

EIGHT PERSONS IN COUNTY JAIL ALL CONVERTED

Inspired Visit by Mrs. J. H. McCall Results In Spiritual Rebirth

A sudden urge which came to Mrs. J. H. McCall to visit the County Jail, a week ago has resulted in the conversion of two women prisoners, and a totally changed attitude on the part of the six men inmates. According to Jailer Patton Coleman there hasn't been a word of profanity spoken for a week.

"Instead of roaring out rough songs, they are now singing hymns," he said. "There are no more arguments or complaints. The jail is a different place."

The most marked change, according to jailer Coleman, is Iowa Stewart, a pretty young woman serving a 12 months sentence as a confirmed liquor addict, and in Mrs. Dora Ray who deserted her husband and children to come to this section with a worker on the Nantahala Dam project, and who is held as a material witness in the recent slaying of her paramour, near Andrews.

"Both these women were what you might call mean," said Coleman. "They quarrelled with each other; they cursed like sailors; they seemed to be mad at the whole world, all the time."

"But they're different now. A couple of days ago, Iowa Stewart asked me to get her a hymn book. I went out and bought one, and now the two women spend hours singing together. Both have pretty good voices, and they harmonize mightily sweetly."

Mrs. McCall paid her first visit to the jail Sunday a week ago. She had not planned the visit she said. She just felt a sudden urge to go to and talk with the prisoners.

That evening, Patton Coleman says, was the quietest the jail had known in months. Indeed, the prisoners were so quiet that Coleman suspected they might be plotting something, and so went and questioned them. They told him that Mrs. McCall had "set them to thinking?" They added that they hoped she would soon come to see them again.

This word was telephoned to Mrs. McCall, and she paid a second visit, the very next day. Since then she has visited the prisoners three times more talking with them, singing with them, praying with them.

As an evidence of the effect of these visits, Iowa Stewart asked last Sunday, that religious services be held in the jail. The other inmates joined in the plea, and Mr. Coleman was only too happy to consent. At Iowa's request, the Rev. Gordon Thomas was summoned, from Factorytown. He came with a choir, and services were held Sunday afternoon. Never before was there a more sincerely congregation.

And so, in the County jail, today, though the iron bars are still there, the very atmosphere is surcharged with the true Christmas spirit—"Peace on earth; Good will toward men."

Child's Death Saddens Xmas for Forresters

There will be no merry Christmas in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Forrester, at Culberson, Route 2. Instead of the gay spirit of St. Nicholas, the home is stalked by the grim Angel of Death. Little J. B. Forrester, their eleven year old son, died Monday night, and will be buried on Christmas Day.

The boy died at a Laurel hospital following an emergency operation for appendicitis. Funeral services will be held Christmas day afternoon, from his parent's home.



A Merry Christmas to All!

The Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas,
when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even
a mouse;

The stockings were hung by the
chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would
be there.

The children were nestled all snug in
their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced
through their heads;
And Mamma in her kerchief, and I
in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a
long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there arose
such a clatter,

I sprang from my bed to see what
was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a
flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up
the sash.

The moon on the brest of the new-
fallen snow
Gave a luster of midday to objects
below;
When, what to my wondering eyes
should appear;
But a miniature sleigh, and eight
tiny reindeer:
With a little old driver, so lovely and
quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St.
Nick.

More rapid than eagles his courses

they came,
And he whistled, and shouted and
called them by name—
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now,
Prancer and Vixen!

On! Comet; on! Cupid; on! Dunder
and Blitzen;
To the top of the porch, to the top
of the wall,
Now dash away, dash away dash a-
way all!

As dry leaves that before the wild
hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle,
mount to the sky.
So, up to the house-top the courses
they flew,
With the sleighful of toys—and St.
Nicholas too.

And then in a twinkling I heard on
the roof
The prancing and pawing of each
little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turn-
ing around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came
with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his
head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished
with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys had flung on his
back,
And he looked like a peddler just
opening his pack;
His eyes, how they twinkled! his
dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose

like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up
like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as
white as the snow!

The stump of a pipe he held tight
in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head
like a wreath.

He had a broad face, and a little
round belly,

That shook when he laughed like
a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right
jolly old elf;

And I laughed when I saw him, in
spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his
head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing
to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went str-
aight to his work,
And filled all the stockings, then
turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his
nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney
he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team
he gave a whistle,
And away they all flew, like the
down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim ere he drove
out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all
a good night!"

WINNERS CHOSEN IN LIONS CLUB XMAS CONTEST

Especial Interest Shown in School's Exhibit by Judges

Winners in the annual Lions club Christmas decorations contest were announced Monday night by Peyton G. Ivie, club president, with cash prizes being awarded in three classes of decorations.

First prize of \$7.00 went to Mrs. Margaret Aiken for window decorations; second prize of \$3.00 was won by Mrs. Joe Ray. First prize of \$7.00 for Entrance decorations was won by Mrs. J. W. Axley, and second prize of \$3.00 was taken by Mrs. R. H. Ford; First prize in outside decorations, \$7.00 was won by Mrs. Wade Massey, and second prize, \$3.00 was won by Mr. Fred Dickey.

Judges for the contest were all from out of town and were: Miss Mary Ann Davidson, art instructor in the schools of St. Louis, Missouri; Edwin Davidson, student in civil engineering in the University of Missouri; and W. P. Shook, railway mail clerk.

Especial interest was given by the judges to the Christmas exhibits of Mrs. W. E. Studstill, Mrs. A. Q. Ketter, Mrs. Fain, Mrs. Case, Mrs. Elkins, Mrs. H. Bueck, Mrs. Frank Ellis and the Petrie Hospital.

Although not made eligible for contest competition, the exhibit of the Murphy schools was proclaimed very superior by all three judges. This exhibit depicts the three wise men following the star to the birthplace of Christ 1940 years ago.

Mr. Ivie expressed great pleasure at the response to the contest, in which entries numbered 50. Competition was so close this year that next yule season is being looked forward with anticipation of a complete town-full of beautiful decorations.

As a whole, the entire city is well lighted and glows with the Christmas spirit that is always prevailing in the towns and rural sections of Cherokee county.

Bullet Wound Fatal To Hiwassee Man

Death wrote "finish" to the quarrel Fred Ballard had with his wife, near Hiwassee, Ga., last Sunday afternoon. Ballard died in Petrie hospital, Monday night, as a result of a bullet wound from the gun of Deputy Sheriff Bradshaw, of Towns County, Ga.

Bradshaw says he was forced to shoot in self defense.

The Deputy Sheriff had tried to stop the quarrel, he says, when Ballard turned on him, with a knife. The enraged husband was shot through the stomach the bullet cutting his intestines in five places. He was rushed to Petrie hospital here an emergency operation was performed, but Ballard lingered only a little more than 24 hours.

He will be buried from his late residence, probably on Christmas day.

Mrs. Clara Lovingood Passes on, Aged 81

Mrs. Clara McCombs Lovingood, age 81, died at her home in Peachtree December 22 at 9 a. m. Funeral services were held in the home, December 23 at 3 p. m. with the Itayesville Methodist preacher officiating. Interment in Peachtree cemetery.

Ivie Funeral Home had charge of funeral arrangements.