

Parades Are Commonplace In Downtown Washington

By JANE EADS

WASHINGTON—Americans love a parade, and in any other town they'd close up shop and turn out en masse to do full honors to anyone from a local 4-H club winner to Santa Claus.

But in the nation's capital the folks are so used to public demonstrations in honor of kings and queens, heads of foreign states, international heroes, politicians and conventions that they no longer get excited. A parade down Pennsylvania Avenue these days attracts about as much of a crowd as the Cabin John street car, which traverses the same route.

It used to be right embarrassing for the city fathers to whip up a full-dress welcoming reception, with flags, motorcades, bands, military and police escorts and then have to move down town for the key-to-the-city deal without a crowd to whoop things up.

But now most of the headlines seem to arrive at National Airport or Union Station around 4:30 in the afternoon. This may be just a coincidence, but it is the time when thousands of government workers are beginning to hot-foot it for home, and rumor is that it's planned that way. Naturally, the carefully-paced, slow-crawling procession has the right of way. All traffic halts, and the workers—at first resigned, sometimes grumbling and often indifferent—at least make a sizable crowd and, being Americans, before long are loving every minute of it.

How would you like a mountain retreat for a birthday present? That's what Mrs. H. F. Johnson of Racine, Wis., gave her husband, the new director of the Office of Industrial Resources of the Foreign Operations Administration. The lovely spot is in the Andes in Chile, where the Johnsons spent some time before coming here.

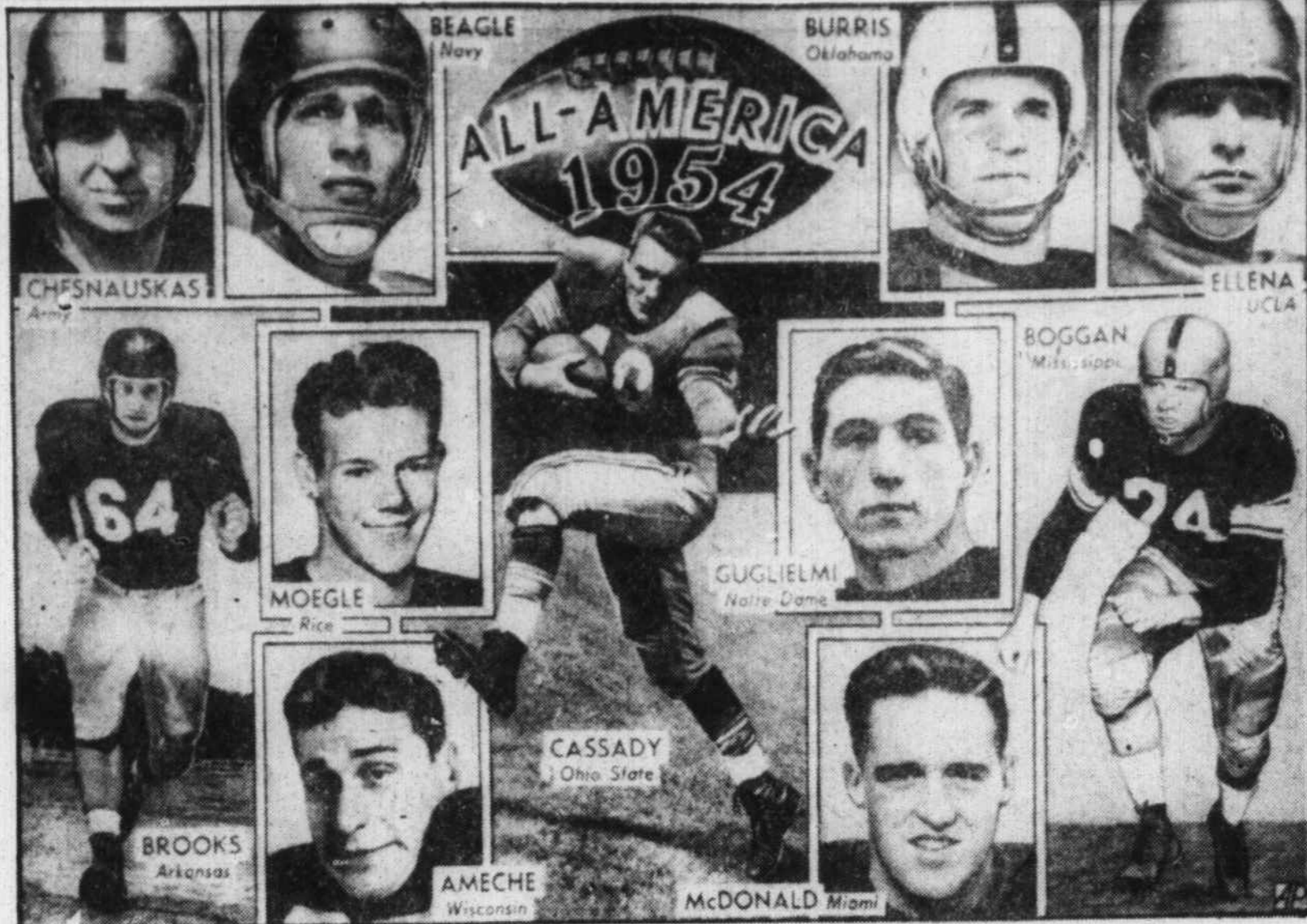
Mrs. Johnson says that every good fishing stream in Chile flows right into the lake on which the birthday house is situated.

