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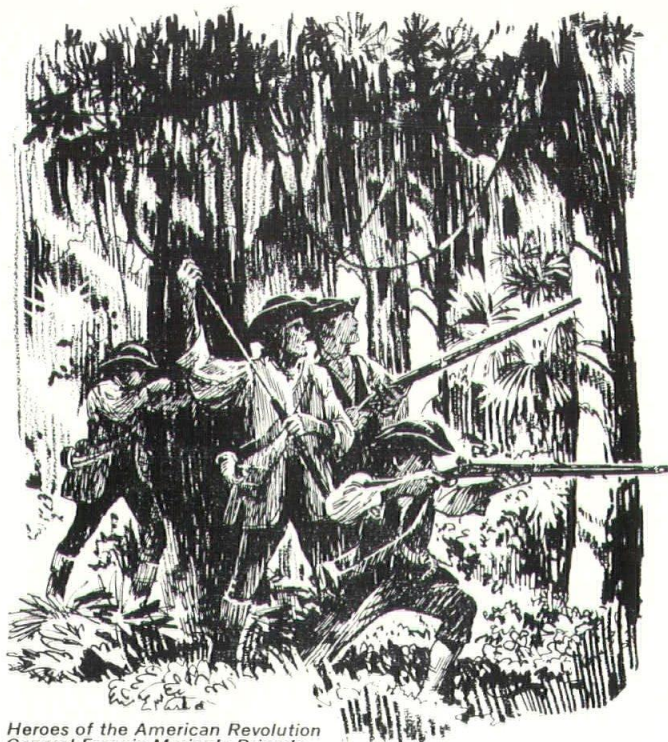
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AND POWER COMPANY**
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA



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"Santa Claus Is Here To Stay"

YEARS AGO when Bill Strother performed at Miller and Rhoads as the world's highest paid Santa Claus, we thought the ex-human fly was suffering delusions when he began to expound the idea that Santa Claus should be a year-around proposition and not only appear in the Christmas season. From success in his Santa Claus role, Bill grew convinced that the spirit of "giving" should be continuously encouraged, with Santa living amongst us all the time. Far from suffering delusions, Bill Strother was, it turned out, ahead of his time. His dream of a perpetual Santa Claus has been realized—personified in Lyndon B. Johnson.

As everything is in a state of expansion—population, prosperity, welfare—Bill's old dream has grown to proportions that would scarcely be recognizable to his Santa Claus. His fireplace show at Miller and Rhoads was for children (though adults came as spectators) and his plans for a perpetual Santa Claus were designed to inculcate the spirit of "giving" during the formative years of future citizens. In his old-fashioned way, Bill believed that adults should know the gratification of giving. Progress has made this attitude obsolete and now, happily, adults as well as children all line up on the receiving end. Though this brings a switch on the axiom, "it's better to give than to receive," we have been assured by our leaders that it is unprogressive to be bound by "old clichés," and certainly few seem to object to exchanging ancient maxims for the promise of an eternal Santa Claus.

Those of us who grew up under such exhortations as "work, for the night is coming" might have a problem of un-learning, but the youngsters should easily adapt themselves to the revised slogan, such as "shirk, for Santa is coming." Those of us who toiled at various jobs in order to get our educations might feel a little sadly that we were born in the wrong time, when now merely by being a "drop-out" all is done for you and odd jobs are actually prohibited. But in our youth we knew no better than to be self-supporting and, in any event, we are advised by our leaders that it is unprogressive to think of things that are gone. Instead of repining over the lost past, it is better to think of what we want from Santa.

Personally I've never wanted—in any Walter Mitty dreams—to be a Federal judge, but I've always thought it would be a fine honor to be governor of Virginia, and I plan to tell Santa of this simple wish. Right now, of course people have to get elected to this office, but such is my faith in Santa Claus that I'm sure this technicality can be gotten around. My limited experience in administrative work would not present any barriers: once on a magazine, I had an assistant editor and a secretary, I had to keep on schedules with the printer and on good terms with the business office. It is true the magazines I edited made money, but that just happened to be a requirement for holding the job in those days. If it came to a point, I could spend with the best of them: indeed, with the credit of a whole state, I would enjoy showing that we have not seen the last of the Big Spenders.

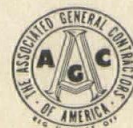
(Continued on page 17)



For Christmas this year—as well as for Auld Lang Syne—VIRGINIA RECORD brings you a potpourri of offerings from past seasons—articles and editorials which have proven to be, not only timely, but somewhat as timeless and undated as Christmas, itself.

