

ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

AND it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. (And this taxing was first made when Cyrenus was Governor of Syria.) And all men went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David.)

To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being joined with child.

And so it was, that while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying:

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

—St. Luke 2:1-14

MERRY CHRISTMAS, HAPPY NEW YEAR

ON THIS ONE day of the year the publisher of The Charlotte News is allowed the freedom of the editorial page, charged, however, not with speaking for himself, but for The Charlotte News, the newspaper, the institution.

In all the 63 years of The Charlotte News, only four men have served as publisher. They were the late Wade H. Harris, the late William Carey Dowd, his son, the late W. Carey Dowd Jr., a select company of the undersigned has been privileged to follow. And it is representative of the institutional nature of The News that it is the newspaper, not its managers, which achieved continuity. It is the vehicle, the medium, through which these men have expressed themselves and their aspirations for the community and the region they sought to serve.

And at Christmas times past, as now, each of them in turn has recognized his great obligation in the fulfillment of these purposes to three groups of benefactors, without which no newspaper could exist, and to express to these groups the cordial wishes of the season.

The first and by far the most numerous of these groups comprises readers of The News, on whose favor the success of the paper depends. They are in our thoughts constantly. It is they whose approval we seek, and while we are not at all dissatisfied with their quantity or their quality, it is a great satisfaction that we have added considerably to their number in recent years. To those readers,

FEAR NOT

IT WAS only natural that the shepherds who were tending their flocks near Bethlehem that Christmas long ago should have been so afraid when the angel of the Lord came upon them and the glory of the Lord shone round about them.

They were simple people who lived menial existences. The pattern of their lives repeated itself over and over from day to day with little or no change. They had few problems or worries beyond the struggle for subsistence. And to have the gloom of evening pierced in so spectacular a fashion must have brought terror to their hearts—terror that stemmed from a complete inability to comprehend an event of so great magnitude and so great meaning.

In that situation, a word of reassurance was in order. The pattern of the heavenly courier began the message with these words:

"Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."

At this Christmas in the year 1951, those words take on new meaning. In truth it appears that the refrain of the heavenly hosts, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men" is further from

A CHRISTMAS HAIRCUT

THERE were only two more shopping days until Christmas. Darkness had already fallen, and late shoppers scurried along the busy street with bundles in arms.

Inside the barber shop, staff of holiday plans mingled with radio music. As we took our seat in the barber chair, Santa Claus came on the air.

"Ho, ho, ho," he chuckled. "My, you little boys and girls have been keeping me busy." Then he told his audience of all the letters he had received, and he read some of them.

There was a little dark-haired boy, about six years old, in the shop. He had had his haircut, but stayed on to listen to Santa Claus. He listened intently, eyes big with wonder.

Suddenly, but deftly, Santa changed his tune. He started talking about Christ, the reason for Christmas. We had never heard Santa talk about Christ before, and we too listened intently. So did some of the others.

"Now, boys and girls," said Santa, "you all know why we celebrate Christmas. It is the birthday of the little Christ-child, almost 2,000 years ago. And he went on to tell, solemnly and wisely, the Christmas story. Then he went back to his letters. The talk in the shop picked up again. It was talk about vacations, and bonuses, and egg nog and presents.

The little dark-haired boy got up, tipped his hat, and walked out onto the busy street. He hadn't said anything. But the quizzical look on his face reflected the question in his mind. Really now, what is Christmas?

From The Sharon Herald

STRAW IN THE WIND

PRESIDENT TRUMAN continues to engage in banter with newsmen over his 1952 intentions. The other day he hinted he might let his secret out fairly early in the new year. But then again, he may hold off until almost convenient time.

Reporters might get a more accurate indication if they set up a watch on the Truman residence in Independence, Mo. There they could well keep on the lookout for piano

tuners and Boss Truman's old bridge partners.

Those radar gadgets some police department are putting into use to catch speeders are right and proper and for a good cause. But what's left of our sense of fair play tells us that the system ought also to provide the motorist a radar set to spot the traffic cop behind the bushes—Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.



Anchored In Antiquity

By ELIZABETH BLAIR
Charlotte News Staff Writer

APPROPRIATELY, the most familiar song about the Christmas tree is German for it was set up in the Square of Strasbourg.

