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North Carolina Press Association

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1938

THE COMMISSIONERS ATTACK THE RABIES SITUATION

The county board of commissioners are to be highly commended for their recent action regarding the rabies situation in Haywood County.

When we consider that around 100 persons in the county had to take treatment since last June, at a cost of more than \$2,000 and that livestock totaling a value of more than \$2,500 has had to be killed, the question becomes not only a grave one concerning health and life, but also of economic importance.

The time had arrived for definite action to be taken for the protection of society and property, and the board of commissioners has lost no time in starting at the root of the matter with remedial measures.

It is to be hoped that some plan will be worked out whereby the inspectors in each township, whose first responsibility it is to see that all dogs in their vicinity are vaccinated, can have some assurance of financial support or assistance from the county, in order that the work will not be retarded, now that the initial steps have been taken.

"IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?"

The following was written by Francis P. Church and was first published in the New York Sun in 1897. It has become a Christmas classic, that does not grow old with the passing of time, as it answers the eternal question of childhood:

"We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great satisfaction 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?"

115 West Ninety-fifth Street
 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 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 exist, and you know that they abound and give our 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 Virginia. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence. We would 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 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 seen and unseen 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 even 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 lives forever. A thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood."

WATCH YOUR SPEED

We hate to be a joy killer, but since every Christmas brings some tragic story of death on the highways, and with the extra holiday rush of traffic a certainty, one should begin to slow down a bit as a safe precautionary measure.

With no intent of skimming the cream from your Christmas happiness we enter this merely as a warning. Let us keep the good record set for Southern cities, which now stands at 33 per cent lower than the record for 1937.

For with more cars on the highways, the record for 1938 has evidently been brought about by a more careful driving on the part of the drivers, and additional precaution by the pedestrians.

THE OLD HOME TOWN Registered U. S. Patent Office By STANLEY



GRANDPAPPY GALE WINDPENNY TUNED IN JUST AS HUNTER BEN BOASTER WAS SHOWING OFF HIS PRIZE DUCK.



CHRISTMAS ON THE CREEK

Story 16

"Let's have some sure-enough doings for Christmas, Blackie," Dr. Coon said, one day when Christmas was only a few days off. "We can get Joeko Monkey and all the rest of the boys to help us, and if Billie can get Mrs. Moo Cow to give him some milk, we can have some ice cream and cake."

"Where's the cake coming from?" asked Blackie. "Mrs. Moo Cow doesn't throw in cake with her milk."

"It seems to me I heard Jay Bird say that he saw Aunt Judy making a fruit cake when he came by there this morning, and maybe she was making it for us. Here he comes now; let's ask him."

"Yes, sir," Jay Bird said, "it's the fruitiest cake I ever saw, and as big as a full moon. Aunt Judy has just put white icing all over it and set it out on the shelf by the kitchen window to get cold and hard, and she said she was going to leave it there till bed-time, when she would take it in. And she told Uncle Joe she wanted him to take the dog out and go catch a possum as soon as it is dark, so I went by Billie's house and told him to stick to his tree."

"Well, that cake won't be a bit too big for my table. Flap your wings over to Joeko's house and tell him to come here," Blackie said. And then he said to Joeko:

"Joeko, I guess Jay Bird has told you that Aunt Judy is making a nice fruit cake for our Christmas dinner, but I will have to send for it. Jay Bird will tell you just where to find it. Take this cheese box along to put it in, and be sure you don't drop it. Never mind about the dog; he won't be around."

It wasn't bed-time when Joeko came galloping in with the cake, and when he opened the box, Blackie and Dr. Coon danced around it like children dance around a May pole.

The next morning when Billie went over to shake down persimmons for Mrs. Moo Cow's breakfast, he carried a big bucket, and brought it back right full of milk.

Yes, it was Christmas day, and the birds had brought in holly and mistletoe, and hung it all around. "Oh, I nearly forgot something," Joeko said, as he reached down in the box where the cake had been and pulled

out four pretty red candles and lighted them. "I picked these up over at Aunt Judy's."

