

And it came to pass in those days, there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.

(And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.)

And all went to be taxed, everyone into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Gallilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David;)

To be taxed with Mary, his espoused wife, being great with child.

And, so it was, that while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her first born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the Inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

And lo, the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

And the Angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the City of David, a Saviour, Which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

—From the Gospel According to St. Luke.

He Aims To Be In Charge

Offhand belief is that never has the election of a President been held in so much uncertainty for so long by so many followers of the rough and tumble art of partisan politics.

However, we would presume the electors chosen by the people followed tradition and elected Senator Kennedy on Monday, since the Illinois reversal of the verdict was impossible of accomplishment and since Southern electors, by and large, are going to go with the people in their respective states.

In terms of the popular vote it is a razor-thin plurality that Kennedy has amassed. In electoral preference, he's in good shape. As a matter of fact, however, it isn't set up to that a person must have any specified number of popular votes, only a majority of the electoral votes. So Kennedy will be just as much President, as if he had run up a

Roosevelian lead, and we think he takes it that way, since we haven't known a President-elect getting down to the business of taking over the big job so quickly and with such thoroughness.

The appointments he has made to the cabinet have met with general approval, the quality of the men he has tagged cannot be brought into question. But there is evidence that the new Executive is of a notion to be in charge of his administration and will not transfer complete responsibility in important aspects of Government as President Eisenhower has been wont to do, particularly as regards the State department.

In other words, the Kennedy appointees will not, by and large, be calculated to outshine their boss. Jack Kennedy will take his job seriously, and if we don't miss our guess, there will never be any doubt about who's the main man.

Name The Best Man

To recognize the talents of a man because he belongs to a particular race or group, is just about the same as denying a man his rightful place in the American system.

At any rate that's what the Franklin press thinks, in referring to some of the appointments of Senator Kennedy.

The Press adds: Now there's talk that we must, by all means, have at least one Jew in the cabinet, and one labor leader, and one Negro.

Nonsense! It would be just as reasonable to argue that we must have at least one Moslem, and one representative of the latest school of bridge playing, and one man with blue eyes.

The Far Horizon Auto

(The Charlotte Observer)

The National Academy of Sciences in Washington is predicting (hoping?) that the electric automobile is on its way back to popularity. A report released last week by NAS contends that electrically-powered autos would ease the strain on America's dwindling petroleum reserves, would reduce the smoke menace, and might even cut the cost of electricity in the long run. These autos, they say, could be driven on batteries and plugged into electrical outlets for recharging when not in use.

We can see it now . . . service stations replacing gas pumps with banks of electrical outlets (AC or DC, sir?) power companies sinking millions into advertising campaigns ("Only the water from clear, clean mountain streams used to produce the finest kilowatts of the mar-

ket"), and state and federal legislation getting into the act when dwindling gasoline tax receipts bring forth a crisis in road-building programs. ("No electrification without taxation, Suhs!") . . .

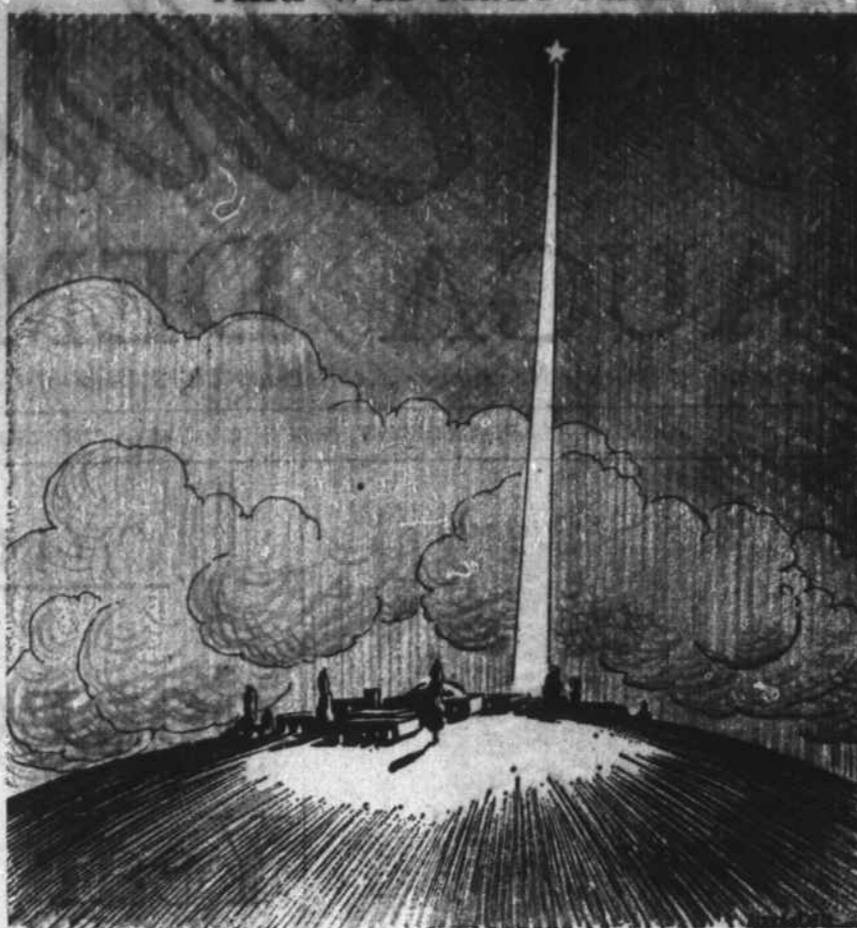
And finally, the scene shifts to the Happy Dwelling of the Average Suburbanite, complete with Mom, Dad and Junior.