Previous Christmas trees exist in legend. Martin Luther, in the sixteenth century, is supposed to have cut a fir tree and taken it home to his children on Christmas Eve.

But long before the time of Martin Luther, and long before Christianity, even, the ancient Teutons pictured the sun, rising higher and higher in the heavens, as the spreading of the branches of a great tree.

WHEN you decorate your Christmas tree this year, whether you knew it or not, you were symbolizing the Teutonic beliefs.

The lights represent the flashes of lightning; the golden apples, the sun; the nuts, the moon, and the Christmas balls represent the stars. An apple hung in the boughs of the tree symbolized the sacrifices that the Teutonic peoples made.

Lighting candles on the Christmas tree is supposed to have grown out of the belief that during the Christmas season, candles miraculously appear on evergreens.

The Christmas tree was introduced in England in 1840 by Princess Helena of Mecklenburg and the Prince Consort. That was 90 years after the first Christmas tree was brought to America.

Count Nicholas Ludwig von Zinzendorf, a German immigrant, in 1741 set up a Christmas tree in the square of the Moravian settlement at Bethlehem, Pa.

THE custom of setting up a community Christmas tree in a central place has spread throughout the country. One of the largest is decorated annually in Rockefeller Square in New York City.

Inseparable from the Christmas tree are the mistletoe and other greenery decorations.

Pagan Romans decorated their houses with evergreens in celebration of the Winter Solstice, when the days started getting longer, the first promise of Spring.

Mistletoe was revered by the Druids long before the advent of Christianity. At the time of the solstice, they went into the woods and the priests, dressed in long white robes, cut sprigs of mistle and gold sickles.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

THE Christmas card that caused me the greatest heartache was one I received from the children of Lamar Caudle. It was a card that said "Merry Christmas. We hope you are having a very happy Christmas. We are all well and hope you are the same."

I had known the Caudle children since about the time their father first came to the Charlotte area as an Assistant Attorney General. I had watched them grow up, seen them go off to college, more recently had seen them rush home to defend their father.

They are fine children. And in sort of a mute appeal to defend their father, they sent me a card at Christmas time and some flowers.

These arrived just after I had finished a column giving details of how their father had got sucked in by Larry Knoll, the city slicker and tax-fixer who took Lamar Caudle junketing in his private airplane and paid him a commission on the sale of a plane.

The column was published the next day, and I suppose the Caudle children read it as my answer to their Christmas gift, and figured that I was just one of these hard-boiled newspapermen who would rush to the phone with a scoop if his grandmother were run over by a taxi in front of the White House.

A newspaperman has to be hardboiled sometimes, but he also happens to have that same portion of the human anatomy that makes other people tick—a heart. And on this Christmas Day I should like to believe the picture that Lamar Caudle by pointing out some things which don't get into the headlines, which don't get into most of the fast-moving press association stories.

The Origin of Christmas Trees

THE plant's parasite that grows on trees, was distributed among the people and, when hung at the home, was the symbol of future hope and peace.

SOME say that the origin of the custom of kissing under the mistletoe is derived from this. Others say that there was an additional custom that required enemies, to forget their differences when they met under the mistletoe, and they say that is the origin of our custom.

The fir tree that Americans decorate with balls and bells and lights every Christmas isn't new.

Now time you sing "O Christmas Tree" Fair Christmas Tree, remember that behind the "O Tannenbaum" of the German folk song are centuries of tradition and custom, reaching back into pre-Christian times.

Quote, Unquote

How It Started
(Hearst's Weekly News & Press)

Say Arp: "The broken and rotting rails were used for firewood. Moving a fence made it necessary to move every rail. In doing this, the rails at the bottom of the smooth fence got a top of the newly made fence. Likewise the rail on the top of the fence got on the bottom of the new fence."

The bottom and top rails were usually the largest in the bunch, and it was in this process that the saying: "The bottom rail will someday get on top."

There Be Divvers Ways
(Penn Grub, Lumberton Robinson)

Then Arp: "The country boys have large families to support. When they don't suspect that the nice people are so very, very nice, because they like them but because they want something, then the result is 'Caution.'"

However, I have watched the great game of playing favorites from a ringside seat in Washington for many years, and under quite a few Presidents. And I can tell you that the country boys, who ride their hobbyhorses were no different from the free private cars to the Kentucky Derby which Jesse Jones got from the Baltimore Colts. The country boys are easy suckers for more money from Jesse Jones' RFC—\$87,000,000—than anyone ever got out of Mr. Caudle.

