

A Merry Christmas

Mrs. Santa Claus

Last Christmas our local jewelry store added two new departments we never had carried before. One was a toy counter, where a selection of movie dolls was featured. The other—an optical department—carried the trade who could not afford glasses unless they could arrange to pay for them on credit.

Visiting the shop the night before Christmas, I watched a tiny little girl . . . I'm sure she couldn't have been more than six . . . standing before the already sadly depleted doll counter. Her eyes were big as she looked up at the one doll still unadorned, and there was a child's longing in them as she tugged at the tattered overall jacket of her father, busy talking to the optometrist.

"Daddy," she called, her voice shrill with excitement, "look! Isn't it the darriest thing? Do you think Santa will bring it to me?"

The man's tired face turned toward her, and a hurt expression flashed across it settling hopefully in the gray eyes. "I'm afraid not, Mary," he answered. "I saw Santa in a store down the street a while ago, and he said that 'e'd be about out of everything by the time he reached our house. Hection he might have some sweets, or maybe a rag doll though. And he's promised for sure to bring those glasses."

"Oh!" Tears were in her eyes, but she fought them back bravely, and her worn coat sleeve wiped the last trace of them away.

"Come on, Mary," the optometrist called, taking the little girl by the hand.

The optometrist turned to the father. "I'll make a special effort to finish them tonight," he said.

He was back soon, a slip in his hand. "I've fixed it with the management. A dollar now, and a dollar a month until the balance of five dollars is paid."

Mary had returned for a final look at the toy. "Don't you think, Daddy, that the glasses could come as a birthday present, and . . . oh, I did want a doll so badly! But . . . I won't cry."

Her father hadn't heard. He was busy feeling in his pockets for the dollar needed for the down payment. He found a lean wallet, and from it pulled a quarter and seven dimes. He counted them over twice, a scared look on his face, then began a renewed search. Triumphant, he finally produced an eighth dime, and handed the silver to the optometrist.

As the man in overalls and his elfin daughter started toward the door, the girl behind the doll counter looked at the optometrist, then at me, a tear in her eye. Then she ran after the pair. "Wait a moment— isn't your name Mary?" she asked.

"Uh-huh!" the little girl answered, bewildered.

"Then I guess Santa meant you. He was here just a few minutes ago, and said he had a doll for a little girl named Mary, but he was afraid he wouldn't have the time to deliver it. Then he remembered that the little girl's father said he was coming here, so he asked me if I'd keep the doll and give it to you. That's it, up on the counter. Take it and run away, because I'm so busy I haven't time to talk."

Shyly, Mary reached up for the proffered treasure, and hugged it close.

Mary was speechless while her benefactor busied herself behind the counter. Suddenly the girl felt a tug at her skirt, and Mary was at her side, looking up at her. "I believe you're Mrs. Santa Claus," the child whispered, awe in her voice.

As the door closed behind the pair, the girl took her purse from her bag and looked inside.

"Mrs. Santa Claus, indeed!" I heard her mutter. "Lucky for me this is my day, or Mrs. Santa wouldn't eat tomorrow."



Peace on Earth Good-Will to Men

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!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said,
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!
The Wrong shall fall,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men."

—Longfellow
"Christmas Bells"

If You Are Born On Christmas Day

There is a Scottish belief that to be born on Christmas is to have the power to see spirits and even to command them. Sir Walter Scott says that the Spaniards attributed the haggard and downcast looks of Philip II to the terrible visions he was able to see because he was born on Christmas.

French peasants believe that



babies born on Christmas have the gift of prophecy.

In Silesia a baby born on Christmas will become either a lawyer or a thief.

In middle Europe it is said that if a baby is born at sermon time on Christmas Eve, someone in the house will die within the year.

English mothers used to take sick babies to the door Christmas Eve midnight. Mary was expected to pass with the Christ Child. If the baby recovered, it was a sign that it had been touched by Christ, with healing fingers, and if it died, the Christ Child had called the baby, to be His playmate in heaven.



Although their usually elaborate holiday feasts are somewhat simpler these days, the Chinese will exchange gifts. In fact, the soldiers therabouts found gift-giving is a national weakness. And every Chinese tries to pay

Some Traditions Of Christmas

The tradition of Santa riding in a sleigh drawn by deer is said to have originated in Holland where St. Nicholas supposed to make his rounds (and harvest) horse. His sliding propensities may be traced to the old English custom of cleaning the chimneys at the beginning of the year in preparation for the entry of good into the home.