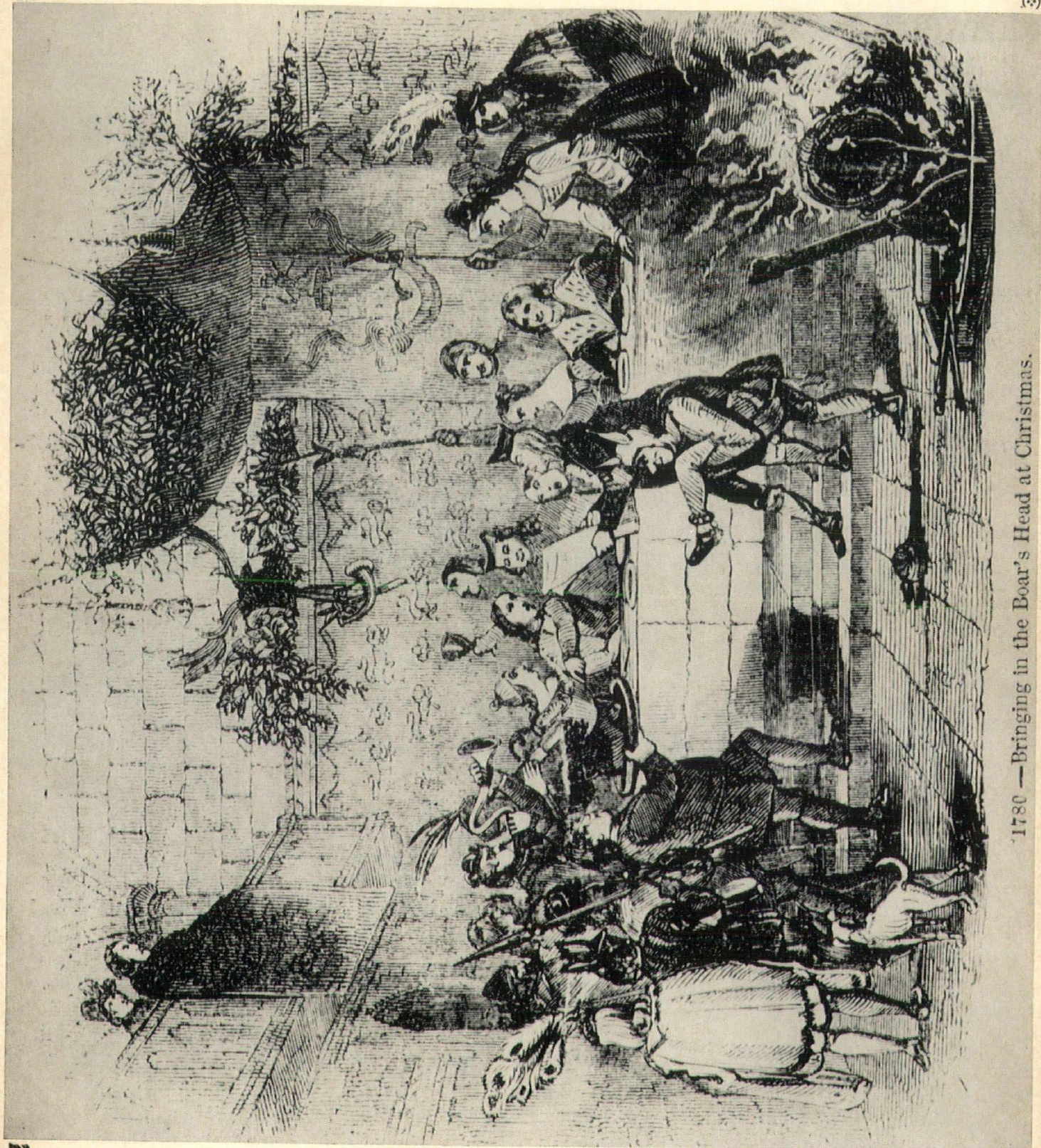
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1780 — Bringing in the Boar's Head at Christmas.

The Epicurean Delights of Christmas

By GERARD TETLEY



*How bless'd, how envied were our
life
Could we but 'scape the poulterer's
knife
But man, curs'd man on turkeys
preys*

*And Christmas shortens all our
days
Sometimes with oysters we combine
Sometimes assist the savory chine
From low peasant to the lord
The turkey smokes on every board.*

—GAY'S FABLES



IT WOULD BE HARD TO FIND at this season of the year many people inclined to condone the dolorous complaint of the famous social satirist of the Sixteenth Century who wrote so disparagingly of the epicurean delights which we associate with Christmas.

To eliminate the festive bakemeats from its observance would cut heavily into the expansive feeling which helps to make Yuletide what it is.

History does not tell us clearly at what period gastronomics began to be associated with the festive day. Folklore is responsible for what little we know about its beginnings. Early in the Christian era, and possibly before, they were baking strange cakes in Estonia at

Christmas time. They were horn-shaped, with the ends turned up resembling the crib which is associated with the birth of our Lord. The cakes, however, were not eaten but were kept intact until New Year's Day when they were broken up and scattered on the land and given to the cattle to promote fecundity—a slender tracing line to the spirit of Astarte, a pre-Christian goddess of the Mediterranean area.

Authentic chapters from the days when knights were bold and barons were austere bring abundant proof of the role which eating played in the celebration of Christmas. The revelry lasted two weeks or more in England and on the continent—revelry marked

by incessant feasting when the federal chieftain held forth in no uncertain way—possibly the source of John Gay's inspiration.

Chief among the Christmas dishes in the baronial hall was the boar's head which, at the Christmas feast was brought into the vaulted refectory with pomp and panoply and trumpets. It lay in a gold or silver salver and was greeted by a burst of Latin song

*Caput apri deferō
Reddens laudes domino.*

Roast peacock was another mediaeval Christmas dish, considered food for lovers. It was brought into the dining

(Continued on next page)



The kitchen goes to work for Christmas

hall "with virgins sweetly caroling," also the capering jester. It was usually the masterpiece of the kitchen squad and was served up "with roguish mustard." Culinary ability was put to no sterner task than the preparation of Argus, as the peacock was listed. The bird was first skinned delicately so as to preserve its radiant plumage. Then it was roasted and cooled, after which it was again cased in its original feathers with the beak gilded.

