



This Classic Will Never Grow Old

Frequently, literary works of lasting merit are those which were dashed off in a spontaneous burst of inspiration. Hundreds of years after the last period has been dotted, they are still read and enjoyed, and occupy that shelf in the library set aside for the classics.

And so it is with the classical editorial written in the New York Sun in 1897. Probably written on a morning when the editor was groping for a subject, it now has become something that appears around Christmas time just like Santa Claus. For you who probably have not read it before, and for you who have, we print it again for your edification:

"We take pleasure in answering at once, and thus prominently, the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its 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
"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 nothing can be which is not comprehensible 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 the intellect as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole truth and knowledge.

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exists, 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 childlike faith, then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. 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, but even if

they did not see 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 that 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 that are unseen and unseeable in the world.

"You may tear asunder the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man nor even the united strength of the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernatural beauty and glory beyond. 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, nay ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood."

CHRISTMAS POETRY FROM WAKE COUNTY

My Christmas Wish

Mother gave her to me
A long time ago—
My little wax angel
With wings of snow;
A rosy-cheeked baby
With curly, gold hair—
Hand clasped cherubic—
To fly in the air
By a wee blue elastic
On two fairy wings.
When'er I remember
My heart still sings.
In a pink box, high
On the what-not shelf,
She dreamed of her heaven
All by herself—
When visitors came,
Oh proud was I!
"But hold her o'er the bed
When you let her fly."
She gladdened my heart
For many a day,
Then just like an angel
She slipped away.

I think she went to heaven—
Mother said so.
Where else could an angel
With white wings go?
Edith Carroll Squires

The Scripture

For unto you is born this day
in the city of David a Savior
which is Christ the Lord.
And this shall be 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. Luke 2, 11-14.

Our special Christmas wish is
that you and your loved ones may
have a joyous Christmas and a
filled with prosperity.

Christmas in a Little Town

At Christmas in a little town
When dark enfolds, one sees
How close the stars bright faces
are,
Smiling above the trees;
And neighbors' footsteps coming
near
On friendly errands bent
Like reassuring heartbreak's sound
To anxious ones and spent.
Though frost has bent the grasses
down,
There's warmth a-plenty here
Hearts keep their doors propped
open wide
At Christmas-time each year.
The Native Son of Bethlehem
(Despite their ups and downs)
Must feel a special tenderness
For other little towns.
Edith Earnshaw

A Christmas Prayer

"No room in the inn," they were
told one day,
And Joseph and Mary were turned
away.
The guests had come from far and
near,
For business was good that time of
year.
And then beholding her tired sweet
face:
"You may have what is left—the
only place—
Out with the cattle—humble, it's
true—
But all that we have to offer you."
Condemn not the keeper who play-
ed this part,
Christ still is oft times crowded
from man's heart.
We entertain other guests that
come in—
Greed, hatred, bitterness—every
known sin,
Then grudgingly offer to Him the
rest—
Sometimes it is nothing—rarely
the best.
But at this season, Father, we
would pray—
May each heart find room for Him
Christmas Day!
Annie Gill Smith

THE PERFECT GIFT



"For God so loved the world that He gave his only-begotten Son..." —John 3,16.

Zebulon Personal Items

Please telephone items to 4041 or 4231

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Hodges and daughter, Harriet have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Kemp.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Vance Brown, Ruth and Bob Vance, will spend the Christmas holidays in Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. Pat Farmer spent Sunday in the eastern part of the state.

Jimmy Spivey' was painfully burned on the foot with boiling water.

Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Flowers, Jr. and son Charles 3rd, will spend the Christmas holidays with Dr. and Mrs. Charles Flowers. Dr. Flowers has just completed his four months on the staff of McGill Hospital in Montreal, Canada. He will return to Johns Hopkins from Zebulon, the first of the year as head resident in Obstetrical and Gynecology Department.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Buffaloe and Robert will spend Christmas day in Oxford.

Dr. and Mrs. T. F. Killkelly will spend the Christmas holidays with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Coltrane.

The Ruric Gills will have as guests for Christmas dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wootton and Paula and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Wootton of Wendell, Mrs. Victoria Gill, Miss Katrina Gill, Dabney Gill, Laura Jean Massey, Mary Sue Long.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Gill and son, Bobbie, will have Christmas dinner in Raleigh with Mrs. Joyce Wheelous.

The Robert Dawsons and Irby Gills will spend Christmas in Ransomville.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter Studdert will spend Christmas with the Pittman Stells.

Mr. A. G. Ray is a patient at Rocky Mount Sanatorium. He suffered a heart attack on Tuesday and was taken there immediately.

Bobby Bridgers returned from Louisburg College on Wednesday for the holidays.

Henry Kitchings was brought home from Rex Hospital on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Brantley, Jr. will spend Christmas Eve night with the R. H. Brantleys.

Mrs. Walter King of Greensboro will be a houseguest of Mrs. W. C. Campen this week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Mehegan and Mrs. Ann Harris and Mr. and Mrs. Hall Miller and children of Wake Forest will spend Christmas day with the Ferd Davises.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Harris and children of Creedmoor and Mr. and Mrs. Earl Antone of Lumberton, will spend Christmas Day with the A. D. Antones.

Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Horton of Cincinnati will spend the holi-

days with his mother, Mrs. John Horton.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Talton and family will spend Christmas day in Four Oaks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sanders.

Mr. Joe Richardson of Panama, brother of Ed Richardson spent Wednesday night in the Richardson home in Zebulon. He and his mother, Mrs. Mildred Richardson of Wilmington, who has been with him in Panama since April will return to Zebulon for a visit next week.

A. V. Medlin is enroute from Tokyo, Japan where he has been stationed for some time.

Mrs. Morris Hood has been at the bedside of her mother, Mrs. W. A. Adcock of Wendell, who suffered a stroke last Wednesday. Mrs. Adcock is improving slowly.

Home for the Christmas holidays with their parents are James Debnam, S. G. Flowers, Bob Brown, and Buck Massey from Campbell College; Nancy Whitley, Jeannette Horton, Lady Talton, Jacqueline Alford, and Laura James Sexton from W. C. U. N. C.; Carolyn Massey from Meredith; Mary Alice Jones and Bill Brantley from Wake Forest; Mary Fisher Finch from Greensboro College; and Rod Horton and Robert Lee Privette from State.

Those attending the funeral of Mr. Bob Perry of Pittsboro, Sunday, were Mr. and Mrs. James Sledge and son, John, Mrs. Agnes Perry, Mrs. Max Perry, Jr., and Mrs. Mildred Perry.

WMS Date Changed

The General Meeting of the Baptist W. M. S. for December will be held in the Baraca room of the church on Friday, December 30 at 3:00 p. m. A change in date was made because of Christmas Day coming on Sunday this year, making Monday inconvenient for many members to attend. A good attendance is urged for this final meeting of the year. The Young Matrons Circle will give the program.

Christmas Party

Children at the Free Will Baptist Orphanage at Middlesex were given a big Christmas party Tuesday night by Little River Camp of the Woodmen of the World. About 50 Zebulon Woodmen and their wives attended the party to see Santa Claus give bags of fruit, candy, and gifts to 78 of the children.

Woodchopper Loomis Parrish donned the red suit and big white beard and took the little children on his knee to hear the Christmas wishes.

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