

The Tabor City Tribune
 Tabor City—A Town With A City Future

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Carter's Column

SICKNESS? Last week when I had a stone removed from my right kidney and was told that four other stones were in the left kidney in such a position that it was impractical to operate. I probably reached a low ebb in my life in so far as attitude and the future is concerned. Indeed it might be said that I began feeling sorry for myself. But after the full impact sank in and I started looking all about me, there dawned a brighter day. I didn't have to look far to see a great number of folks with much greater reason for feeling sorry for themselves than I did. There was the little girl in the third grade at the local school with incurable Bright's Disease who had little hope of surviving until Christmas Day. There was the 25 year old girl mangled in an auto wreck who would never walk again and indeed had great difficulty in even sitting in an ordinary chair because of the freakish manner in which her legs and arms were now all out of shape for life. There was the man with two heart attacks already on his record who would never know when the next and fatal one might occur. Yes, all about as every day we can find a great many people with much heavier burdens to bear than we have.

Perhaps what brings full realization of our affliction to mind almost by the hour is the diet that the doctors have us on now. All my life I have eaten anything and everything without reservation and with apparently no ill effects. Perhaps foremost among these foods has been milk and milk products. Now we can drink no milk, not no butter, no cheese and no soufs. We have always done a great number of every kind along with the dairy products. To get along without them now gives me a lost feeling like walking around without my pants.

CHRISTMAS: Thus with problems all around us, we reach another December 25—Christmas. It doesn't take a great deal of searching to enumerate a long list of things for which every individual can be most thankful, grateful, appreciative. Sometimes it takes a holiday season and a few days of leisure to fully appreciate how good the world has been to us. This is a good time for personal inventory to consider just how fortunate we are.

INDUSTRY: For months now, the local Merchants Association has worked long and hard to procure new industry. At last officials believe a binding contract is just a few days off. If this negotiation continues satisfactorily for the next week or so, we expect to be able to announce with complete definiteness the coming of this new plant. And if it comes, it will bring to Tabor City a payroll of more than half a million dollars a year and perhaps eventually several times that much. We are enthusiastic over this new prospect and believe they will be a real asset to our community.

Editorials...

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

(Editor's note: Reprinted below is the most widely known editorial ever written for a United States newspaper. The classic "Is There A Santa Claus" was written by Francis P. Church in the New York Sun in answer to a letter from an eight year-old girl. It appeared on September 21, 1897.

We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of **The Sun**.

Dear Editor: I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says, "If you see it in **The Sun** it's so." Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?
 Virginia O'Hanlon
 115 West 95th Street

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except what they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehended by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy.

Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childish faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense an dsight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which the strongest men, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only fancy, poetry, love, romance can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory behind. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, may, ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

Williams School Principal Gives Exam Schedule

First semester examination will be given to Williams Township School pupils in grades 7-12 on January 4 and 5, 1963. Clayton Lewis, principal, announced this week.

Williams with the subject teacher a written statement explaining the absence. If the reason is satisfactory, the student is given an opportunity to take the examination.

A fee of \$1.20 for each examination is charged. Students in grades 7-12 who are absent will be given after school and students will be responsible for their transportation.

Examinations not taken when scheduled and without satisfactory reason for being absent will be lowered one letter grade.

In writing school is like the defendant arguing for the plaintiff in favor of a decision which the defendant knows will be turned against himself.

Fill In Veterans Questionnaires Now Says Nance

Area veterans and widows receiving non-service connected pension from the Veterans Administration are cautioned by Mr. H. Hugh Nance, Columbus County Veterans Service Officer, that the Annual Income Questionnaires received with their December check must be completed and returned to the Veterans Administration before January 31, 1963, to avoid suspension of payment.

Mr. Nance said that income reports are required on all income outside of pension payments, only by all persons receiving pension from the Veterans Administration. Service-connected disability, death compensation, or Dependency and Indemnity recipients need not file Annual Income Questionnaires.

The questionnaires are used to determine entitlement to future payments and to make adjustments in payments where income requires. Income limitations under the old pension law are \$1,400.00 for single persons or widows, without children and \$2,700.00 for married veterans or widows with children. Under the law which began July 1, 1960, income limitations are \$1,900.00 and \$3,000.00 with graduated payments based on need and the level of income below the maximums.

Assistance in completing the Annual Income Questionnaires may be obtained from the Columbus County Veterans Service Officer, who is located in Courthouse Whiteville, or Mr. T. Francis Doyal, District Officer, North Carolina Veterans Commission, 419 Marchison Building, Wilmington, North Carolina.

The truest test of life is to know the life that never ends.

He who stops being better stops being good.

You exist but as a part inherent in a greater whole.

ALBERT BERRY PLANTS
 —First year plants from Benson Brothers, \$10 per thousand. Call Watson Shelby, Loris 357-3033.
 Dec. 26-Jan. 29, 16, 26 p

Ray's Ramblin's
 By Ray Wicket

Walnut Warfare
 My first encounter with the black walnut was far from a pleasant meeting. This little black nut tried my patience, challenged my ingenuity, and almost unlocked my happy wedlock.

It happened like this. A couple of days before Christmas last year, I had just settled down for a long winter's eve of watching TV, when out in the kitchen there arose such a clatter that I got up from my chair to see what was the matter. Getting up was my first fatal mistake.

There was my dear wife in the midst of preparing the Christmas goodies. "Honey, would you mind cracking two cups of Black Walnuts? They're in the cabinet." "Not at all," I replied. This was mistake number two.

Now, everyone is familiar with the English walnut. It appears in all those Christmas assorted nut packages. It is easy to crack and delicious to eat. However, the black walnut is a nut of a different color. It is common enough in its cracked state, appearing in candies, cookies, and ice cream, but I, for one, was not familiar with this member of the nut family in its natural state.

Reaching in the kitchen cabinet, I found a large box of little, round black objects. Walnuts, I presumed. Next, I headed for the nut cracker, a bowl, and my TV easy chair. Taking a walnut, I gave it a firm squeeze with a nutcracker. The nutcracker gave; the walnut didn't. My wife entered the living room, too late to catch me cramming the busted nutcracker in my back pocket.

"You can't crack those in here. You'll have them all over the place and besides they're hard to crack," she remarked.

The latter part of this statement was my wife's understatement for the year. I didn't want to appear stupid, so I didn't ask the obvious: Just how in the devil do you crack them?

Instead, I gathered up the box of little nutcracker breakers, and headed for the back porch, discreetly hiding the broken cracker in the bottom of a trash can.

I looked around for a suitable weapon. I had just begun to fight. The black walnut may be the plant's world's answer to a diamond, but nothing was too hard for me to crack, if I used my head. The first thing I tried was my faithful vise. It did too good a job; all that remained of the walnut was a greasy spot and a few pulverized fragments of shell. This is not a recommended method. Next, I tried a very foolish thing. Placing a walnut on the floor, I descended upon it with all 165 of my pounds. The pain was terrible, and I cursed walnuts, my wife, and the world. This method is also not recommended, for I limped around for a week.

The idea was slow coming, but I finally thought of using a hammer. The first blow sent the nut sailing into the darkness of the back yard, and the second missed the nut but not my finger. After ten minutes of meditation and sucking on my damaged finger, I finally devised a plan of attack which finally conquered my hard, back adversary.

I now modestly consider myself an expert in the art of cracking walnuts. If any reader is faced with the problem of extracting walnuts from their protective coating, come see me, or better yet, take the walnuts; hide them in the nearest trash can, and sneak down to the nearest grocery store. Packaged walnut meats are rather expensive, but believe me they are worth every penny of the price.



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