

THE Roanoke Beacon
and
Washington County News

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
in Plymouth, Washington County,
North Carolina

The Roanoke Beacon is Wash-
ington County's only newspaper.
It was established in 1889, consoli-
dated with the Washington County
News in 1929 and with The Sun
in 1937.

Subscription Rates
Payable in Advance)

One year..... \$1.50
Six months..... .75

Advertising Rates Furnished
Upon Request

Entered as second-class matter
at the post office in Plymouth,
N. C., under the act of Congress
of March 3, 1879.

North Carolina
PRESS ASSOCIATION

December 25, 1941

ALMANAC

MERRY CHRISTMAS

"Best Wishes to Everyone for a Very Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year"

DECEMBER

- 24—St. Leavenworth, Kans., established, 1827.
- 25—Christmas Day.
- 26—First successful dynamite type made in N. Y., 1940.
- 27—British abandoned Delaware river route, 1776.
- 28—Midway Islands taken by U. S., 1867.
- 29—Texas admitted to Union, 1845.
- 30—Golden Purchase treaty signed, 1853.

A Prayer for Christmas—1941

By MARY COTTEN DAVENPORT
Mackeys, N. C.

No pretty baubles, tinsel, gay,
Do we ask this Christmas Day;
But virtues, lasting, rooted deep,
Through the years to cherish,
keep;
Strength to suffer and work and
wait,
An open mind free from hate,
A body strong, courageous, true,
Stamina to see this dark hour
through,
A hope that shines through the
tears,
Release from selfish wants and
fears,
Faith that this grim war will
cease,
An abiding trust in the Prince of
Peace.
These are the things for which
we pray,
The gifts we ask this Christmas
Day.

The Silent Bells
By RUTH TAYLOR

"I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play
And wild and sweet,
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men."
Only in our own land will the bells
ring out in free and joyous song this
Christmastide. Only on this contin-
ent will the sound of ringing bells
mean the celebration of the great
holiday of the world, which for cen-
turies has brought joy and gladness
to all people, even to the humblest
homes.

Where are the bells of Germany
that once rang out in such joy the
Christmas season, while happy peo-
ple gathered around the fir trees
which Saint Wilfred gave as a symbol
of Christmas to the Germanic tribes
—a symbol of eternal life as opposed
to the blood sacrifices of Thor and
Wotan. From their hearths no longer
rise the merry strains of "Oh, Tan-
nenbaum." Instead, the Horst Wes-

sel song blares defiance to the Prince
of Peace.

The bells of Austria are mute. The
lovely "Stille Nacht," written by a
parish priest for his faithful flock,
no longer rings upon the midnight
air. Austria lies crushed, with little
heart to sing.

The carillons in Belgium, singing
from their tall bellfries, have been
stilled, and there is little hope in Hol-
land this year of the kind Kris Kring-
le appearing with his bag of toys
for good children.

The hauntingly exquisite "Noel,
Noel," that sweet carol beloved of
all Christmas singers, will not ring
through a France saddened, torn by
war and a more devastating peace,
and threatened both within and with-
out by new dangers.

Russia is long since mute, its gold-
ens bells, for all practical purposes,
silenced by those who fear religion
as much as the enemy army.

The bells of Italy, what could they
mean this year to the women left at
home, their men gone to spend their
lives in aggression against peaceful
neighbors? What can the grand mot-
if of "Adeste Fideles" mean to a
nation locked in closest bonds to the
godless Nazis?

And in England—where the church
bells for centuries rang in Christmas
from every village green—the bells
now ring only to warn of danger and
death, instead of the new life which
Christmas signifies, sending the child-
ren scurrying not to happy family
gatherings around the Yule log, but
to deep underground air-raid shelters.

Even here Christmas will have a
keen joy tinged with sadness—for
though we are still free, the long
threatened war is upon us. Our men
lie dead thousands of miles from
home. And yet—ring out, wild bells,
in the land that is free—ring out
your song, for you may reach and re-
vive the hopes of those in other lands
whose Christmas joy is dimmed. You
may remind all those who hear your
cheerful tones of the joys they still
possess. You may recall to the world
that the good tidings of great joy
was promised to all the people, bring-
ing peace on earth and good will to
men.

The Children Wait
The News and Observer

There have been renewed bicker-
ings about the Warren textbook on
North Carolina history, which was
banned from North Carolina schools
at the end of last term by the Gov-
ernor and the State Board of Edu-
cation because of innumerable errors,
but which is still being used in some
schools for lack of something better.
That lack is shared by the children
of all the schools. Teachers of North
Carolina in the public schools are in
a quandary. If a course in the sub-
ject is to be given at all it must be
given in one of three ways—without
any textbook, with the inaccurate
and outlawed Warren text, or with
the obsolete Hill book, written many
years ago and possessing other defi-
ciencies besides that of being obso-
lete.

Secretary of State Thad Eure has
proposed that the State write its own
history, using the Warren text as a
basis, but the author has not agreed
for that to be done without use of
his name.

