



Merry Christmas

YOU MERIT ALL THE HAPPINESS THIS MAGIC SEASON OFFERS TO THE HEARTS OF MEN.

1956

P. R. Elam Farm Supply Co.
MARSHALL, N. C.

Greetings



May the Christmas season hold complete happiness for you.

MODEL GROCERY
MARSHALL, N. C.

That Letter

By Edith Wright

ONE evening in London's pea-soup fog, a taxi crawled along the curb in Jermyn Street and glided to a halt in front of the "L'Apertif" restaurant. "That will be three and sixpence," the driver said. The Honorable Neville Compton-McFarlane gave him four shillings and went inside.

"Good evening, sir," the head waiter Louie greeted him cordially without familiarity. "It is good to see you again."

"It is good to BE back, Louie," the tall slender man replied and passing a well kept hand over his graying hair, he added: "this is a bad night, I am worried."

"Her Ladyship will be here," Louie reassured. "she has never failed you." He escorted his illustrious guest to the usual table in a far-off corner where the lights were dim and the noise of the

A LETTER FOR MARY

By F. L. Rowley


THE loneliest place in the world is a summer resort at Christmas time. Joanne Decker watched gloomily as a half dozen men trudged through the snow skirting Arrowhead Lake. They would return in a few hours carrying Christmas trees on their husky shoulders. Joanne sighed heavily as the last man disappeared into the brush.

This promised to be the drearest Christmas Joanne had ever known. Even the postman's whistle failed to rouse her. It was only when Mr. Rogers stood at the far end of the drive waving a letter that a faint glow of curiosity came to her eyes. The old postman never signalled unless he had something important. Maybe it was a letter from Eddie!

Slipping into a coat Joanne raced eagerly down the snow-covered path, unmindful of her open-toed slippers.

"It's from Lynne Grove," said Mr. Rogers with a grin.

"Lynne Grove?" Joanne stared dreamily at the letter in his hand. Then Eddie hadn't forgotten her! Perhaps he was even coming back



JOY AND PEACE BE WITH US ALL.

1956

O. A. Gregory
YOUR GULF DISTRIBUTOR

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1956

Greetings

May laughter and cheer and good fortune be yours at Christmastime

HOUSTON BROS.
MARSHALL, N. C.

EDWARDS CLEANERS
MARSHALL, N. C.

SAVE THE TREE

If your tree holder is the type that allows the butt of the tree to rest in water you can help keep the tree from dropping by dissolving a plant food in the water. If you use a concrete or rock-filled pail to support the tree, cover the pebbles or rocks with a plant food solution. Use one tea-spoonful of plant food (or one plant food tablet) to each gallon of water in the container.

Mistletoe, the most popular New Year's and Christmas green, has been an emblem of purity, friendship and goodwill since ancient Greek times. Ancient Britons revered it as a symbol of protection from evil spirits.

Burning of trees on "Twelfth Night" is an outgrowth of the special observance by early Christians on the last day of a twelve-day celebration of the Feast of the Nativity of Christ.



When he looked up again, her dark eyes were questioning his. The elite of London's New Year celebrants seemed only an echo.

"Two Martinis very, very dry?" Louie inquired. A brief nod was the answer. McFarlane kept the entrance in check with his deepest gray eyes. Nervously he smoothed the tablecloth, lit a cigarette and carefully inserted it into a gold holder. When he looked up again, her dark eyes were questioning his.

"My darling," he got up to seat her opposite himself. "I did not see you."

"You were not supposed to," she answered honestly, slowly taking off her gloves. "Did you bring that letter, VII?"

"Of course, my dear." He examined every cherished feature of her beautiful face; the dark brown hair smoothly drawn away from her temples, the delicate coloring, the mouth always a little open, the long dark lashes now shading her eyes. "You are more lovely than ever," he said simply. Gently they clinked their glasses. "Read it to me now, please," Axelle asked, her voice barely a whisper.



"You got a letter," said Joanne accusingly. "A nice registered letter from Eddie Long."

to Arrowhead Lake to marry her, as he had promised.

