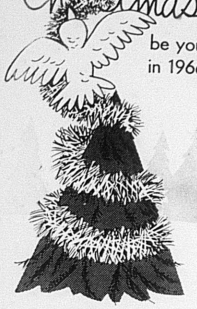
May all the beauty of Christmas be yours in 1966...



A.V. ALLISON Tax Commissioner

THE MISTLETOE KISS . . . Frigga, the goddess of love, is credited with transforming mistletoe into a symbol of love when she granted the favor of a kiss beneath a mistletoe branch. The tradition has been with us for some time—and seems destined to continue forever.

Holiday Apron

Looking for an inexpensive Christmas gift you can make yourself that people love to receive? Virginia White, fashion consultant suggests making colorful hostess aprons quickly and easily. Use festive holiday reds and greens. Simply take a half yard of cloth for each, hem the bottom, gather the top, and sew it to a matching or contrasting waistband made of two yards of two-inch grosgrain ribbon. A whisk of spray on starch and a touch of the iron is the finishing touch to make the apron gift-perfect!

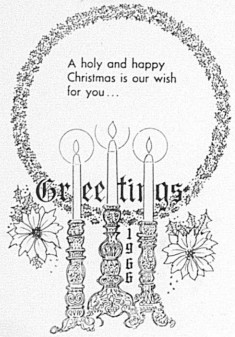
Easy-Care Tips Insure Gift Plants Live Long

Your Christmas and holiday gift plants will live better and provide longer-lasting beauty and enjoyment if you observe a few easy care tips to insure their health.

To guard them against over-watering and over-heating, it's essential to keep them in porous clay pots, used by leading professional growers and florists to insure that you receive plants of the highest quality, well fertilized and well-rooted.

If some have been shipped in tight thin-walled, non-porous containers, these should be switched to clay pots, in order to provide more satisfactory growing conditions.

A holy and happy Christmas is our wish for you...



Ratliff Bros. Co.

PIERRE'S PROMISE

By Jane Charles

Pierre was eight years old. His world was a vast one, bounded on the north by snow-capped peaks of the Kellon range, on the west and south by the rolling Red River, on the east by the great pine forest.

Somewhere, over the mountains and across the river, were great concentrations of people. Pierre had read about them in the books brought to him by his father's friend, John, who made periodic visits to bring supplies and the hunters and fishermen Pierre's father guided through the surrounding wilderness.

On the days the plane was due, Pierre went early to the river, eager to catch the earliest sight of the float plane as it dropped down out of the sky and skimmed to a stop on the surface of the river.

Today was a special day. It was Christmas Eve. Pilot John would fulfill a promise he had made long ago. He would take Pierre skyward, over the mountain and across the forests to the Big City. As John had described it, the vision had lived with Pierre for almost a year . . . stores and shops, people milling about, shouting and laughing, some even singing . . . and at night, the lights of a thousand colors dancing across the streets . . . and, side by side, neat houses, alive with the sparkle and color of Christmas trees and holiday greenery.

The plane was not due for hours. But the boy scanned the horizon, even searching the sky in directions from which he knew the plane would not come.

He felt the flakes on his nose and eyelashes before he realized that the sky had been almost shut from view by snowflakes whirling and dancing on the wings of a wind from the north.

What if the plane didn't come at all? What if this was to be just another day? All of the sights his eyes would behold and the sounds to delight his ears, were they fading back into the never-never land of tomorrow?

Surely, the plane would come. Pilot John had flown in with supplies under more adverse conditions on numerous occasions. Maybe there was a real storm across the mountains. One could never tell. Perhaps, too, Pilot John had forgotten his promise.

The snowfall intensified. But the boy was oblivious. He neither felt the bite of the wind nor the pelting fury of the flakes that gathered on his clothing and clung briefly until he absent-mindedly brushed them away.

Vaguely, Pierre became aware that his mother was calling him. He knew what she wanted. But it was not food that he craved. Food would not dissolve the ache that tore at his insides and seemed to increase with each passing moment, each new awareness that the later the hour, the less the chance that the plane would come.

"Pierre, Pierre, please come. Please come, now."

It was then he saw it, gliding gracefully across the rim of the nearest peak, turning out across the meadow in a wide arc, meeting the river at the distant bend and coming to him like the fulfillment of a dream.

Supper was a mechanical procedure. Pierre spoke when spoken to, only dabbled at the food and pass away.

It was a long flight to Big City. Yet, in his mind's eye, Pierre already could see Christmas lights on the far horizon and the flight of his own fancy was more powerful than the iron strength of the grey bird soaring across the northern sky.

Make It Fun

For children, much of the fun of any holiday is the anticipation. Let the children help decorate the home, trim the tree, and pester in the kitchen. A real fun project is a decoration that is good to eat. And, who cares if in stringing the popcorn or making popcorn balls, more popcorn is eaten than not? It's fun for all.

PEACE SYMBOL

Modern youth may never give it a thought, but the custom of kissing under the mistletoe supposedly began with the Romans, who considered the mistletoe a symbol of peace. Enemies, meeting under the mistletoe, were expected to embrace and declare a truce. Roman youngsters probably came up with the kissing idea.

MERRY CHRISTMAS
The Variety Store

May 1966 be your brightest Christmas ever...
Eastern Ky. P.C.A.

May the spirit of the season reach your home this Yule...
The Deposit Bank

Christmas
1966 - Prayer - 1966

May the true spirit of Christmas be with you and yours...
Carlisle Drug Co.

