



# The Centre Democrat

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## CHRISTMAS GREETINGS to all OUR FRIENDS

### 'Praise the Boys-- And Pass 'Em What They're Wishin'

If you were spending Christmas at camp . . . you'd know what a package from home means.

It doesn't matter how expensive the gift inside is . . . it's the name on the outside that matters. And, when your service man gets a gift he really can use . . . the chances are that man-filled barracks will melt away and in memory he'll be back home, brimming over with all the wordless sentiment of his boyhood Christmasses.

There are many gifts you can send a fighting hero . . . the main thing is to send them . . . and to make sure he receives them in time for Christmas.

Uncle Sam will do all he can to make this a truly Merry Yule for his nephews no matter what branch of the service they're in . . . but it's up to the folks back home to help them enjoy it.

Let's make sure there'll be no forgotten men wherever the Stars and Stripes fly. Mail your Christmas gifts to service men now for a truly Merry Christmas.

If you are one of the many who don't know what to give them . . . well just take a tip from Uncle Sam and Santa Claus — one of the best of partnerships — and give something useful that will bring repeated joy long after the Christmas season is over.

When it comes to our boys in uniform . . . you can rely on the stores in Bellefonte to show you the kind of gifts they can really use.

This particular Christmas Time is a sort of "Do You Remember" Time.

Do you remember, John, how happy you were when you found that shiny new ship under the Christmas tree?

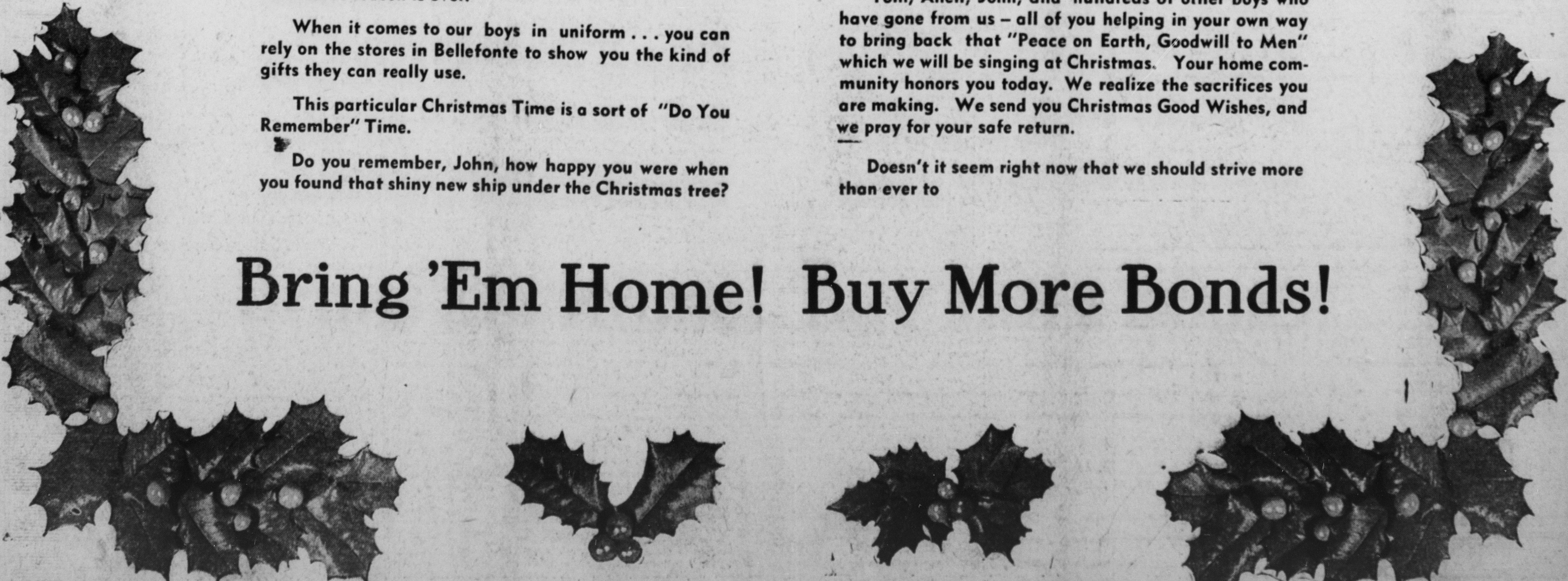
You had such fun with it, and then one day it slipped its moorings, and was carried down stream and over the dam. You have that ship now, John, a grim, grey destroyer, dedicated to the protection of little boys with toy ships the world around.

You, too, Allen. Do you remember the year you wanted a soldier suit so badly? We told you Santa Claus didn't have any soldier suits, but you were a grown-up young man of ten, and too old for all this Santa Claus business so you were sure you would get the suit some time. And you did. There is a picture of you, tall and proud, in a new soldier uniform, on the living room table. This time you are wearing the uniform of the best army in the world — the Army of the United States.

No need to ask you, Tom, if you remember the Christmas you got your first gun. Your mother was opposed to little boys having real guns, but your Dad said you were a big boy, and it was time you learned how to handle a gun. It was only a 22, Tommy, but to you the gun was the most beautiful gun in the whole world. You did learn to shoot and shoot well. It is not a 22 you are shooting now. Bombardiers in Boeing bombers don't shoot 22 rifles, do they Tom?

Tom, Allen, John, and hundreds of other boys who have gone from us — all of you helping in your own way to bring back that "Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men" which we will be singing at Christmas. Your home community honors you today. We realize the sacrifices you are making. We send you Christmas Good Wishes, and we pray for your safe return.

Doesn't it seem right now that we should strive more than ever to



## Bring 'Em Home! Buy More Bonds!