"It's for your sister," said the old man. "Registered too—but you can sign it."

Joanne turned the letter over gingerly; on the flap, in bold, familiar writing, was the name E. Long. So Eddie Long was writing to her sister Mary! And after all the wonderful promises he had made to her. She walked numbly back to the house.

Mary met her at the door. "Did we get mail?" she asked innocently.

BLUFF

The Rev. Sam Austin filled his regular appointment at Zion church Sunday morning. A visitor, the Rev. Alfred Taylor, delivered the sermon.

Mr. Jim Williams returned home Friday after spending a week with his brother, Mr. John Williams, of Waynesville.

Miss Blanche Wyatt of Meadow Fork is visiting her brother, Mr. Edward Wyatt, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Finley visited her sister, Mrs. Rachel Brown, in Swannanoa, Saturday. Mrs. Brown suffered a stroke and is very ill.

Mr. Woodson and Iva Henderson of Balfour were rabbit hunting in Bluff Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Troy Kirkpatrick took dinner Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Finley.

Miss Blanche Wyatt took dinner Sunday with Willene and Doris Lankford.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Waldroup and family took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Dannie Gillespie.

We are proud the Spring Creek girls won the ball game with Hot Springs Thursday night.

Mr. Edward Wyatt and Glenn visited Mr. Melvin Wyatt of Meadow Fork Sunday.

Mr. Dempsey Woody and Edward Wyatt visited Mr. Warren Gillespie Sunday evening.

Let's hope the world remembers why we have Christmas: to honor the birthday of our Savior. Let's all say a prayer of thankfulness that "God gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should have everlasting life."

May your hearts be filled with joy, your soul filled with love, and may the peace of Christmas descend from above.

Merry Christmas To All

STAY IN SCHOOL

Throughout the United States young men are continually dropping out of High School. Some go to work, some to enlist into the Military Services, and some just to get out of something they think they don't like. These young men have one thing in common: each fails to consider the fact that, by quitting school, regardless of what they appear to gain, immediately, they seriously hamper their chances for success in the future. Young man, remember: One of the most important phases of living in the present is planning for the future. The U. S. Army, your country's largest organization, civilian or military, gave concrete evidence of this by instituting its present "Written Guarantee" program, a technical training program offering to High School graduates the opportunity to choose their own training. By doing so the Army is attracting the highest quality men to fill the technical positions required in a modern Army and at the same time preparing them mentally, physically, and morally to take their places as a respected member of their community in the future. Look to the future and remember — Education today is the basis for success tomorrow.

STAY IN SCHOOL

Hesitation

A moment's hesitation before his hand tightened over the parched paper.

"Date and everything?" he looked at her.

"As always," she replied breathlessly.

It was a familiar routine, opening the letter, but there was always something wonderful and new about it. His hands trembled slightly.

"January 1, 1947," he began steadily and read the letter to the end! My undying love, dearest, have Faith with me, VII. He looked up and wanted to kiss away the tears in her eyes. The letter simply told of the love and devotion of a man for a woman he had searched for in forty drifting years of a lifetime and that would not be defeated in the face of every known obstacle that human society can devise. The pain and suffering had long since gone, but there remained, in both of them, a humble gratitude toward each other.

Accusation

"YOU got a letter," said Joanne accusingly. "A nice registered letter from Eddie Long!"

Mary was startled; she blushed like a schoolgirl.

"I thought so!" Joanne cried bitterly. "All these months you've been feeling sorry for me because Eddie stopped writing—and you've kept in touch with him behind my back. What a hypocrite!"

Mary blinked helplessly.

Joanne ran up to her room and slammed the door. The radio was on; Christmas carols only emphasized her loneliness. She switched it off. Her eyes settled on a paper box under the dresser. Drawing it out she scowled at the lovely figure nestled therein. It was her Christmas present to Mary. With a sob she picked up the little figure and dashed it to the floor.

Joanne heard the murmur of serious conversation downstairs. She hoped Mary was catching it. Suddenly she decided to teach them all a lesson. Christmas or not, she would leave home. She could board a bus this very morning. She knew exactly where to go; her friend Betty Giles had urged her repeatedly to spend a week-end at their new home in Coopersville.