CHRISTMAS GIFT

By Mike Bennett

Christmas was a wonderful time for a ten-year-old in the little town of Smithdale. Folks were filled with holiday enthusiasm and they paid extremely well for such small chores as clearing the sidewalks of snow, bringing in coal or chopping cordwood. Brother John, two years older but so nearly equal size that we were often mistaken for twins, was our "business manager." He lined up the jobs weeks in advance, keeping an accurate record of jobs completed and future appointments. John wasn't merely training for his future role as an accountant; he was making certain that we got the jobs before other kids in town beat us to them.

John always made certain that we were assigned to any tasks around the Smythe mansion. We got these jobs so regularly a big snowfall automatically sent us to the Smythe grounds, shovels in hand.

Mr. Smythe was perhaps the most respected man in Smithdale. His ancestors founded the town. I have wondered since why it wasn't Smythedale. May be it started out that way. But I prefer to believe Mr. Smythe's ancestors were as reasonable as he and gave the town a name it could know and live with.

Mr. Smythe had lived alone, except for several servants, since Mrs. Smythe passed away, which was about the time I was born. Two grown sons lived in the East, and each was president of a big business and wealthy in his own right. Each year, with their ever-increasing families, the sons returned to the Smythe mansion before Christmas and remained through the beginning of the New Year.

Each year the tree was decorated, before the arrival of the younger generation, in a corner of the spacious living-room. For two Christmases, John and I had greatly admired this tree as we brought in logs for the open fireplace. We had also gazed in great wonder at a huge, green and gaily decorated package which was placed beneath the tree even before decoration was completed under the careful direction of Mr. Smythe.

The second year, in response to my child-like question, the butler had discreetly shushed me and said, "It is a present Mr. Smythe presents to himself each year."

You may well imagine what the thought of a rich man giving a present to himself stirred in the imagination of a child! Bags of money? A golden cloak?

On the Christmas Eve of the great snowfall, we had spent the afternoon in a useless battle. (Snow buried the Smythe walks and driveways faster than two boys could remove it.)

Mr. Smythe called us into the house and, as we stood before the crackling fire, water from melted snow dripping from our boots and clothing onto the plush carpeting, he gave each of us a shiny twenty-dollar gold piece.

"The weather is so bad," he said. "My family will not be here until after Christmas. I am going to open my present. I want you to see what you have been so curious about."

The ribbons fell aside and the wrappings were removed . . . to reveal — a big cardboard box, open at each end!

Mr. Smythe turned to two astonished boys. "Have you ever seen a more beautiful package with something of so little value inside? Not now, but some day you boys will understand this gift I give myself. I have much. My world is a world of plenty. I remind myself that all this is not so important as what I am . . . what I do with wealth, and what wealth does to me. This is a good gift I give myself, much greater in value than the twenty-dollar piece you hold in your hands."

This happened almost a lifetime ago. Each Christmas since I have given myself a present. The package is large, gaily wrapped in green. It contains nothing but a well-worn twenty-dollar gold piece . . . and the memory of a very wise old man.

Let us all rejoice...
Your
Fleming Mason R.E.C.C.
1966

May the spirit of the season be yours . . .
Floyd Clark,
COUNTY JUDGE

CHRISTMAS POETRY QUOTATIONS

CHRISTMAS BELLS
LONGFELLOW

I 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!

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?
FRANCIS P. CHURCH

No Santa Claus! Thank God, he lives, and lives forever.
A thousand years from now, Virginia,
nay, ten time ten thousand years from,
he will continue to make glad the heart
of childhood.

TRANSLATED FROM
JOSEPH MOHR, 1818

Holy night, peaceful night,
Wondrous star lend thy light!
with the angels let us sing
Alleluia to our King,
Jesus the Saviour is here.

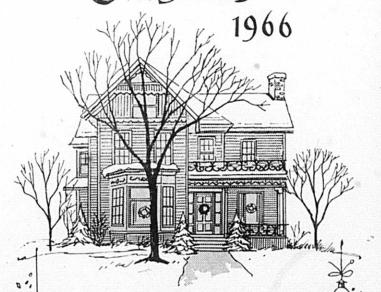
CHRISTMAS
G. MacFARREN
(before 1580)

Le's dance and sing and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

TUSSER

At Christmas, play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

Christmas
1966



"'TIS THE SEASON"
Hopkins Drug

Modern Doll Must Boast Versatility

The toymaker who comes up with something totally new may find himself with a real "bonanza" at Christmas time. He may also, hit the holiday jackpot with some unique improvement in a long-time standard. The doll is a classical example. You don't have to have the prettiest doll, nor the largest — just have one that can "do more" than any other on the market.

For example, a doll just isn't in the popularity race unless it can walk, cry, laugh, sing, drink, and talk, preferably in more languages than one. Smaller dolls must be the best-dressed, with countless ensembles for everything from beach wear to formal attire, with an appropriate wig for every occasion.

Mechanical ability is important. Some dolls do the twist. One speaks more than two hundred words in seven different languages, by virtue of small phonograph discs inside. Another has hair that can be washed, set, and combed in suitable style. A control mechanism permits hair length to be changed from short to medium to long.

Start Custom

Hessian soldiers are credited with decorating the first Christmas tree in the United States. Hired by King George III to fight the American colonists, the Hessians decorated a tree at Christmas, in keeping with their own Germanic traditions.

1966

Merry Christmas!

Joy is our wish for you...
Ralph Bowen

Visit a House of God

Mathers-Shearer