

How can ye believe, which receive honor one of another, and seek not the hour that cometh from God only?—St. John 5:44.

He is not man on whom perfections wait, That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate. —Shakespeare.

The Christmas Story

(Luke 2:1-16)

And it came to pass in those days that 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, every one into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, 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.

And it came to pass, as the angels were going away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

I Heard The Bells

I heard the bells on Christmas Day Their old familiar carols play, And wild and sweet the words repeat Of peace on earth, good-will to men. And in despair I bowed my head: "There is no peace on earth," I said: "For hate is strong, and mocks the song Of peace on earth, good-will to men." Then pealed the bells more loud and deep: "God is not dead, nor doth He sleep: The wrong shall fall, the right prevail, With peace on earth, good-will to men." Till, ringing, sleeping, on its way, The world revolved from night to day, A voice, a chime, a chant sublime, Of peace on earth, good-will to men. —Longfellow.

"Something's gotta give." The world is standing on Uncle Sam's shoulders, he's standing on the American taxpayer's shoulders and the American taxpayer is standing on the ragged edge.—Jackson (Miss.) State Times.

VIEW OF OTHER EDITORS

Spirit Of Christmas Is Old, Yet Ever New And Full Of Love And Meaning For Believers In Christ

Millions of words and reams of copy paper will be used within the next few days as writers endeavor to inject new life and new meaning into the Christmas Story. Yet it is safe to say that none of the Christmas editorials, no matter how painstakingly they may be written, will leave the writers with that satisfied feeling of a task well done.

The truth of the matter is that Christmas, or the true spirit of Christmas is a subject of such

The Good Men Do

There are many things on the international scene this Christmas that point to un-Christianlike activities, and horrors such as atomic and hydrogen bombs. There is unrest in many sectors of the world, and fear prevails, as some trigger-happy and greedy men in powerful places look down on a world that wants to live in peace.

People around the world will offer prayers for peace this Christmas, as unrest grows, and tension increases in the face of the international crisis. Man has increased his destructive power to an unbelievable degree during the two thousand years since the birth of Christ.

And while man is building greater bombs, other men are spending their time developing means of prolonging and saving lives, through medical research. Great strides have been made in recent years and months in finding means of partial control of cancer, polio and other diseases which are taking hundreds of lives each year.

Our hopes, prayers and efforts should be that what the good men do will outweigh the other.

Christmas Greetings

The season has arrived when custom ordains that we shall wish our friends a "Merry Christmas." But in view of the awful peril that confronts our nation today, we may ask ourselves the poignant question: "Can we properly and sincerely extend that greeting?" Can we assume that for a few days our friends can dismiss from their minds the fears that weigh them down and abandon themselves to carefree gaiety?

We believe that even today, in spite of our travail, we can and should wish our friends a Merry Christmas, but that in doing so we should place a different — and probably the true, interpretation on the words.

In truth, the Christmas season is not a time for unseemly hilarity, giddy goings-on and excesses of one kind and another. It is a time for us to meditate upon the sublime truth that God gave His only son to redeem a sinful world. The Bible tells us that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not die but have everlasting life."

That assurance, yes, that promise, far antedates the rise of communism and will endure to cheer and sustain men when that scourge of mankind is but an ugly memory. It is in the light of that deathless promise that we believe we can extend to our many friends sincere Christmas greetings, bidding them to be of good cheer and unafraid.

It has been said that "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform" and it may be that our present tribulations have been brought upon us at this season to discover to us the majestic power and the prodigious grace of our Redeemer. It is in this spirit—the spirit of gratitude, helpfulness and courage—that we who produce this newspaper extend greetings to our friends everywhere. We appreciate more than we can say the continued patronage, friendship and goodwill of these people whom we serve and during the coming year—come what hardships and woes that may—we shall continue our efforts to serve them with fidelity, understanding and zeal.

magnitude and majesty as to defy man's efforts at defining it in words. One would have to weave a word picture of the Divine Plan resulting in the birth of Christ in a manner at Bethlehem. The picture would also reflect the influence of Christianity upon countless millions of persons who have embraced its tenets, as well as the blessings that have necessarily come to even the unbelievers.

Sentiment, although often stressed in maudlin fashion, has a definite part in the true meaning of Christmas. How else can we explain the joy of bestowing gifts, the happier dispositions of those with whom we come in contact than that all of us have to some extent been touched and blessed by the influence of the Christ Child?

