

THE Iredell Morning News

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Merry Christmas To All Of You

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VOLUME 5

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For The Children

Santa Claus And The Little Elf

By Mary H. Long

Did you ever hear about the time the bottom dropped out of Santa Claus' sleigh? It was the funniest thing and it was one time when one of those mischievous little elf men was really scared.

It happened like this. Santa was getting ready to go out with the Christmas things. It was the night before Christmas. Everybody was excited and hustling about, everybody but Mr. Santa Claus. He just sat by the fire until everything was loaded up, then he pulled on his boots, his fur gloves and his red wool cap with the white tassel and walked out and climbed up on the high seat of the sleigh . . . and there, scrunched up in a corner, was the teeniest of all the little elf men.

The elf man was doubled up until he just looked like a black hat with a peak on it. Because of this, he thought maybe Mr. Santa wouldn't see him. But Mr. Santa, you know, always has his pipe and he had just lighted it so he could puff as he rode along in the snowy world. When he got up on the seat of the sleigh, he had to lay the pipe down to gather up the reins and tuck the robe over his feet. And do you know where he laid it? Right on that scrunched up little heap that looked like a black hat with a peak to it! The pipe's hot ashes spilled right onto the heap and you never have heard such a squeal, for they hit that little elf man on the back of his doubled over neck.

Mr. Santa just nearly jumped out of his boots. "Mrs. Santa Claus, here, here, what does this mean? What is all this?" and he started to climb out, but Mrs. Santa Claus just reached right over him, picked up that teeniest little elf man, shook him, set him down on the foot of the sleigh and called to a gnome to come get him.

"What did you mean, anyway," she said to the elf man.

"Oh," the teeniest elf man said, "I want to go so bad with Mr. Santa Claus to take the Christmas things around the world."

"Ha, ha, ha," Mr. Santa said, "You're too little and you're up to too many tricks. Why I'd have to be fishing you out of some stocking or you might hang yourself on a Christmas tree and scare some little girl to death Christmas morning. No sir, you stay here until you're big enough to really help. Here, get him, Mrs. Santa. I've got to go."

Just as Mrs. Santa started to pick him up again to hand him to a gnome, she noticed Mr. Santa didn't have his scarf around his neck. "What in the world," she said, "a night like this, you'll probably get stiff with cold and can't stuff the stockings. Here, little gnome, run back in, find the scarf. Dear me, dear me! Everything's going wrong, we'll never make it by Christmas morning."

Mrs. Santa got so excited she bustled right off after the gnome to hunt Mr. Santa's scarf and forgot all about that teeniest little elf man in the foot of the sleigh. And you know what he did? Why, quick as a flash, over the back of the seat he went, down in the foot of the sleigh, in between two of the biggest sacks of toys. And Mr. Santa came back, Mrs. Santa fussing along behind him. He hopped up on the seat, stuck his pipe in his mouth and was off with a jingle of bells. No one thought another thing about that teeniest elf man.

The teeniest elf man had a grand time at first. He watched the white rabbits as they ran out and wiggled their little ears at the reindeer. He looked at the white snow birds as they fluttered over the sleigh, chirping and cheeping. One of them saw the teeniest elf man, too. He flew right down close, saw the little peaked hat and the bright little eyes, and he flew up and twittered to the other birds and they came over, but the teeniest elf man ducked and they didn't see him. Then he saw big polar bears, some of them stand-

ing on their hind legs to see the sleigh go by. He saw baby reindeer and the grandfather of all the reindeer with the biggest horns and the softest eyes. Then the sleigh went higher and the teeniest elf man saw only ice and snow and he began to be restless. He stuck his hands in a toy sack. His fingers felt something smooth, he turned it and out came the liveliest tune. The reindeer heard it. Mr. Santa heard it, too. He took his pipe out of his mouth, slowed up the sleigh and said to the two big elf men who always help him on Christmas eve, "Now, what's wrong back there? You elves hop back and see."