Junior: "Dad, can I use the car tonight?" . . . Dad: "No. You forgot to plug it in after you used it last night."

Mom: "Yes, he did—I unplugged it early this morning so I could give the station wagon a quick charge before the Junior League meeting." . . . Junior: "Chee whiz, pop, why can't we have two outlets like everybody else on the street?"

See the problems you can get into?

'And Was Made Man'



SOME LOCAL HISTORICAL SKETCHES

From Early Democrat Files

Sixty Years Ago

December 20, 1900

After all, New York is a temperance town. The Prohibition ticket received 640 votes there. No one dreamed that there would be so many.

Linney Greene of Meat Camp entered school here on Tuesday of last week. Glad to have him back.

Owing to the protracted cool, windy weather the roads are getting almost as good as those of summer.

As is always our custom, we will not issue any paper next week, but, nothing to prevent, it will be out on time January 3, 1901.

Miss Mary Lillington Hardin, who is in Grensboro at school, is expected home this week. She will remain at home during the holidays.

days.

Some Tennessee drovers passed through town on last Saturday with 73 head of horses and mules bound for the southern markets.

Miss Maggie Lovill left Tuesday for Mooresville to spend the holidays with friends and relatives at that place. She was accompanied as far as Lenoir by Mr. J. D. Council.

Friend Harrison Penley, who has just returned from Skagit City, Wash., was in to see us last week. He says he left a good country in many respects, but proposes to make old Watauga his future home.

The Queen didn't want a thing but money and she told her Lords and Gentlemen that in the briefest possible message.

Thirty-Nine Years Ago

December 22, 1921

Mr. M. B. Blackburn left for Hickory Monday where he will remain for a few weeks under the treatment of his brother, Dr. T. C. Blackburn of that city. His health has been rather poor for some time and it was deemed best for him to leave business cares behind for a while. Here's hoping that the disease, whatever it may be, will readily yield to the skill of the physician, and that ere long Manley Blackburn, one of our most valued citizens, may return to his home and business entirely restored to his former good health.

There will be a Christmas tree at the Baptist Church in Boone next Saturday night, given for the Sunday School pupils of that church. By the way the Sunday School there is possibly more largely attended than any one in the mountains, the actual attendance running as high as 225 in the fall.

Mrs. Dr. Little, who has spent the summer at her home in Boone left last Thursday for Salisbury, where she will remain during the winter with her son, Mr. Roscoe Little, a large property owner residing near that city. The Little home here is being occupied by Mr. O. L. Hardin and family.

Married last Friday at the home of the bride's parents in Johnson City, Tenn., Mr. Ralph Winkler of Boone to Miss Effie Vance, the young couple coming to Boone on the evening train, and will make their future home here. The groom is the junior member of the Highway Motor Co., a good business man, and his bride is one of Johnson City's attractive daughters. The Democrat, with best wishes, extends to the happy couple hearty congratulations.

Fifteen Years Ago

December 27, 1945

Gene Wike, recently placed on inactive duty by the Navy, and formerly connected with Appalachian State Teachers College, will become public relations director for the division of game and inland fisheries on January 1, Commissioner John D. Findlay announces.

Mr. Richard A. Olsen, who until recently was executive secretary of the local ration board, and who has been in the employ of the D&P Pipe Works for some time, has been given full management of the local smoking pipe business, Mr. D. P. Lavietes, president of the organization, has announced, Mr. Lavietes, in relinquishing active management of his local enterprise, states he will now attend to sales, and re-establish his residence in New York City.

While many people frown on the use of Xmas for Christmas, this abbreviation has an authentic basis in history. The X is the first letter of the Greek word for Christ. Christian scholars of the middle ages, are said in their writings to have abbreviated the spelling of the Nativity celebration into X-mas or simply Xmas. In the same way Xn was used for Christian and Xty for Christianity. In the catacombs of Rome, X is frequently found to stand for Christ. Early Christian artists, when making a representation of the Trinity, would place a cross or an X beside the Father and the Holy Ghost.

America's great master of tank warfare, General George S. Patton, Jr., died peacefully in his sleep today of a blood clot which developed gangrene in his lungs and weakened his warrior heart.

KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

Christmas . . . Some Reflections

Christmas brings happiness and joy in a troubled world, maybe enhances the miseries of those who haven't had it good, has a tendency to re-kindle the Christian faith, and one is apt to lean back sleepily when there's fire on the hearth and recall Christmases of other days along the Street.

