

Scene From Top O' The Hill

By: Jack Kelly

Merry Christmas!

Off hand, that appears to be a rather trite manner in which to begin a Column. Possibly it is. However, I spent a lot of time trying to figure out a different opening but came up with a blank. The reason was obvious to me because what I wanted to do was wish everyone a Merry Christmas, and no one has ever yet devised a better way of expressing it. The more I thought about this greeting, the more it annoyed me. In the greeting you just can't exclude people. It is sort of like the "love" demanded in Christian Charity: love thy neighbor. You hate the sin but must still love the sinner. As long as you are under forty, you ignore such a Commandment. Maybe you don't but, if I recall, I did. Nowadays, I realize that the Rules which have stood for centuries have a lot of merit to them. I realize that they were made to simplify things, not to make life tough, as I used to think. As a matter of that I think that the teaching on the subject is in error, not the subject itself. For example, too often sermons are delivered in which the "Road to Hell" is explained as an attractive highway, wide and direct, and fascinating. Generally they sound like a Public Relations pamphlet for a new section of the Inter-State. This is definitely not a true picture.

I know that the person reading this article never took any steps on the "Road" in question but

that reader might just have an acquaintance or two who took a mis-step or a wrong turn and found himself therein. If so, that acquaintance and myself might just sit down sometime and discuss my theory because a personal friend of mine assures me the "Hoax" is rougher than somewhat.

All of which brings me back to my opening wish of a Merry Christmas. You see, in that wish are included the folks who have stuck to the straight and narrow as well as my fellow wrong-turners who have trod the condemned road. As a matter of fact, to you folks, whoever you are, I add the word "Very" to your Merry Christmas.

Frankly, for this Christmas Column, I had contemplated writing a versified Greeting. Using everybody's name and so forth. Then my common sense took over, as it occasionally does, and I realized that I would for sure leave out someone's name and thus, inadvertently, offend someone whom I liked and mess up their Christmas by having them angry at me and mess up my own by having given offense without intention to do so. My Daddy taught all of us Kellys to be intentional in our offensiveness. I don't recommend Daddy's teaching but I liked his summation "Anything I've done that I'm sorry for, I am glad of." Gramatically, he was wrong because he not only ended a clause with a preposition, he also ended the sentence with one. Possibly my

Pappy confused himself with Charles Dickens who, in his deservedly famous Christmas Carol, opened "Marley was dead to begin with."

In any event, I threw out the idea of a corny poem which could only have been dignified with the term doggerel, and, if you miss seeing your name in a dreadful not written poem, please accept my personal greetings and, of course, one from Blanche, the gal who married me. We almost argued over who wished the people in Burnsville the merriest Christmas. I won because my greetings, I assured her, included everyone in Yancey County. She claimed that hers did too, but, since she is not writing, and I had not given her a ballot, I didn't let her vote.

As a youngster, I recall hearing older folks mention the fact that they got-the-blues around Christmastime. Older folks then meant anyone over thirty-five. I couldn't imagine anyone feeling sad at that time of the year. Nowadays, I understand it. It is sad, albeit, a nice, pleasant sadness. It's nostalgic. All by yourself, you can "remember the time." Different than meeting a friend you haven't seen for years and you both remember-the-time together. Christmastime you remember the times that you could have done a little better, could have made a little more effort, could have furnished that little bit of Charity that might have caused someone else to have been different. No one knows most of these things but yourself. Particularly, I think, do you recall the memory of persons, family or friend, who were or should have been very

Social Security Office Closed For Holidays

The social security district office in Asheville will not be open Saturday, December 23, or Saturday, December 30, reports James E. Robertson, district manager. While the Asheville office is normally open Saturday mornings it will not be open on these two Saturdays which precede the Christmas and New Year holidays.

Mr. Robertson has also issued a reminder that in some instances it may be advantageous for a person to file a claim in Dec-

ember rather than in January or later, and suggests that those who may be eligible for benefits in 1967 — even though employed — contact his office to see whether action should be taken in December. Regular week-day office hours are from 8:15 a. m. to 5:00 p. m.

Holiday Greetings

Another Christmas and another Year will soon be here. It is not possible for me to see everyone in Mitchell and Yancey Counties, as much as I wish I could. So I figured the best way to reach you with my little message was through the press of our two wonderful newspapers.

I am only speaking for myself, however I feel sure the remainder of our small Staff feels the same as I do when I say the people of Mitchell and Yancey Counties (I work both counties) are and could have been the most wonderful people to work for and with that could be found anywhere.

To say that we enjoy our work and enjoy working with you would be putting it very mild.

I wish and hope for each of you in Mitchell and Yancey Counties a happy Christmas and a happy prosperous New Year.

Sincerely your Sanitarian and servant.

District Health Department, by Jake F. Buckner, R. S. District Sanitarian, Spruce Pine, N. C. Box 206.

Happy New Year!



Greetings 1968

Time molds customs; progress brings change, but the New Year is forever the season of hope and promise. Sincere best wishes.



Roberts Chevrolet-Buick, Inc.

BEST WISHES for 1968



We hope that you are on the way to a year of increasing success and lasting happiness. We are grateful for many pleasant associations during the past year.

J. F. Robinson Furniture & Appliance And General Mdse.