

So Why Not Let Christ Go Shopping With You?

Man has a fascination, even a longing, for what was or might have been. Since the dawn of the second day, we've reminisced about the good old days.

So it is with Christmas. Each year, without fail, we harp long about the mournful fact that Christmas just ain't what it used to be. And so it isn't, but this doesn't automatically make present-day Christmas an observance of innate evil.

We talk about the simple virtues and traditions of the old-time Christmas. The bygone Christmas of homemade toys and gifts, of trees lighted with real candles, strings of popcorn. We say something has been lost out of our lives because of the changes in the celebration of the birth of Christ. We point especially to what we call over-commercializing.

Christmas '63 is a week away. Store-bought trees, some real, many artificial, are being decorated with store-bought ornaments and electric lights. Parents are frantically shopping for factory-built toys and they are buying their hams and turkeys factory dressed and cellophane wrapped.

So what?

Our observance of the happiest of Christian holidays today, as always, reflects the whole of our society. We in Mooresville

We Can Have Too Much Of A Good Thing

Wonder how many John Kennedy Jones there are in the world today?

The thing to do, if you have a baby, buy a potty, move into a new housing development or christen a boat, is to name it Kennedy. It is neither disloyal nor disrespectful of the dead to say this country is overdoing this thing. No doubt everyone is sincere in his desire to commemorate the late President, but we simply must have more than one name for persons, places and things.

Right now, if the post office got a letter addressed to "Kennedy, U.S.A.," should it go to Florida, West Virginia, Massachusetts or Washington?

During its most recent session, the Town Board had an opportunity to get on the bandwagon. In giving a name to an extension of Culp Street, the board decided to call it—no Kennedy Memorial Drive—but, and we're glad, Dogwood Lane. Most streets, parks, hospitals, etc., in most places have not been so allowed to retain their individuality.

The people in and around the ancient fishing village of Cape Canaveral somewhat twifly the problem. They are not at all happy at being renamed Kennedy. The City Council of that settlement of 4,000 souls has sent a unanimous resolution to the President, the governor of Florida and everybody else who came to mind protesting the change. The council questioned the legal authority to "obliterate a name of historic significance for more than 400 years."

A similar resolution by the Chamber of

A Strong, Able Man For Our Dark Hour

Now, about this man Lyndon Johnson...

He, too, is a superb politician, and he is fast taking charge. He has settled into his awesome new office with uncommon swiftness. He knows how to get things done. He is popular, and he knows as well as any man the truth of the adage that government is the art of the possible. Right now, of course, he is enjoying bipartisan support, but even after the legislative honeymoon ends, he surely will use his connections and friendships in Congress to full advantage.

Mr. Johnson was an active, informed vice president. He was kept abreast of everything, so he does not have to go through the terrifying period of adjustment that fell to Mr. Truman. Essentially, Mr. Johnson has been a one-man show—he wants to see everything, know everything. Now he must learn to delegate, and he is learning.

There is this flaw in the presidential

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Parson Jones' Pulpit

DEAR MR. PUBLISHER:

Have you seen the new cars for next year. They're really got that high-class look. Cars show have changed a lot since Ford started selling horseless carriages. If you put one of them shiny ones next to one of them ole timey ones, you wouldn't even know they come from the same family.

Course, cars ain't the only thing that's changed. I reckon churches have changed just about as much as cars. You take the buildings for example. They use to be just plain buildings heated with a pot-bellied stove in the winter and air conditioned by raising the windows in the summer. Attendance wasn't much of a problem back then. Now-a-days we got high-falootin' buildings, with temperature the same all year round, and cushions to boot. You gotta almost drag some of our folks to Church with a horse whip.

Remember years ago when the preacher wasn't much more than wound up good in 30 minutes? Let the Parson go over 30 minutes today and folks complain of "Tall Hurlitus." It looks to me like as much as folks sit, their rear-ends oughta get use to it. But I guess that's one part of the anatomy the more you use it the weaker it gets.

I remember when you could walk into church without being handed a bulletin and walk out without having your hands stuffed with literature. The first time I ever saw a bulletin being handed out at Church, I thought it was a mean. Folks got so much literature now-a-days that they ain't got time to read the Good Book.

Another thing that comes to my mind about the ole time Church was that the only "paid" fella was the preacher, and he wasn't paid too well. The members didn't always come through with the preacher's pay, but they saw that he had plenty a fatback and beans to eat. Now-a-days they have a preacher, an assistant, a choir director, an organist and a secretary—most of em on the pay roll, which ain't so bad I reckon. But, I hear tell that in some places they pay the choir to sing.

Next thing you know we'll have to pay the members to come to Church. Folks are used to getting paid for everything now-a-days. The other Sunday when I told my littlest young'un that it was time to go to Church he said, "Whatcha gonna gimme if I go?"

I reckon you remember when folks use to ride a horse or buggy to Church and have to get out in the mud to lift the axle off the ground. Now, since we've progressed so far, we can't come in a air-tight car on a four-lane highway cause it's either too hot, too cold, too wet or dry—and besides the ole lady's sick. (Course he leaves her to go to work Monday morning.)

Well, Mr. Publisher, I've gotta be going. Me and Rufe is gonna go over and look at the new model cars. I was just wondering, if the church comes in models, what model have we got now? T-Model or Cadillac?