The best thing to be done is to
make a fresh start. It is already too
late for the children of the State to
have a modern, accurate history of
their State during this school year.
The children should not be required
to wait beyond next year while others
bicker.

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The Season's
Greetings
"MERRY
CHRISTMAS"

THE BETHLEHEM MANGER

Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, and Good Will Toward Men.

By PRESTON CAYTON
Christian Minister

Soon after the time when John the Baptist was born, Joseph, the carpenter of Nazareth, the husband of Mary, had a dream: An angel stood beside him. The angel came to bring good news, that Mary, the young woman whom he was to marry, would bring forth a son, sent by the Lord God. "You shall call His name Jesus, which means 'salvation,' because he shall save his people from their sins."

Joseph knew that the coming child was to be King of Israel, of whom the prophets of old had spoken so many times. Soon after Joseph and Mary were married in Nazareth, a command went forth from the emperor, Augustus Caesar, through all the lands of the Roman empire, for all the people to go to the cities from which their families had come, and there to have their names written on a list, for the emperor wished a list of all the people under his kingdom. Joseph and Mary came from the great family of David. They with many more went to the little town of Bethlehem, to have their names written on this list.

It was a long journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem; down the mountain to the river Jordan, then following the Jordan almost to its end, and then climbing the mountains of Judah to the town of Bethlehem. When Joseph and Mary came to Bethlehem they found the inns filled with people, who came as these two, to have their names put on this list. When Joseph and Mary came to the inn, there was no room. No one dreamed that on this night, Jesus, the King of Kings, was to be born. The best

they could do was to go to the stable where the cattle were kept. There the Saviour of the world was born. Bethlehem was sleeping, the cattle were sleeping, God was watching over this child.

Yes, when Jesus was born in Bethlehem many years ago, there was no room for him. And today, in many homes in America and all over the world there is no room for this same Christ. On the hillside of Bethlehem, some shepherds were tending their sheep. Suddenly a great light shone about them, and they saw an angel of the Lord, standing before them. They were filled with fear, as they saw how glorious the angel was. But the angel said to them: Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you news of great joy, which shall be to all the people; for there is born to you this night in Bethlehem, the city of David, a saviour who is Christ the Lord, the anointed King. You will know him by this sign, he is a new-born baby, lying in a manger. They saw the sky about them filled with angels, praising God and singing: Glory to God in the highest; and on earth, peace and good will toward men. Yes, America is in war, but we will sing on this night, as they did on the hillside of Bethlehem, "Glory to God in the highest," for we American people look ahead for liberty and peace in America and in all the world. For God has promised liberty and peace to those who serve him. That is why we came to this land many years ago, that we might have peace and a right to worship God. And God has blessed

and kept us from those who might enslave our loved ones. We will sing, for after this war America will have a greater peace and liberty. There will be born in America a lasting peace and to all the world.

The shepherds said, Let us go to Bethlehem, and see this wonderful thing that has come to pass, and which the Lord has made known to us. They went to Bethlehem, and there they saw this baby Jesus lying in a manger. They told Mary of those things which they had seen; they wondered at these things, but Mary kept all these things to her heart, for she knew that this child Jesus some day would give Himself for the sins of the world, that on the cross He would give His life for peace and freedom to all the world.

Let us trust God. Let us unite as one great nation with one goal. That we shall live on as America, that our flag shall fly in all its glory; the red, the white and blue, the most beautiful of them all. It was George Washington who prayed, "God, may this flag never go down in battle." We believe that these words will live on as long as God is King of all the world. We thank God for thy Son, who came to this world and brought hope beyond death. On this Christmas, let us remember the sick, the little children in whom we can make happy by remembering them with our gifts. Bless the mothers whose sons are in war. Help us to look through the dark days and see that light, the light of liberty and peace. And may we sing the songs of the angels on Christmas. And may this song live in the hearts of our people. Peace on earth and good will toward men.

QUESTION of THE WEEK ??

Individual Opinions of People You Know About Current Matters of General Public Interest

What Do You Want Santa Claus To Bring You for Christmas?

N. W. Spruill, farmer: "I want Santa Claus to bring my boy, Leslie B. Spruill, back from the Army safe and sound when the war is over. I hope we will have an early peace. And I further would like to have Santa work with the rulers of the world in an attempt to bring about peace."

Miss Marion Allen, a local teacher: "I would like to have a round-trip ticket to Florida. And if he wants to really make me happy, I would like for peace to return to the world. I wish all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

Miss Hester Ricks, student at Roper School: "I want old Santa to bring me some United States Defense Bonds. I would like to have a house coat also. Some bedroom shoes and clothes would be greatly appreciated."

Duncan Getsinger, college student: "I want Santa Claus to bring me three good-looking blondes, a gun, some life insurance and a good lawyer. In fact, I can appreciate anything old Santa will bring."

Webb Jones, local industrial worker: "I would like for old Santa Claus to bring me a ticket to the Rose Bowl very happy if he would drop into my stocking the news that the people in this section will continue to be healthy throughout the coming year, and longer, too, if he will."