The elves jumped back and punched all around, but they didn't find anything wrong. They decided that one of the music boxes had been wound up too tight and began playing when shaken by the ride of the sleigh.

The teeniest elf man shivered, he was so scared they'd find him. He didn't know what they'd do with him, but he felt pretty sure they'd put him out, maybe make him ride home on a jack-rabbit's back, and jack-rabbits are awful rough for elf men to ride on. Sometimes they buck something terrible. He was so glad they didn't see him. He watched the snow a while, listened to Santa singing and calling to the reindeer. Then the elf man got hungry. With his sharp little fingers he dug into a bag, got candy, nuts, apples, sugar plums . . . oh, everything good, and finally went off to sleep with a candy walking stick stuck in his mouth.

And then . . . what do you reckon happened! Why, all of a sudden, just like that, the bottom of that sleigh fell out.

Don't ask me why . . . Mrs. Santa Claus said it was because Mr. Santa Claus sat around the fire smoking when he should have been checking the gnomes to see they set the screws in tight. The gnomes said it was because a bunch of elf men danced up and down in the sleigh when they were fastening the screws and some of the screws didn't get in tight. The elf men said there wasn't a single thing wrong at all . . . it was all planned between the fairies and Mrs. Santa Claus because they thought Mr. Santa Claus ought to take two loads of things, that he was going to run out some time and not have enough time to get back to the North Pole and back again before morning.

However it was, the bottom fell out . . . the middle part of it, the very part where the teeniest elf man was asleep with the candy walking stick in his mouth. With a sputtering and a kicking, the elf man woke up. There he was, hanging upside down, the snow in his mouth and in his eyes, and being pulled right along, for Mr. Santa didn't know what had happened. He drove on, whistling and singing. The teeniest elf man lifted his head and saw that his peaked toes were caught in one side of the sleigh and he knew that was why he hadn't gone loose, down into the snow.

He was awfully scared at first and he yelled and yelled, but no one could hear him. Then he got to thinking about Mr. Santa riding on and all those toys loose back there and he knew he just had to let Mr. Santa know. So right easy, he edged himself up until he could grab the edge of the sleigh and then he pulled over on to the side of the sleigh, for it was just the middle that fell out. He caught his breath, then he yelled and yelled.

But elf men have little voices and no one could hear him at all. No one but a little white snow bird. That little bird had followed the sleigh the whole way, twittering and twittering because he saw the little elf man hiding in the bottom of it. He heard the little elf man but he couldn't do anything but twitter. He flew up close, twittered and twittered, then with a down swoop he pulled the bell right off the end of the elf man's hat and off he went, flying back toward the North Pole fast as he could go. And meantime the teen-

iest elf man, tired of yelling, fell back on the sack of toys and when he did he felt something real hard under his head.

With his little sharp fingers he punched a hole in the sack, ran his hand in and there was the biggest, brightest drum with two sticks that were bigger than the teeniest elf man's two arms. He looked at it a minute. He picked up the heavy stick, held his breath, bit his lips tight and squinched up his eyes, then he came back with all his might and hit that drum with both the sticks. It almost knocked him over, they were so big, and he was so little. But it made a terrible noise. Mr. Santa heard it. The reindeer heard it and they all stopped still. Then the teeniest elf man came down again . . . boom! boom! on the drum. This time Mr. Santa hopped right up in the seat of the sleigh and the two elf men, who are his helpers, hopped up, too, and they looked back and there was that teeniest elf man, his eyes squinched shut, his arms back, ready to hit the drum again with sticks a heap bigger than his arms. Mr. Santa just had to laugh, it was so funny, but right in the middle of a laugh he saw the bottom of the sleigh was gone. "Ha, ha, ha . . . what . . . at in the world!" he said, and the elf men helpers jumped down in the snow and the teeniest elf man went to trying to tell how the bottom went out "back yonder over a long long row of little houses and I fell out, but my tes stuck, and I'm cold and I lost my candy walking stick, and I want to go back to the North Pole!" With this he toppled over on to the sack of toys just crying and when he fell he hit a toy rooster and it went "cock-a-doodle-do!" and the teeniest elf man jumped up in the air and just then way off they heard some sleigh bells.

