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SO THIS IS NEW YORK BY NORTH CALLAHAN

Christmas in New York. Needless to say, it is a far cry from that I enjoyed at Fork Creek, Tennessee where I was born. And to tell the truth, New York comes out second in the comparison. It is a big, glamorous, wonderful town but it does not have the homeyness of my native section. Here one finds the most glittering display of this day's man-made Christmas decorations in the world. Just last night, I travelled the whole length of 5th Avenue to see what the Yuletide motif was. Big stores festooned with thousands of lights and complicated, expensive windows right out of "Arabian Nights." Especially in Radio City where the brilliantly-lighted column of dazzling figures down along the plaza climaxes in a tremendous Christmas tree which is undoubtedly the biggest one in the world.

I'll still take Fork Creek. Out there where my father had a cross-roads country store, our decorations started with a sprig of holly in the living-room window, lighted by a coal-oil lamp. In front of the old-fashioned fireplace, we had a crude, little Christmas tree brought from the farthest cow pasture — but it was beautiful. For my mother and dad selected and prepared it — and to us, it meant an awful lot. It was our very own

symbol of Christmas. We five children really believed in Santa Claus, and hung our stockings on the chimney. Next morning they were filled, too. Oranges, apples, socks or striped peppermint candy, a little toy or two and a Christmas card from Santa Claus, written in a familiar hand, which wished us sincerely nappy holidays. To have one of these Christmases again, I'd trade all of New York — and a lot more.

And I am not alone in this big city, in this nostalgic longing for the old, the nice and simple things or the. Part of the reason we wish for them, of course, is because the olden, golden days represent a joyful part of our youth. Things that have happened since then, no matter how important, are queer, less thrilling to our ever-more mature minds. Childhood Christmas was the happy morning of our lives. The noon and evening naturally hold less cheerfulness. Folks here from New England, the South, the Middle and Far West all have tears in their eyes once in awhile when they think of home. And nothing brings home closer to them than the merry, mellow golden days of Christmas.

Of all the Christmas cards that I receive, the ones that touch me the most are those with rural scenes, with snow-clad hills dotted here and there with cedar trees, a sled being drawn over the soft-white trails, a lighted church, a Yule log being pulled right into the gladsome, cheery-red fireplace where the family all gather in that most wonderful place on earth, their own dear home. Oh the towers of Manhattan are grand, Times Square is a man-made miracle, and the splendid decorations of Rockefeller Center are a marvel to behold. As for me, I look at them and think of that cozy little home in Fork Creek with Papa and Mama lighting the rugh little Christmas tree after all the other many chores of the day were done.

And yet, Christmas I guess is mostly in the heart. We can't expect to stay boys and girls forever, or else there would be no other boys and girls to take our place. Whether we are the children ourselves or the fathers and mothers of them, this holy holiday has its proper place. Blessed are we whose sons and daughters sing in the church choirs instead of flirting closely with death up the long, fast roads in a hot rod spurred on all too much with alcohol. The Christ child was and is a friend of us all, and evidently he watches over many a foolish human who otherwise would have a short span on this tumultuous earth. Fork Creek or New York — Christmas really means the same thing, within ourselves. One thing about it is sure: it is in most ways our most joyful time. So let me sincerely wish all you good readers, the Merriest Christmas you have ever had.

The wild boar has been revered from ancient times, and was especially honored at Christmastime for having taught mankind the art of plowing by rooting into the ground with his tusks.

Then Came Three Wise Men

Legend not only has identified the Wise Men as Gaspar, Melchior and Balthasar, it has crowned them and given them the kingdoms of Tarsus, Arabia and Ethiopia. It has symbolized their gifts as symbolic of what Jesus was to become — gold for a king, frankincense for a high priest and myrrh for a great physician.

The Gospel text's specific wise men from the east logically identifies them with Zoroastrianism — an ancient monotheistic religion of Persia. Zoroastrian priests were called Magi; they were powerful in public and private life since they, and they alone, possessed the priestly mysteries involved in the worship of Mazda — who represented the Horoastrian power for good. The Magi may or may not have been fabulously wealthy; St. Mat-

thew does not elaborate their treasures nor the amount of gold, frankincense and myrrh which they presented to the Christ Child. The gifts may have been mere tokens of their treasures, or the sum and substance thereof.

And if they were soothsayers, mystics and possibly clairvoyants they were also truly wise — in as much as they did not return to Herod, but departed into their own country by a different route.

The practice of placing burning candles in the windows on Christmas eve is tied up with an Irish custom which holds the thought of the Christ child alone in the dark, needing light for his way.

Assam in southeast Asia averages 400 inches of rain a year.

England Once Forbade Christmas Observance

Did you know that the observance of Christmas was once forbidden in England — the home of the Yule Log, the Carol-singer and the wassailers?

During the Reformation many believed the undue jollity of Christmas day as sacrilegious. Parliament on December 24, 1652, ordered that "no observance shall be held of the five and twentieth day of December, commonly called Christmas day; nor any solemnity used or exercised in churches upon that day in respect thereof."

This edict proved to be very unpopular with the masses of the people. It was not until many years later, however, that Christmas was once again regarded as a holiday.

LINGERIE GIFTS New lingerie gifts feature Bermuda shorts plus gay tops. About half the electric bulbs sold in the United States are for home use.

THE FLETCHER SCHOOL OF DANCE WISHES A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL OUR STUDENTS AND FRIENDS IN AND AROUND WAYNESVILLE. WE ARE LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING YOU ALL AGAIN SATURDAY, JANUARY 8. IN OUR STUDIOS HERE IN THE SMATHERS BUILDING WHEN WE WILL START ANOTHER GRAND AND GLORIOUS YEAR OF DANCING!



O, come all ye faithful...

May the peace and happiness symbolized by the Star of Christmas remain with you throughout the Holiday Season.

PARKWAY MOTORS, Inc. Haywood Street

WE WOULD LIKE TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO WISH ALL OUR FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS

A

MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND A

HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS

NEW YEAR

ALLISON CONSTRUCTION CO., INC.

R. E. ALLISON, PRESIDENT



MERRY CHRISTMAS

and a

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

The Holiday Season affords us the opportunity to express our appreciation to our many friends for their good will and cooperation during the past year.

And with this appreciation goes our wish for a joyous Christmas and a New Year of health and prosperity.

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