George Smith, colored brick mason: "I want Santa Claus to bring us all prosperity and happiness again. A world at peace would be as good a Christmas gift as I could imagine for myself and my friends. A merry Christmas to all."

Miss Marion Davenport, student at Roper School: "I want old St. Nick to bring me a radio, so that I can hear the news of an early peace all over the world. I would also appreciate a satin bath robe and other useful items."

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Rambling R...About
By THE RAMBLER

Santa Claus—
By CHANNING POLLOCK
In the Rotarian Magazine

When she was a very little girl, my daughter asked, "What would you do if there weren't any trees?" "Why," I answered, lightheartedly, "we'd have to invent some. We couldn't get on without trees."

There are quite a lot of things—foods, shelter, clothing—we couldn't get on without, and a number of wise men have made my suggestion—we'd have to invent them. What we must have even more than these are food for the mind, shelter for the spirit, that which clothes the nakedness of mere animal existence and gives warmth to human contacts.

We celebrate Christmas as a religious festival, but a Christmas was celebrated hundreds of years before Christ. The ancient people of the Angli, in which is now Britain, had in December a Modranecht, of "Mother's night." There had to be a day set aside for kindness, and generosity and remembering those we love, and those less fortunate.

Before and since Dickens wrote his immortal "A Christmas Carol," there have been a few Scrooges who cried of Christmas, "Bah, humbug!" I have heard modern Scrooges call it a shopkeeper's holiday, and a nuisance, but for the overwhelming majority of us, as for Scrooge's nephew, it is a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of in the long calendar of the year when men and women open their shut-up hearts freely . . . I say God bless it!"

There is a certain magic in a day when even strangers bid us to be merry; when the mail and telegraph and telephone and all the means of communication commonly devoted to business bring cheery wishes for "Merry Christmas!" Shopkeepers' holiday? Bah! Humbug! It isn't a necktie or a dollar bill that we slip into the hand of the janitor or the postman; it's goodwill and thank you for a year of service. It isn't a toy train that we put under the tree for Junior, or a muffler that we wrap in red tissue for Aunt Julia, but the knowledge that Junior has always wanted a train, and that Aunt Julia has needed a muffler, and the loving desire that, just this one day, they game at Duke University on New Year's Day, and the accessories that go with a trip to such a game."

Luther Armstrong, former high school athlete and local industrial worker: "I really don't know. Whatever he brings will be appreciated."

Lue Read, theater employee: "I want Santa Claus to bring me a pair of drawers. I need 'em."

William Harrington, colored shoeshine boy: "I would sure be mighty tickled if old Santa Claus would bring me a bicycle Christmas."

shall have what they want and need, and that we shall see the pleasure in their eyes, and feel the warmth of their joyful kisses.

Believe it or not, and smile if you like, but, at—well, say 60, my wife and I will hang up our stockings. What a lot of love and laughter and tenderness goes into the trifling gifts our little tree with bright stars and we select for those symbols. We trim tinsel, and for days ahead, in secret, we write messages, and wrap things in gay paper, and hide them from one another until the morning of mornings.

Shopkeepers' holiday! Was it only a shaving kit I could have got for myself that went into that starry package, or was it my daughter's heart that remembered the time, ages ago, when I said, "Damn that old razor! Some day I'm going to have one that fits into my hand properly." What about the crate of oranges that comes every Christmas from a colored elevator boy in Florida? I can buy better oranges, but I can't buy what comes with these.

We dine every day, but there is only one Christmas dinner. For years that was a family festival, with all our dear ones about the table. Most of them are gone now, and our Christmas guests are people who, whatever their means, have no home of their own. Why? Well, when I was 19, and away from my home for the first time at Christmas, a very lonely lad, the mother of a chap employed in the office with me asked me to her home. I never saw her again; she has been dead nearly 40 years, but she and that dinner live in my memory.

Last Christmas my wife and I had half a dozen old actors, forgotten now and we talked of the great days in the theater, and lived them again until long after midnight. Irene Franklin, who had been the idol of vaudeville, sang several of her best songs to us, and a very old Shakespeare actor repeated—and how!—the soliloquy from Hamlet. It took Christmas to restore their heyday for an hour or two, and that memory goes on our golden pile of Christmases.

During a radio broadcast not long ago, I met the middle-aged woman, who, as a child of 8, wrote to the New York Sun, "Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?" Every year the Sun reprints the reply it made editorially in 1897. "Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist . . . There is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah . . . in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding."

Of course there's a Santa! And if there weren't, he would be the very first of the things we'd have to invent. Life must have love and a little childlike faith to be enduring; and the year must have at least one day when we are more conscious of faith and love than of business

Fifteen Years---

of extending the greetings of the season to our patrons have only served to make more sincere our good wishes for them . . .

In the uncertain and difficult days which lie ahead for all of us, we hope to continue serving you as in the past. Come what may, the entire facilities of our organization are at the disposal of our customers whenever we can be of service

To you and yours at this Christmas season, we would extend our sincerest wish for happiness, both now and throughout the years to come.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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