

Students Aiding Needy Families

The Student Participation Organization of the high school did its

share in helping to spread Christmas cheer by cooperating with the local Red Cross office in helping families needing financial assistance.

Each of the home rooms of the high school "adopted" a family and the students brought food to fill Christmas gift boxes. Besides food for the families, there was also toys tucked away in the boxes for the younger children.

As a climax to the project, representatives from the home rooms brought their gifts during the assembly period on last Friday to place them around the Christmas tree which they decorated. The boxes will be delivered to the families by the members of the Student Council.

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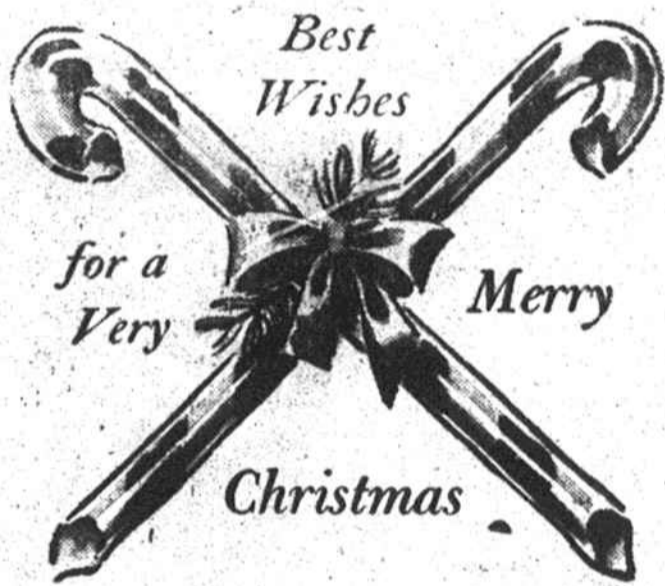
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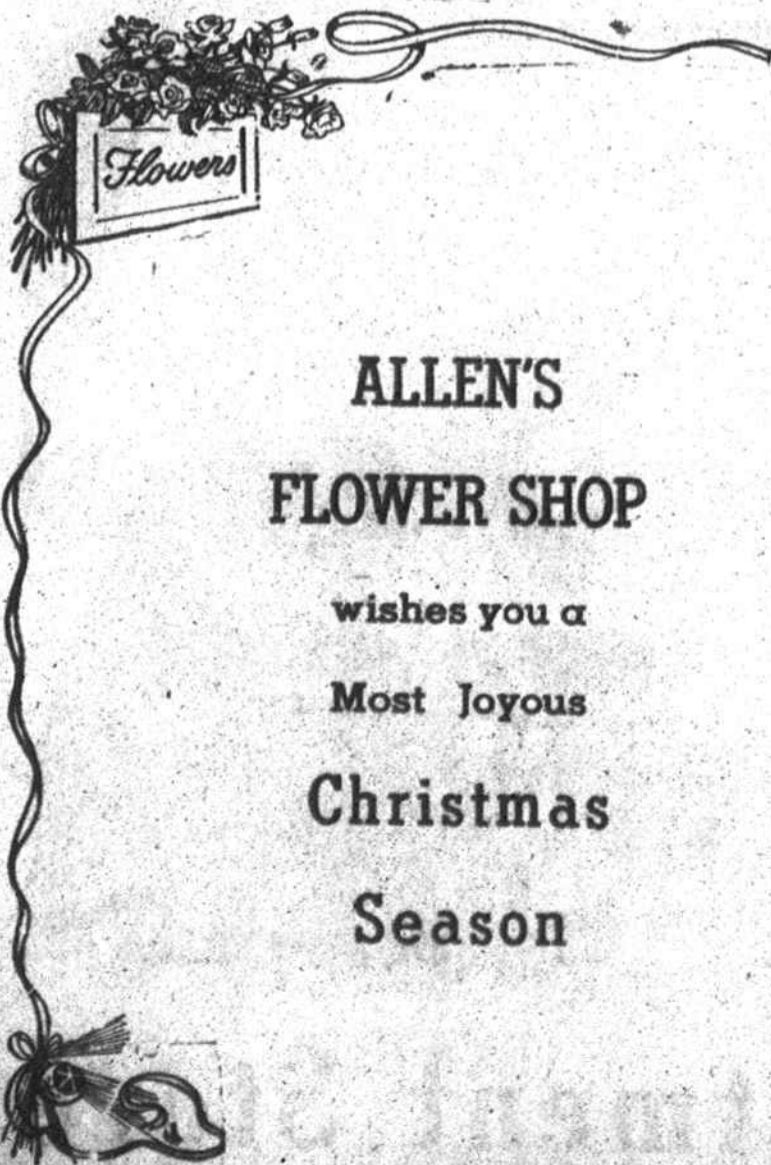
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By Dorothy Boys Kilian

IT WAS Christmas Eve but the group of people sitting on the floor in the Reeds' living-room certainly weren't in a festive mood.

"Doggonit," Dad exclaimed as he stared gloomily at the shiny tracks and the motionless cars of a new electric train. "What's wrong with this thing anyway?"

"We've put it together exactly according to directions, I'm sure we have," fifteen-year-old Rick insisted.

"Well, something's got to be done," said Mom, looking in from the kitchen where she was stuffing the turkey. "Little Jackie's been praying for that train for months, and how'll he feel tomorrow morning if the thing won't run?"

"Maybe Ralph can help. He's coming by for me in a few minutes, you know," said Wilma, the pretty big sister of the family.

"Oh, him!" Rick was scornful. "That guy from the big city with



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his socks and ties and handkerchiefs that match! What does he know about motors?"

"Rick!" Mom reproved.

"Oh, I know you all think of him as an outsider," Wilma said. "If you only really knew him better! Mom, I do wish you'd let me ask him to breakfast tomorrow."

"I'm sorry dear, but I just don't think he'd fit in."

The doorbell rang. Wilma answered it and she and Ralph exchanged happy hellos.

Rick immediately threw out the challenge to the tall, blond, well-dressed young man. "We can't make this train go. Can you tell what's wrong with it?"

"Maybe," Ralph said quietly. "I used to have a train something like this."

"Look out, that cotton batting stuff will stick to your trousers," Dad warned.

"That's snow, and the snow around here is clean."

Dad looked slightly startled.

Wilma smiled. She remembered how impressed Ralph had been by the whiteness of the drifts even on Main street last night.

"The flakes are practically sooty before they even reach the ground in Chicago," he had said.

"Tracks are O.K.," Ralph straightened up. Then he picked up the shiny black engine carefully and turned it over and over. He put it up to eye level and peered into its workings.

"The professional touch!" Rick muttered.

"There may be oil in the commutator," Ralph said. "That sometimes happens with a new engine. I'll see if I can get it out."

"I'll get you a rag, Ralph, just a minute," Wilma got up and started for the kitchen.

"Never mind, this'll do," Ralph answered, pulling his perfectly folded wine-colored handkerchief out of his jacket pocket.

He worked quietly for a moment, gently poking the corner of the handkerchief into the inside of the engine. Then he set the engine carefully down on the track and said, "Turn on the juice, will you Rick?" Rick meekly moved forward the black lever at the transformer. There was a whirring sound, the wheels began to move, and the little puffer-billy whizzed and clacked around the curve.

"Praises be!" Dad heaved a loud sigh of relief.

Ralph quietly got up from the floor and turned to Wilma. "Maybe we'd better go now, if we want to catch the gang."

"All right, Ralph," Wilma said. Her eyes turned pleadingly to Mrs. Reed. "Mom—"

"Oh, yes, Wilma," Mom interrupted. Turning to Ralph she said heartily. "In all the excitement we almost forgot to ask you to be sure to come over for late breakfast with us tomorrow. It's just a simple family affair, but we surely would like to have you with us."

"You bet," Dad's eyes twinkled. "Something might go wrong again and we'd feel safer with you around to fix it."

Thirteenth Annual American Legion Oratorical Contests Plans Announced

RALEIGH. — Plans for staging the thirteenth annual American Legion Oratorical contest in the high schools of North Carolina have been announced by H. L. Swain of Williamston, Department Oratorical Committee Chairman.

Swain said that all preliminary arrangements were completed this week and that the contest this year will eclipse all previous efforts in the State. It is estimated that 2,000 Tar Heel secondary school students participated in the contest last year.

Only students who are enrolled in high school during the current school year, are eligible. Chairman Swain said. Students participate in contests through County, District, Division and State competition under Legion sponsorship. The State winner is awarded a \$100 U. S. Savings Bond and an opportunity to participate in regional competition leading to a chance at the national

State finals contest will be held at the Legion Club in Lexington, N. C., at 7:30 p. m., March 17, 1950, under direction of Chairman Swain.