Christmas eating at times moved over into the echelon of the gourmands, for emerging from the distant past is the copy of a Christmas dinner which was served in one of England's castles. This, again, was in a day when the baronial lord unbent to honor his menials and to invite a large host of friends for a repast which took hours to serve. This is what the menu provided on that particular challenge to the digestive tract:

Oysters
A collar of brawn
Stewed broth of mutton marrow bones
A grand sallet
A potage of caponets
A breast of veal in stoffado
A boil'd partridge
A chine of beef or sirloin roast
Minced pies
A jegote of mutton and anchovy sauce
A made dish of sweetbread
A swan roast
A patty of venison
A kid with a pudding in its belly
A steak pie
A haunch of venison roasted
A turkey roast and stuck with cloves
A made dish of chicken in puff paste
Two bran geese, one roasted, one larded

Two large capons, one larded
A custard

But there were other dishes associated particularly with Christmas, as for example roast pheasants "drenched with ambergris," pies of carp's tongues.

However, even this very formidable gastronomic feat pales into insignificance when we contemplate the feast which was served in England in the year 1467 when Archbishop Neville of York was consecrated at Christmas time to what, history tells us, was more than 6,000 people. This is what the culinary impresario had to cope with on that gargantuan occasion: 300 quarters of wheat, 300 tuns of ale, 100 tuns of wine, 1 pipe of hippocras (a cordial made of spices wine), 104 oxen, 6 wild bulls, 1,000 sheep, 304 calves, 304 "porkes", 400 swans, 2,000 geese, 1,000 capons, 2,000 pigs, 104 peacocks, over 13,500 birds, large and small. In addition, for full measure, were stags, bucks, and roes 500 or more, 1,500 hot pasties of venison, 608 pikes and breams, 12 porpoises and seals besides 13,000 dishes of jelly, cold baked tarts, hot and cold custards and "spices" sugered and wafers plentie."

While we have an inscribed record of this enormous bill of fare, we are not told how long it took to prepare the festive dishes prepared for the enthronization, or who paid for it.

As to the guest list, it apparently was a general invitation to the people of Yorkshire from the peasantry to the royal blood.

When one considers the limited means of communication, bad roads and slow travel one wonders when the task of procurement began or what was the condition of the perishable foods by the time the bell rang for dinner.

The Christmas turkey as we know it today was for many years a lowly bird and did not rise to eminence on the groaning board until after the days of Cromwell. He, as a puritan, had tried vainly to "put down" Christmas, contending that there was nothing in holy writ regarding it as a feast. It was after the Restoration that the day of the turkey came into its fullness where it has remained.

The mince pie, chief among the causes of childish anguish, was known as mutton pie as early as 1596. Plum pudding made its Christmas debut as plum porridge, or pottage, and was supposed to be served before any other Christmas dish. It contained mutton and beef, raisins, currants, prunes, cloves, mace and ginger.

Harking again to the gladsome days



A cook of the Old South

of Old England, an early recipe for the cooking of a turkey has survived, emerging from the pantry of one of the old manors. It runs:

"Draw your turkey then, having shred sweet herbs, put them in a linen bag with butter and spices. Then put them in the belly of the turkey, roast it, baste it with butter, drudge it with flour and serve it up with anchovy sauce garnished with slices of lemon."

To consider the Wassail Bowl and liquid refreshment, which in bygone days helped to assimilate the extraordinary demands on the human system, is to run the whole gamut of the wine list. There were different vintages for each coarse, heavy stouts, barley ales, to say nothing of the post-prandial liqueurs offered as gastronomic aids. And so a minstrel of the day sang to his lute:

Lordling Christmas loves good drinking

Wines of Gascoigne, France, Anjou,

English ale that drowns out thinking

Prince of liquors old and new

Every neighbor shares the bowl

Drinks of the spicy liquor deep

Drinks his fill without control

'Till he drowns his care in sleep.

Coming closer to home, the oyster in Virginia has always been given a high place for seasonal eating, being often used for stuffing the turkey. The oyster for many years was "the dish" for the colored people who served it with spoon bread. In George Washington's time, the stuffed capon was *de regueur* as was a baron of beef and a saddle of lamb.

Martha Washington was particularly proud of her Christmas cake, but few modern chatelaines would feel equal to her venture because her recipe called for 40 eggs, "french" brandy, five pounds of flour and five pounds of sugar.

George Washington was equally proud (and even a little cagey about letting other people have it) of his mixture of Christmas egg-nog. It has, however, come down to posterity and calls for:

One quart of milk
One quart of cream
One dozen eggs
One dozen teaspoons of sugar
One pint of brandy
Half pint of rye liquor
Quarter of a pint of Jamaica rum
Quarter of a pint of sherry.



to tell the Virginia Story

Why We Celebrate the Birth of Jesus on December 25

by G. WATSON JAMES, JR.

WHY WAS DECEMBER 25th selected to celebrate the birth of Jesus, especially as there is no definite record of the actual day in the year of His Nativity? Ask this question of a few of your friends, reader, and we dare say they will not know the answer.

We didn't know. But in a chance conversation with a well-posted Bible student we were given a "lead" on the question. This led to some fascinating research.

