

Want Ads

All Classified ads must be sent in by Wednesday. No ads taken after that time.

FARM FOR RENT-100 acre farm for rent or half share. Apply to Mrs. Wiley E. Ellis, Garysburg, N. C. 3t. pd.

WANTED
Dancers to attend the big Square Dance each Saturday Nite at the Littleton Gym. Music by the "Happy Ratonga Rangers", who broadcast from Radio Station W. C. B. T., Roanoke Rapids.

FOR RENT-One heated hall room. Call W-442-6.

WANTED TO RENT-I would like to rent a nice 4 room apartment. Have 3 children. Apply News Office. 403-1. It. - pd.

PERMANENT WAVE, 59c! Do your own Permanent with Charm-Kurl Kit. Complete equipment, including 40 curlers and shampoo. Easy to do, absolutely harmless. Praise by thousands including Fay McKenzie, glamorous movie star. Money refunded if not satisfied. **SELDEN'S PHARMACY**

CARD OF APPRECIATION
During the long illness and death of my husband the people of Weldon were very generous and kind. To each one who came in the capacity of friend or physician, I am deeply grateful.
Mrs. Lizzie Henries.

Promoted

Headquarters, Panama Canal Department-The promotion of Lt. George J. Elias, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Elias, of Weldon, N. C., to the grade of staff sergeant is announced in orders issued by Headquarters of the Six Air Force Fighter Command. Sgt. Elias enlisted in the Army Forces in January, 1942, and served in this Department in each of that year. He is now serving as an aircraft mechanic in a fighter squadron at an outlying base in the Panama area, in charge of airmen maintenance. In civilian life, Sgt. Elias was in the mercantile business.

COOKS
The exercise the cook gives the body affects both the shape and the quality of baking powder biscuits. Research scientists. A litmus test usually produces the best biscuits.

CONSERVATION
More than a third of American farms have been abandoned by their operators in the last soil conservation program.

WFA announces that two of the most available for sale in 1944 has been allotted to U. S. civilians.

Other Receives Letter From Son

(Continued from front page)
The other half incredulous, the foul-smelling and stinking Bizerte, Tunis, Carthage, and the home of the French Foreign Legion (the home of the red headgear by which the dressed Mohammedans are known), Tabarka, Matruh, etcetera. Perhaps the most

A name you'll never forget!
Discover its 2-Way Help!

ARDUI
See Directions on Label

interesting to you would have been the ruins of Carthage, connected by tram with Tunis. It is located on the most beautiful site I ever saw, being almost surrounded by an inky blue lake, punctuated at intervals by extremely abrupt pyramidal promontories. As for the ruins themselves, some are in a remarkable state of preservation, considering their antiquity. Particularly well preserved are the amphitheatre (where many Christian martyrs were thrown to the lions), the outdoor theatre (which carried me back to Chapel Hill and at which Mr. Churchill spoke on his first visit here), the marvelous system of plumbing and the floors, walls and the columns of the King's palace.

Though our mission has been somewhat stalemated by the collapse of Italy, I am still hoping that our Cook's tour will be extended to slightly fairer climates or any clime beyond smelling distance of this, the dark continent. A good old North Carolina pig pen would be a welcome relief to my olfactory system after most of the odors which permeate this section of the world. Though some what prepared for this situation, I have been most surprised by two other factors over here - the topography and the climate (with possible exception of the squalor of the A'rabs, as most Americans insist on calling them.) I had always in my blissful ignorance, imagined that our boys had been fighting through tractless wastes and deserts instead of extremely rugged, thickly vegetated and mountainous country, nor did I realize how cold these North African nights can be, even after the hottest days - or how cold it can be in October, November and December. Though we are now billeted in an old French casino, living in the lap of almost lascivious luxury, there have been times when our only method of keeping warm "come nightfall", was to regale the body beautiful in "long-handled," fatigues, field jackets, and an enormous G. I. overcoat and pile into a makeshift bed (essential elements; one mattress cover nailed to a pyramid tent sans floor, sans stove, sans electric lights, and sans room in which to cuss a cat, we spent many a monotonous evening. Yet even this was sheer luxury in comparison to a two-weeks barnstorming tour we took into the wilds of North Africa when we held two night stands from one concentration

camp to another. Mud, rain and pup-tents were the order of the day and night. However, as I have said, we are now located in a city being quartered in a casino with tile floors, a not too badly shattered roof over our heads, running water and a stove.

