The Mountaineer

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MEMBER
NORTH CAROLINA
PRESS ASSOCIATION

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1934

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU!

The Waynesville Mountaineer is pleased to extend its holiday greetings to all those with whom it comes in contact and especially the good people who reside in Haywood County where it derives its support and serves its people.

Christmas is undoubtedly one of the delightful occasions of the year, with opportunity for all to exhibit appreciation for friendships and affection. Expressed very often by the giving of gifts the Christmas season furnishes us with an excuse to show some regard for those we love and admire.

For boys and girls of Haywood County, who expect the coming of Santa Claus to bring them happiness and joy, we have high hopes that their anticipations will be completely realized and that cheer and delight will be with them for many days.

For older persons, including parents of aforesaid boys and girls, may we not hope that Christmas will present an occasion for joy that comes from making others happy. Surely, on this day of the year, every grown-up will want to brighten the life of some child, or carry bundled happiness into the home of some unfortunate, with the result that there will come back upon the giver more joy and contentment than can be expected.

As a community, we hope that Christmas, 1934, will find Haywood County filled with the Christmas spirit, exemplified in the words and deeds of its citizens and that, for the day, we shall set aside all other worldly considerations in order to take part in the glad celebration.

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

Some years ago a little New York girl wrote the editor of the New York Sun asking if there was a Santa Claus. He replied with an editorial, "Is There A Santa Claus?" which has become a classic:

"Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They think that 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 his 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 child-like 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 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 faires 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 not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all 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 supernal 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 thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

Countries the world over do not celebrate the Christmas season as we do here in the United States. A glance at the customs of other lands might make us appreciate the celebration of this happy season in our own country to a greater extent. In every place, however, the season is one of giving, and one of good cheer and happiness.

Long before the time of the Christ child, pagans celebrated the season, known to them as the Saturnalia, or the coming of longer days. In early Rome the season was celebrated as a time for the exchange of gifts. They gave honeyed gifts, that the year of the recipient might be sweeter, or lamps, that they might be the token of brightness; and gifts of gold and silver, emblematic of wealth.

In Denmark, Santa Claus does not visit the children on Christmas Eve, but little old Jule Nissen, said to be an elf in gray garb with pointed red night cap. He rewards good children with gifts they desire, and also gives food to the birds and beasts.

In Italy Befana takes the place of our Saint Nicholas. Befana is an old woman who comes down the chimney on January 5th and fills the stockings of good children with good things, and the stockings of bad children with ashes.

In Mexico, instead of the Christmas tree, one finds a huge fragile earthen jar called the Pinata. It is filled with nuts, fruits and candies. Sometimes the jar is hidden in the body of a huge doll's face. Every member of the family is blind-folded on Christmas morning, and opportunity given to strike and break the Pinata so that the good things encased here will scatter all over the floor, where members of the family scramble for them.

In Norway the season is a real holiday. For two weeks no one may fish or hunt. No wheels may turn, and birds, beasts and fish must go unmolested.

A tuft of wheat is mounted upon a high pole, some times surmounted by a bit of evergreen, to serve as a feast of the birds. If great crowds of birds come to taste of this delicacy, farmers believe it is an omen for good and that crops will be plentiful. On the other hand if only a small number of birds enjoy the sheaf, they believe it will be a poor crop year, and a time of want and need.

Our own Christmas season, to us, is best observed. It is a time of giving and good cheer. A time of worship for the tiny Babe of Bethlehem, and a time of peace and good will towards one and all.—Ex.

