

Blessed be the Lord, that hath given unto His people Israel, according to all that he promised; there hath not failed one word of all his good promise, which he promised by the hand of Moses his servant.—I Kings 8:56.

United Fund Goes Over Top

The success of the United Fund, in passing the quota by \$650 is indeed gratifying. The result was made possible by many, many hours of hard work, carefully planned by a large group of people, who contacted an equally generous group.

This is the second year of the United Fund here, and for the second time the quota has been reached.

Canton also went over the top in their quota by an approximate similar amount, as the organization here.

The results speak well for both areas, and puts Haywood in that group of areas of the two Carolinas which "went over the top."

How About Something For The Birds?

With all the scientific research about us, we wish someone would hurry up with a formula which would keep starlings in their places. We might as well add noisy sparrows, too, as we go along.

We note the city officials of Hendersonville are having more than their share of troubles with the birds in the Main Street trees, and as yet, all effort to curb the birds' activities have been for naught.

For many years the larger cities have been plagued with pigeons, and without any apparent success.

Everytime the subject is mentioned, someone comes up with the age-old suggestion of shooting the noisy chirpers, but that is not the ideal solution. It is not a matter of eradicating the birds, it is just a question of keeping them in their places.

Spelling Again

Are our young people learning to spell as well as their parents?

That is a question that can be debated at the drop of the hat, with people ready to take both sides.

After reading of the recent spelling match held at Bethel, we are beginning to wonder if there are not some of the young people who can out-spell even the best of the old-timers, but needless to say, those good spellers are the exception rather than the rule.

Right along the same line of thought, the Raleigh News and Observer in a recent editorial, had the following to say which is interesting.

A man energetically engaged in selling a new spelling book says that studies a few years ago showed that spelling was the only subject in which today's students were not doing better than their parents had done. Of course, he suggests that now all that will be changed by his new speller.

For a long time now there has been a lot of talk about the young folks not being able to spell. And, according to such talk, in the old days people really could spell, and perfectly. Maybe that was so in the spelling matches in which apparently the old folks spent much time when they were young. But anybody who has spent any time in archives where old letters and similar writings are collected to help historians, must come to the conclusion that letters in the good old days were never written by the people who so greatly excelled in spelling matches.

It may be that much needs to be done to improve the spelling of the young people today. Perhaps this publisher has exactly the book to do the job. But the written evidence that comes down to us indicates not only that many of the folks in the good old days couldn't spell, also some charity is required to describe their scrawling as writing.

VIEWS OF OTHER EDITORS

Here's A Way To Help You Stop Smoking

Everytime we sit down and light a cigarette these days, either for pleasure or from habit, we think about all the dire threats and wonder if we should really stop smoking. After all, no less an authority than Mark Twain said it was very easy to stop smoking—he had done it hundreds of times.

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Editorial Page of the Mountaineer

God has been pleased to prescribe limits to His own power, and to work His ends within these limits.—Paley.

Shooting Fireworks Still Violation Of Law

Some years ago, the General Assembly of North Carolina saw fit to pass a law prohibiting the sale or shooting of firecrackers in the state. Prior to the state law, there was such a law covering Haywood county.

The Haywood law was prompted by an explosion, and death of one or two in Asheville one Christmas, followed by some Haywood children being burned with firecrackers.

The law has not been repealed. However, like so many laws, it has frequently been violated. At the holiday season the violations have become more frequent, and firecrackers have already been exploding in many sections of the county.

The episode down in Fines Creek Wednesday night, which was a narrow escape for five teen-agers, as a shotgun was fired into their truck, after a farmer had become annoyed by too many firecrackers being shot in front of his house. The investigating officers say they are positive none of the five teen-agers in the truck had any firecrackers. Two other boys, pedestrians, confessed to shooting the fireworks, and also claimed, along with others, that some firecrackers were tossed from a car traveling up and down the highway.

It is indeed fortunate that no one was seriously injured in the incident. And it can be described as a "close call" for the young men who were just riding by enroute home, as the officers explained.

From what we can learn from officers, a campaign will be waged to "crack down" on those who violate the fireworks law.

The officers are sworn to uphold the enforcement of the law, and the law says no fireworks shall be shot. So the pattern for the future is very clear.