Mrs. John Farr Simmons, wife of the State Department's chief of protocol, whose life in the capital is one party after another, still has to go to market for the meals they manage to eat at home. She's even written a song about her experiences in a supermarket where she rubs pushcarts with everybody, including Mrs. Richard Nixon, the Veep's wife, and the neighbor's cook. The title: "Supermarket Special".

Christmas Services Set At Grace Church

Two special Christmas services of Holy Communion will be conducted at Grace Episcopal Church in the Mountains by the Rev. James Y. Perry, Jr.

A candlelight service starting at 11:30 p.m. will be held on Christmas Eve; and the second service will be at 10 a.m. Christmas morning for those who cannot attend the midnight service.



Mrs. Purcell Dies In Florida

Mrs. Julia Hopple Purcell, a summer visitor to Waynesville for more than forty years, died last Friday morning in a St. Petersburg, Fla., nursing home after a long illness.

Funeral services were held in St. Petersburg and interment was in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mrs. Purcell was born June 16, 1876 in Covington, Ky. She was married to the late Eugene Purcell, a druggist, and lived in St. Petersburg and Tampa, Fla. She was a member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Colonial Dames, Daughters of the American Revolution, and St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church.

She is survived by two sons, Woodson N. Purcell of Anona, Fla., and James Purcell of St. Petersburg, and two grandchildren.

Eureka!

GREENSBORO (AP)—Workers struck oil while drilling a well for water to be used at a bakery.

Triumphantly they marched in and told bakery manager Max Heath: "You have struck oil."

"Yes, but it isn't free oil," Heath said. "It's oil I have in a 4,000-gallon tank."

New York Claims Santa Claus As Private Property

While the claim may cause the rest of America to bristle, New Yorkers insist that Santa Claus is peculiarly New York's own. Not only did he land in Manhattan with the Dutch settlers, they point out, but for almost two hundred years he never took his activities or presents out of New York state.

The New Yorkers advance some interesting points to bolster their contentions. They declare that in the genial company of Washington Irving, James Kirke Paulding and Clement Clarke Moore, Santa Claus gradually lost the grim, stern aspect he wore when he arrived with the Dutch settlers to the bulging benevolent mien he now offers.

It was in New York, too, they assert, that Santa acquired his reindeer sleigh and his habit of arriving on Christmas instead of on the Dutch St. Nicholas eve (December 5). And thus, in his New York panoply, he finally found his way to all parts of the United States, England and even Australia and India.

Indeed, as the New Yorkers will tell you, New York, as New Amsterdam in the beginning, was dedicated to Santa Claus, or St. Nicholas, by its Dutch founders. For Santa Claus—or Sinterklaas, as it is sometimes written in Holland—is of course only the centuries-old pet name which Dutch children gave to their patron and gift bringer, the good Bishop St. Nicholas. And it is said that the ship which brought the first Dutch children to Manhattan island bore his face as figurehead.

From the first, too, his special day of December 6, was set aside with Christmas, New Year's Easter and Whitsuntide, as one of the five chief holidays of the new colony, just as it had been in Holland.

So, year after year, as regularly as St. Nicholas eve came around in New Amsterdam, in Breuckelen (Brooklyn), in Fort Orange (Albany) and many other hamlets above the icy Hudson, the children in every good Dutch family gathered in expectant circle. For weeks beforehand they had learned their lessons and helped with the milking and churning in an agony of good behavior. And now, all ready, they sang their song to Santa Claus.

In the midst of the song would come a knocking at the door and in would stride Santa Claus, himself—not round and jolly, but solemn and majestic in trailing robes. In one hand he might have a basket of presents or a purse, but in the other was sure to be a birch rod—an awful warning to a naughty boy.