Yours Truly,
Parson Jones

OUR COMMUNITY

1918
45 YEARS AGO
IN OTHER YEARS

The county exemption board Friday sent 13 white registrants to Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C. One of them was to take the place of one who had been turned down some time ago. William Parks Redmon and Luther Lee Stikeleather, who are registered with the local board, went to the camp from the West, where they were living, and the board is given credit for them on its quota of 14.

Wade Sherrill was put in charge of the following, who went from here: Rane McKay Jordan, Ernest Clifton Shoemaker, Lender F. Privette, Walter C. Sharpe, George Doyle Westmoreland, John Wilson Knight, Bailey S. Holler, Joseph Clyde Sherrill, John Franklin Jackson, Robert Booe Bailey, Troy Rankin Cloaninger, Everett Owen Stewart and Wade Sherrill.

Capt. Reid Morrison of the Piedmont Battery, returned to Camp Sevier today after spending several days with his family and friends here. He has recently returned from Fort Sill, where he was in special training. He has resumed command of his old company, Battery F, 112th Field Artillery. His command is in the 5th Field Artillery Brigade, 30th Division. There is no certainty as to when our boys will leave Camp Sevier for "over there."

Mrs. John W. Arthurs died at her home on Center avenue, Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, after an illness covering several months of Bright's disease, aged 40 years. Until within the past year Mrs. Arthurs was apparently in splendid health, but was stricken some time ago and could not regain her strength. She was the daughter of the late William Alley.

Four freight cars were wrecked Monday about noon at Mizepax when they turned from the rails four on one side and one on the other. It was a double-header pulling 91 cars en route from Charlotte to Barbers. No one was hurt and there seemed to be nothing in the cars except a small quantity of guano.

Abner Walter, aged 93 years coming May, died at the home of his grandson, Mr. W. A. Shipmick, in this city yesterday at 12:45 o'clock following an attack of pneumonia. Deceased was a native of Cabarrus county, and spent the greater portion of his life in Cabarrus county, where he was prominent as farmer and citizen for many years. He came to Mooresville about 8 years ago, making his headquarters with his grandson. He served during the civil war with the Southern Confederacy, being a member of Company L, 17th Regiment, and for a number of years recently he was one of the moving spirits of the reunions at Mooresville.

Messrs. Tom Brantley, Lester Troutman and John Shipmick have purchased the jitney business of Mr. Lomnie Williams and will install some new cars as soon as possible. The jitney is now operating to Kannapolis.

The concrete base is being laid on Broad street between Center and Moore avenues. It will be only a short while now until the business part of town will be permanently paved and traffic will be open on all sides.

The budget for St. Marks Lutheran church of this city was made up last Sunday and the average subscription per member of that church is \$30.50 and the church officers are very much gratified at the excellent showing.

Mrs. S. L. Pharr came in from Camp Sevier last Saturday to visit her mother, Mrs. J. A. Stewart. She will probably return to Greenville the first of next week.

Messrs. J. F. Dorroh and R. B. Templeton, who have been doing a general insurance business, have sold their concern to Messrs. R. Baker and G. M. Kipka, who will handle the fire insurance end of it.

Mrs. J. V. Bravley requests the Enterprise to warn people not to haul dead carcasses to her farm. Please note.

Messrs. J. B. Smith and Scott Miller left Monday morning for Detroit, from which place they are to bring back several automobiles.

THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK...

REV. FLOYD FICKLER

A minister walked with his friend. "I'm troubled," said the pal. "My problems are like a brick wall before me." The minister tried to console him with little success. The friend continued, "I just can't see a way out—I'm closed in."

Just then the clergyman spotted a cow with his head over a brick wall. He said, "You see that cow looking over that wall? What is he doing it?" "Because," replied the friend, "he can't see through it."

The point was well made: When you can't see ahead, look up. There you will find God, who is able to tear down walls and give man vision.

Thousands despair every year because they can't see which way to go. Numbers of these take their own lives. But a blank wall can be a blessing—if it makes you look up. Defeat can be a blessing—if it makes you look up. Sickness can be a blessing—if it makes you look up. Looking up is the secret to success. With Isaiah, we can say "I saw God," and sing the victory song: "God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in time of trouble." (Psalm 46:1)

LISTEN!
the story of...
CHRISTMAS

It's an old family custom. I hang up my stocking for Santa to fill. Then everyone has to be very quiet while Daddy reads the Christmas Story from our big family Bible... about the Shepherds... how they watched and listened. That's why they knew Jesus had come: because they listened!

Again today, Christmas brings good tidings... of peace on earth... good will toward men. Church bells ring... children sing carols... the Story of Bethlehem is told again.

It means Joy to the world: if we listen!

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Sunday Isiah 12:3-10	Monday Isiah 65:1-14	Tuesday Jeremiah 23:1-8	Wednesday Micah 5:1-9	Thursday Zechariah 9:9-17	Friday Matthew 2:1-12	Saturday Luke 2:1-20
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GREETINGS for CHRISTMAS

"Let us go even unto Bethlehem."

So spoke the shepherds, one to another as they went to seek and find the Holy Child of whom the angels sang. This Christmas, let us return in heart and spirit to Bethlehem and the sacred manger. Let the miracle of His birth and the joy of His message ever be our blessing and inspiration.

As the radiance of that Holy Night shines across the years and the world rejoices, our thoughts turn to His words, urging all to brotherhood, and we feel it is especially fitting at this Christmastide to express anew our cordial greetings and good wishes to our many valued friends. May your Christmas be a wonderful one.

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