A Living Thing

We hear much of racial discords and injustices. We should hear more of the opportunities this country offers to people of diverse colors, creeds, and nationalities.

The other day a Hindu, born in India, was elected to Congress. One may approve or disapprove of his particular partisan allegiance and his views on government. But what the Chinese World, published in San Francisco, said of this occurrence is of much greater importance: "In the United States any loyal citizen who devotes himself to public service has an equal chance with other Americans to attain public office." It added that the new Congressman is making a trip to India "... to inform the people of Asia that in America democracy is a living, active thing, and not just a theoretical device to serve propaganda purposes."

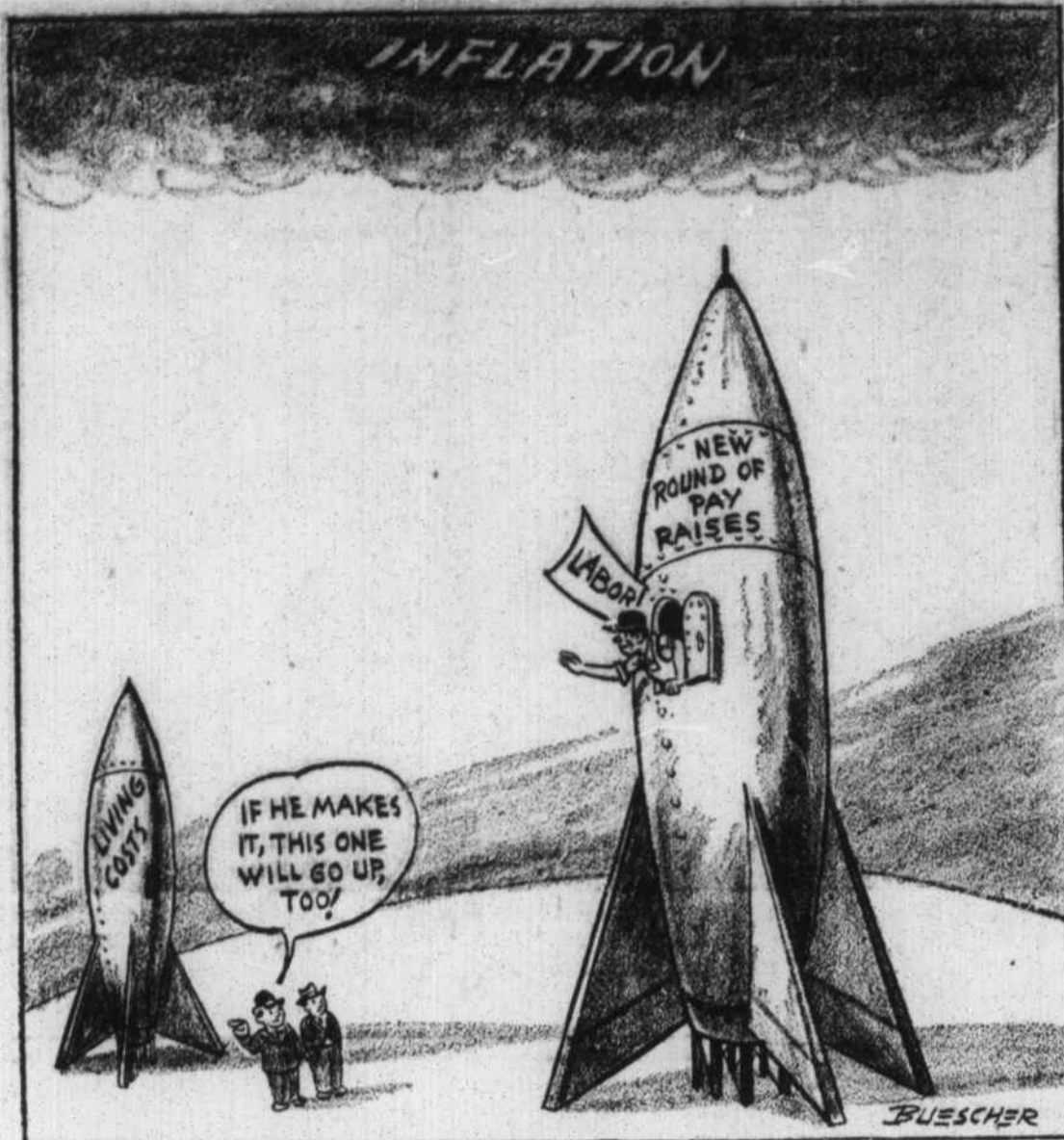
Paid For At Last

The Brooklyn bridge is reported to have been sold many times by sharers to the unwarv. Possibly the city would have been glad to have conveyed title to any of them, for only now, after 70 years, the city has the bridge paid for. Incidentally, the city paid twice in interest the original price of the bridge.

