale Carnegie

Author of "How to Win Friends and Influence People."



HEADS TO DARKNESS

A high school boy wants to know how he can learn to think straight. I can't answer that in a few hundred words; it is a very complicated question, but I can tell him some things NOT to believe in. For instance, no one who wants to think straight believes in—

1. Ghosts.
2. Astrology.
3. Palmistry.
4. Phrenology.
5. Numerology.
6. Tea leaves.
7. Clairvoyance.
8. Ouija boards.

If you had lived a hundred years ago today you might have believed in Phrenology, which was the so-called "science" of fingering the bumps of the head and telling what kind of a brain reposed beneath.

Henry Ward Beecher, one of the most famous preachers in America, fell for it hook, line and sinker. He not only fell for it but lectured on the subject with words of fire. So firmly did he believe that he read his sweetheart's head before he would marry her. Evidently he found the bumps to his liking, for he married her, and six children came to bless their home. They all had the right kind of bumps.

Not only did Henry Ward Beecher fall, but the great Horace Greeley wrote an editorial praising the new science that was doing so much for mankind. But the end was not yet, for Horace Mann, the educator, wrote a pamphlet telling the wonders of Phrenology.

Swept along by this same amazing current of popular belief was Ralph Waldo Emerson who had nothing but praise. So widespread was the belief in Phrenology that some employers, before they would consider an applicant for a job, required him to have his head read and submit the report. If they didn't like the looks of the report, he had to take his head and go. Yet today there is not one trained thinker in all America who believes in Phrenology.

We must be tolerant of those who believe in these so-called "sciences," for one of your neighbors probably believes in palmistry, and guides some part of his life by it. In the United States, there is more than two million dollars invested in palmistry.

Far, far more people believe in astrology, and as I write this there are two magazines in this country devoted exclusively to astrology. I hope the time will come when all states will prohibit the sale of this silly, misleading literature.

Astrology deals with the stars and their influence on man and his ways. Astronomers spend their lives peering through great telescopes to study the stars; not one astronomer of standing in

the United States believes in astrology, and, so far as I know, not one reputable college or university on this earth gives a course in astrology.

So if you want to learn to think straight, don't be influenced by the Eight Roads to Darkness.

ROARING RIVER MAN GETS LONG SENTENCE

North Wilkesboro — Longest prison sentence meted out in federal court by Judge Johnson J. Hayes in Wilkesboro this week was for Hamp Sparks, of Roaring River, who was sent to the federal penitentiary in Atlanta, Ga., for 3 years after he submitted a plea of nolo contendere on a charge of using the mails to defraud.

Sparks, according to the evidence, had used the mails to send false statements concerning his financial worth to Spiegel & Company, a Chicago credit mail order firm, and had received a high credit rating enabling him to purchase \$450 worth of merchandise, for which he did not pay and the company was unable to collect.

Court records showed that he had a record in that type of transactions for the past 29 years. Mrs. Sparks, who was indicted with him, was placed on probation for three years.

NOTICE

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust executed on the 2nd day of March, 1938, by J. M. Wolfe (Widower) to W. M. Allen, Trustee, recorded in Book 133, page 220, in the Office of the Register of Deeds of Surry County, North Carolina, and default having been made in payment of said note and deed of trust, and at the request of the holder of the note and deed of trust, the undersigned trustee will on the 21st day of December, 1940, at 11 o'clock A. M., offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in front of the Post Office, in Elkin, N. C., the following described property, to-wit:

Beginning in the line where it crosses the Dobson Road, near the branch; thence West with the old line to the Widow Craige's corner (now F. M. Nixon's corner); thence with F. M. Nixon's line to the Nellie Branch; thence down said branch as it meanders to the mouth of a little branch Will Nixon's corner; thence up said branch Nixon's line to his corner, a post oak at the Dobson Road; thence with the Dobson Road to the beginning, containing Seventy-Five (75) acres more or less.

This the 19th day of November, 1940.

W. M. ALLEN, Trustee.

12-12

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EVER ROMANCE WITH A PRETTY NURSE?
If their patients don't marry them, a doctor will! Watch this one put the halter on Dr. Kildare—almost!

Dr. KILDARE GOES HOME

No. 5 THE CASE OF THE CANCELLED WEDDING

Law with Lionel AYRES • BARRYMORE
Laraine DAY
SAMUEL S. HINDS • GENE LOCKHART
NAT PENDLETON • EMMA DUNN
DIRECTED BY HAROLD S. BUCQUET
Screen Play by Harry Ruskin and Willis Goldbeck.

News — Admission 10c-30c

LATE SHOW FRIDAY NIGHT—

"WHAT PRICE PASSION"
EXPOSING AMERICA'S MOST HIDEOUS RACKET
Admission 30c

Coming Dec. 9-10—
"RHYTHM ON THE RIVER"

Coming Dec. 12-15—
"BRIGHAM YOUNG"

LYRIC THEATRE

SATURDAY—

STRIKING LIKE LIGHTNING!
Battling savages and renegades... to make way for the Pony Express!

JOHNNY MACK BROWN

PONY POST

with **FUZZY KNIGHT**
Jimmy Wakely and his Rough Riders... and **NELL O'DAY**

ORIGINAL STORY AND SCREENPLAY BY SHERMAN LOWE • DIRECTED BY RAY TAYLOR
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Serial - Shorts — Admission 10c-30c

MONDAY-TUESDAY, NEXT WEEK—

FRED MCMURRAY
in
"RANGERS OF FORTUNE"

With Patricia Morrison - Dick Foran

News - Short — Admission 10c-30c

WEDNESDAY—FAMILY SHOW—

"ROAD TO SINGAPORE"
With Bing Crosby - Bob Hope
Dorothy Lamour

Serial - Shorts — Admission 10c-15c

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