

Letters To Santa

Wilkesboro, N. C.
Dec. 19, 1943.

Dear Santa Claus:
I am a little boy seven and a half years old. I am a good boy. I want you to please bring me a football, cow-boy suit and train.
Your friend,
ROBERT YATES.

North Wilkesboro, N. C.
Route one.

Dear Santa:
I am a little girl seven years old. I go to school most every day. I have a little sister three years old. Please bring us a doll and doll bed and plenty of candy, oranges and nuts. Don't forget the other little boys and girls.
With love,
WANDA AND FANDA HINCHER

Dear Santa Claus:
I am a little girl four years old. I want you to not forget me at Christmas.
I'm smart and I want you to bring me a big ball, a teddy bear, and plenty of candy, nuts and oranges.
I have a little brother four months old. Don't forget him.
Your little friend,
KATIE LOU MATHIS.

North Wilkesboro, N. C.
December 21, 1943.

Dear Santa:
We are not asking for much this year because we know the war is bad.
My brother and I want two guns, a machine gun and some clothes—boots and pants. We also want candy and oranges and good things to eat. We are going to hang up one stocking this Christmas. We already have a pretty Christmas tree up.
Love,
DAVID AND DANIEL NICHOLS

Hendrix, N. C.

Dear Santa Claus:
We are two little boys, age six and seven years, and we both go to school. Mrs. Miles is our teacher.
We want you to please bring us a wheelbarrow, a pencil box and hammer each. We have a little sister. Her name is Brenda. Please bring her a doll and doll bed; and don't forget some candy, oranges, and nuts.
Your little friends,
GARY AND JERRY HAMBY.
P. S.—Please don't forget all boys that are in the service.

Neuse Partly Frozen

New Bern, Dec. 21.—As a rare occurrence for this area, Neuse river was partly frozen over here during the week-end.

NOTICE OF SALE

North Carolina, Wilkes County.
Under and by virtue of a power contained in a certain order of the Superior Court of Wilkes county, North Carolina, therein appointing the undersigned substitute trustee to take the place of J. M. Brown, Trustee, who was named trustee in a certain deed of trust executed by C. J. Lambert and wife, Anna Lee Lambert, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Wilkes County in Book 154, page 512, to secure the payment of debts mentioned, and default having been made in the payment of said indebtedness and demand having been made on me for the sale of said property for the satisfaction of said indebtedness, I will, on the 27th day of December, at 1:00 o'clock, p. m., at the courthouse door in Wilkesboro, North Carolina, offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described real estate, to wit:
Lying and being in Edwards Township, Wilkes County, North Carolina, in the village of Roaring River, and more particularly described and defined as follows:
FIRST TRACT—Bounded on the South by the lands of Jonah Porter; on the East by the lands of Lyzaette Salmon; on the North by the lands of John Parks; on the West by the lands of Coleman and Childers, formerly owned by Charlie Greenwood, which lands are the old mill site. This boundary contains 30 acres more or less.
SECOND TRACT—Bounded on the North by the lands of the Lake Power Company; on the East by the lands of L. W. Smith and the road from Roaring River up to Gordon Mills, Inc.; on the South by the lands of Monroe Mathis and on the east by the lands of Joe Burchett, containing one acre more or less and on which is located a 5-room house.
This the 27th day of November, 1943.
JOHN R. JONES,
Substitute Trustee
12-23-43



CHRISTMAS EVE. In the entrance drive of a huge apartment building, Shorty Cavendish huddled in a vain attempt to protect himself from the cold. His normally genial face was pinched and drawn, and his roly-poly body shuddered as the wind bit through his pitifully inadequate clothing.

Shorty was broke. For six weeks now he had been tramping the streets, hoping and praying to find a job. Only the day before he had been turned out of his rooming house, his clothing and other possessions confiscated by a sharp-tongued landlady.

Yet what bothered him even more was the gnawing emptiness in the pit of his stomach.