A committee has already been appointed to see that we have a Christmas tree, with as many of the trimmings as North Africa can

afford, and a big party Christmas eve night. We had even lined up a platoon of French Waacs to entertain the celebration, but the powers-that-be intervened.

I am becoming well night frustrated in any attempt to approach coherent speech in any language, due to my herculean efforts to parley-vous, jabber a bit of Italian (there being 14 of that noble race in our outfit), and speak a

bit of Deutch. I shall probably return home with a speech that only God and I can understand, and I myself will probably be at a loss at times. Yet I have had great sport bickering with the natives and exiled French in my best Park Avenue French. Strangely enough, I have so far managed by signs, gestures and grimaces, to make my wants known. And if at times they are at some

what of a loss to "Compre" my meaning, I can always solace myself with the idea that they don't speak pure Parisian, but a very bastard imitation.

I shall have to end rather abruptly, due to the fact that it is time for my tri-weekly shower at the local French public bath house, the sanctum sanctorum of all individuals in this vicinity - with the notable and all-too-obvious exception of the great un-

washed multitude of Arabs.
Your devoted son,
BLACKWELL
Blackwell Pierce Robinson, son of Mrs. Robinson and the late Judge W. S. O. B. Robinson of Goldsboro, has been stationed in North Africa for the past five months. He is with the Prisoner of War Processing Company and at present is serving as official interpreter in French for his platoon.

KONSERVATION KARTOON....

by Reddy Kilowatt

VIRGINIA ELECTRIC AND POWER COMPANY

Print the complete address in plain block letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided. Use typewriter, dark ink, or pencil. Write plainly. Very small writing is not suitable.

No. _____

To **ALL OUR BOYS ALL OVER THE WORLD**

From **THE FOLKS**
(Sender's name)
BACK HOME
(Sender's address)

(Date) _____

(CENSOR'S STAMP)

DEAR BOYS:

WE JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT THE FOLKS BACK HERE IN THE OLD HOME TOWN ARE BACKING YOU UP BY CUTTING PULPWOOD -

THEY TOLD US MORE PULPWOOD WAS URGENTLY NEEDED TO MAKE THE THINGS YOU NEED AND TO GET THEM TO YOU -

SO EVERYONE WHO POSSIBLY COULD HAS GOTTEN OUT HIS AXE AND SAW - AND IT WOULD DO YOU GOOD TO SEE THE WAY THE TRUCKLOADS OF PULPWOOD ARE ROLLING INTO TOWN.

YOU CAN COUNT ON US!

P.S. WE ARE ALSO BUYING MORE WAR BONDS

THE HOME FOLKS

V. MAIL

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT PERMIT NO. 14

FOLD SIDES OVER AND THEN FOLD BOTTOM UP AND SEAL. NO OTHER ENVELOPE SHOULD BE USED.

AT FIRST SIGN OF A COLD USE 666
666 TABLETS, SALVE, NOSE DROPS

LITTLETON THEATRE
LITTLETON, N. C.

Week of Jan. 17th.
MONDAY, TUESDAY
Mary Lee
Nobody's Darling

Admission-Children 9c. All adults
down stairs 25c. Balcony 20c, including tax.

WEDNESDAY
Don Red Barry
DAYS OF OLD CHEYENE

THURSDAY and FRIDAY
Jack Benny-Precilla Lana
MEANEST MAN IN THE WORLD
down stairs 25c. Balcony 20c, including tax.

SATURDAY
Roy Rogers - Smiley Burnett
IDAHO

PEPSI - THE BIG SHOT
PEPSI-COLA
ALL OVER AMERICA

Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y.
Bottled by Pepsi-Cola Bottling Company, Littleton, N. C.

Halifax Paper Co., Inc.
Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina

