

The Mountaineer

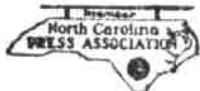
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SUNDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1945



The Angels and the shepherds.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men."—Luke 2:14.

Merry Christmas

Once again we come to greet you on Christmas. This year there is a special joy, for with the war over we feel that the message in 1945 has a new and deeper meaning.

The sun has come out once again and we are basking in the peace of which He spoke to us when on Earth.

We extend our greetings far and wide, at home and across the seas, for many of our readers are still in the service, waiting for the day when they can join us here and take up life again.

No Christmas wish would be complete without a backward look on the past year and an expression of appreciation to our readers, our advertisers and our customers for their support and business.

We are grateful for your aid, and your encouragement and the sincere wish from the owners and publishers as well as every employe of The Mountaineer is that your Christmas be filled with the beauty of the season in all its richness of spirit.

Singing Together

There is always something inspiring about assembly singing. We trust that the community turns out en masse on Sunday evening at the Park Theater for the first event of its kind held here in sometime.

While there was no real reason why these vesper services should not have been held the Sunday before Christmas during the war years, the people in general did not seem to have the heart for such occasions. Now in peace let us turn back to the things that have meant much to us in years gone by.

There is nothing that can give one the Christmas spirit in its heart warming way more than the old carols that we have known and loved since childhood. It is hard to hear a crowd sing "O Little Town of Bethlehem" or "Silent Night," without having something of the Christmas thrill steal into your heart.

The Christmas Story

(Luke 2:1-20)

And it came to pass in those days that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.

And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.

And all went to be taxed, everyone in his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David.)

To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.

And so it was that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her first born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all the people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a 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.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known to us.

And it came to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

And they all heard it wondered at those things which were told by the shepherds.

But Mary kept all these things in her heart.

And the shepherds returned glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

Songs of a World

"Give me the making of the songs of a nation," wrote Andrew Fletcher back in the seventeenth century, "and I care not who makes its laws." Today, the Committee for Peace Day in the United Nations, which has just established headquarters in Boston for a national campaign, says in effect: "Give us the making of the songs of a united world, and we care not too much what legal forms international organization may take."

The committee wants to see public affection for peace, as a world-wide reign of law, order, and brotherhood, come so close to the hearts of the people that all around the world they will sing songs in celebration of it on an annual Peace Day holiday. It proposes that modern inventions such as radio, television, and aviation, which serve to draw the world closer together, shall be dramatized on this holiday, and that with impressive pageantry, full of popular appeal, the preamble to the United Nations Charter shall be read, with a renewed pledge to the principles involved.

In short, it would use such an annual international holiday to drive home the realization that this is a "people's peace" and not merely a "statesman's peace." On America's Independence Day the people celebrate freedom and abundance which have come from the union of 48 States. The proposed Peace Day would be a celebration of the freedom and abundance which should follow the wider union of nations.—Christian Science Monitor.

True Or False

We read recently where a professor at Johns Hopkins University has discovered an adapted spectrometer, an apparatus for measuring infra-red rays, records waves of different length for every variety of precious stones.

This might prove embarrassing if some girl recently engaged was suspicious of the solitaire she had received, if she put the spectrometer to work and found she had been given a faked diamond. However the instrument had its weak points, for it could not tell the difference between true and false affection, which after all is a much more vital point than the stone in the ring. For true love would out last the most precious stones in the give and take of married life.



Our Annual Christmas Message

By HILDA WAY GWYN

"I'll be home for Christmas," has been a light that has shined cheerfully and comforting beams all over the world since the fall of Germany and Japan. Even before, in the early spectacles of the European theater the boys realized that the only of surrender was near at hand. By every hamlet throughout this nation, some boy has written to his home-lands that he "would be home for Christmas."

Of course there will be many an empty chair on Christmas Day for hundreds of boys who had high hopes of getting home will be absent but their families may sleep in peace this Christmas night and know that all is well, which was not true last year. He is not under fire now. He is perhaps impatiently waiting in some overseas center for his passage home. Maybe he was sent over as a replacement to the Pacific. But cheer up, the war is over, and he is seeing a bit of the world at the expense of Uncle Sam, and he will "be home for Christmas" next year. Your heart can be easy. You can still rejoice. To those who have memories which will never be real this, there is only the comfort of Time, which in the end should give solace in their doing for others, as those who have gone on ahead.

We wonder if we are as grateful this Christmas in America as we should be. Christmas in our rich, secure country, un-

troubled by the destruction of warfare, can swing back into pre-war Christmas with little effort. We read that "more than 20,000,000 homeless and homeless people are now making their way, north and south, across the continent of Europe, with the very young and the very old beginning to die in droves like autumn leaves falling." While there are thousands in America who will carry forever in their hearts the price of their sacrifice, our loss is negligible to the European countries. Let us not however get a smug feeling of how lucky we are, but with a fervent spirit of gratitude reach out to help those about us, who are weary with sorrow, and rejoice in our blessings this Christmas. We still have strife here, and we regret that our petty problems should blemish the world peace we have gained, but life in America is still good, and the main thread is weaving steadily on.

Christmas is a personal thing as it has always been. It is just like happiness, you take it or leave it, just suit yourself. Christmas is a "habit" we might say, for many of us. Maybe you feel "what's the use," but most of us seem to bring out the Christmas spirit like we do the Christmas tree decorations. They may be a bit tarnished, they may be a bit faded, but somehow when they are on the tree and their colorful notes blend in with the melody and lights they go toward their part in making Christmas. After Christmas loses its magic of childhood one is pretty apt to have a disillusioned attitude, but thank goodness most of us, no matter where we are, or how little or big the celebration can still manage to get a thrill out of the day if we try. Maybe it is a note from some old friend who still remembers. Maybe it is a Christmas card that we have always loved. Maybe it is the face of a little child with that radiant expectant look, maybe it is someone who needs our help.

But fortunately in some form, the Christmas spirit, to most of us it comes, with that glow



The twinkling of Bethlehem, hardly more than a mile long and only a single street in length, had he... The twinkling of Bethlehem, hardly more than a mile long and only a single street in length, had he... The twinkling of Bethlehem, hardly more than a mile long and only a single street in length, had he...

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Christmas Bells



heard the bells on Christmas Day Their old, familiar carols play, And wild and sweet The words repeat Of peace on earth, good will to men.

-H. W. Longfellow

The same star that burned over the sacred manger night had brought other men from a far off country Men from the East. They, too, had seen the sign of heralding the birth of a King. The star had led the mountain, valley and parched deserts, till at last they reached Bethlehem. Their camels walked one by one down narrow streets, bearing their rich burden, for these were kings of great wealth. The star pointed to the stable, and the camels knelt before the open door and the Wise Men laid the treasures they had brought; boxes of gold, frankincense and rare spices. They laid their gifts at the feet of the smiling infant in the manger, and fell upon their knees in fervent worship of Jesus the Saviour.

time you pass one... take notice. You will find own nerves relaxing. They are so sore and gentle. They are your respect for their sake you forgot to give to their mas fund last time, don't tomorrow, for it will not late to aid Major Cecil Bro her co-workers in their in the isolated section county.

Maybe you have the experience. Each year we find touch of human interest, usually comes from the and fairy like faith of a child gives us that spark of the mas spirit that takes us late with the extra energy need physical and spiritual. (Continued on Next Page)