Maybe this experience is worth something to communities and individuals. Obligations are easily incurred these days, and sometimes we fail to take the interest into account.—The Register-News, Madrid, Iowa.

It is easy to tell a well informed man when you hear him talk — his views are the same as yours.

SHOOTING FOR ALTITUDE?



My Favorite Stories

By CARL GOERCH

E. W. Snipes of Edenton sent us this experience in the form of a letter, which we reproduce here-with:

Back in the early days of telegraphy, a telegraph office was established in the old Cobb-Guirkin Bank Building in Elizabeth City, which was subsequently used as a law office by Federal Judge I. M. Meekins.

A young man named John D. Sykes served as operator and bank messenger. Mr. Sykes made a hobby of plating old copper pennies and other things. He had a plating machine and could make a copper penny look like real gold.

"Aunt Mary" Thorington lived at the home of Mr. Sykes. She had a regular mania for gold-nutting and one of the theories in which she absolutely believed was that if a person dreamed that gold was buried in a certain place, it was bound to be true. She did quiet a lot of digging, but without success. Despite this fact, she continued in her belief and would not be shaken from it.

Mr. Sykes decided that he would break Aunt Mary of this troublesome and unprofitable hobby. He took himself out to the Baptist Church burial ground and, with the aid of a spade, took up the grass in squares, prepared a small tunnel and proceeded to bury a Virginia Cherokee box full of coins. By means of a piece of rubber and string, a person secreted in the distant bushes could pull the string and cause the box to disappear within the tunnel. By releasing the string, the box would reappear. (This was made possible by the use of the rubber in connection with the string.)

Having made all of these preparations, Mr. Sykes went home that evening and informed Aunt Mary that he had dreamed three nights running of gold being buried in a certain spot in the Baptist graveyard. He told her that he was going to dig for it that very night, and she immediately begged him to let her go along. Mr. Sykes, with pretended reluctance, finally gave his permission.

At about eleven o'clock that night, Mr. Sykes and Aunt Mary set out. They had with them a spade, a lantern and the Holy Bible. Mr. Sykes' brother-in-law, Victor Jenkins, had been told to be on the scene so he could operate the string. He had concealed himself in the bushes by the time the treasure-hunters arrived. Judge J. Bushrod Leib, a most venerable and lovable Christian gentleman, weighing about 280 pounds, was also in on the plot, and I'll tell you about him in just a moment.

Mr. Sykes proceeded to dig for the treasure. It did not require long to locate it, and, upon beholding the glittering contents, Aunt Mary dropped to her knees and made a grab for it. The box slipped out of her grasp and disappeared into the tunnel. Motioning Mr. Sykes to remain silent, she began reading from the Bible, and as she read, the treasure box slowly reappeared.

Now we come to Judge Leigh. He had been persuaded to act the part of the "ghost." He had wrapped himself within a sheet and made a fairly presentable

ghost, though a rather large one. He also carried some trace chains in his hands. Rising slowly from behind a nearby tombstone, the Judge called out: "Whoooooo's after my money! Whoooooo's after my money!" at the same time rattling the chains in a manner calculated to make one's hair stand on end.