Sometime we may find out where Joeko learned how to fix a Christmas table, but Blackie sat at the head of the table, and the way he piled good things on everybody's plate was a sight. But the best of all was the fruit cake, and you never saw such slices as Joeko cut. And if Jay Bird didn't have a good time picking those raisins and nuts out of the fruit cake, he never did have a good time.

Some other crowd may have had more things on their table than the Creek Folks had, but no crowd got any more pleasure out of it.

By the time they had all eaten so much that Billie Possum said: "No, I thank you," when Blackie asked him if he would have another piece of roast pig, it was dark, and so Blackie asked them all to spend the night, if they could sleep in their chairs. And then they began a regular frolic, playing games and telling stories and Blackie sang his "Woof" song for them, and did a regular bear dance. Then they all sang together a song that Joeko had made up.

"We won't go home until morning. We won't go home until morning. We won't go home until morning. We are having such a good time."

And then Jay Bird fanned the candles out with his wings and they all went to sleep.

(To be continued.)

What's the Answer?
 By EDWARD FINCH



BEFORE a duel with swords the gladiators of ancient Rome were accustomed to drink together. Wine was furnished by a relative or a friend of one of them and to show that there was no poison in the glass of his opponent, the challenger poured his wine into the other's glass and back again until the contents of both glasses were thoroughly mixed. That custom extended to social usage and finally as the days of poisoned wine became past history, it evolved merely to the clinking of glasses.

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NO COMMONLY USED AD MEDIUM EXCEPT a HOME NEWSPAPER IS RATED AS A COMMUNITY ASSET

HOW DO YOU GET SO MUCH WORK DONE? MY NERVES WOULD BE A WRECK

EVER SO OFTEN, I LET UP... LIGHT UP A CAMEL

CAMELS COSTLIER TOBACCOS ARE SOOTHING TO THE NERVES

: GEMS :
 For Your Scrapbook

"BELIEF"
 "With how much ease believe what we wish."—Dryden.

"I make it a rule to believe only what I understand, replied Proserpine."—Benjamin Disraeli.

"Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou has seen me, thou has believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."—John.

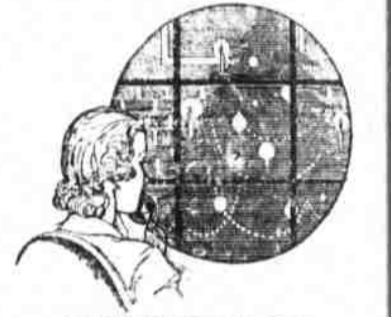
"Until belief becomes faith, and faith becomes spiritual understanding, human thought has little relation to the actual divine."—Mary Baker Eddy.

"O belief! how much you block our way."—Montaigne.

"Who knows much believes the less."—Unknown.

Advertising Speaks:
 IT PAYS TO LISTEN
 Read The Ads

Holiday "LONG DISTANCE" Rates Reduced



Effective from 7 p.m., December 24, to 4:30 a.m., December 27—and from 7 p.m., December 31, to 4:30 a.m., January 3.

REDUCED LONG DISTANCE telephone rates will be in effect this year on Christmas and New Year's day, and the Monday after each of these holidays, on calls between points in the United States.

The low night rates regularly in effect every night after seven and all day Sundays will apply on the two holiday week-ends beginning at seven Saturday night and extending until 4:30 the following Tuesday morning. This includes both Person-to-Person and Station-to-Station calls.

Use this opportunity to make both the Christmas week-end and New Year's week-end this year a time of greater happiness.

The cost is low. With these special low rates in effect you can talk a distance of 100 miles for 35 cents, 200 miles for 65 cents, 1,000 miles for \$1.85 and greater distances at correspondingly low cost when using Station-to-Station service. Person-to-Person service is slightly higher.

SOUTHERN BELL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
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