

Merry Christmas

from

THE WAYNESVILLE MOUNTAINEER

Published In The County Seat of Haywood County At The Eastern Entrance of The Great Smoky Mountains National Park

FIFTY-SECOND YEAR NO. 51

WAYNESVILLE, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1936

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE IN COUNTY

News Events of World-Wide Interest ---Briefly Told---

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, JR. IMPROVING AFTER ILLNESS

Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., was reported last week as almost well enough to travel from a Boston hospital to the White House, where the President is planning to give a party on December the 26th, for him and his fiancee, Ethel du Pont. The young Roosevelt has been critically ill of a throat infection, which followed sinus trouble. A new drug prontylin, which combats streptococcus infection in the blood stream, was used with great success, reports his doctor.

BUYS SEAT ON STOCK EXCHANGE

In 1927 James A. McAlvanah, of Plainfield, N. J., started life as a page boy in the New York Stock Exchange. Two years later he became a broker's telephone clerk. Last week at 25, he bought his own seat on the exchange.

BRITAIN GETTING BACK TO NORMAL

After the "constitutional crisis," which ended in Edward's abdication, Britain settled down to a week of "building" of the personality of the less colorful new king; of the dissension over the moral issue raised by Edward's love affair with Mrs. Simpson, of intimations that there was more than met the eye in the Simpson affair to explain the former king's hastily arranged abdication. George VI put in a busy week on his new job.

Mid-Night Mass Will Be Held At St. John's Church

Plans are ready for the annual Christmas midnight mass at St. John's Catholic church. The mass will begin at 12:01 A. M. Christmas morning, December 25. The newly decorated church will be trimmed in special made wreaths and holly, and hemlock, and will be entirely lighted with candles. The altar will be decorated with pure white linen, valuable gold lace, pure bees-wax candles, and poinsettias, and red carnations will furnish the floral decoration. Altar boys with red cassocks and lace surplices will serve the mass.

A new crib of large statues is being erected and decorated with special star lights. The grounds and trees of the church property will be lighted with pretty lights.

A special musical program under the direction of Mr. Evander Preston and members of the local Choral Club will sing the traditional Christmas carols.

1. Draw Nigh Emmanuel!—XII Cent. Mozarabic Breviary, Choral Club.
2. Adeste Fideles—Traditional Choral Club.
3. Gloria in Excelsis—XII Mass by Mozart, Evander Preston.
4. Offertory: O Little Town of Bethlehem—Solo.
5. Hark the Herald Angels Sing—Choral Club.

Worth: St. Basil's Hymnal—Solo, Evander Preston.
7. Recessional: O Come All Ye Faithful—Choral Club and congregation.

Official National Vote Count Given

In case you are interested, the official vote of the presidential election has at last been announced, with the following results:

Roosevelt 27,752,309
Landon 16,682,524
Others 1,379,565
Roosevelt's plurality 11,069,785

Today's Market

The following cash prices were being paid Wednesday by the Farmers Federation here:

Chickens, heavy weight hens 10c
Chickens, fryers 10c
Eggs, dozen 33c
Corn, bushel 80c
Wheat, bushel \$1.00

Babson's 1937 Business Forecast Will Appear Next Week

The Mountaineer Will Carry Forecast Of Noted Statistician, In Next Issue



Will Washington Step on the Gas or Jam on the Brakes? What's ahead for Stocks? Bonds? How About Unemployment? War or Peace? Roger W. Babson will answer these and 50 other leading questions in the Mountaineer Thursday, December 31.

Roger W. Babson will answer these fifty other leading questions in the Mountaineer Thursday, December 31.

American business has no more inspiring personality than Roger W. Babson, internationally-known business analyst and successful investment advisor. An outstanding feature of his philosophy has been his life-long insistence on the importance of spiritual assets. As tribute to his great contribution to the "religion in business" he is today Moderator of the Congregational Churches of America.

Raised in an old-fashioned atmosphere of hard work and hustle on a farm in Gloucester, Roger W. Babson went to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Upon graduating in 1898, he turned instinctively to business and the protection of investments, health, and property.

His exertions, however, brought upon him one of the worst of maladies, tuberculosis. On the advice of his doctors, he and his young wife started for the West. "As good as dead!" said his friends, and they never expected to see him again—but he came back!

It was while he was convalescing in New England that he worked out some of the possibilities and problems of business statistics. It was during this period that the Babson Statistical Organization, with twelve clients, was born and carried on in a little cottage in Wellesley Hills.

That was nearly thirty-five years ago. Today his weekly statistical and financial reports are read by thousands of business men every Monday morning and his research work is carried on by a staff of hundreds of workers. His outstanding achievement in the forecasting field was his uncanny calling of the turn in 1929.

As an outlet for his restless energy, Mr. Babson has founded Babson Institute in Babson Park and Webster College in Boston and Babson Park, Florida—now nationally-known institutions. Here serious-minded young men and women may specialize more on the fundamentals and less on the frills of business.

