

Trouble Hits At Christmas Time

With several hundred dollars worth of new furniture all arranged and everything in spic and span shape, the eleven members of Lucy Beard Purvis' family were all set for a happy Christmas until last Thursday morning when fire struck and wiped out just about all their earthly belongings.

Spreading rapidly, the fire destroyed everything except a sofa and a portable oil stove. A small member of the family was clothed in an old jacket removed from the back of another.

Their ages ranging from four months to eighteen years, the children and the parents took shelter in the home of the mother's parents temporarily, but they are moving to another house just beyond the home of Mr. and Mrs. Claude E. Jerkins on the Hamilton highway.

The mother's first husband was killed in an accident, and she receives a comparatively small com-



FULL REHEARSAL FOR THE BIG DAY . . . Robert wanted Nick, the dog, to have dinner with him at his private table, but Dad and Mom were not enthusiastic until Robert demonstrated that Nick's table manners are impeccable. He did it with a dress rehearsal, which you see here. Nick seems to be enjoying nonchalantly an after dinner cigarette.

pensation check from a Pennsylvania firm. But the checks were assigned to another for the next fifteen months to finance the purchase of the new furniture. The furniture is gone and there was no insurance. The husband

is a farm laborer. The eleven-member group is moving into virtually a bare house. Neighbors and other friends have moved in to help relieve the plight of the penniless group, but there is need for more aid.

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Electric coffee makers, in a variety of styles and sizes!

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See electric hot plates, grills, waffle irons, mixers, juicers!



Every morning, toast as she likes it . . . made electrically!



"Let's Keep Christmas"

By PETER MARSHALL

(The author, late pastor of the Washington, D. C., Presbyterian Church, and recognized writer-author, made a lasting impression on many people when he preached a special sermon in the local Presbyterian church in the middle forties—ca.)

Changes are everywhere. Many institutions and customs that we once thought were sacrosanct have gone by the board. Yet there are a few that abide, defying time and revolution. The old message: "For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord" is still the heart of Christmas.

It can be nothing else. And this message can neither be changed—nor quite forgotten—although there are many things that tend to make us forget. The idea of Santa Claus coming in a helicopter does not ring true. No interior decorator with a fondness for yellow or blue could ever persuade me to forsake the Christmas colors of red and green.

I must confess that modernistic Christmas cards leave me cold. I cannot appreciate the dogs and cats galloping horses the ships in full sail . . . nor any of the cute designs that leave out the traditional symbols of the star . . .

the wise men on their camels. Angels there must be—but they need not be modernistic angels in evening dress and peroxide permanents.

There is no need to search for stories new and different. There is only one after all—and no modern author can improve it:

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid."

"And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

We all feel the pressure of approaching Christmas. The traffic is terrible.

You can't find a parking space . . . The stores are crowded . . .

Mob scenes make shopping a nightmare. You are thinking about presents—wondering what in the world you can get for so-and-so—

You think of friends and loved ones who are so hard to shop for. You can't think of anything they need (which is rather strange when you take time to think of it). Maybe there is nothing in a store that they need. But what about some token of love—what about love itself . . .

and friendship . . . and understanding . . . and consideration . . . and a helping hand . . . and a smile . . . and a prayer?

You can't buy these things in any store, and these are the very things people need. We all need them . . . Blessed will they be who receive them this Christmas or at any time.

Let's not permit the crowds and the rush to crowd Christmas out of our hearts . . . for that is where it belongs. Christmas is not in the stores—

but in the hearts of people. Let's not give way to cynicism and mutter that "Christmas has become commercialized." It never will be—unless you let it be.

Yes, Christmas is not commercialized, unless you have commercialized it. Let's not succumb to the sophistication that complains: "Christmas belongs only to the children."

That shows that you have never understood Christmas at all, for the older you get, the more it means, if you know what it means. Christmas, though forever young, grows old along with us. Have you been saying, "I just can't seem to feel the Christmas spirit this year?"

