

IT'S A  
**FACT**

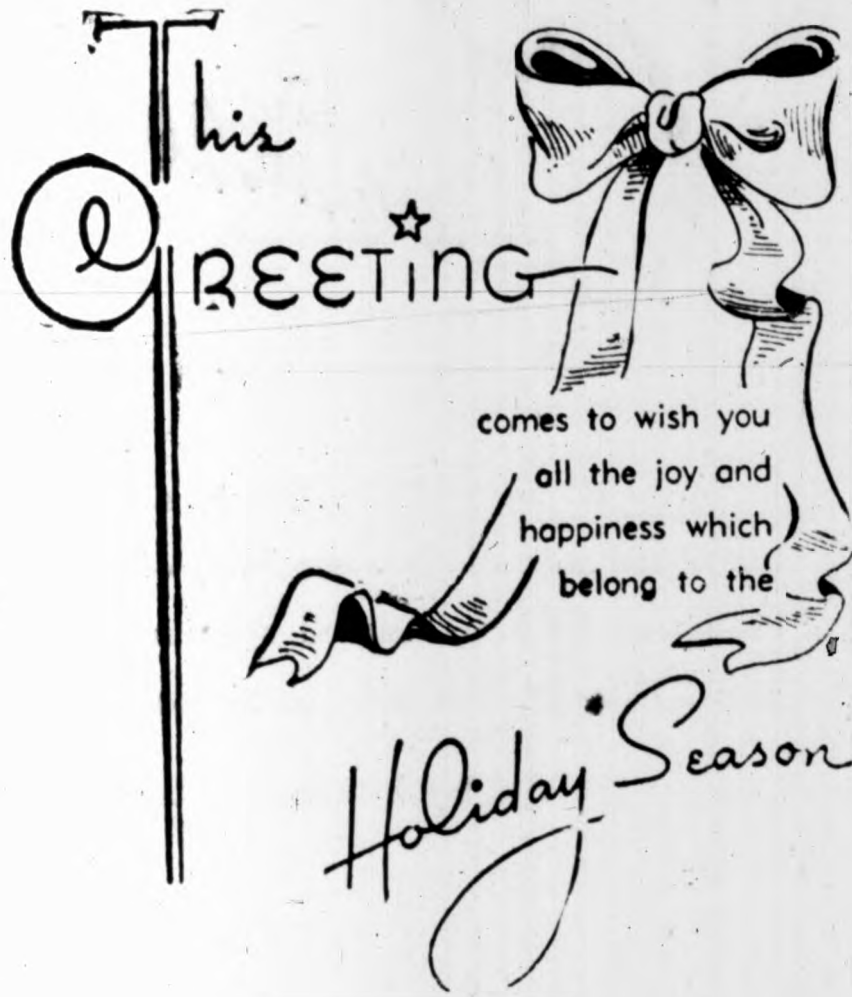


That we wish each and all of our friends and customers the very

**MERRIEST CHRISTMAS**

**SINEATH'S BARBER SHOP**

GEORGE J. SINEATH  
JOANNA, S. C.



—MERRY CHRISTMAS  
—HAPPY NEW YEAR

To Our Employees

...and...

To Everyone Everywhere

**Hallmark  
Manufacturing Corp.**



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Accounts by mail promptly acknowledged.

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& Loan Association**

Telephone 22271

LAURENS' LARGEST SAVINGS INSTITUTION

104 West Main Street

Laurens, S. C.



**THE VILLAGE**



**HAS A HEART**

Dorothy Boys Kilian

THE CLOCK struck nine as Nola hung the last bauble on the fragrant green Christmas tree. Without even stepping back to admire the finished effect she went to the front window and peered out. A cold white moon illumined a cold white earth. She shivered. How lonely she had been in this tiny, quiet village!

When she had written Jim two months before that she was being evicted from their apartment in Chicago he had answered, "I'm hoping against hope to be home from occupation duty in time for Christmas, and I can't think of any place more perfect than Pineville to spend the holidays and my terminal leave. Remember my telling you what happy summers I spent there as a child, and how I'd always wanted to see it in winter? Do investigate this, as a Christmas present for me, Nola darling."

So she had come here and found a house. But somehow she felt that the villagers had ignored her as an outsider.

And now it was Christmas Eve. "He's not going to make it and that's that," Nola thought miserably. She knew that he had landed at San Francisco three days before and had been trying desperately to get a seat on a train or plane.



"It's me, Doc Ryan. We're on your party line you know, and heard the good news. My wife thought I'd better take you over."

The telephone rang. "There's a telegram just come for you, Mrs. West, down here at the drug store. Very important."

"Yes?" Nola breathed. "Chicago, 8 P. M. Am catching train. Get off Shoreham five miles east of Pineville 10 P. M. love Jim." Nola leaned heavily against the wall and stared at the phone.

"Mrs. West, are you there?" Mr. Trotter, the druggist, sounded anxious. "Listen, you go out in the garage and get your car motor to warming up. My wife'll be up there in five minutes to stay with your little boy. Hurry now."

In joyful haste Nola peeked in at Jimmy—"Santa Claus is bringing you your Daddy, honey"—powdered her nose and put on her fur coat and boots.

The garage door stuck in its icy groove although she bent her whole weight against it. Suddenly, out of the darkness, a voice called. "It's me, Doc Ryan. We're on your party line you know, and heard the good news. I'm so used to driving out in all kinds of weather, my wife thought I'd better take you over."

"Dr. Ryan, I didn't realize 'til just now how I dreaded that trip alone."

A train whistle shrilled through the cold thin air as they drove up to the little depot.

"We made it!" Nola cried exultingly. "Come on." She held open the door.

But Doc muttered, "I'll stay here and keep my feet warm."

Now the huge black engine roared past, slowed down and slid to a stop. A coach vestibule door opened, and before the conductor could step down, a khaki-clad figure leaped on to the platform.

"Oh, darling, darling, darling," Nola's heart throbbed as she felt once more the thrilling warmth of Jim's arms around her.

"Nola!" Jim said everything in that word.

A few moments later as they walked to the car a voice boomed from within, "Glad you made it." "Whoever you are—thanks," Jim answered. "It's people like you who made me want Nola to come to Pineville to wait for me."

"Get in and close the door. You're freezing me out." Doc grinned as he raced the motor.

"Christmas Eve," Jim said softly as they squeezed in with Doc. "You beside me, our baby just a few miles away, and a Christmas card place like Pineville to welcome us. Don't you love it there, darling?"

Nola glanced at Doc, thought of Mrs. Trotter and the others. "Yes, Jim, I do," she whispered. "I surely do."

Here Is an  
**OLD TIME**



That you may spend Christmas always

**IN THE GOOD  
OLD-FASHIONED WAY.**

Let us make the Yuletide Season a happy one, a time of reverence and thankfulness, for the many blessings that have been ours to enjoy.

May we insure the future happiness of our community by dedicating ourselves toward helping to preserve the spirit of Christmas throughout every day of the New Year. It is indeed a pleasure to extend the very best of greetings in the true spirit of Christmas.

And to the people of our community: May you and yours enjoy this Christmas day to the fullest . . . and we sincerely hope that your fondest wishes may be realized in the coming year!

MERRY CHISTMAS, HAPPY NEW YEAR TO EVERYONE  
EVERYWHERE, AND ESPECIALLY TO OUR LARGE FAMILY  
OF LOYAL AND APPRECIATED EMPLOYEES.

**Joanna  
Cotton Mills**

Manufacturers of Quality Shade Cloths

JOANNA, S. C.