PROGRAM FOR THE GOVERNOR

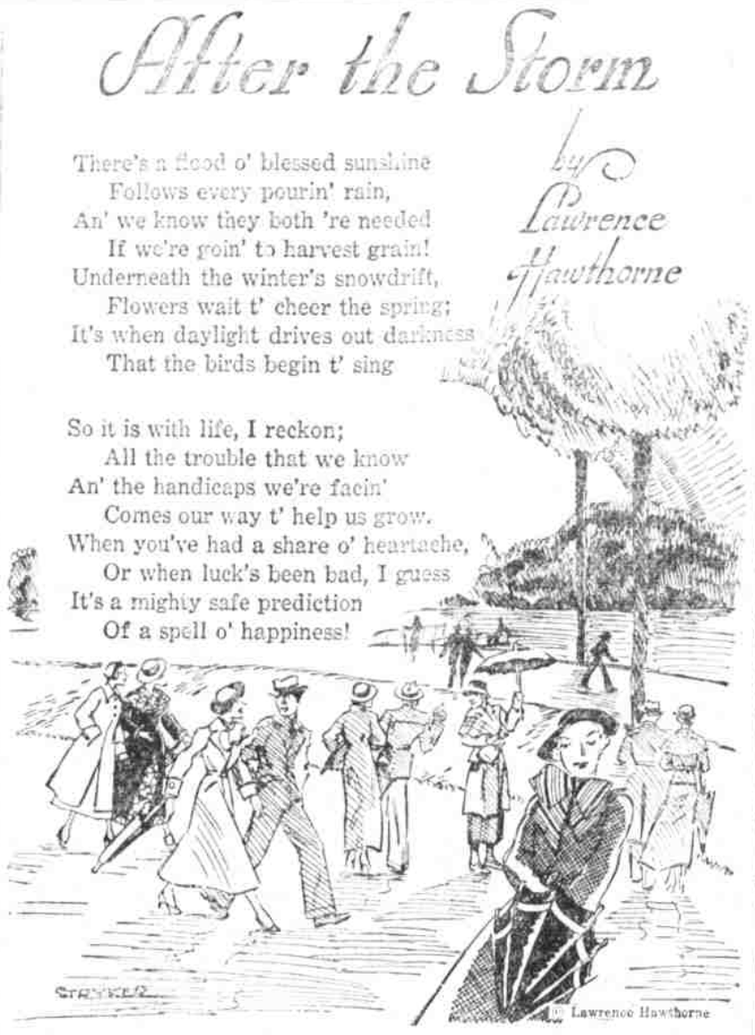
If Governor Ehringhaus is ambitious to single out some line of possible achievement to major in during the remainder of his administration and one that would identify his regime to prosperity as one of great achievement, he will follow up the idea he dropped while in Charlotte the other day and go to the mat with this important matter of county consolidations.

The people of this State are not realizing what a financial drain it is upon them to keep up 100 different counties under systems of government that are in many instances obsolete and in many other instances represent costly duplication of effort.

If they could ascertain, even approximately, what such a piece of business is costing them, they would be shocked into sentiment to do something about the needless waste of their money and the perpetuation of the inefficiencies and cumbersome machineries they are financing.

Governor Ehringhaus might not be able to bring this achievement about even during the while he remains at the head of the State, but what this reform needs, above all things else, at present is a dynamic leadership and a militant and aggressive voice that will be heard throughout the State.

His carries farther right now in efforts of this nature than that of any other man in the public life of the State and The Observer believes he could go places were he to consent to make this a paramount objective of the next two years of his administration.—Charlotte Observer.



Random SIDE GLANCES

By W. CURTIS RUSS

Here it is Christmas again, and as usual there is lots of shopping to be done before Santa arrives.

Last Wednesday I help pick out the best letter to Santa Claus that he received through C. E. Ray's Sons, and after we had finished I was almost in a notion of writing the old man one myself.

For the first time in my life I was told by Charles Ray last week that I had a perfect "figure" for a Santa Claus—you know, small at the top, rounding in the middle and flat feet.

Even if I do look like Santa, I'm not going to take his job from him—(at present.)

Well, the staff here have certainly taken it for granted that I was the old man himself and have been passing out hints for first one thing then another.

First, there is Mrs. Gwyn, who writes the society and doings of the women folks. Outside of wanting a sign to put on the front door reading "Please close, that air is cold," she hasn't said much, but I believe she would like to a book of new adjectives to describe some of these beautiful charming brides, and delightful affairs.

Mr. Bridges, who runs the linotype, has missed his mustache worse than anything else during the past year, of course, he would like to have a new one.

Marion Bridges, who runs the second linotype in the shop, wants to know if Santa could bring him anything to help him get his Chevy started these cold mornings. "Its not walking these cold mornings that hurts, its the disappointment," he said.

Homer Davis is the man who runs the presses, and he don't see why Santa Claus won't bring a new automatic press that will run by itself while he sits by and whittles cedar.