I am also certain that the manner in which Guy Gabrielson, chairman of the Republican National Committee, dangled the chairmanship of the New York Stock Exchange in front of the RFC's Harvey Gunderson at the time Gabrielson was warring an \$18,000,000 payoff from Carthage Hydrocol, was no different in principle from the wholesale prices Mr. Caudle got on a milk coat and two automobiles—except that \$18,000,000 may cost the taxpayers more.

That Was A Mess

(Scott Poole, Sandhill Citizens)

If the Caudle is informed, it may result in something like the Confederate Government got into.

The Other Side Of the Story

THE Republicans under Hoover and Coolidge leaned toward the bluebloods. The Democrats, especially under the first stored at Caudle in the White House, made the best type of public servant; you need to find a mixture or medium in between.

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Smooth-Talking Friends
I AM not excusing either Mr. Caudle or Mr. Jesse Jones for the way they handled the country boys. I am only pointing out that the country boys, who ride their hobbyhorses were no different from the free private cars to the Kentucky Derby which Jesse Jones got from the Baltimore Colts. The country boys are easy suckers for more money from Jesse Jones' RFC—\$87,000,000—than anyone ever got out of Mr. Caudle.

Unquestionably Lamar Caudle ought not to have held the job he did. But it's easy for a newspaperman or a Congressman to sit back in judgment on our fellow men.

Too Much Nostalgia for 'Old Christmas' Can Be Dangerous

By JOSEPH & STEWART ALSOP

SOMEHOW, for grown men and women, the Christmas season is always a time for nostalgia and happy recollection. The cold, clear, early morning, with the farm still sleeping all about—the sharp sound of the sleigh bells—the vast, the almost organic breakfast—the incredible delight of one's first glimpse of the snow on the even vaster, the really shocking family luncheon—the solemnity, the indignation—all these things come back again, gilded with a supernal glory.

Yet few of these grown men and women who cherish the ghost of Christmas past, really enjoy the present Christmas with its expense, its bother, its tinsel that looks like tinsel to the adult eye, its dreadful blend of horrible egging and debauched jollity. What makes the present Christmas bearable, in truth, is just the ghost of Christmas past.

In this queer double vision of Christmas present and Christmas past, there is a lesson for a sermon for Americans which will now, in view of the season, be suitably preached. For we as a nation are suffering from an almost continuous nostalgia. We are surely the national recollection of the national past is very misleading as one's own recollection of Christmas past always at Christmas time, turn out to be.

WE WANT SIMPLICITY

Essentially, what we all hanker for is the simplicity, the ease, the absence of burdensome responsibility which once marked American life, at least for the more fortunate. It was not so very long ago, after all, that the Supreme Court sternly rejected the mere shadow of an income tax, an outrage against the Constitution. It was even nearer our own time, when the "little hand of willful men" carried America into national isolation, and were widely admired as statesmen for their deed.

And it was only the other day, almost, when very little national issues—farm bills, public works, currencies and exchange rates, and

Korean Truce May Produce Let-Down In Blood Gilding

By MARQUIS CHILDS

THE GIFTS that WASHINGTON I brought when they followed the Star of Bethlehem were the rare and precious things of time. They came with frankness and merriment as symbolic tribute to the acre of the birth of Christ. They were the scramble of the getting and spending, the wrapping and mailing, we sometimes forget the meaning of the gift. But there is one gift that has a significance that is inescapable. It is the gift of money to the American Red Cross.

Actually, the privilege of giving so far outweighs the minor inconvenience as to put the burden of gratitude all on the side of the donor. Everything has been done to make it easy and simple to contribute. It is increasingly a necessity of both civilian and military medicine. In every city a blood donor center is being set up. It is the getting and spending, the wrapping and mailing, we sometimes forget the meaning of the gift. But there is one gift that has a significance that is inescapable. It is the gift of money to the American Red Cross.

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THE seriousness of the lack of any backlog hardly needs stressing. The army and navy fails to materialize at the last moment, the possibility is for the war opening up on a much wider scale. And there are only limited means for processing whole blood in to plasmas, so a sudden speed-up of the war effort is possible in the event of an unexpected demand. What is essential is a steady flow from a constant source.

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