Surprise Meeting

The bus-station was alive with holiday tourists. Joanne felt most conspicuous in her blue-jeans and red sweater. She gazed in surprise when a familiar voice asked: "Where is Joanne?"

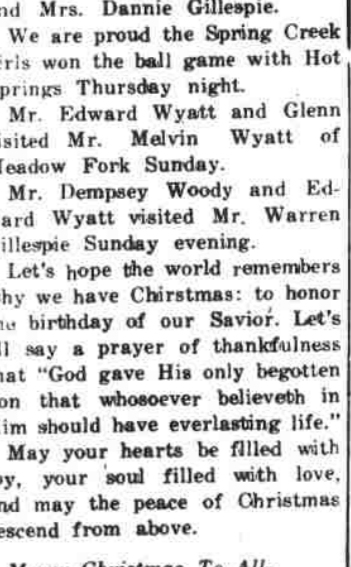
Eddie Long's expressive brown eyes smiled down at her. He had her in his arms before she could remember any good reason to resist.

"Merry Christmas, darling!" he cried as their lips parted. "I've waited more than a year for this. But why the suitcase? Mary told me you'd be at home for the holidays; that's why I sent her the letter announcing my arrival."

"Mary? I—I don't understand."

"Well, it was supposed to be a surprise. Last summer, when I was on my way out here, I met with an accident. Mary had your mother know that I was hurt pretty bad and they didn't want to frighten you. When I showed signs of returning to normal they suggested that I spend Christmas week at your home. You're all wonderful people. You've all loved a home would not be."

Today's MEDITATION
from
The World's Most Widely Used Devotional Guide



The Upper Room
© THE UPPER ROOM, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Read Luke 2:8-14

To you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord. — (Luke 2:11, RSV.)

Robert K. Buckner, Native Of County, Passes Sunday

Robert Kenneth Buckner, 67, formerly of Madison County, died in an Asheville hospital Sunday afternoon, December 16, 1956 after a short illness.

He had lived in Farmington, Mich., for 28 years.

The body was returned to Farmington for services and burial.

Surviving are three daughters, Mrs. Melvin Tuckey, the Misses Betty and Verde Buckner of Farmington; four sons, Luther, Doyle, Carl and George of Farmington; a half-sister, a half-brother; 26 grandchildren and several nieces and nephews.

Holcombe Funeral Home was in charge of arrangements.

Merry Christmas



1956

W. H. Hildebrand

Grandfather Frost Is Russian Santa

Christmas in Russia? Behind the Iron Curtain it's Grandfather Frost who delights the children.

Grandfather Frost (really an actor from the Moscow stage) was revived by the Russians two years ago. Through most of the month of January thousands of Russian children dance around a fir tree in St. George's Hall and may shake hands with Grandfather Frost, the Russian Santa Claus.

Grandfather Frost entertains the children with the aid of singers, dancers and variety artists from the theaters. Last year, for the first time, American correspondents were admitted to the Kremlin to see one of the gatherings.

Memories

"Dear Heart," he lit a cigarette for her. "do you remember that night at Lugano, when we took a caddy along the lake and you kissed the horse right on the nose and you laughed until it hurt? And later—on the balcony? I have seen you happy, but never happier."

"And Cochenill's little bar in Paris?" she asked him. "Let's walk, darling," she added softly. "we will walk along the embankment in the fog and look at the lights on the Thames." They left, nodding smilingly to Louie, who tactfully opened the door without saying a word.

When Santa Leaves

While American children always find their Christmas presents in the stockings or under the tree, children of other nations must search for theirs. Norwegian children seek them out in hiding places which may be anywhere in the house. In Italy, they seek them in the "cave of the grotto" and in France children search for them in wood-

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

In worship, in Christian charity, and in thankfulness we glorify God at Christmas.

—Herbert A. Johnson (N.C.)

PRAYER

Our Father, bring us to glory. Thy child, to us in danger, bring us to glory. Thy child, to us in danger, bring us to glory. Thy child, to us in danger, bring us to glory.