To begin with, Christmas is derived from the medieval *Christes Masse* or *Mass of Christ*. According to many authorities, it was not celebrated by the Christian Church in the first centuries, as the Christian usage in general was to celebrate the death of a remarkable person rather than his birth.

In the fifth century, however, the Western Church designated that forever Christ's birth should be celebrated on the day of the old Roman feast on the birthday of Sol, as no certain knowledge of the day of Jesus' birth existed.

Eminent churchmen hold that the decision to commemorate the Nativity of our Saviour coincident with the pagan Saturnalian festival was to counter the wild orgies of that pagan celebration with the sublime story of the manger.

The Saturnalia, incidentally, was dedicated to *Saturnus** or *Saelurnus*, a Roman god of sowing or seed corn (*satus*). Originally it was held only on

*(Note: While the authority consulted with respect to the celebration of Christ's birth designated it be coincident with the Roman birthday feast of Sol, it is evident that it was the Saturnalia dedicated to this Roman god.)

December 19th but was gradually extended seven days. The conjecture is that it was connected with the Winter sowing. In modern Italy this lasts in various sections from October to January.

At all events, the pagan Saturnalia festival must have been lively and popular. All business, public and private, was at a standstill; school closed, and execution and military operation suspended. Slaves were temporarily free, eating with and even waited on by their masters. They could say what they chose. Gambling with dice, generally forbidden, was allowed. All participants were greeted with *io Saturnalia*; and presents freely exchanged—the traditional ones being wax candles and little clay dolls.

Further comparison of the ancient customs during the Saturnalia with those of the modern Christian celebration of Christ's birth points to the conclusion that the early disciples of Christianity selected December 25, not only to offset the pagan's wild worship of a false god, but at the same time to adopt in a Christian spirit some of their customs such as perhaps the exchange of dolls and the use of wax candles.

Attempting a further analogy between some of the pagan festival customs and those prevalent with the Christian celebration for many years in the past and that obtained today we find: schools are closed and all business, public and private, is at a standstill. There are no executions set for Christmas Day or the weeks following. While there are no slaves today in the true meaning of the word—we feed the "slaves of adversity"—often inviting and waiting on many of these unfortunates in public and private dinners. Many minor offenders have their fines remitted and are oftentimes set free, and pardons are issued by many chief executives of our states.

And, instead of the pagan salutation of "io Saturnalia" we greet each other with "Merry Christmas."

As a corollary to the above analogy of the pagan vs. Christian celebrations, history reveals that "The Lord of Misrule" who long presided over the Christmas games of Christian England was apparently the direct descendant of the ruler who was appointed with

(Continued on page 18)

Sophie Wilson





Few if any purchasers of the millions of Christmas cards offered annually, know (or care, for that matter) who originated the idea, or who was responsible for the first card. Yet the history of this form of extending Yuletide greetings is as fascinating as are the designs of the early cards.

Luckily, there is a very fine, carefully preserved collection of them in the Valentine Museum in Richmond which was recently placed at the writer's disposal by Mrs. Ralph T. Catterall, curator of prints and manuscripts.

Prominent in the museum's collection are those cards of the periods of the

copy of the Egley card on the back of which—in the youthful engraver's own handwriting—was noted that it was finished December 4, 1848, and the second ever published. Egley, by the way, turned out a total of 100 copies in his London garret and sent them to his friends. Both the Egley and Cole cards showed scenes of drinking, dancing and general merriment, and bore holiday greetings.

The use of Christmas cards was not widespread, according to the museum's data, until about 1862, when an Irish publisher started putting out "pretty" ones. Sentiments expressed on the cards were very restrained at first, and there

vase and an elaborately designed copper urn. To the right, near the edge of the cabinet upon which the composition is arranged—forming a background and balancing the composition—one sees a metal platter, illustrated with the figures of Mary riding on the traditional donkey, and Joseph leading the way. At the left of the metal platter, balancing it, is a spray of ostrich plumes. Below the top of the cabinet, one reads: "Joy and Gladness and Cheerful Feasts." On the lower half this card, below the diagonal line, is seen in moonlight the spires of a cathedral above a branch of a pine tree, the latter with its green fronds tipped with snow.

Examples of hand-painted cards in this collection are intriguing. Most of the cards are illustrated with flowers, and two of them are painted on celluloid. Then there is a large example (4½ by 6½ inches) decorated with pansies, and around its edges fringes of blue silk. In striking contrast (see illustration again) is a man resting in an arm chair, smoking and meditating . . . and evidently down on his luck, as the two printed lines below him attest, to wit:

"No roast beef; no plum pudding;
No mistletoe; no dear little girl!"

The collection is fortunate to include examples of the lithography of Louis Prang of Boston. In 1866, Prang perfected the lithographic process of multi-color printing. He published Christmas cards until 1890, and for them procured the best art work by inaugurating prize contests for the best illustrations. One of these prize winning cards is reproduced on the page layout with this article (centered at bottom).

Invariably, other large cards discovered in the collection are richly ornamented with silk fringes and carry illustrations back and front. In every case, emphasis is on the beauty of design and art work, rather than illustrating the Christmas message.

The cards published by Raphael Tuck ran the gamut in size, design and subject matter—from post cards depicting children before a Christmas tree, or Santa holding a bag of toys beside the bed where two little ones are asleep, to cards 4 by 6 inches with silk fringes. In one instance, the illustration is of a lady with a battledore racket swung over her shoulder.