To millions of newspaper readers, Mr. Babson is best known by his familiar weekly stories on business. A prolific writer, he is the author of his own "Five Foot Shelf." Of unbounded energy, Roger W. Babson has probably done more than any other living man to make statistics a live issue in business, to instill in business men a broader vision, and to publicize the causes and effects of the business cycle.

J. C. Messer, 80, Passes At Home On Cove Creek

J. C. Messer, 80, of Cove Creek, was buried last Thursday afternoon at the Davis cemetery at Cove Creek.

Funeral services were conducted by the Rev. P. C. Hicks and Rev. L. F. Clark, of Canton.

Mr. Messer passed away early Wednesday morning from heart trouble. He was a farmer, and also a retired preacher. He was able to work up until a few hours before his death.

He is survived by his widow and eight children: Glenn and Woodrow, of Cove Creek, Johnson, of Greenville, S. C., Mrs. W. C. Sutton, Mrs. Randolph Davis, of Cove Creek, and Mrs. Emma Wright and Mrs. Frankie McIntyre, of Waynesville, and Mrs. John Ellison, of Pacolet, S. C.

Mr. James Coman, who is with the State Highway Commission and is now located at Winston-Salem, will join Mrs. Coman this week at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis Coman, for a several days visit.

A Search for Holly That Might Have Ended in a Raid

By HILDA WAY GWYN

The holly trees on either side of my front walk have never been so brilliant with berries. One rarely sees holly so laden with fruit. They have, for some days, reminded me of an incident connected with a search for Christmas holly that ended on the Balsam Road.

Back in the days before one stepped on the gas as a means of travel, when the faithful horse was hitched up and by various methods was urged along until one's destination was finally reached, two little girls decided to go into the woods and get some holly. It was just four days until Christmas. The girls were cousins, one eight and one seven, the last one visiting in the home of the eight-year-old.

They were so wrapped in the excitement of coming events that perhaps they were more adventurous than usual. They were granted permission to have one of the horses hitched to the buggy and drive to grandmother's two miles in the country. The mother of the eight year old did not expect them to go beyond grandmother's.

After making the rounds of the tenant houses on grandmother's place, asking for directions as to where they could find holly, they were much disappointed to find none grew there. However they were undaunted and the eight year old, said, "Billy, let's get some holly if we have to drive all the way to Balsam." And they did.

The girls stopped at each house visible from the road asking where they could find holly. At the first place they were told that they might find some on "that air sharp ridge right back of the old Brendle place." At the Brendle place they were informed that a "fire in the spring had nigh burned ever livin' thing off the ridge." But they were told that they might find some at the "Meadows," a mile away.

It was while he was convalescing in New England that he worked out some of the possibilities and problems of business statistics. It was during this period that the Babson Statistical Organization, with twelve clients, was born and carried on in a little cottage in Wellesley Hills.

That was nearly thirty-five years ago. Today his weekly statistical and financial reports are read by thousands of business men every Monday morning and his research work is carried on by a staff of hundreds of workers. His outstanding achievement in the forecasting field was his uncanny calling of the turn in 1929.

As an outlet for his restless energy, Mr. Babson has founded Babson Institute in Babson Park and Webster College in Boston and Babson Park, Florida—now nationally-known institutions. Here serious-minded young men and women may specialize more on the fundamentals and less on the frills of business.

To millions of newspaper readers, Mr. Babson is best known by his familiar weekly stories on business. A prolific writer, he is the author of his own "Five Foot Shelf." Of unbounded energy, Roger W. Babson has probably done more than any other living man to make statistics a live issue in business, to instill in business men a broader vision, and to publicize the causes and effects of the business cycle.

While they were talking at the Brendle's, an old man came around from the back of the house, and asked who was with the children, and when he found they were alone he said, "Wat, I know a place whar that's some holly that ud make yo'uns the prettiest flower pot, yo'uns ever seed, but you younguns couldn't go there this time o' day by yourselves. Hits offin the old place."

The girls spoke up, "You mean that old lady who makes willow baskets and has those tall trees in her yard? We know where that is, we went up there once on a picnic."

"Yep, that's the place. Abody has ter drive through Granny McClure's corn field—they ain't no road. But if yeoller a plum clear path after yo'uns strike the brush and jest keep a goin yo'uns ul, in time come to the hollie patch. Hits nigh on to four miles from here," the old man added, shaking his head.

They thanked him, but drove on stopping at the "Meadows," but no holly grew there. Still on they drove, inquiring at each place, and after each failure the thoughts of each would fly to the brush back of Granny McClure's. Neither mentioned that, for they would not have admitted even to each other that they would consider such a thing, as going so far but each cherished the hope. The winter sun was fast receding in the Western horizon. It was bitter cold. The wind cut like a knife. The houses became more scarce. Fewer people were seen. But on they drove.