As a receptacle for women's gifts, the stocking developed from the shoe used by the European child and placed on the hearth, signifying the shoe was in bed. In Germany Scandinavia the children use search for their toys which hidden away in unexpected places while in many districts of Italy and gifts are distributed to the children at elaborate Christmas parties.

Christmas greetings—one and all—Young and old, big and small.

Greetings to the busy mother. Loved by big and I'll brother.

Greetings to the Daddy who Finds these days so much to do.

Greetings to the teacher tired, And the children so inspired, With the noise of Christmas cheer— Grandest sound of all the year!

Yes—greetings to you everyone— And lots to eat and lots of fun! But . . .

Where there is a saddened heart, Where the tears are quick to start; Where a mother hides her grief, Knowing tears are scant relief.

Where an ear is tuned to hear Rumbings of unspoken fear; Where a father, proud and tense, Carries on, despite suspense.

Where a chair must vacant be
Since "Our Tom" put out to sea;
Or else a boy in khaki clad—
Perchance again an airforce lad—

Where such things be—oh take my hand,
And let me say—"I understand!"

A Day will come—we know not when
But come it must. And then—yes then—

The bells will ring with clarion call
Good Will on Earth and Peace to all . . .

'Til that time comes our way is clear—
At Christmas and throughout the year;

To work; to cheer; to give our aid—
Tireless; boundless; unafraid!

Then let us celebrate this Day—
This Christmas—in the good old way.

And at the end—O let us pray—
"Bring Peace, dear Lord, NEXT Christmas Day."



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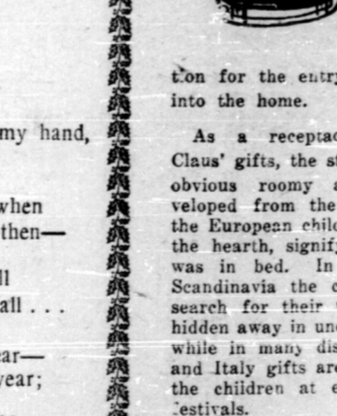
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Peace, Good-Will

"It isn't the giving, or the getting alone
Of gifts that has brought the Christmas-time to me,
But rather the peace that heart holds and then
The honest good-will that show unto me."



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CANADIAN SOLDIERS WATCH FOR HUNS



Canadian anti-tank gunners are shown in Italy on the alert for German armored vehicles. Infantry were about to advance along the road on the right toward German positions on the hill in the background. Germans were also in position among clusters of Italian farm homes at the bottom of the hill.

quantity of paper available in Britain is about one-fifth of pre-war supply. Newspapers are accordingly.

STOPPED IN A SHOP
A woman hurrying home with her shopping stopped him.

"Have you left me any bread, baker?"

"Oh, yes, madam."

"Is it today's?"

"Certainly, madam."

Well, yesterday's wasn't!

Hubby: "You never tell me what you buy! Don't I get my voice in the buying?"

Wife: "Certainly, darling! You get the invoice."

"What's your trade in the Air Force?" asked the sergeant.

"I'm a turner," replied the A.C.

"Yes," replied the A.C. "at night, I turn in, and just as I'm about to turn over, somebody turns up and says: 'Turn out! It's your turn to turn over those kites.'"

Boss: "Young man, you ought to take a lesson from the busy bee."

Office Boy: "I did, sir; I was out late last night with my honey."

She: "I saw here, 'Germans driven back into Italy.'"

He: "Well, that's good news."

She: "It's a downright public nuisance."

Why don't they make them walk?"

"So that's your new overcoat! It's rather loud, isn't it?"

"Yes; but I intend to wear a muffler with it."

Attorney: "Where was the defendant milking the cow?"

Witness: "It's hard to describe, Judge, but if you'll bring in a cow, I'll show you the exact place."

Rich Old Husband: "Would you care if I left you?"

Sweet Young Bride: "Not if you left me enough."

Modern Etiquette

1. Isn't it poor taste for a man to come to the table in his shirt sleeves?

2. Would it be all right for one to send Christmas greeting cards to the other employees in the office, who are his equals?

3. Is it obligatory that honorary pall-bearers wear special mourning suits?

4. What should a girl do if she is visiting friends in a strange city and there is no one at the station to meet her?

5. How should shrimps be eaten, when served whole in their shells?

6. When should the "thank you" note for Christmas gifts be written?

Answers

1. Yes. Of course a man is entitled to be comfortable at home, with his family, but when there are guests he should wear his coat. 2. Yes. 3. No; any dark business suit is appropriate. 4. Telephone to the home you are going to visit or ask the assistance of a policeman. 5. They may be separated, peeled, and conveyed to the mouth with the fingers. 6. Within a few days after Christmas.