Tuck apparently had a penchant for publishing small booklets in the shape of various flowers, their pages containing Christmas poems. For example, in the museum's collection is a 2 by 2 inch

CHRISTMAS CARDS FROM YESTERYEAR

by G. WATSON JAMES, JR.

Photo from the collection of the Valentine Museum

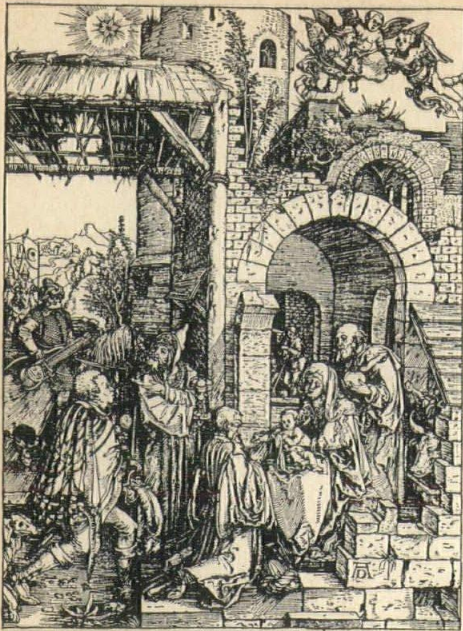
1880's and 1890's, collected by the late Miss Frances Scott. They were a gift from her neice, Miss Mary Wingfield Scott, noted historian of Richmond's cultured past, through whose indefatigable efforts the city's shrines, old houses and neighborhoods have been preserved for posterity.

So far as the Christmas card's ancestry is concerned, the museum's archives on the one hand reveal that the first card is said to have been produced in London, England in 1846. Other data in the files however, based upon a release of the National Association of Greeting Card Publishers, are to the effect that this organization had been of the opinion that the first card of its kind, turned out in 1842, was the work of William Maw Egley, a 16-year-old engraver. But then again, S. O. Shannon, the organization's director, subsequently revealed convincing evidence that the first card dates from 1843 and was by Sir Henry Cole and John Callott Horsley, a lithographer. A London author, George Buday, in a letter to Shannon reported a framed

appears to have been opposition in some quarters to scenes depicting what we would describe today as "wild parties." One is struck with the fact that the illustrations for most of the cards were Spring scenes of flowers and birds (and in some instances Summer scenes), rather than the proverbial holly motifs, Wise Men following the Star and landscapes under Winter's blanket of snow.

Perhaps the most outstanding feature of the Valentine Museum's collection (from the 1850's to the 1940's) is the number of large cards fringed with silk . . . also the fact that, on them, people are depicted rather than Angels, the Manger Scene, etc.

With reference to some of the more elaborate cards, attention is directed to the full page illustration accompanying this article. For example, in the upper right hand corner is a card measuring 5 by 8 inches, the 8-inch vertical section divided by a diagonal line. In the top section of this is a "still life" composed of a china bowl decorated in what appears to be an Oriental motif—a yellow



An ancient woodcut depicting the Adoration of the Magi by the artist Albrecht Durer (1471-1528), now in the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C. (Use of photograph by courtesy National Gallery of Art.)

booklet in the shape of a rose petal with these sentiments printed on its pages:

"May Christmas roses without
thorns
Bloom in beauty at your feet
May your life be sweet like a
song in tune
And time unfold like a rose in
June
Like a tune which flows
All the bright day long
With no bar of grief
In its happy song,
Like a rose from which
All the bright day thru
Hours like busy bees
Gather sweets for you".

Vying in interest and uniqueness in the Tuck collection is an artist's easel on which, framed in gold, is the picture of a mother surrounded by playing children in a summer landscape. This picture card can be dropped down from the cross bar of the easel revealing on the reverse side another sylvan scene with children playing. Then, on the back of a third card on the easel's crossbar is discovered the Christmas greeting, "A Merry Xmas and a Prosperous New Year". This same picture card can be flipped to the left and on the back of the Yuletide greeting is

(Continued on page 18)



A SELECTION OF CHRISTMAS EDITORIALS

by
CLIFFORD DOWDEY



"As It Was in the Beginning . . ."

WITH THIS SEASON, we are probably approaching the end of the time when it will be legal to dream of a "White" Christmas.

The present trend to change sociological structures by edict is directed toward denial of differentiations between races, nations and even individuals, and the special occasions of individual groups must be lost in that day when all the peoples in the world will be one happy global family.

People will learn that the color of a Chinaman's skin does not make the Oriental different from the Occidental, and it will be very bad form to admit the racial existence of the Chinese. By then, of course, the transition will be simple for Americans who have practiced at home the denial of the existence of the Negro as a member of a different race.

Definite moves are already in progress toward this end. Newspapers are not supposed to identify a person by his race, on the principle apparently that this is beside the point. Folk songs are constantly being rewritten to remove the mention of the existence of the Negro. A fine version of *Carry Me Back* changes the line, "where this old darky's heart am long to go," to "where this soul and heart am long to go."

When Columbia records produced the *Confederacy* album, they used the proper words to *The Yellow Rose of Texas*. It is a love-song to a mulatto, with yellow rose referring to a bright-skinned girl, and the refrain goes. "She's the sweetest rose of color this darky ever saw." But in their single record number, designed for popular consumption, the words were changed to a meaningless "She's the sweetest little rosebud that Texas ever saw."