That's too bad. As a confession of lack of faith, it is rather significant. You are saying that you feel no joy that Jesus came into the world . . .

You are confessing that His presence in the world is not a reality to you . . . You need all the more to read the Christmas story over again . . .

need to sit down with the Gospel of Luke and think about it. I thank God for Christmas. Would that it lasted all year. For on Christmas Eve, and Christmas Day, all the world is a better place.

and men and women are more lovable. Love itself seeps into every heart, and miracles happen. When Christmas doesn't make your heart swell up until it nearly bursts . . .

and fill your eyes with tears . . . and make you all soft and warm inside . . . then you'll know that something inside of you is dead. We hope that there will be snow for Christmas.

Why? It is not really important, but it is so nice, and old-fashioned, and appropriate, we think. Let's it wonderful to think that nothing can really harm the joy of Christmas.

Although your Christmas tree decorations will include many new gadgets, such as lights with bubbles in them . . . it's the old tree decorations that mean the most . . . the ones you save carefully from year to year . . . the crooked star that goes on the top of the tree . . . the ornaments that you've been so careful with.

And you'll bring out the tiny manger, and the shed, and the little figures of the Holy Family . . . and lovingly arrange them on the mantel or in the middle of the dining-room table.

And getting the tree will be a family event, with great excitement for the children. And there will be a closet into which you'll forbid your husband to look.

And he will be moving through the house mysteriously with bundles under his coat, and you'll pretend not to notice . . . There will be the fragrance of cookies baking, spices and fruit cake . . .

and the warmth of the house shall be melodious with the hith strains of Silent Night, Holy Night. And you'll listen to the wonderful Christmas music on the radio. Some of the songs will be modern—good enough music perhaps—but it will be the old carols . . .

the lovely Christmas hymns that will mean the most. And forests or fir trees will march right into our living rooms. There will be bells on our doors . . . and holly wreaths in our windows. . . .

And we shall sweep the Noel skies for their brightest colors and festoon our homes with stars. There will be a chubby stocking hung by the fireplace . . . and with finger to lip you will whisper . . .

and ask me to tip-toe, for a little tousled head is asleep and must not be awakened until after Santa has come. And finally Christmas morning will come. Don't worry—you'll be ready for it—

You'll catch the spirit all right, or it will catch you, which is even better. And then you will remember what Christmas means—the beginning of Christianity.

The Second Chance for the world . . . the hope for peace . . . and the only way. The promise that the angels sang is the most wonderful music the world has ever had:

"On earth peace, good will toward men." It was not a pronouncement upon the state of the world then; nor is it a reading of the international barometer of the present time; but it is a promise—God's promise—of what one day will come

(Continued on page eight)

Jaycees Party Much Enjoyed Last Friday

Fifty Little Tots Entertained Here In Woman's Club

Event Is Numbered Among Most Successful Ever Held By Sponsors

"I wouldn't trade tonight for any six months of my life"—that statement by a Williamston Jaycee sums up the feeling of those men who helped entertain fifty underprivileged children at a Christmas party Friday night. Childish laughter mingled with masculine belly-laughs floated from the Woman's Club building from 7:30 o'clock until the party ended at 9:30 signaling passers-by of the fun inside.

Pete Austin, acting as master of ceremonies, tape-recorded the children's singing and games and played it back to them for the amusement of both children and adults.

Following the game period, Santa Claus entered and distributed toys and gifts to the children.



NATIVITY SCENE . . . This scene is repeated on thousands of lawns of private homes and public buildings in the home towns of the nation during the Christmas season.

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Report Increase In Pecan Crop

Raleigh.—North Carolina's pecan crop this year totaled 2,546,000 pounds, according to estimates by statisticians with the State-Federal Crop Reporting Service.

The 1952 figure compares with 2,435,000 pounds produced in 1951 and 2,414,000 pounds produced on the 10-year (1941-50) average.

For the first 11 months in 1952, milk production on the nation's farms totaled 106.7 billion pounds.

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