Perhaps the nearest approach to the real spirit of Christmas may be found in the attitude of children who have never lost faith in Santa Claus. To these children, undaunted by the fears of their elders, belongs the priceless boon of anticipation, of knowing that because Christ was born two thousand years ago they will receive and enjoy the blessings of the season.

Yet the spirit of Christmas may be enjoyed by the old as well as the young. The old only need to recapture again the simple faith in God and the love of their fellowmen that is a requisite to the only peace and happiness that has the virtue of permanence. This faith and love is easy to acquire; the way is so simple that we overlook it while seeking more involved methods.

Our sincere wish is that all may seek a broader meaning of Christmas this year. In such seeking we will absorb and retain a peace and satisfaction that will stand us in good stead in all the days to come.—Ex.

... Unto Us A Child Is Born

The Boy Jesus - Perplexing The Priests

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is one of a series of studies of the birth and times of Christ. It deals with the Holy Family—and the growing up of the boy Jesus. By GEORGE CORNELL. AP Newsfeatures

A child is an enigma. He is a private place, like a never-travelled road whose course ahead is unknown.

Into the household of Mary and Joseph came such a charge—a robust, little Son—to open the sealed pages of a life.

Its beginning was marked by striking omens.

But Mary and Joseph were unassuming country folk, and in that manner, they reared the Boy, giving a plain, small-town upbringing to the Youngster who later would be called:

"The Light of the world... the Bread of Life... The Alpha and the Omega... The Beginning and the End... That Which is and was, Which was and is to Come."

He did not have a select—or even safe—introduction to this earthly existence. He first drew breath in a crib of hay. Herod wanted Him killed. But He had the staunch, undaunted care of Mary and Joseph.

They nurtured Him in affection, courage against danger, discipline and hard manual work.

It was an amazing thing at His birth when the shepherds came with their breath-taking account of a heavenly celebration. Almost overwhelming, Mary didn't even speak of it afterward, but pondered it in her heart.

Certainly, it didn't ease their responsibilities.

They lacked means to give the Child any social advantages. Joseph was a worker with wood. And laboring men earned only about a drachma (20 cents) a day. But they gave full devotion to the Lad of Whom it would be said:

"In Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."

He grew up in a tiny village, Nazareth, with its dirt streets and mud-brick houses, where ox-drawn carts lumbered into town with melons and lentils, where herds of goats grazed on the hillside.

The circumcision of the Child at eight days old denoted in Jewish law, the cutting off of fleshly sin. He shared the ordinary obeisance of others:

"He... Who did no sin... made Himself of no reputation and took upon Him the form of a servant... He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death."

There were simple joys and good things in the Child's home village. Youngsters played in the fields of fox-eat wheat and romped in the orchards, while their mothers shook down olives with wads.

When they took the Boy to Jerusalem to dedicate Him to the Lord at 40 days old, they had only the sacrifice of the poor to give and Joseph paid the five-shekel temple tax for a first-born—\$3.60 to redeem Him. Who would be called:

"The Lord of Glory... the only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth... In Whom also we have obtained an inheritance head bodily..."



STORY OF THE BIRTH A personality study by Guy Rowe

But there remained the workaday duties of providing for Him, the hours at the loom and millstone, the leeks, mustard, citrons and pears to gather and preserve, the water to be carried from the one well in Nazareth.

The family settled in this sleepy town to stay when the Child was about 1. He had been several months old when the Eastern wise men came with their gifts and homage to Bethlehem. Afterward, came the brief stay in Egypt to avoid the knives of Herod's soldiers. Now, Herod was dead.

The Child grew and waxed strong. He was a perceptive Boy. His keen interests sometimes puzzling Mary and Joseph, but He was likeable, and found favor with people, long before it was said that through this Boy:

"God... made known unto us the mystery of His will."

The Boy was nourished in scripture. The young of all devout families were taken regularly to the synagogue for "hearing of the law." They memorized the words, studied with them inscribed on leather bands about their head and arms.

The Boy also learned carpentry, like Joseph. It was a trade of sweat and calluses, of the bearing rhythm of the adz, the fine eye of measuring line and rod, the stroke of saw and bikhhammer, the cut of wedge and chisel.

There was abundant fishing in the lakes of Galilee, an hour's walk away, and the Boy was free to grow in the clear outdoors, to stroll the vineyards and groves of cedar, to learn to make a burro's pack, this Lad of Whom it would be said:

"He was in the world and the world was made by Him... In Him dwelleth all the fullness of the God-head bodily..."

