

In Mexico City there are no flies, insects or mosquitos. Another name for the swastika is fylfot.

With every good wish  
 for a  
**MERRY CHRISTMAS**  
 and  
**HAPPY NEW YEAR**  
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 —and to all of you we extend our wishes for a Merry Christmas — and a year ahead chock full of good health, happiness and prosperity!  
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A LITTLE CHRISTMAS NOTE OF CHEER TO YOU  
 Season's Greetings  
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# Legend of the YULE LOG

In Virginia, the old Dominion, storied land of early American history, there is an old tradition of the origin of the Yule log that is retold every Christmas.

As the family sits around the Yule log and sips their Christmas eggnog on Christmas eve, the ancient legend is recounted again.

One very cold Christmas eve, when the frosty wind howled across a world of snow, an old man was sitting in his little cabin wishing that he had a fire to warm him.

Suddenly he heard the cry of a little child away out in the cold. The old man hobbled to the door and gazed out across the snow. The wind and the snow came rustling in and the old man shivered until his "onliest two tee" chattered with cold.

The plaintive cry of the child came again above the whistle of the wind. It went straight to the old man's heart and he wished with all his power of longing that he might have the strength to go out and find the unfortunate babe.

The cry came a third time — and then a wondrous thing happened. A miraculous power filled the old man's veins. His muscles became strong and tense, his crutch fell back into the cabin and he stepped from his threshold out into the snow.

Hurrying over the snow with a speed he had not owned since boyhood, by and by he came to a little child lying in a snow bank.

He bent down and touched the child and a great new strength flowed over him, a strength which seemed to give him wings as he sped back to his cabin.

Arriving there, he placed the child upon the bed, tenderly drew the ragged coverlet about it and then looked to see if there were a bit of furniture he could use to make a fire with which to warm the little one.

At that precise moment a great log rolled across the threshold and into the fireplace. The little child looked at the log with eyes like stars—stars which sent gleams of light that kindled the log with the most brilliant fire the old man ever had seen.

The dingy little room immediately was filled with radiance and warmth, and as the light enveloped the child he laughed and laughed with a melody like a song from the heart. The old man turned his eyes to where the fire burned and watched the flames leap in beautiful rainbow tints over the log, and as his old eyes watched, the colors seemed to form the shape of the Cross in the fire.

The flames of the Cross leaped higher and higher, blue, red, yellow and white, and as the old man watched this display, suddenly and magically there appeared a table in the center of the room, covered with a Christmas feast such as never before had been spread before his eyes. And never again was the old man hungry or cold, and never after that was there a Christmas in old Virginia without the Yule log and the Christmas Child to give light and warmth.

And that is the story of the Yule log as it is told in Virginia every Christmas eve.

The ideal Christmas tree is the fir, because of its tendency to hold its needles longer.

A final step in trimming the Christmas tree is frosting it with fluffy snow. A simple and popular form of snow is ordinary soap flakes.



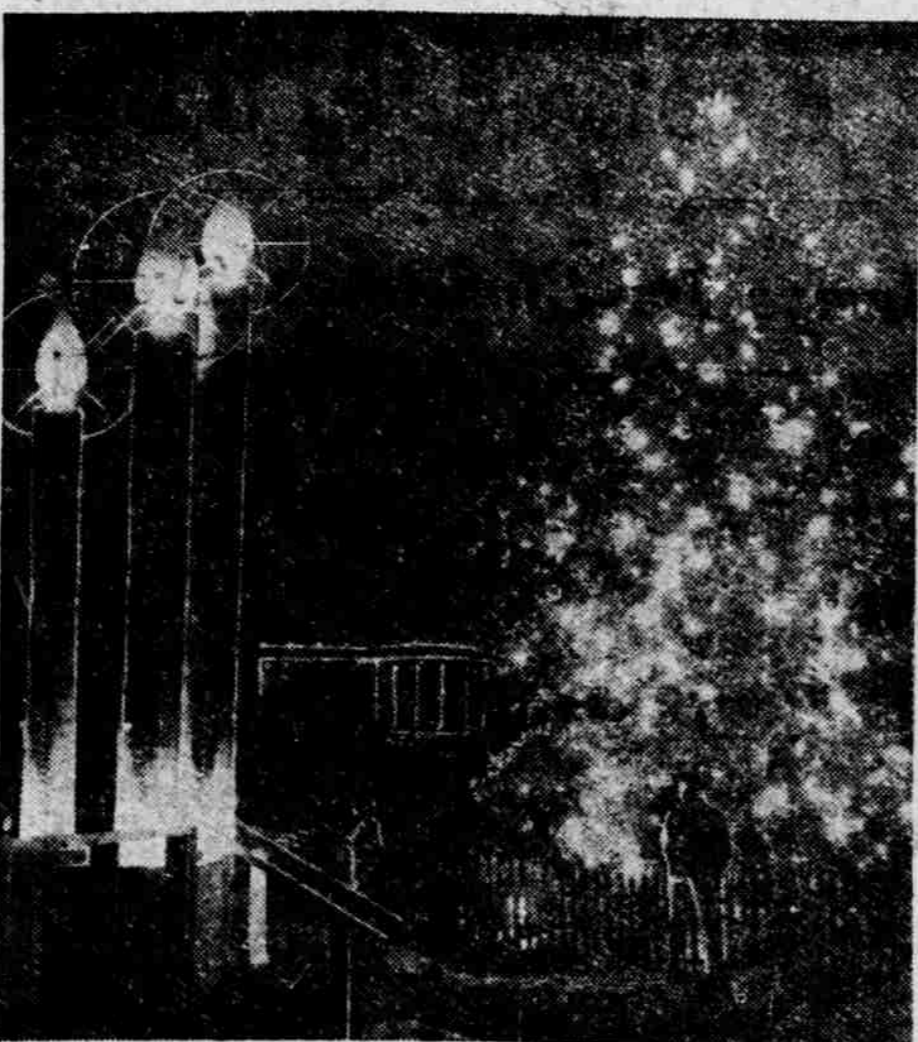
AND I WANT . . . This is a candid camera shot of a little girl being interviewed by a genial Santa on the subject of her desires in the line of Christmas presents. The rapt expression on her face is typical of small girl-and-boyhood when a lovely crisis like this presents itself.