The reindeer looked around, Mr. Santa looked, and every one listened. There, over the snow came the cutest little team you ever saw. It was like something out of a fairy book, and the fairies were along, too. It was a sled, a long, long sled on runners that turned up at the back and it was pulled by 16 of the tiniest, prettiest little baby reindeer in all of the world, sixteen of them and each one of them had a collar of silver bells around his neck, the bells on every collar jingling with music only little silver bells can make.

On the sleigh were bags, all colors of bags, piled high and perched on top of the bags was Mrs. Santa Claus herself. She was wrapped up in one of Mr. Santa's old red coats and she had one of his tasseled caps on her head and a muffler pulled up to her eyes and her specs were perched right on top of her nose, just about all you could see of her face being the specs. And on either side of Mrs. Santa Claus were fairies, four of the lovely little things on either side of her and the wands they held were just shining and gleaming with tiny little lights, like stars, and their wings glistened and gleamed with the same bright little lights and their fairy robes were covered over with the softest, most gorgeous white fur and on their heads were fur caps that were covered with the lights like their wings. And alongside the sled, on either side of it, were troops of white rabbits and at the back of it were four big white polar bears and you know what they were doing . . . Two of them were pushing the sled and two of them were up on their hind feet, walking just like people do and over their shoulders they carried some more Christmas bags, big bags with toys peeping out over the top of them, and over all this gay procession there were flocks and flocks of little snow birds and leading them was the little snow bird that saw the teeniest elf man and in his mouth he still carried the teeniest elf man's bell.

You know what the snow bird did with that bell? When he saw that the bottom of the sleigh had

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Meeting Set To Discuss City Court

On Monday evening, January 5, there will be a special meeting of the City Council for the purpose of consideration of the abolition of the Mayor's, or city court. It was decided to call this special meeting after an informal discussion held at a meeting of councilmen, and some others interested, on Friday evening.

Mayor Bagnall called the meeting last Friday and he presided. Representatives of administrations of the city and the county, of the press, the bar and general citizenry attended the meeting.

Judge Baxter Finch, who conducts the city court, expressed the opinion that such a court is hardly more than a magistrate's hearing and about equal authority. Time is consumed in finding cause to hold a defendant to Recorder's Court and he said he feels the city could well let the cases go direct to the Recorder's court. General comment followed Judge Finch's statement.

Police Chief Ivey, City Manager Dickerson and two councilmen, Allen Mills and Paul Lingle, favored the doing away with the city court. Councilmen Watts and Shell preferred time for study of the proposal.

Hugh Mitchell, speaking as the county representative, offered cooperation in any plan that will assure needed reforms in court procedures, at the same time indicating that a change as proposed would give more work to the Recorder's court.

Senator C. V. Henkel spoke from the legislative standpoint. He said that if the Bell committee recommendations are accepted the court question at point might be a part of the general reform. The Bell plan will take time to put into operation.

The general response at the meeting Friday seemed to favor the abolition of the city court and at the special meeting on January 5, the matter will be taken up on a more definite basis.

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Principal Hill Resigns At Central

Orin J. Hill, who has been principal at Central High School since September 1957 has resigned effective January first.

Mr. Hill, a native of Concord, is a graduate of Wake Forest College and attended the University of Arkansas. He received his Masters Degree from Appalachian State Teachers College, Boone.

He has accepted a travelling position with the Geigy Pharmaceutical Company and will have Charlotte as his headquarters. He and his family moved to Concord this week.

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Bond Sales Pass 44 Million In State

In the first 11 months of this year U. S. Savings Bonds sales in North Carolina passed the 44 million dollar mark. This amount is over 2 per cent ahead of the same period in 1957, and represents 90 per cent of the State's 49 million dollar goal for 1958.

Sales for the month of November in North Carolina were \$3,708,613, which is two and one-third per cent below November 1957.