Not until He was 12 did He accompany His family on the yearly trip to Jerusalem for the Passover feast, and there He saw the great temple. More than 5,000 priests served it in bi-monthly rotation.

There, in the city, was the turmoil of cluttered cultures, the traffic in slaves, with their felt caps and aprons, the Roman soldiers in laced boots, the beggars and out-cast sick, the chariot races, the pipers to snakes, the shaven men and ornamented togas.

Starting back to Nazareth, Joseph and Mary missed the Boy. For three harassed days they searched, finally finding Him in the temple in a discussion with scholars, staggering them with His deft questions.

"Never spake a man like this man," many would say of Him later.

But then, His worried mother had rushed to Him, "Son, why hast Thou thus dealt with us? Thy father and I sought Thee sorrowing." He said: "Knew ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

It perplexed them, They could not fathom His meaning. But He was an obedient Boy, and returned home.

So the Boy was molded into Manhood in the wide spaces of Galilee, there in those calm, fertile valleys, 600 feet below sea level, with the feeding flocks, the wild gazelle on a distant hill and the lilies on the marsh.

This was the stage from which stepped forth this observant, sturdy Youth of Whom these words resounded:

"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son so that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Rambling 'Round

By Frances Gilbert Frazier



Merry Christmas

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A SANTA CLAUS



easy for Santa Claus.

Sgt. Robert Chapman, patient at Percy Jones Hospital in Battle Creek, Mich., arrives to spend a 30-day furlough with his wife and three children.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Ray

entertain at a dinner honoring the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Clauson, who are here from St. Petersburg for the holidays.

Frances Leatherwood arrives from Woman's College for the holidays.

Looking Back Over The Years

20 YEARS AGO

Joseph E. Johnson and William Medford establish new law firm.

About 300 people gather at the Park Theatre for the first community sing.

Miss Gussie Martin arrives to spend Christmas with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Martin.

Mary Penland McCracken, student at Mars Hill College, is spending the holidays at home.

10 YEARS AGO

Joe Jack Atkins has party at Waynesville Kindergarten.

Miss Patsy Gwyn, a member of the faculty of St. Catherine's School, Richmond, Va., arrived to spend the holidays.

Baptist Young People will be honored at Christmas banquet.

Mrs. Elaine Gill assumes duties on the staff of the County Health Department.

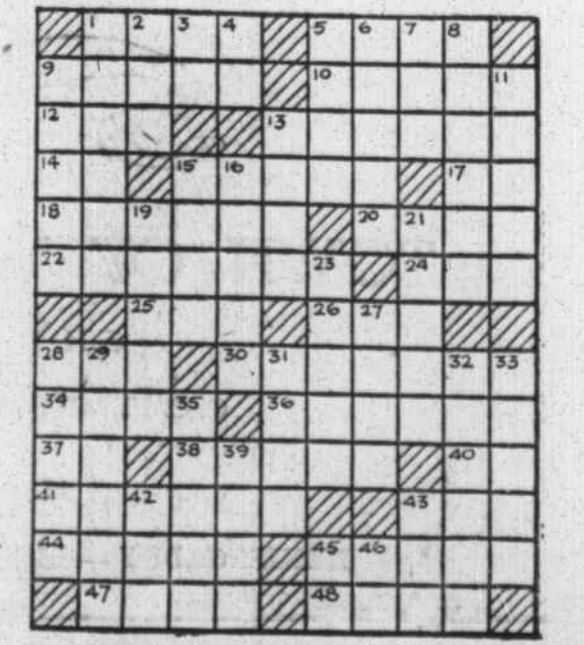
Mr. and Mrs. John Blalock go to Fayetteville to spend Christmas with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Kanon.

5 YEARS AGO

Sleet storm makes traveling

CROSSWORD

- ACROSS 1. Head cook 5. Fellow 9. Beach 10. Firm 12. Striking success 13. Dawn (Class. Myth.) 14. All correct (abbr.) 15. Minister's house 17. Land-measure 18. To have recourse for use 20. Location 22. Cleared the bottom of 24. God of pleasure (Egypt.) 25. Sign of the zodiac 26. Property (L.) 28. Indian of a Mayan tribe (Mex.) 30. A gymnasium apparatus 34. Macaws (Braz.) 36. Unrolled 37. Music note 38. American Indian's tent 40. Nickel (sym.) 41. Rub gently 43. Humor 44. Hoist 45. Incites 47. Hastened



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