



# THINKING OF YOU THIS CHRISTMAS

WE are wishing you heaps of cheer and hoping these wishes will bring you joy every day of the year. May your voyage through the days ahead carry you over pleasant ways to a new and full contentment.

FARMERS EXCHANGE  
East Waynesville

TIMES CHANGE . . .  
. . . AND WE WITH TIME  
BUT NOT THE WAYS OF FRIENDSHIPS

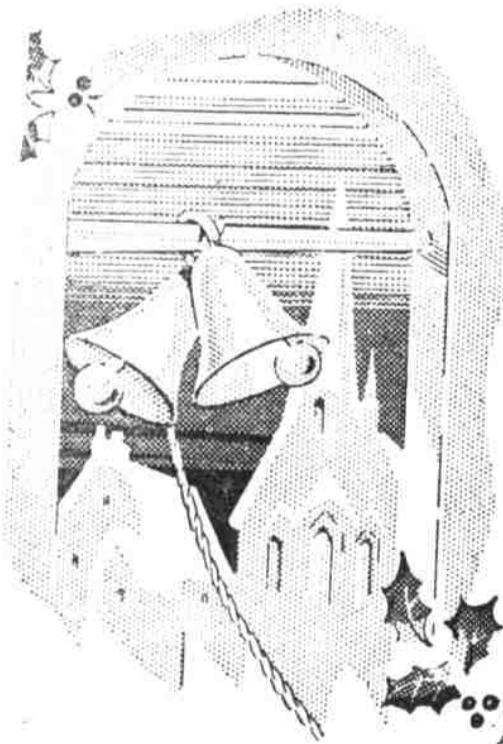
## SEASON'S GREETINGS

May the New Year bring you a full measure of prosperity



R. C. GUNN  
HENDERSON'S  
"WHERE THE TOWN MEETS"  
For Your Convenience, Open Christmas  
(We Are Open 365 Days in the Year)

# Christmas Bells are Ringing Merrily . . .



. . . And it is pleasant to remember old friends, and to wish them, in a genuine sort of way, all the joys of a Happy Christmas. May Health, Happiness and Prosperity be yours, not only on this day, but every day throughout the years to come.

ROYLE & PILKINGTON CO., Inc.  
Hazelwood, N. C.

# A Christmas Carol

By Charles Dickens



MARLEY was dead. Scrooge knew he was dead. Scrooge and he were partners. Scrooge was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner! Once upon a time—on Christmas Eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. "A Merry Christmas, uncle. God save you!" cried his nephew's cheerful voice. "Bah!" said Scrooge, "Humbug!" One day when asked to give to the poor for the festive season, Scrooge replied, "I help to support the poorhouses—they cost enough; and those who are badly off must go there."

AFTER dinner that night, Scrooge went home to bed. A disused bell that hung in the room started to ring. It was succeeded by a clanking noise as if some one was dragging a heavy chain over the casks in the cellar. It rattle through the door, and passed into the room. It was Marley! Marley's chain was made of cash-boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds and heavy purses wrought in steel.

The Ghost informed Scrooge, "it is required of every man that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellowmen; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world—and witness what it cannot share."

"You will be haunted by Three Spirits. Without their visits, you cannot hope to slun the path I tread. Expect the first when the bell tolls One."

Scrooge awoke and the curtains of his bed were drawn by a small, elfish creature.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past," it said. The Ghost and Scrooge went to a bare room where a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire. Scrooge wept to see his poor forgotten self as he used to be, and glanced anxiously towards the door. It opened; and a little girl much younger than the boy came in and, kissing him, addressed him as her "Dear, dear brother."

"I came to bring you home, dear brother!" said the child. "Home, for good and all. Home, for ever and ever. Father has sent me in a coach to bring you."



THEY stopped at a warehouse door. It was Fezziwig's. A fiddler came and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. They danced and ate. Scrooge found himself by the side of a fair young girl.

"It matters little," she said, softly. "To you, very little. Another idol has displaced me; and if it can cheer and comfort you in time to come, as I would have, I have no just cause to grieve."

"What idol has displaced you?" he rejoined.

"A golden one."

"Spirit!" said Scrooge, "show me no more! Conduct me home. Why do you torture me?"

Scrooge had no occasion to be told that the bell was again upon the stroke of One.