To remove the suggestion of former slavery, in "Jimmy cracked corn, and I don't care," the reference to "the massa's gone away" is changed to "the boss has gone away." Naturally "Old Black Joe" will become "Poor Old Joe" and the "tar baby" doubtless the "raw baby."

From songs and folklore, the decolorization process will continue through literature and then history, until the point is reached where the heritage from the past will have been cleansed of all that was unique and influential in forming a people's character and a region's culture. Cut off from roots and with regional memories a distorted blur, the New Society—in which every member will not only be equal to every other but all precisely alike—will exist in some sort of vacuum wherein the National Mentors will experience no trouble in impressing their ideologies on minds similar to a blank slate.

Today in Russia, we observe the strict enforcement of the taboo on religion, where man is turned from his relation to God and moulded to relate only to the State. It is against the world dominance of this godless empire that the policies of the U.S. are directed, and it is significant that the Washington authorities have not selected the Faith of our Fathers as the force with which to withstand the global spread of Soviet Communism. Tacitly admitting that America does not put its trust in man's relation to God, our omnipotent Powers have placed our destiny in a doctrine of world-wide "Togetherness."

The effect of this "Togetherness" at home is already observed in the changed nature of the National Capital and other metropolises. The common saying has become, "Nobody lives in Washington any more," or Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and Detroit: "everybody" has moved to the suburbs in a modern phenomenon that constitutes a mass flight from Togetherness—or, at least the type of Togetherness designed to impress the world with the fantasy that Americans recognize no differences of any kind in any people. But soon there will be no place to flee, no place to hide. Edicts will become "the law of the land" that force citizens to conform to a machine-made mould, and abandon any notion that may cherish any difference from their fellows.

Thomas Jefferson's "equality of opportunity" was designed to remove impediments from the emergence of the superior individual; he feared that the self-satisfaction of landed families in perpetuated control would block the rise of those individuals who possessed the potential of greatness. As it turned out, the uncontrolled scramble for power produced ambition without responsibility, and the conservative landed aristocracy has been replaced by aristocracies of

money, of Labor, even of crime—though none that grew from the roots of a culture or that assumed any obligation to the whole society. By now it is horribly clear that ruling groups with neither roots in a society nor responsibility to it do not hold even a concept of greatness, and Jefferson's dream of a new country dedicated to producing the superior individual has become the nightmare of a scared country denying the existence of individuality.

Now—in this fear and venality, in opportunistic pandering to pressure-groups at home and in purposeless, day-to-day expediency in dealing with foreign blocs—the leaders and the would-be leaders vie with one another in proclaiming the passion of their intent to level all those borders of the mind that were created by inherited belief, perpetuated custom, regional and racial folkways, and personal preferences. Though lip service is still given to religion (possibly as a sop to what could be another pressure-group), the intent is manifestly to abandon reliance on man's relation to God and forcibly to substitute World Togetherness. The lamb will lie down with the lion, the snake cuddle up amongst the hen's eggs, fox and hound will run together: they will have to: it will be "the law of the land."

As Christmas is, despite the overshadowing aspects of a Merchandising orgy, still essentially a Christian observance, there can be little place for such a season that might offend the sensibilities of Mohammedans and Mongolians, Buddhists and Bush-men, and all the cultists of India—not to mention the Russia that has become the dictator of the "don'ts" in the American policy. Perhaps Christmas will become merely a festival, a Mardi Gras of buying and selling and exchanging, and only fugitive scholars (hiding in the deserted buildings in the downtown of some city) will be able to decipher from fragments of records the origin of the holiday.

But even the archivists will not be able to comprehend what was meant in the twentieth century by a "white Christmas." They will probably conclude that it referred to some rear-guard action of a vanished race. At that they will be fairly right in so much as Christmas—as of now—is one surviving expression of the faith of Western man, one continuity with our deepest origins that is not yet threatened by the leveling process of (what our critics are pleased to call) "the course of history."

Since the celebration of the birth of



Our Lord remains legally a matter of purely personal preference in the manner of its observance, let those of us

who—as a world minority—continue to place our faith in man's relation to God thankfully enjoy this remaining area of privacy. Here we can draw on all racial customs and regional memories, the totality of tradition and inherited beliefs, just as if we were a free people who were to be allowed, even encouraged, to build on and from their past.

We can remember how it was when we were children, and from those now gone we know what it was before. In this season, at least, we can sing, "As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be." If *we* believe—well, there is a story, which does not need to be re-written to protect sensibilities, about the finger in the dike. If we change "Merry Christmas" to "Prayerful Christmas," we might become that finger. But is it already too late?

Lament for Dead Seasons

WHEN I FIRST LIVED IN NEW YORK as a student, the train trip to Richmond took about ten hours, sometimes closer to twelve. Coming home one Christmas, with the friend with whom I roomed, we started some time in the early morning from the damp caverns of the Pennsylvania Station (where it always looked like a sunless dawn) and finally walked from the train along the wintry, open platform of the old Main Street Station under the stars.