### On Christmas

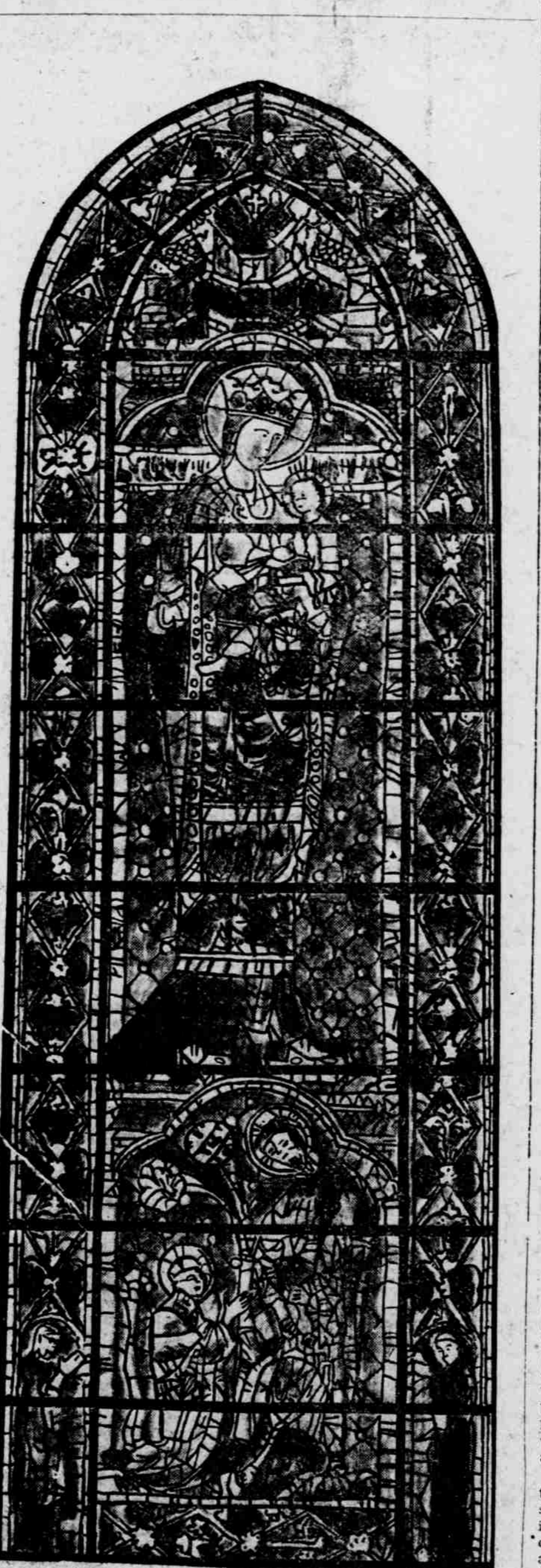
While the litter from Christmas packages is still about, be particularly careful of smoking. Hot ashes dropped on tissue paper or a carelessly-tossed match could result in tragedy.

December 23 was decreed as the date of Christ's nativity by the Roman emperor Julian who began his reign as a Christian, but reverted to paganism before his death.

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PRESIDENTIAL CHRISTMAS TREE . . . This was the annual community Christmas tree in Washington, D. C., as it blazed with light last year. President Truman, at his home in Independence, Mo., pushed a button to turn on this holiday brilliance by remote control. The White House shows dimly in the background, framed by the tree and huge Christmas candles.



Stained glass window from cathedral, Chartres, France.