When M. B. Blackburn, M. P. Critcher, R. M. Greene and D. Jones Cottrell did most of the merchandising, and when of course we knew more about the Blackburn store, on account of its being right near our home. . . . And we kept an especial eye open at Christmas time when the lumbering wagons and the straining teams would haul in the great packing cases from the railheads, and there would be toys, and books, sometimes, and a good many things we didn't see at other seasons.

And oranges, and occasionally bananas would arrive for the holidays and Mr. Blackburn would worry a bit lest he would be unable to keep the fruit from freezing until it had been disposed of. . . . And there was the striped stick candy which would find its way into the ribbed cotton stockings hung by the chimney, and the raisins, filled with seeds and delivered by the vendor right on the stem, and some figs, and gumdrops and chewing gum.

And once in a long while there'd be a home Christmas tree. Usually the stockings sufficed, along with some red paper bells which might be hung around the place. But there was always a big public tree at the courthouse, and maybe that had to do with the trees not being used so much around the home.

And those frigid mornings, when the house let in a good deal of cold, and one would snatch his Christmas stocking and take it to bed with him, happier than a prince, and grateful that there was a Santa Claus, in spite of what some folks said.

And the Christmas mornings of unrestrained contentment, and the good smell from the kitchen where the turkey was roasting, and the carrying of green logs to add fuel to the hungry flames in the fireplace.

And the sleds and the coasting when there was snow, and the shooting of firecrackers and of firearms during the early morning hours, after one got big enough.

And the men of the community, some of them, gathering in small groups at somebody's barn, and coming out wiping at mustaches with red bandanas, and seeming uncommon happy. . . . We thought at the time it was just good fellowship, but in later years came to believe that it was the boring day of the cocktail party.

And the church services, and Rev. Mr. Hargett or Rev. Mr. Brendall reading St. Luke's account of the birth of our blessed Lord, and preaching some, and Mrs. Minnie Winkler playing the organ and the rest, both young and old, doing their best at singing.

And our good colored friends who'd gather wishing us a Merry Christmas, and visit while we got the gifts.

And rabbit hunting maybe in the afternoon for the older generation and bellyaches for the children, and a refreshing calm in the evening hours.

And we recall the quietude, broken occasionally by a hoof-beat on the rocky street, and the good neighbors, and the visitations, and the merry greetings.

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And Now . . . Some Things Unchanged

And while we are looking back, we might mention that a close-up look through the lower part of our bifocals, show a lot of good things lasted right on through without change.

There are still the good friends. . . . There is still a sprinkling of stinkers just like there used to be.

The general store is gone, unwanted oranges and bananas are in most households, the public Christmas tree is a memory, a blazing fire is a luxury reserved for the holidays, we've quit firing the musket, but the kitchen still smells the same, and there is still the gaiety at the Christmas feast.

And there are no barns for the men folks to gather in, the jug's been moved inside.

And this corner looks back on a lot of happy days, and of good friendship along the street. . . . To those with whom we've mixed and mingled, and who've been good to us, we are most grateful. . . . and for everyone we crave happiness and well-being on this festive occasion.

Uncle Pinkney

HIS PALAVARIN'S

Christmas is about to get here again and the fellers at the country store Saturday night was having their annual discussion about peace on earth and good will toward men.

First off, it was agreed that the peace we got is pritty shaky but it was better'n none and that this Christmas we better be mighty thankful fer what we got. Of course, the fellers all admitted that ole Khrushchev was slow but sure worrying us to death. On the other hand, even Bug Hookum, that laments about everthing, said it was better to depart this earth worrying and painless than to git hit with a atom bomb.

Clem Webster sorter put a sour note to the session by claiming that it didn't take near as long to worry us to death as it used to. He allowed as how us Americans can't take it like we could 30 years ago, that we're getting softer ever year. I'd have to vote with Clem on this item. There was a time, Mister Editor, when you could say the average American was a pritty solid citizen. But he's been pushed around so much with the New Deal, the Old Deal, the Queer Deal, taxation, red tape, Government forms, rules and regulations that he's getting a heap of give in him, ain't near as solid as he used to be.

But, anyhow, we got peace on earth at this Christmas time and

it was agreed by all that everybody ought to say a prayer of thanks fer it on Christmas Day. On the topic of good will, the fellers was a little bit divided. Zeke Grubb, fer instant, allowed as how good will ought to start out with your neighbors and spread from there. He said some of his neighbors had the meanest young'uns ever sprung into this world. They was so mean, allowed Zeke, that he was thinking about fencing in his pigs to keep 'em from mixing with the little hellions, said they set a bad example fer his pigs. But maybe after Zeke gits his pigs fenced in and his neighbors kids fenced out the good will bug will hit him a little harder. It was agreed that special at Christmas time everybody ought to fergit old grudges and start over, with good will toward men.

In spite of the mess the world's in, all of us ought to try and make this a happy Christmas. I can recollect them war years when our loved ones was fighting far from home and fireside and how we wished they was at home fer Christmas. Now that we've got 'em here fer this Christmas, let's try to make it one to remember fer years to come, regardless of what comes with them years. MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Yours truly,
UNCLE PINK