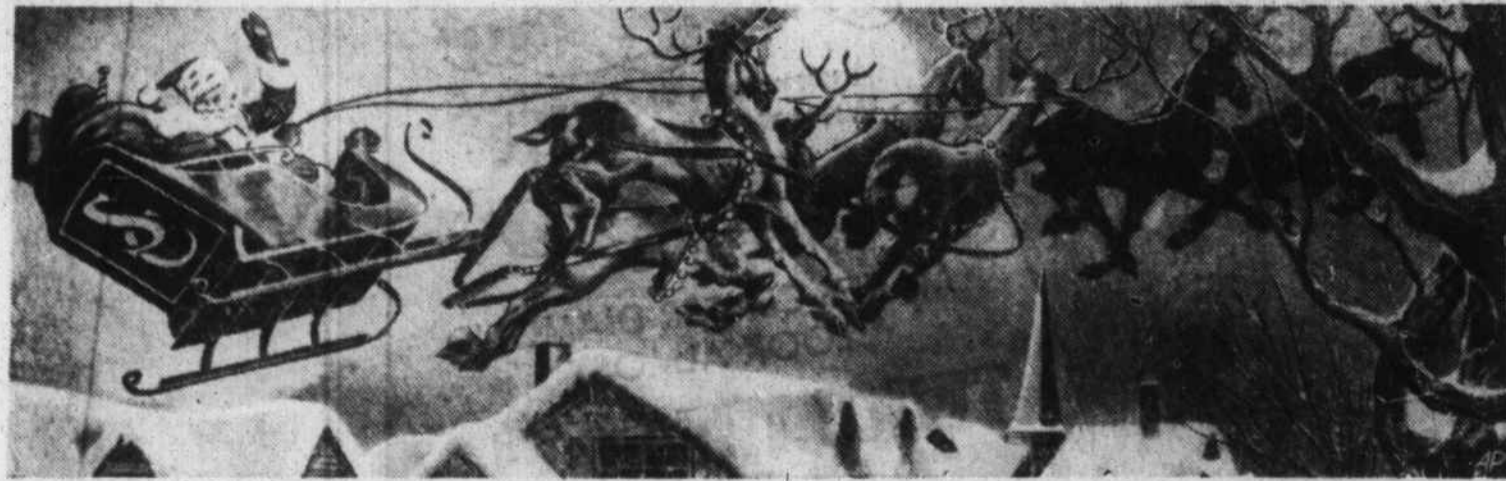
Mr. Sykes let out a pretended yell of horror. Aunt Mary took one look at the approaching ghost and dropped her Bible. Gathering up her dress and petticoat with both hands, she was really streamlined for action. She cleared the churchyard fence fully twenty feet ahead of Mr. Sykes, who ran only a short distance and then, seeing that Aunt Mary wasn't paying any attention to him, proceeded to collapse with laughter. The old woman, despite her 60 years, never stopped until she was safely at home. Mr. Sykes bought her a bolt of pretty dress-goods the next day as a peace offering but, after she learned the truth about the affair, it was a long time before he got into her good graces again.

BANG-UP SPEECH

A noted politician was taken aback when he received the following invitation from a citizen of his district: "We should like very much to have you make the principal address at our local Fourth of July celebration. The program will include a talk by the mayor, a recitation of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address by the president of our high school's senior class, your speech, and then the flag squad."

The invitation was declined with thanks.—Catholic Digest

Jolly St. Nick And Flying Reindeer Were Unknown Until Famous Poem Written In 1823



By SYD KRONISH

AP Newsfeatures

A flowing white beard, twinkling eyes, cherry red nose and a round belly like a bowlful of jelly.

This right jolly old elf, of course, is our beloved Santa Claus. Almost any kid today could tell you that.

But, a little over a century ago, children went to bed on Christmas Eve without visions of sugar plums dancing in their heads or thoughts of eight tiny reindeer pulling a miniature sleigh full of toys.

The reason? Nobody could agree as to exactly what St. Nick looked like. That is, until Dr. Clement Clarke Moore, a professor at Columbia University in New York, wrote his now famous poem that starts: "Twas the Night Before Christmas..."

Up to that time St. Nicholas was anything a parent might wish to impose on his child—a figure tall or short; fat or thin, happy or stern.

But Dr. Moore changed all that with his portrait in words entitled "A Visit From Saint Nicholas."
Written for Own Children
He wrote it on Christmas Eve, 1822, for his own children. And it might have sunk into obscurity had not Harriet Butler heard it read at the Moore home. She was the daughter of the rector of St. Paul's Church in Troy, N. Y.