After miles and miles, it seemed to them, but in reality only six they spied two tall poplars, bare of leaves, and with branches so erect that they gave the impression of being tied to the trunks of the trees. In their hearts the children were not surprised, for they had been headed for Granny McClure's ever since they left the old Brendle place. But they both exclaimed, "Oh, look, we've come to Granny McClure's. Would you believe that we had come so far?"

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a rock. But the old horse seemed pretty expert at picking his way over roadless paths. Before they realized it they were in the midst of the loveliest holly they had ever seen.

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a rock. But the old horse seemed pretty expert at picking his way over roadless paths. Before they realized it they were in the midst of the loveliest holly they had ever seen.

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a rock. But the old horse seemed pretty expert at picking his way over roadless paths. Before they realized it they were in the midst of the loveliest holly they had ever seen.

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a rock. But the old horse seemed pretty expert at picking his way over roadless paths. Before they realized it they were in the midst of the loveliest holly they had ever seen.

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a rock. But the old horse seemed pretty expert at picking his way over roadless paths. Before they realized it they were in the midst of the loveliest holly they had ever seen.

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a rock. But the old horse seemed pretty expert at picking his way over roadless paths. Before they realized it they were in the midst of the loveliest holly they had ever seen.

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a rock. But the old horse seemed pretty expert at picking his way over roadless paths. Before they realized it they were in the midst of the loveliest holly they had ever seen.

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a rock. But the old horse seemed pretty expert at picking his way over roadless paths. Before they realized it they were in the midst of the loveliest holly they had ever seen.

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a rock. But the old horse seemed pretty expert at picking his way over roadless paths. Before they realized it they were in the midst of the loveliest holly they had ever seen.

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a rock. But the old horse seemed pretty expert at picking his way over roadless paths. Before they realized it they were in the midst of the loveliest holly they had ever seen.

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a rock. But the old horse seemed pretty expert at picking his way over roadless paths. Before they realized it they were in the midst of the loveliest holly they had ever seen.

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a rock. But the old horse seemed pretty expert at picking his way over roadless paths. Before they realized it they were in the midst of the loveliest holly they had ever seen.

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a rock. But the old horse seemed pretty expert at picking his way over roadless paths. Before they realized it they were in the midst of the loveliest holly they had ever seen.

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a rock. But the old horse seemed pretty expert at picking his way over roadless paths. Before they realized it they were in the midst of the loveliest holly they had ever seen.

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a rock. But the old horse seemed pretty expert at picking his way over roadless paths. Before they realized it they were in the midst of the loveliest holly they had ever seen.

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a rock. But the old horse seemed pretty expert at picking his way over roadless paths. Before they realized it they were in the midst of the loveliest holly they had ever seen.

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a rock. But the old horse seemed pretty expert at picking his way over roadless paths. Before they realized it they were in the midst of the loveliest holly they had ever seen.

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a rock. But the old horse seemed pretty expert at picking his way over roadless paths. Before they realized it they were in the midst of the loveliest holly they had ever seen.

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a rock. But the old horse seemed pretty expert at picking his way over roadless paths. Before they realized it they were in the midst of the loveliest holly they had ever seen.

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a rock. But the old horse seemed pretty expert at picking his way over roadless paths. Before they realized it they were in the midst of the loveliest holly they had ever seen.

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a rock. But the old horse seemed pretty expert at picking his way over roadless paths. Before they realized it they were in the midst of the loveliest holly they had ever seen.

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a rock. But the old horse seemed pretty expert at picking his way over roadless paths. Before they realized it they were in the midst of the loveliest holly they had ever seen.

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a rock. But the old horse seemed pretty expert at picking his way over roadless paths. Before they realized it they were in the midst of the loveliest holly they had ever seen.

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a rock. But the old horse seemed pretty expert at picking his way over roadless paths. Before they realized it they were in the midst of the loveliest holly they had ever seen.

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a rock. But the old horse seemed pretty expert at picking his way over roadless paths. Before they realized it they were in the midst of the loveliest holly they had ever seen.

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a rock. But the old horse seemed pretty expert at picking his way over roadless paths. Before they realized it they were in the midst of the loveliest holly they had ever seen.

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a rock. But the old horse seemed pretty expert at picking his way over roadless paths. Before they realized it they were in the midst of the loveliest holly they had ever seen.

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a rock. But the old horse seemed pretty expert at picking his way over roadless paths. Before they realized it they were in the midst of the loveliest holly they had ever seen.

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a rock. But the old horse seemed pretty expert at picking his way over roadless paths. Before they realized it they were in the midst of the loveliest holly they had ever seen.

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a rock. But the old horse seemed pretty expert at picking his way over roadless paths. Before they realized it they were in the midst of the loveliest holly they had ever seen.

They followed the old man's advice, but made rather slow progress over the corn field, which was frozen as hard as a