Now his bed became the very core and center of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed upon it when the clock proclaimed the hour. Living green so filled it that it looked a perfect grove



IN EASY state upon this couch, there sat a jolly giant. "I am the Ghost of Christmas Present," said the Spirit. "Spirit," said Scrooge, "conduct me where you will." Perhaps it was the Spirit's sympathy with all poor men that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk. On the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling.

In came Bob, Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch. Master Peter, and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits, went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim.

SCROOGE was taken from Cratchit by Christmas Present to another end of town.

It was a great surprise to Scrooge to hear a familiar hearty laugh. Scrooge recognized it as his own nephew's.

"He said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live!" cried Scrooge's nephew to the party. "He believed it too."

The bell struck again.

Scrooge looked about his bedroom once more, and beheld a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded. He went with the Phantom into an obscure part of the town, and into the presence of a man, just as a woman with a heavy bundle entered.

She explained that the blankets belonged to Scrooge, but being dead he was not likely to take cold.

Scrooge shuddered at the revelation that this would be his fate in retribution for his unkindnesses during life.



HOLDING up his hands in a last prayer to love his fate reversed, Scrooge saw the Phantom shrink, collapse and scindle down into a bedpost.

YES! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the time before him was his own, to make amends in!

Running to the window, he opened it and put out his head, calling to a happy archer in the street.

"Do you know if the Poulterers have sold the prize turkey?"

"Is hanging there now."

Scrooge had the turkey delivered to Bob Cratchit's. Scrooge then went to church and in the afternoon he went to his nephew's house.

"It's I, Your Uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It is a mercy they didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier.



HE WENT to the office early the next morning. Bob was eighteen minutes behind his time. "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," said Scrooge, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob a dig in the waistcoat: "I am about to raise your salary!" Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man as the old city knew, or any other good old city, town or borough in the good old world.

B. R. Pilarski, AMM 1/c, Expected This Week

B. R. Pilarski, Aviation Machinist Mate, first class, U. S. navy, who is now stationed in Memphis, Tenn., at the naval base there, will spend Christmas here with his wife and young daughter, Gale

Lt. Charles F. Nichols Home on Terminal Leave

Lieut. Charles F. Nichols, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nichols, of Waynesville, who is serving Pilarski at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest J. Hyatt.

with the U. S. Navy is home on terminal leave.

A graduate of the local township high school and State college, Lt. Nichols has served for the past 45 months in the navy. Buy an extra Victory bond. It's your safest investment.

## Announcement Of Closing Days at FSA Offices in Courthouse

The Farm Security Administration offices located on the second floor of the courthouse, will be closed on December 24 and 25, and will re-open on December 26 and continue through December 29, according to Yates Bailey in charge. Then again on December 31 the office will be closed for a two-day period, and will re-open on January 2nd, it was learned from Mr. Bailey.

## Sgt. Howard Hyatt Will Be Home For Christmas

S/Sgt. Howard Hyatt, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Hyatt, who has been stationed in Tokyo, has arrived in the States and will join his wife here at the home of his parents and will spend the holidays in Waynesville. When his furlough is completed he will report to Washington, D. C. for his next assignment.

**Washing Wicker**  
When washing wicker furniture add one tablespoonful of household ammonia to one quart warm water. Apply with a brush, rinse with a cloth wrung out of clear lukewarm water.

**Launder Gloves**  
Washable gloves should be laundered frequently because severe soil makes rubbing necessary and rubbing injures the finish, affects the dye, and may roughen the surface.



## CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

We realize more than ever how much it means to have the friendship and good will of folks like you. Please accept our sincere thanks and our good wishes for a Prosperous NEW YEAR.

THE HAYWOOD COMPANY

Phone 539

# Wishing You a Joyous Holiday...

May your share of happiness at this glad Christmastime be brightened by the knowledge of our appreciation of your fine and valued friendships. May you enjoy the associations of those dear to you, and may their companionship continue through the years to come.

Happy Christmas to all!



## FARMERS FEDERATION

Roger Medford, Manager  
Waynesville, N. C.



To Our Hundreds Of Customers and Thousands of Friends

## Merry Christmas

1946 Be Prosperous

HAYWOOD ELECTRIC MEMBERSHIP CORPORATION

Waynesville, N. C.

