

## Christmas In The Rockies

By Katherine Edelman



CHRISTMAS in the Rockies! I felt thrilled, excited, as our train wound its way in and out through the mountains, thundering through the crisp, pine-scented air. Now, we were climbing an almost precipitous grade, now, slowing down for a dangerous curve, while every little while as a stretching plain was reached, the steady hand upon the throttle sent the long line of cars speeding like an arrow through the bright December sunshine.



We were on our way to spend Christmas with Uncle Jerry and Aunt Emma. They had sent a hearty invitation for us to come out, and now we were almost there. I held my breath at the slower beauty of the scene that stretched before our eyes. Mountain peaks that seemed to touch the sky, canyons dropping thousands of feet, lakes covered by glistening thicknesses of ice, vivid green pines, looking like giant Christmas trees, I had never seen, never even visualized anything so beautiful.

A loud whistle from the big whistle, a slow screeching and grinding of brakes, and our train came to a stop. Uncle Jerry, rosy and smiling stoutly waiting upon the platform, giving Aunt Emma, Helen and myself a true western welcome.

"Aunt Emma is all excited about your coming," he beamed. A short drive through a wonderland of beauty, and the big sprawling ranch house came in sight. Aunt Emma stood in the doorway, and a cowboy, who was grooming a pony, looked curiously at us. I wanted to look around before going indoors, but tantalizing odors from the kitchen made me suddenly realize how hungry I was.

All was bustle and excitement, hurry and preparation. Even the horses and ponies in the corral seemed excited, as if they sensed something in the air. The afternoon and evening went by on wings.

Christmas morning dawned upon a world that looked even lovelier than it had yesterday. A million jewels hung on bush and tree, a sky of turquoise stretched itself across the snow-covered mountains and valleys.

Inside the ranch house a fire of crackling logs threw its ruddy glow over the living room. The dining table was spread with tempting foods. Breakfast of home-made ham and sausage, fluffy flapjacks and syrup, steaming hot coffee with thick cream.

Then a short drive to the little church, an inspiring talk by the pastor, and the strains of the old and beautiful Christmas hymns; neighbors and friends stopping Uncle Jerry and Aunt Emma to wish them "Merry Christmas."

Back again through the clear, frosty air, and later the big Christmas dinner. Golden-brown turkey and dressing on a big blue platter, a huge mound of snowy potatoes, native vegetables and relishes, tempting pieces of mince and pumpkin pie. And best of all, an appetite that only the mountains can give.

A hundred things to see during the afternoon, the horses and ponies, the ranch equipment, the silver fox farm that Uncle Jerry had just started, and a special show the cowboys put on for our benefit.

Food again in the evening, and after a happy time around the fire. The cowboys standing around the piano, where Helen played the old Christmas carols, their lusty voices joining in the beautiful words. I thought of the beautiful setting outside as they sang:

Silent Night, Holy Night!  
All is calm, all is bright,  
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child,  
Holy Infant so tender and mild,  
Sleep in heavenly peace!

I stood outside for a few minutes as they went on to the next lines. A new moon was sending its silvery light down upon the world, a million stars added their smaller gleams. Around me I felt the faint, mysterious noises of night in the open places, the stirring of unseen, unknown things. My lips and heart joined in the words that floated out from the warm, lamp-lit room.

Silent Night, Holy Night!  
Shepherds quake at the sight!  
Glories stream from heaven afar,  
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia,  
Christ the Saviour is born!

I have spent many a happy and memorable Christmas, but never one as wonderful, as unforgettable, as this Christmas spent in the Rockies.

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Christmas Twenty Days  
In Norway the Christmas celebration continues for 20 days.

## Government Asserts Weather Is Improving

Washington—Rain barrels of it has made 1935 a better weather year than 1934.

At least, there's the weatherman's view of the city dwellers' discomfort. In its annual report for the year ended June 30, the weather bureau said Sunday that "the effect of the 1934 drought had largely disappeared" and that rainfall even caused floods in some sections.

From the national standpoint, the bureau said:

"In general the weather was much more favorable than during the preceding year."

During the half of 1935, the nation's rainfall was put at 79 per cent. of normal compared with 70 per cent. during the same 1934 period.

Reports improve  
The bureau said the nation has received better weather reports, more accurate and more detailed, during the past 12 months than ever before. In addition, it is said, more adequate service was given to such special interests as farming, aviation, shipping and forestry.