In Iredell County, sales for the month were \$39,835.75, and for the year to date \$516,661.79.

P. M. Barger, county volunteer chairman, in making this release said, "North Carolina stands an excellent chance of making its quota for the year." He urged all late Christmas shoppers to remember U. S. Savings Bonds as a practical gift for Christmas.

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MISS GENTLE
Miss Sarah Gentle, who made her home on Snow Creek Road, in the home of the late Miss Alice Summers, has gone to Charlotte to the Methodist Home, where she will live.

Doll Show Set For December 30 At Grace Park

The Fourth Annual Doll Show contest will be held at the Grace Park Recreation Center on Tuesday, December 30. The contest is annually sponsored by the Statesville Junior Service League and the Statesville Recreation Commission.

The Junior Service League will present trophies to the three dolls judged the most outstanding in the age groups 1-6, 7-10, and 11-up. There will be 16 classifications for the contest. They are: prettiest, cutest, largest, most outstanding, smallest, story book doll, largest doll collection, best original doll collection, novelty doll collection, bride doll, dolls from every country, home made rag dolls, commercial rag dolls, best home made clothes, best factory made clothes, and most likeable doll. Ribbons will be awarded by the Recreation Commission for the first and second place winners in each of the classifications. First

place winners will receive blue ribbons and second place winners will receive red ribbons. All entries must be tagged before bringing to the Recreation Center with the owner's name, age, address, and phone number pinned to the dress or costume. If no phone number contestant must list any phone near their home.

Traffic Heavy On Telephone Lines

Christmas traffic is expected to be heavy in more places than the aisles of downtown stores and on Statesville streets.

Long distance telephone traffic already is showing signs of being extremely heavy. D. W. Rigby, manager for Southern Bell has disclosed.

While some delays in completing calls will be inevitable, he said, service will be comparatively normal with the exception of Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, and New Year's Day. These will be the peak telephone days of the season, Mr. Rigby said.

VanHoy Will Help With Pension Forms

J. Pierce VanHoy, county Veterans Service officer, has announced that his office is prepared to assist veterans and widows in receipt of pension and death pension in completing the annual income questionnaire required by the Veterans Administration in January each year.

VanHoy said the Veterans Administration is in the process of mailing the income questionnaires to veterans and widows who must make the annual income report after December.

The income report is required for veterans and widows receiving non-service connected pension or death pension, according to the County Veterans Service Officer.

VanHoy said that persons seeking his aid should bring in the form furnished by the Veterans Administration and an itemized list of income and expenses.

The service officer encouraged veterans receiving the forms to return the form to the Veterans Administration in 30 days and avoid interruption of benefits.

Additional information and assistance may be secured from the Iredell County Veterans Service Office, Court House Annex, Statesville, or Robert F. Currence, District Officer, N. C. Veterans Commission, 202 Frye Building, Hickory.

Dolls must be brought to the Recreation Center by no later than 5 p. m. on Monday, December 29, the day before the contest. Contestants will pick up dolls to take home between 5 and 6 p. m. on Tuesday, December 30. Judging for the contest will be between the hours of 1 and 3 p. m. on Tuesday, December 30. The contest will be open to the public to view from 3 to 5 o'clock on the day of the event. The dolls will be displayed in the center's downstairs TV room, since the ballroom will be refinished at this time. The committee in charge of the contest includes: from the Junior Service League, Chairman Mrs. Carolyn Herrin, Miss Ellen Bryant, Mrs. Gene Krider; from the Recreation Department, Jack H. Springer, superintendent, Hardy Croom, assistant, Tom Smith and Mary Robertson. Chairman of the judges will be Mrs. Henry Rhodes.

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Golden Wedding Celebration

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Adams of Hiddenite, route 1, are celebrating their Golden Wedding anniversary on Sunday, December 28th from 2 until 5 p. m. at their home. Mrs. Adams is the former Miss Lizzie Woodward of Alexander County.

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IN FLORIDA
Mr. and Mrs. Everett Twiss and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Cutting are spending ten days in Florida.