The train was crowded, as well as slow, and we stood up all the way by Wilmington. At intervals we broke the strain by sitting on an upended bag on the drafty platforms by the car doors, but we endured this hazardous discomfort only until our aching legs would support us again. From Wilmington to Washington, we found separate perches in odd spots, and were sustained by one of the sawdust specialties served as sandwiches by train butchers, with a paper cup of lukewarm, oversweetened coffee.

Then, at Washington the railroad finally decided to make amends and added a new car. By this time many of the haggard passengers had left the train, and we had the new car almost entirely to ourselves. We reveled in the luxury of placing overcoats and bags in the luggage-rack overhead, and pushing forward the back of the facing seat to provide a chaise longue effect on which to stretch and rest our legs. It was dark when we crossed the Potomac, but we had made the trip often enough to sense when we entered Virginia. "Home" began right there.

In those days, home embraced a psychological state extending from the physical fact of an immediate family in a specific dwelling, and Christmas was a season the sense of which included the boundless area of home. On the train, we *felt* the beginning of the season at home as, relaxed and glowing with anticipation, we hurtled past the dark countryside. The limitless boundaries embraced by home all extended from and were colored by the central unit of the family in the familiar rooms, and we exchanged memories reaching back into the obscured days of childhood.

The first Christmas I remembered contained only a single vivid scene isolated in the darkness of details forgotten. At the first lifting of darkness, before sunrise, I was awakened by the voices of some boys on the street: the room, the world, seemed a deep, misty blue within which the whole being of the child strained in the almost unbearable exultance of awareness of the beginning of Christmas Day. In such a pure distillation of emotion, the day came only that once.

Later, a gentle suffusing warmth was recurrent in the pre-Christmas preparations with my mother and grandmother. Mostly I remembered stirring the batter in making the fruitcake and the night of blanching almonds, which were placed on a sheet of brown paper to be dried under the pipe from the dining-room stove. The scene retained in memory an incommunicable coziness that seemed of the essence of the approaching season.

My friend recalled his whitehaired grandfather spoiling a Christmas Eve by coming in tipsy and singing, in a voice of incomparable cheeriness, "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie." What the old fellow had spoiled was the mood of Christmas Carols, which the rest of the family had come from singing at Capitol Square. Even in the vast worldliness of the sophistication we assumed in the twenties, we felt a twinge of sadness at the lost innocence represented by the grandfather, whom we should not see again.

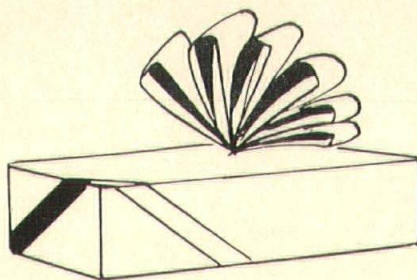
From that we fell to thinking of all the kinspeople whom we would see at Christmas—the aunts and uncles, the cousins of our parents' generation, who by their presence evoked all those gone before and suggested the comfortable security of a pattern of life unchanging and immutable. From the relatively lean rations of student life in New York, I recalled most vividly the faces around the table, a succession of tables at which the family feasted during the whole season. One segment stood out very clearly: with the ham and turkey and turkey dressing, the vegetables and celery and sweet potatoes and Irish potatoes, hot rolls were brought in continuously from the kitchen and continuously vanished. I remembered my mother saying that my father made away with rolls so fast that "he was like a chicken picking up corn."

Then, after jelly, with poundcake and the fruitcake, after nuts were picked at and chocolates passed around, chairs were pushed back and the satisfied individuals moved in a pleasant torpor into the living-room where seats were taken so that they more or less faced each other. That is, there were no tête-à-tête arrangements. It was at this precise moment, as if arranged to immortalize that era in a photograph, the flushed, smiling faces reflected the essence of a completeness in life, a oneness with their time on earth.

Replete, secure, they neither envied nor feared any man, and confidently expected to look after themselves and their own in the larger security of the larger meaning of home. At that time, Mrs. Grace Vanderbilt ran her 640 Fifth Avenue establishment, the old brownstone at 51st Street, with fifty-four servants. Each of these families within my family made do with one of the old-fashioned maids of all work, paid five dollars a week, and as the succession of seasonal dinners shifted from house to house, the maid (called, then, "cook") stayed in the kitchen, and the ladies moved back and forth in their softly rustling dresses, clearing the table.

In remembering the faces and the scenes on the train, I suffered a pang of prescience of the time when they would be no more. At that premonitory sadness, I had no inkling that the time would come when everything represented by those gatherings would also be gone. Encompassed in the protective warmth of what seemed an enduring flow of life, I could not have conceived of a time when home became narrowed to a multiplicity of separate little units, and the biggest event of the season would be the biggest brawl.

Those memories must be shared with varying detail by everyone born before the first World War, who touched the last passing hour of the nineteenth century as reflected in the Edwardian age. The greatest sorrow of today is that the season could only evoke memories of a time irretrievably lost. Something of an inner security has gone with the dissolution of the embracing unity of the large families, personally integrated within the matrix of the "home" of their environment. And all the philosophical explanations for the changed temper of the times, and all the bright promises of a braver new world do nothing to fill the void. Now, when *Silent Night* is sung for the 145th Christmas since it was hastily written on Christmas Eve, by organist Franz Gruber, for the little church in Oberndorf, Bavaria, it brings chiefly a paraphrase of Villon: "Lament for dead seasons."



Can You Remember?