Weather officials attributed much of the improvement to the assistance of foreign and domestic agencies that co-operate with the federal forecasters. Some of these agencies were said to have furnished data that would have cost the bureau millions of dollars.

Exchange of observations among countries, by radio, and cable, was termed the most important feature of international co-operating. Twice a day, at 11 a. m. and 11 p. m., the bureau said, about 100 reports on weather conditions in North America and over the western Atlantic ocean are sent to European meteorological stations by the navy's radio stations at Arlington, Va., and Annapolis, Md.

Hurricane Area Reorganized  
At 5 a. m. and 5 p. m. daily, an English station broadcasts about 100 European land observations and reports from ships in the eastern Atlantic.

The bureau said it obtains observations from about 4,500 land stations in the United States and from about 1,300 ships.

Advances during the year were reported in studies of air masses—aiding forecasters to diagnose the extent and structure of cold and warm air masses which determine the weather.

Meteorological and communications activities of the weather bureau and the bureau of air commerce were consolidated, and four weather maps a day projecting eight hours ahead are issued for the airways. Special forecasts are made in emergencies.

An important change was said to have been the reorganization of the hurricane warning service, formerly centered in Washington. The headquarters were moved to the South Atlantic and gulf coasts and new forecast centers were established at Jacksonville, Fla., and New Orleans.

## Quints Show No Stage Fright in Picture Debut

Calhader, Ont.—The Dionne quintuplets displayed no stage fright, camera shyness or even plain contrariness today in their motion picture debut.

They did a successful day's work in their first appearance in the screening of the film, "The Country Doctor."

Director Henry King, his cameraman and the two adult stars, Joan Herscholt and Dorothy Peterson, were in the nursery with the quintuplets for almost an hour, but the camera crank handle was turned for only seven and a half minutes.

Scenes were shot of Herscholt and Miss Peterson in the roles of doctor and a nurse, watching the children at play and occasionally touching one of them caressingly, otherwise they did not handle them, although it is understood they will do so in some future scenes.

An interesting article describing remarkable accident peculiar to women. One of the features in the December 15 issue of the American Weekly, the big magazine which comes regularly with the BALTIMORE AMERICAN. Your newsboy or newsdealer has your copy.

## Christmas Eve Alliance Made Two Hearts Happier

THE wind howled dimly, and Oscar Huggins, looking out at the whirling snow, put up the shutters. Put them up right, too, as the little grocery would be closed tomorrow. Dimly, he wondered how to spend Christmas.

He checked over his stock, nibbled a bit of cheese, and opened the back door to throw out a rotting apple.

In the snow stood a boy. The lad dove for the apple, polishing and handling it as something precious.

"Here!" said Oscar roughly. "What are you doing?"

The boy looked startled. "I thought you threw it away," he answered, "and see, it's pretty good!"

"Humph," said Oscar. "All right, keep it. But, mind, you've no business loitering here. You should be home in this weather, and on Christmas eve, of all times." The lad shifted uneasily but did not leave. "Well?" Oscar demanded.

"I was looking for work, sir." Oscar looked at him sharply. "Out on your own, son?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where are your folks?" His tale of bereavement, struggle and loneliness was brief but impressive.

"How'd you like to spend Christmas with me?" the grocer offered. Funny, this life. A bit ago he had almost wished he wasn't closing tomorrow—now it seemed jolly.

"Geed!" exclaimed his new friend. "Swell!"

They packed a market basket to overflowing. But Oscar turned back. "Wait a minute." He selected his best candles and found a bit of red string.

"If I keep him to help in the store he'll probably eat it anyway," he concluded, "might as well show him a Merry Christmas."—Helen Galsford. © Western Newspaper Union.

## Santa as He Appears in the Different Countries

SANTA CLAUS wears a red suit and a long white beard, and when he isn't busy in the toy store, drives a sleigh pulled by Donner and Blitzen! Not if you live in Hawaii. There, on a moonlit December night, you might see Santa come riding in from the ocean on a surf-board. As likely as not there would be a lei, or wreath of flowers, about his neck, though he wears the same red suit and waterproof boots he dons for boys and girls of the United States, since Hawaii is really American territory.

In the Philippines, though it, too, is American, the white cap turns coal-colored like a Spanish clown's. He carries a red-and-white lantern which helps him find the home of every good boy and girl, and drives buffalo, which they call carabao. The gifts are packed in baskets slung across the backs of these creatures.