Twice-Blasted Dnieper Dam

The famous Dnieper dam has been blown up again. But this time the explosives were fired by the Germans, as they publicly abandoned hope of holding their Dnieper River line. It would be difficult to find a more fitting symbol of the progress of the war on the Eastern European front.

The Russians themselves first

How Can I?

Q. How can I soften winter pears?
A. Place them in cold water and keep in a dark cool place, and they can be kept fresh for several days.

Q. How can I bleach almonds?
A. By placing them in boiling water for a few minutes. Remove skins, dry and brown in heated butter on top of stove, stirring constantly. Remove from fire when they are very light brown, then drain on brown paper and sprinkle with salt.

Centuries before America was discovered, the Chinese were eating spinach.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

ARTICLES WANTED
HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR...
TOO LATE - TOO LATE
NEXT SPRING DON'T...
THOSE WONDERFUL SWEDDISH...
ORDERS NOW HAVE PRIORITY...
PRIVATE PARTY DESIRES...
DRAG SAW WANTED...
WANTED USED WADE DRAG...
DAMMERS
BE SUCCESSFUL IN GROWING...
DYING & CLEANING
HAVE YOU ANYTHING NEEDS...
ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT
HEALTHY MOTORS NEW USED...
FOR SALE
ONE OF THE MOST PROFITABLE...
FERRIES WANTED IN QUANTITIES...
FARNS FOR SALE
100 ACRES, CLAY LOAM, EIGHTY...
FOOT BALM
BAUMEKA FOOT BALM...
FURS WANTED
RAW FURS WANTED, SHIP YOUR...
POULTRY GRIT
POULTRY GRIT, WHITE LIME...
HAIR GOODS
WHITES HAIR GOODS...
HAIRDRESSING SCHOOL
LEARN HAIRDRESSING THE...
MEDICAL
GOOD RESULTS - EVERY SUP...
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS WANTED
BAND AND ORCHESTRA INSTR...

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

PATENTS
FERTILIZERS...
PHOTOGRAPHY
A MERRY CHRISTMAS...
STAR SNAPSHOT SERVICE...
STAR SNAPSHOT SERVICE...
MAIL YOUR FILMS...
LUMBER WANTED
WANTED TO BUY...
OFFER TO INVENTORS
PERSONAL
RAW FURS WANTED
TAPEWORM
RHEUMATIC PAINS



Christmas Eve, 1943

"This is the night—the night I've always lived for, year in and year out.

"This one is sure different, though. Instead of sleighbells, we've got tank tracks clanking over the rocks. Instead of stockings over the fireplace we've got Army socks strung over the bushes. Instead of a trefle of presents, Jerry loafs over 155's.

"See that star over there? Looks like a Christmas star all right. It's shining down on our house right now, I bet . . . on Dad and Mom and the kids and Mary.

"They'll be singing carols and it'll sound wonderful. And there'll be a big fire in the fireplace and the stuff on the tree will be sparkling like diamonds.

And after a while they'll hang up the stockings. And finally they'll all go to bed and the kids'll dream of Santa Claus all night long, like I used to.

"Merry Christmas, Dad and Mom! Merry Christmas, kid! Merry Christmas, Mary! Don't worry about me. I'm all right. And, if everything goes okay, I'll be home for next Christmas."

Let us not fail the boy who waits tonight on a wind-swept hill. Let us try to match his job with ours. Let us work harder in mine and field and factory. Let us buy more and more Victory Bonds and War Savings Certificates. Let us resolve now to bring him home before another Christmas comes.

THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM

The Chinese Pay Bills At Christmas

Although their usually elaborate holiday feasts are somewhat simpler these days, the Chinese will exchange gifts. In fact, the soldiers therabouts found gift-giving is a national weakness. And every Chinese tries to pay

all his bills at Christmas time, so he may begin the New Year debtless, if possible.

Christmas celebrations are particularly widespread in Chungking, the capital, for General Chiang Kai-shek is a Methodist and a large percentage of the Chinese are Christians.

Soldiers in India will have an English Christmas in semi-civilized surroundings. Most of the Christian population is English and there are Christmas trees, church services, nativity pageants and huge Christmas dinners—just like home.

December is derived from "decem," meaning ten. In the old Roman calendar the year began in March and December was the tenth month.

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