It was then his attention turned to the two men on the corner. For some time they had stood regarding him, the younger man sometimes gesturing his way, the older one shaking his head. Shorty shrugged. Maybe they were plainclothes officers. Anyway, he was going to hit them for a dime.

He approached the men. "Do you happen to have an extra dime, Mister?"

The older man reached into his pocket, drew forth a bill and handed it to Shorty with a smile. "Merry Christmas," he said, then turned away.

Shorty stared at the bill, his heart in his throat. Five dollars. The man must have made a mistake. But when he looked up his benefactor had melted into the crowd.

Shorty remained undecided for a moment, then turned and walked as swiftly as his half-frozen feet would permit toward the restaurant. Through his mind were racing wonderful dreams.

He merged with the crowd in front of a toy shop, felt himself jammed tightly against the display window. A small boy and girl stood beside him, their noses pressed to the cold pane, staring in mingled awe and anticipation at the big red wagon on display. Then he noticed the woman who stood behind them.



Pressed the precious five-dollar bill into her hand.

She was shabbily dressed, and on her face was a look of despair.

The little girl glanced back, eyes shining. "Do you think Santa will bring us that wagon, Mama?" she asked. "That's all Jimmy and I want. Just that wagon."

The woman tried to smile. "I'm afraid not, darling."

Shorty suddenly realized that he was free to go on. Still he hesitated. "But, Mama," the boy pleaded, "we wrote to him. We told him where we live now . . ."

Shorty stepped forward impulsively. "Pardon me, Madam," he murmured, pressed the precious five-dollar bill into her hand, and walked quickly away. Not, however, before he heard her gasp of delight.

He stood on the curb, unaware of the freezing wind, as happy as he had ever been in his life. Tonight he would sleep in the city jail . . . a common tramp. But tonight he had done something of which he would always be proud.

A hand settled on his shoulder. He turned, recognized the gray-haired man who had given him the money. For an instant Shorty was frightened.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said. "I wanted to tell you of your error right away, but you left before I could. I haven't the money now."

The man smiled. "Don't worry over that," he said quietly. "It wasn't an error."

"Then, what . . . ?"

"My companion and I made you the subject of a wager," the man explained. "He claimed the first thing you would buy if you put your hands on some money would be a bottle of liquor. I disagreed. After we saw what you did do with it, we couldn't just walk away." His eyes played briefly over Shorty's fat little figure, and he cleared his throat. "Our lodge is giving a party tonight for some children from the Clearview Orphanage. We need a man to act as Santa Claus, and if you don't mind my saying so, you'd take the part splendidly. After that we could arrange to give you a job as assistant janitor at our hall. Would you be interested?" "Interested?" Shorty choked. "Mister," he said slowly, "you've just offered me a ticket to heaven."

Afghanistan is considering the establishment of a new capital at a cost of \$20,000,000.



**"ALONE with GOD
this Christmas Night"**

Gunfire is shattering the air below—the enemy objective is only a few moments away. A turmoil of thoughts follow each other within a lone American boy's mind. They're distinct and sure. They've been nurtured all his life in the unclouded atmosphere of rightness and decency. In the midst of roaring motors and tense anticipation of hairbreadth escape, the boy's eyes are calm, his hands unflinching in performance. He feels strangely at peace. It is Christmas night!

The remembrance of past joys on this beloved anniversary are engraved forever in his heart. And now, at this important life-or-death moment, they have a reassuring effect. The belief in his hopes arises from his strengthened faith. More than ever before in his life, he is "alone with God". And his increased power growing out of his great faith is such that no enemy can vanquish!

We, safe in our gay, Christmas-cheered homes, can match our faith to his. We MUST do that, or deny loyalty to the freedoms for which he's fighting. We MUST and WILL buy War Bonds and MORE WAR BONDS—until Victory!

Bank of North Wilkesboro
"Friendly Service Since 1892"

FUNERAL SERVICES
COMPLETE IN EVERY DETAIL
WE LIGHTEN YOUR TASK
Reins-Sturdivant
North Wilkesboro, N. C.