Mr. Bailey who sets the ads and job work failed to get his list made out before this went to press, so he is liable to get left by old Santa. But from what he's said before, he would like to have something to get ink off his hands with.

And there's Uncle Abe. Poor fellow. He's used up almost all of his Christmas present already by smoking the rope. Don't tell him but there's an end back in the shop about three feet long that I'm going to put a Christmas card on and give him. You see he'll smoke that during the holidays when the office is closed and I won't be bothered with the stiffling fumes. Then, too, he wants some headache powders to ease his head since he has had to write two columns in one week.

I almost forgot the jaintor, Adge. He's not particular, but said if its all the same to us that a nice big watermelon next August will tickle him. And who wouldn't it tickle?

Now that completes the list for the entire staff, of course, there are other little things they want but they expect their aunts, uncles and other kin to take care of that.

What I want most, is that each of you have a Jolly Christmas, and a delightful holiday season—now who said that wasn't different from writing Merry Christmas?

—and here's hoping that when you hang up your stocking Christmas eve that the board of health won't make you take it down—and that Christmas morning there'll be something in it rather than a hole.

NEW MEMBERS ELECTED IN THE SEVEN CLUB

The following officers will serve the Seven Club for the coming four nell: secretary, Harold Haynes, and nellii secretary, Harold Haynes, and treasurer, Bill Prevost. They will take office the first of January. Two new members were taken in at the meeting held this week, Genson Ross and Johnnie Cuddeback.

This group of the young men of the town which was organized for cleaner and better social life of the young people of the community or making plans with other organizations to sponsor some benefit dances in the near future.

22 Years in HAYWOOD

From the files of Dec[illegible]

Miss Ivie Moore [illegible] spend Christmas with [illegible] Waycross, Ga.

Mr. Hugh Abel [illegible] Saturday to spend the [illegible] his parents.

Miss Julia Brown [illegible] the latter part of la[illegible] Miss Olive Boone.

Mr. Hugo Sondregge[illegible] Willie Willis were in A[illegible] night for the "Heart Bo[illegible]

Miss Helen Briggs [illegible] tives in Asheville Monday [illegible] day of last week.

Miss Esther Kroman, of [illegible] is the guest of Mr. [illegible] Simon this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Gra[illegible] S. T. Graves left yesterday [illegible] vannah where they will be th[illegible] of relatives for the holida[illegible]

Miss Mary Davis delight[illegible] tertained the Woman's [illegible] on Wednesday evening. A [illegible] program on North and So[illegible] lina was rendered. A [illegible] salad course was served. [illegible] will meet again during the [illegible]

In the Waynesville Gra[illegible] W. C. Allen Supt., Cigaret[illegible] ers in school I (?)

The following were amo[illegible] attending the Bryan [illegible] Asheville: Forest Messer, S. [illegible] nell, T. L. Green, Mrs. Hugh [illegible] Miss Alsteatter, Clarence [illegible] Rufe Blackwell and wife, [illegible] Blackwell, Frank Ferguson [illegible] many others.

Waynesville, N. C., D[illegible]

Dear Santa Claus:

I want you to bring me [illegible] I want you to bring me a [illegible] bring me a cowboy suit an[illegible] me a teapot and I want so[illegible] and oranges.—Frederick Lo[illegible]

On Friday the Clyde [illegible] school will give in the after[illegible] entertainment for the pa[illegible] the evening a reception [illegible] There will be a joyful time [illegible] young and old, the partic[illegible] which will be given later.

LIVING MODELS

Something of a surprise [illegible] the disclosure that three of [illegible] ures on the front of the new S[illegible] Court building are actual [illegible] living men. They include Ch[illegible] tice Hughes, Robert Aitken, th[illegible] tor, and Elihu Root. Others [illegible] sented are John Marshall, [illegible] Chief Justice Taft, and the la[illegible] Gilbert, architect of the buildi[illegible]

YULETID[illegible]
CHEE[illegible]

With kindest thoughts and best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

SMOKY MOUNTAIN MOTOR IN[illegible]

PHONE 185-W

W. C. & Earl Messer, Owners

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

ALEXANDER'S
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Phones 53 & 54 Opposite Post Office