Chairman Swain said that these contests are a National Americanism Activity of The American Legion. The subject used must be on some phase of the Constitution of the United States, which will give emphasis to the attendant duties and obligations of a citizen of our Government.

The schedule of contests is as follows: Each school participating will select a representative to enter the County contest on or before February 20, 1950. County contests will be held between February 20-25, District contests February 27 to March 4, Division contests March 6-10. The

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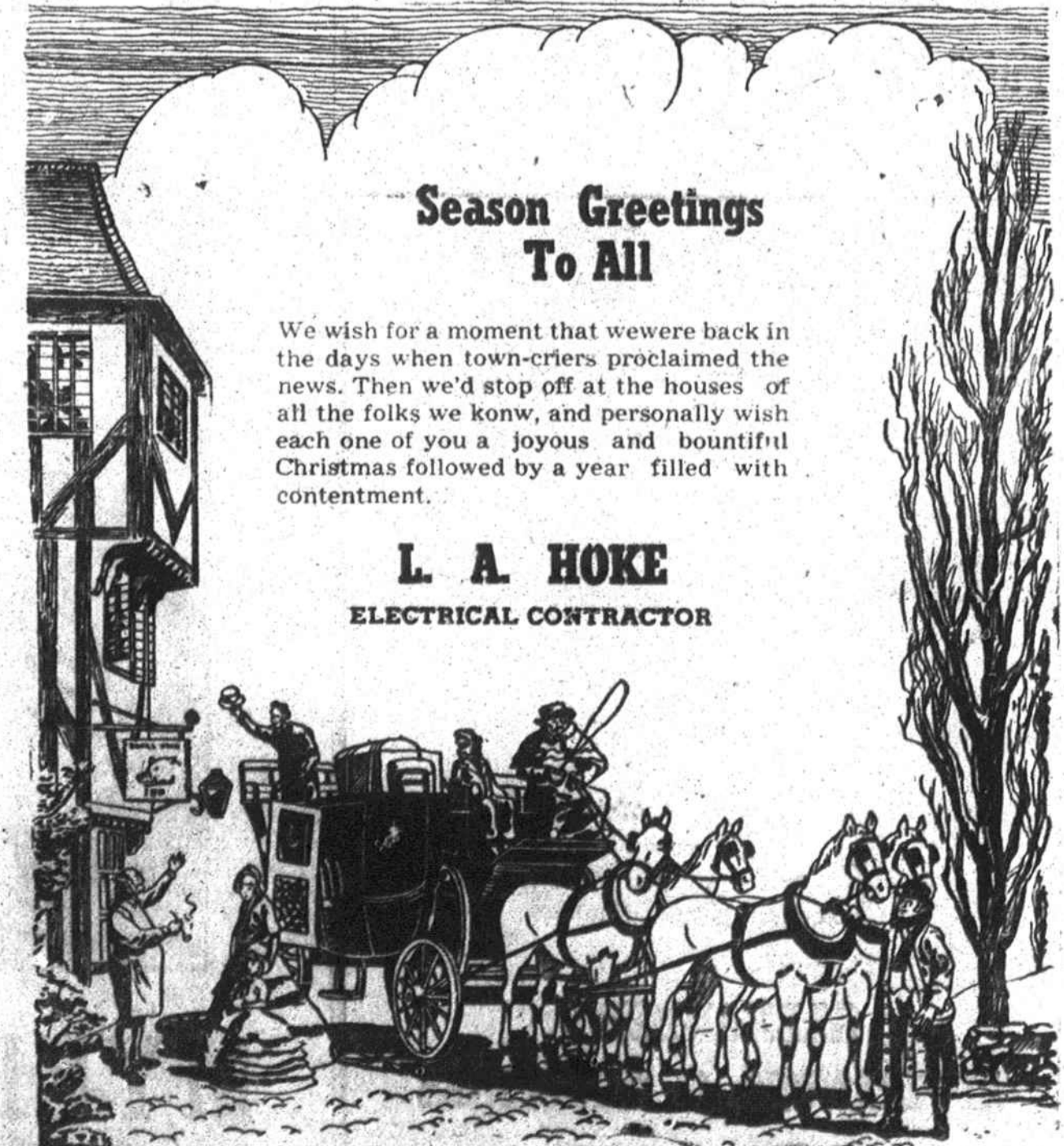
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Season Greetings To All

We wish for a moment that we were back in the days when town-criers proclaimed the news. Then we'd stop off at the houses of all the folks we know, and personally wish each one of you a joyous and bountiful Christmas followed by a year filled with contentment.

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