Rambling 'Round

By Frances Gilbert Frazier

There was no doubt about it, Santa Claus was getting pretty tired; "plumb wore down" was the way he expressed it. And he sighed wearily when he realized that there were still seven more working days before he could return to the North Pole, house the reindeer, take off his boots, and call it a season. He had reached the stage where the selection of gifts had become a chore instead of a pleasure. (How well we gift-givers know!) He looked over his list and gave an explosive "phew!" when he saw how many names were not yet checked off as being accounted for. Over and over he ran through his itemized record of gifts on hand and then shook his head in despair.

Mrs. Santa Claus, noticing her husband's worried expression, asked: "What's the matter, honey?" Santa sent a loving glance in his wife's direction as he replied: "I'm in a pickle of a mess. I have hundreds of ladies yet to supply and I've run out of ideas. Have you any suggestions?"

Mrs. Santa studied the query with furrowed brow then she looked up at her husband and smiled broadly. "Have you your list of what they gave each other last year?" Santa nodded his head vigorously. "Then," Mrs. Santa continued, "reverse the list and let them get back their gifts of last Christmas." Santa hugged his wife in great relief and murmured softly: "And it will serve 'em right."

Those halos you see floating around are on the heads of the small fry for the next week.

To our way of thinking, the promotion idea of extending 100-vacation trips to our up-north and out-west neighbors is one of the best advertising projects that has been brought before the traveling public. The report on last year's experiment, was warmly endorsed by George Vogel, an executive of ETHOS, a public relations agency in New York. And Mr. Vogel certainly is in a position to appreciate the value of good advertising.

When one is planning a vacation, he is usually confronted with so many attractive folders, brochures and inviting pictures that he is confused and a bit awed by the alluring prospects laid before him. But with the Western North Carolina vacation itinerary all mapped out with individual destination and personal attention, the vacation idea assumes far greater attractiveness. The vacationer may have started out with the notion that he would like some fishing in Wisconsin or tall mountain climbing in Maine. Lo and behold! he is handed an opportunity to indulge and enjoy both in the mountains of Western North Carolina.

What could be finer than a vacation in North Carolina?

Faith is a lever that will lift the heaviest burden.

Looking Back Over The Years

Frank Hunt, II.

Miss Robina Miller goes to Griffin, Ga. to spend Christmas with her sister, Mrs. George A. Niles.

Mrs. Andrew Moore gives scholarships of \$200 to Crossnore School in memory of her son.

20 YEARS AGO

J. J. Ferguson is named assistant tax collector, succeeding Andy Grady Noland, who resigned.

Dwight Beaty, student at Western Carolina College, arrives to spend holidays.

5 YEARS AGO

Fifty Haywood boys and girls are employed by the county unit of the National Youth Administration, according to Mrs. James R. Boyd, Jr., supervisor.

Haywood voters favor school bond program 2562 to 1609.

W. A. Bradley is elected chairman of the hospital board.

Miss Mary Anne Turner is chosen chief marshal for the fall commencement, to be held at Brevard College.

Cpl. Roger C. Woodard leaves Santa Anna, Calif. for Korea.

10 YEARS AGO

R. C. Francis is elected chairman of the 1947 AAA group.

Bernard Ferguson is district winner of the Tobacco Crops Project Contest.

Mary Mock is married to Albert

Florence Ann Bowles celebrates her birthday with a party in the American Legion Hall.

She asked permission to read it to the children of her father's parish. She also sent the poem, minus the author's name, to the editor of the Troy, N. Y., Sentinel. It appeared there for the first time on Dec. 23, 1823.

The editor, Orville Holley, wrote: "We do not know to whom we are indebted for the following description of that unwearied patron of children, that homely but delightful personification of parental kindness—Santa Claus, his costume and his equipage, as he goes about visiting the firesides of his happy land, laden with Christmas bounties, but from whomsoever it may have come, we give thanks for it."

Pictures Came Later

It didn't appear with the author's name attached until 1837 when it came out in a book entitled "The New York Book of Poetry."

In 1830 the Sentinel employed a wood engraver named Myron King to draw the first picture of Santa to go with their annual poem.

Cartoonist Thomas Nast's version of the red garbed, pipe smoking Santa first appeared in 1869.

From this beginning the Santa Claus we know today has spread all over the world. The poem has been translated into dozens of languages—creating everywhere the same picture of joy and generosity, the same feeling of unbounded goodwill represented in its final words: "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night."