Santa questioned each child in turn about his behavior in the year just past and gave him a pat of approval or a warning shake of the

Russian People Also Can Say Merry Christmas

"S Rojdestvom Xristovym." That's what a Russian would say to you if you were in Russia on Christmas day and he wished to extend the season's greetings.

The phrase is the Russian's way of saying: "Merry Christmas."

In the past, the Russian's Christmas was closely associated with his church; but how the day is observed no what the religious life has been subjugated in the Soviet, one would have to be behind the "iron curtain" to know.

But it was not always like that. In other days, the Russian Christmas was much like the Ukrainian. There was a Santa Claus known as "Dedushka Moroz" and there were traditional gifts of red boots for children and golden slippers for young girls.

In certain parts of the country the "baboushka" (grandmother) was the legendary dispenser of gifts. According to one story, she repented of unkindness and ever since has tried to make amends by distributing gifts to children at Christmas.

Nicer To Eat Out

PLEASANT HILL, Calif. (AP)—Poochie ate most of his meals at the home of neighbors, Stella and Howard Waite. So they asked his owners, Mr. and Mrs. Art Hakel, for the dog.

The Hagels agreed but now the Waite never see Poochie. He went back to scrounging meals from his original owners.

head, as the record indicated. Then, bidding them all look for presents in the morning, the good saint suddenly flung a handful of lollipops into the room and, in the ensuing scramble, vanished into the night.

Then the children set out their sabots, or later the great blue yarn stockings made for the purpose.

However he did it—and the tale varies in many lands—Santa Claus got about, for in the morning over the hearth steaming with waffles and sausages and other good Dutch fare, were the blue stockings bulging with apples, balls, dolls and tops.

Bethel Christmas Tree Program Set For Thursday

The church Christmas tree at Bethel Presbyterian Church will include Christmas prayers, singing, and a Christmas play, as well as Santa Claus, with presents for all, it has been announced.

The Christmas tree is slated for Thursday, beginning at 6:45 p.m., by the Bethel Presbyterian Session. The session worked out final plans for the event Sunday, together with representatives from Sonoma Missionary Baptist Church, which will cooperate with the Presbyterians in the service.

D. D. York was appointed to see about getting Santa to town, and Clifton S. Terrell will obtain candies, fruits and nuts for the occasion. The ladies of the two churches will be responsible for Christmas decorations, while a trio of young men were appointed to select a tree.

In addition, these parts were announced for the Christmas play, "Martin Luther's Cradle Hymn":

Hans Luther — Clifton Terrell, Jr.; Margaret Luther—Rheta York; Martin as a Child—Steve Rollins; Martin as a Man—Lamar York; Priest—Billy Terrell; Frau Cotta—Jean Mann; 1st Housewife—Janette Sheffield; 2nd Housewife—Rosemary West; Mrs. Katherine Luther — Pat Teague; 1st Child—



CPL. JOSEPH C. MORROW of Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Moore, Route 4, Waynesville, has named "Marine of the Month" while serving with a unit of Fleet Marine Force in Korea.

The old furlong, still some used in measurements, represents the distance it was supposed of oxen could plow without a "one turoow long" or 220

United States farm flocks billion eggs in May, 4 per more than during May, 1953.

Nancy Tatham; 2nd Child—McNeill; 3rd Child—Jack Cracken; 4th Child—Beverly; 5th Child—Carolyn; Reader—Annette Sheffield.

GREETINGS

May the season's joys follow you throughout a happy New Year.

Western Carolina Livestock Co.
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Silent Night

Christmas, to be kept fittingly, must bring to us a remembrance of Christ. Every true vision of the day must show us the Holy Child, with the light of divine love shining on His face — for Christmas with no thought of the love of Christ, is empty of all sacred meaning.

In the spirit of this glorious Season we wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Haywood Electric Service
Authorized General Electric Dealer
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NOAH NUMSKULL

DEAR NOAH — IF BURGLARS ROBBED A PERFUME STORE, WOULD THEY GET EVERY SCENT? CLYDE WHITWORTH CLIFTON, NEW JERSEY

DEAR NOAH — IS "ALOHA" THE KIND OF BERTH YOU GET ON AN HAWAIIAN TRAIN? WM. SCHERER, JR. ALLENTOWN, PA.

POSTCARD YOUR RUN TO NOAH!

Greetings OF THE Season TO ALL OUR FRIENDS

With the spirit of the Season we send you our sincere Greetings and Best Wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

L. C. DAVIS
MAYOR and the BOARD OF ALDERMEN
TOWN OF HAZELWOOD

Ivey's
in Asheville
Wishes You
A Very
Merry Christmas
and the
Happiest
of
New Years