What would you think of Santa in a rickshaw? But, after all, if you were a Chinese child isn't that what you would expect? And Santa never disappoints. In Japan he sits with his feet tucked under him to take his tea on a wintry afternoon, and in the African tropics—well, you just wouldn't recognize the red suit! He has even taken to using the airplane in our own country. I am sure that when he leaves the reindeer in his barn, he pats the nose of each one and urges the ice elves to feed them plenty of reindeer moss till he comes home again.—Frances Grinstead. © Western Newspaper Union.

### SANTA CLAUS

THERE is a Santa Claus. His real name is spirit of Charity. He is the symbol of benevolence, compassion and altruism. He is the ideal of that small legion of really human humans who pave unselfishly numerous paths to happiness with kindness, sympathy and charity.

### He Was a Dutch Boy

Christmas was celebrated long before Santa Claus was ever thought of. His prototype was the Dutch boy bishop, St. Nicholas, who on December 5 used to go round punishing little children who did not say their prayers

Rowan farmers say they have 107,000 pounds of hespedeza seed for sale. Most of it is Korean with some Kobe and Sericea.

Landowners say the two chief handicaps to dairy farming in Cumberland county are lack of pastures and a supply of home grown feed.

## Formal Opening of New Beauty Shop

(Opposite Reins-Sturdivant Funeral Home)

BOONE, N. C.

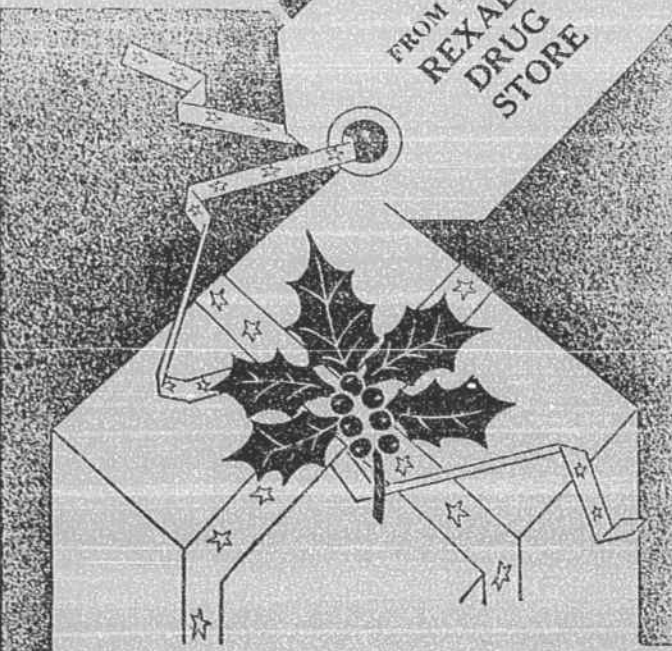
Tuesday Night December 17

We are opening a thoroughly modern beauty shop, with competent operators, and extend a special invitation to all the ladies of this section to be with us on the opening night. Refreshments will be served, and tickets good for \$1.00 on a permanent will be distributed. Come and enjoy the evening.

MAYFLOWER BEAUTY SHOPPE

(Miss) Olive Triplett, Manager

## A PRIZE XMAS PACKAGE



You will be surprised at the number of gifts that you can purchase from your Rexall druggist. One for every member of the family and it will be a boon to your budget, too. Dollars that were counted to go just so far will go twice that distance if you take advantage of the bargains which we are offering today and throughout the holidays. Shop here and you will find that miracle of miracles, the gift that will be appreciated even though it is inexpensive.

### GIFTS FOR HER

- TOILET SETS
- CARA NOME
- SHARI
- EVENING IN PARIS
- HOUBIGANT
- COTY, PERFUMES AND
- TOILET WATER
- STATIONERY

### GIFTS FOR HIM

- COMB & BRUSH SETS
- SHAVING SETS
- CIGARS
- RAZORS
- FLASHLIGHTS
- FOUNTAIN PENS & SETS
- PIPES

## ALWAYS IN GOOD TASTE —GIVE CANDY

When you're not quite sure, there is always one standby that is always welcome in any family. Just drop in and pick out a box of our assorted Candies and you will be sure your Gift will be appreciated.

### HOLLINGSWORTH'S UNUSUAL CANDIES FOR THOSE WHO LOVE FINE THINGS

- Appalachian Fine Chocolates, lb. 50c
  - Joann Manning Chocolates, lb. 50c
- All in attractive Christmas packages.

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1936  
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