Joy to the world  
**CONSUMERS PUBLIC POWER DISTRICT**

## New York Claims Santa Claus to Be Its Private Property

While the claim may cause the rest of America to bristle, New Yorkers insist that Santa Claus is peculiarly New York's own. Not only did he land in Manhattan with the Dutch settlers, they point out, but for almost two hundred years he never took his activities or presents out of New York state.

The New Yorkers advance some interesting points to bolster their contentions. They declare that in the genial company of Washington Irving, James Kirke Paulding and Clement Clarke Moore, Santa Claus gradually lost the grim, stern aspect he wore when he arrived with the Dutch settlers to the bulging, benevolent mien he now offers.

It was in New York, too, they assert, that Santa acquired his reindeer sleigh and his habit of arriving on Christmas instead of on the Dutch St. Nicholas eve (December 5). And thus, in his New York panoply, he finally found his way to all parts of the United States, England and even Australia and India.

Indeed, as the New Yorkers will tell you, New York, as New Amsterdam in the beginning, was dedicated to Santa Claus, or St. Nicholas, by its Dutch founders. For Santa Claus—or Sinterklaas, as it is sometimes written in Holland—is of course only the centuries-old pet name which Dutch children gave to their patron and gift bringer, the good Bishop St. Nicholas. And it is said that the ship which brought the first Dutch children to Manhattan island bore his face as figurehead.

From the first, too, his special day of December 6, was set aside with Christmas, New Year's, Easter and Whitsuntide, as one of the five chief holidays of the new colony, just as it had been in Holland.

So, year after year, as regularly as St. Nicholas eve came around in New Amsterdam, in Breuckelen (Brooklyn), in Fort Orange (Albany) and many other hamlets above the icy Hudson, the children in every good Dutch family gathered in expectant circle. For week before-hand they had learned their lessons and helped with the milking and churning in an agony of good behavior. And now, all ready, they sang their song to Santa Claus.

In the midst of the song would come a knocking at the door and in would stride Santa Claus, himself—not round and jolly, but solemn and majestic in trailing robes. In one hand he might have a basket of presents or a purse, but in the other was sure to be a birch rod—an awful warning to a naughty boy.

Santa questioned each child in turn about his behavior in the year just past and gave him a pat of approval or a warning shake of the head, as the record indicated. Then, bidding them all look for presents in the morning, the good saint suddenly flung a handful of lollipops into the room and, in the ensuing scramble, vanished into the night. Then the children set out their sabots, or later the great blue yarn stockings made for the purpose.

However he did it—and the tale varies in many lands—Santa Claus got about, for in the morning over the hearth steaming with waffles and sausages and other good Dutch fare, were the blue stockings bulging with apples, balls, dolls and tops.

## Away in a Manger

The Stable of Bethlehem did not in any way resemble the airy porticos—complete with plaster of paris animals and adoring shepherds—so dear to the heart of modern Christendom.

With comfort increasing throughout the western world, the poverty of the Nativity scene simultaneously startles and fascinates us—as perhaps Matthew, the publican, was impressed by the story of the Wise Men; and St. Luke, who had been a ship's doctor and probably knew very little about shepherds, was charmed by the shepherds abiding in the field.

There was no room in the inn that night, so Jesus was born in a stable; a place of shelter hewn into a rocky ledge of the Judean countryside. It was cold and dark and damp, and Judean travelers—frequently "put up" in such caves—welcomed rather than disdained joint tenancy with beasts because the breath of the cattle and the heat of their bodies provided a little warmth, while the guests inside the inn had no heat at all.

The cave, which was the birthplace of the Saviour, is now a grotto beneath the Church of the Nativity; and though fascinated by the simplicity of the original Nativity scene, Christianity has been unwilling to maintain its poverty and has covered the entire surface with costly ornamentation.

Stadium was originally a Greek measure of length, approximately 600 feet.

**Kids Get Break**  
 ST. PAUL, Minn. (U.P.)—Parents refused to register their children at Prosperity Heights grade school as the city's school year opened. They said the school was a fire hazard, a rat trap and a disgrace.

Norwegian miles are seven times as long as the American mile.

**Judge Stops Music**  
 BOSTON (U.P.)—David Caplan can practice the piano to his heart's content—but not after 6 p. m. That curfew hour was established by a district court judge after neighbors complained that Caplan's piano was producing music 16 hours a day.

St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome is the largest in the world.

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Merry Christmas  
 May the Christmas bells play their sweetest music to bring you full happiness at Christmas  
**Wm. Kief & Son**  
 Building Contractors  
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MY MOTHER KNOWS A MAGIC SONG  
 SHE SAYS IT KEEPS OUR BANKROLL STRONG  
 SHE'S SINGING IT THE WHOLE DAY LONG  
 IT PAYS TO DEAL AT Dalton's

"Happy Christmas to all and to all a Good Night!"  
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