




If all the good wishes in the world were put together they'd express our Christmas greetings to you.

Bradley-Davis
Insurance — Real Estate
PHONE 77



Santa will remember you—and so do we, for Christmas joy.

Service Shoe Shop
Jeff Cabe, prop.
MAIN STREET



May the path of good fortune
wend its way
To you this joyful Christmas Day

Burgin Bros. Burgin's Dept. Store
At The Depot Main Street



GOOD CHEER TO ALL!

It's the season to tell you we are wishing you everything delightful and we hope you will consider our message a most sincere one!

WAYNESVILLE LAUNDRY
PHONE 205

Letters To



Santa Claus

This letter won first prize of \$5.00 in merchandise at C. E. Ray's Sons.

Waynesville, N. C., Dec. 21, 1935.
Dear Santa Claus:
The thing I want most of all this year is a football, which you will find at C. E. Ray's Sons store. I should also like some books, a cowboy outfit, a Dick Tracy set and plenty of fruits, nuts, and candy. For my sister I should like a Shirley Temple doll which you shall also find at Rays. For Mr. Santa, as you know, there is everything anyone would want there. But please, dear Santa, don't forget the poor children, but give them a Merry, Merry Christmas. You will find your Christmas supper in the refrigerator, for you will be very tired after your long trip from the North Pole.

Best wishes,
BILLY RODGERS.

The following five letters won prizes of 50 cents each at C. E. Ray's Sons:

Waynesville, N. C., Dec. 19, 1935.
Dear Santa Claus:
I am a little colored girl, 9 years old. I trust that being colored will not make any difference for I hope you love me too. Please bring me a big doll with a blue dress on, and please bring my little brother, Charlie, a truck and do not forget my other little brother and sister. Dear Santa please, I will be a good little girl. From Marylene Love. I live on East street.

Lake Junaluska, N. C.,
Dec. 14, 1935
Dear Santa Claus:
I saw in the Waynesville paper

CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS
(Continued from page 1)

when we show by our actions how much charity we really possess—often it isn't a matter of money spent—but an expression of thoughtfulness that renews somebody's faith in humanity.

There is a little girl in this town who is longing with all her heart for a real Shirley Temple doll—She understands that Santa Claus can't bring it this year—but the ache is there regardless of her brave philosophy—a woman in town—a busy woman who works hard every day with a family and responsibilities of her own heard about it—she understood just how much a little girl can want a doll—she has managed it—clothes and all—and on Christmas I wonder who will be the happiest the little girl with her doll in her little Colonel's dress—or the woman who made the dream come true—

And that is the secret of the spirit of Christmas—The person who wants the day to give them something will find it a failure—it is only a success when the individual assumes that it is his or her duty to bring something to the day—the warmth of generosity that reacts on the giver is the keynote of Christmas happiness—if we rob the season of its spiritual beauty we have nothing left—

Because it's a time of extravagant spending—we all do things we can't afford—we wonder how we are going to pay for them—we hear on all sides that Christmas has been so commercialized that it's no longer a joy to give—we get lots of so called useful gifts that we never find any use for—the day passes with a let down—and often a disappointed feeling—we will be glad when its over—and the Christmas tree decorations are packed away—and the household back to normal—every door knob in the house is sticky—the living room looks like a cyclone had struck it—you can't keep the paper and string picked up—it's a foolish waste of time and money—you'll be glad when the last hectic days are forgotten—everybody eats too much—these are the realisms of Christmas—and they are absolutely true—

But when the night before Christmas comes—and we hear voices caroling, "Holy Night—Holy Night"—"Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem"—I pity the person who in his soul feels like this annual celebration is not worth the price we pay—In the words of tiny Tim, "God Bless Us All"—but since in His Infinite Wisdom—He often does not see fit to do so—our duty to those less fortunate is greater—for there are many who will not be blessed—so if you are bored with life—and have shut out of your scheme of living the finer things—try remembering the forgotten person this year—and Christmas will be rich in its meaning to you—if you don't know how to start ask Oscar Briggs—I know of no person in Waynesville who could better show you.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR


that you were at C. E. Ray's and Sons, so I am writing you a letter. I am a little girl 10 years old and am in the 4th grade. I have tried very hard to be a good little girl this year. So you would bring me some of the things I wanted. I want you to bring my little brother a gun, my sister a big doll and last of all me a sweater suit and of course a lot of candy, oranges, apples, nuts, and be good to everyone else too. Hoping to see you soon.

LULA McCracken.
Lake Junaluska, N. C.
Dec. 13, 1935

Dear Santa Claus:
I am a little boy nine years old. I wish you would please bring me some of those delicious apples and oranges at C. E. Ray's Store. I wish you would also bring me one of those little red wagons from Mr. Ray's because they are the prettiest I have ever seen.

Thank you,
JOHN GILLET, JR.
Waynesville, N. C.,
December 11, 1935.

Dear Santa Claus:
Please bring me one of those pretty



We're hoping all your Christmas dreams will come true

Champion Shoe Shop
E. T. DUCKETT, Owner


prettiest things.
Mr. Charles will show you the one.
Love,
DOT MILLER.
Waynesville, N. C.,
Dec. 14, 1935.

Dear Santa Claus:
I am a boy ten years old. I go to school at Lake Junaluska and am in the fifth grade. I make very good grades. I help daddy get wood and milk. I want you to bring me a football and one of the big red wagons at C. E. Ray's Store. I want a pair of boots and a leather coat to wear to school.
Thank you,
Your friend,
LESLIE MOODY.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard N. Barber, Jr., will leave on Christmas Eve for Griffin, Ga., where they will spend the Christmas holidays with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Norman.

Mrs. Fred Marley has gone to New York City, where she will spend Christmas with her son, Mr. Hal Marley, who is attending Columbia University. She was joined en route by another son, Mr. Wallace Marley, who is spending the winter in Lenoir.

TO HAVE TWENTY-FOOT TREE
President Roosevelt's Christmas tree will be a 20-foot balsam.



Same cheery greeting—
Ages old, yet new
A Very Merry Christmas
A Happy New Year, too.

W. A. BRADLEY
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
HAZELWOOD, N. C.

MERRIE CHRISTMAS

From Those in The Court House

We take this means of extending to you the choicest greetings of the season. Serving you is our business and our pleasure, and we shall endeavor to continue to serve you well through another year.

Edwin Haynes Register of Deeds	J. C. Welch Sheriff
Dr. C. N. Sisk District Health Officer	T. J. Cathey County Auditor
Jack Messer Supt. of Education	W. D. Smith County Agent
W. G. Byers Clerk of Court	W. H. McCracken Tax Collector

May 1936 Be Your Best Year Ever

A Ticket Given With Every Dollar Purchase on \$150 Suite Furniture Massie's Dept. Store