IN AN ERA in which so many elements of sentiment have been lost, it seems particularly a pity to hear at Christmas time the comment that the carols have been dinned into the ears to a point that they have not only lost all meaning but to many, it seems, have become a bore that wears at the nerves. In a country that yearly becomes more blatantly committed to commercialism, it is pointless to charge the merchants with turning the celebration of the birth of Jesus Christ into a competitive carnival of spending and buying. Everybody joins in as a "holiday season," lasting about ten days, has replaced in spirit the essentially Christmas Day spirit of more innocent times. Since the commercial preparation begins before Thanksgiving, and we enjoy the benefits of radio and television to fill our ears with the carols during this build-up to the carnival, it is inevitable that by the time Christmas arrives the music once associated with its religious aspects becomes associated only with the long, "hard" sell leading to the anti-climax that now is the day of the Christ mass.

However, to anyone who has grown up either in a time or in a home where Christmas was observed in its traditional spirit, some of the carols can retain their original association—if an individual wants the sentiment enough to focus his responses on certain memories. Against the general background of memories of Christmas when the family was the center of the warm, personal spirit of observation, I have retained one vivid and moving impression associated with one carol that I can call up each year.

When I was studying in New York, the boy with whom I roomed and I occupied an upper story front room in a house on 113th Street, between upper Broadway and Amsterdam Avenue, close by to St. John's Cathedral. 113th Street was lined mostly with the old four story brownstones, many of which were fraternity houses and nearly all of which were occupied by students—not only of Columbia but of the Art Students League, the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and Juilliard School of Music. The aspiring painters, actors (or directors or designers) and musicians among the academic students who were aspiring writers, editors,

newspapermen, architects, doctors, lawyers and world-savers, gave the youthful population of the street a cosmopolitan atmosphere, arrogant and irreverent, which would make it seem the least likely spot for a sentimental hour. Mencken, the brilliantly derisive smasher of existing idols, was the god of the day, and no intellectually self-respecting student would conceivably associate himself with anything that even hinted at subscribing to the customs and values of the then scorned booberie of the "Babbitt."

In such a time and atmosphere, my room-mate and I were packing to leave on a night train for Richmond when we were visited by an older friend of ours whom I will call Paul—since that was his name. He was a rich man in his thirties who lived near Columbia, and he dropped by to give us each a Christmas present of a TEN DOLLAR credit slip at Brooks Brothers. It was at deep dusk or early evening when Paul somewhat overflowed our room. He stood about six feet four and something about his beautifully cut clothes made him seem a conspicuous obstacle that got in the way of all our confused, last-minute packing. From outside the window, on the street

could scarcely be classified as music that used to play on the streets of Italian organ grinder, were later Mostly to get out of our way, Paul facing the street and raised it, something like "Come All Ye more horrible. After a minute knifing into the room, Paul said, once was the shame of our family was a good musician who took a

We then remembered that Paul had, in fact, stayed with Geruete work at the University of "I'll bet," he said, "they could them."

He took out a five dollar bill half-dollar so it could be tossed less players. "I'll ask them to 'I'll ask them to play *Silent*

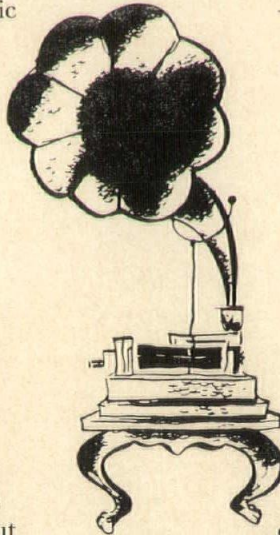
Leaning his immense torso out down something in German until he When they paused to glance up to this speaker of their own tongue, he tossed down the money. When the band leader showed the five dollar bill to his fellows, they all waited breathlessly on Paul's request. "*Stille nacht, helige nacht*," he called down.

They took a little time to start. Then the horns that so recently had sounded no more musical than a fire-gong began to play softly and slowly. Perhaps because of the relief and change from the previous blaring, the music incredibly sounded lovely. From the window, Paul began to sing. After he sang a few bars, it seemed to my room-mate and me that we heard another voice, or voices, join in from across the street. We moved to the other window, opened it and leaned out.

As we did, we observed windows going up all along both sides of 113th Street. Slowly other voices took up the song, until maybe one hundred voices were singing *Silent Night, Holy Night*. What was most impressive about the spontaneous chorus was that every person was singing reverently. The Mencken-following Babbitt-scorners had each returned to the sentiment in which he had grown up. The solemnly sung carol, of the block-long chorus, filled the blue winter night from St. John's Cathedral to the Hudson River, a block west of upper Broadway.

When the singing was over, a momentary hush settled over the street. Then the windows began to go down and the musicians, knowing there could be no encore, moved off to another street. We closed the windows to our room and for a time none of us said anything. But there, in the supposedly "roaring twenties," among a group dedicated to a man to the sophistication that repudiated all the sentiment that existed before we reached our transitory status of lords of life, a sentiment from our formative years in innocent family backgrounds cut through all the veneer of what we proudly regarded as the new civilization.

When—as I do each Christmas season—I remember that dusk, with the voices singing from the lighted windows, no conditions around me can touch the association evoked by that one Christmas carol. As a way of extending the most sincere greetings for the season, I hope that you can call up such an association that will make the spirit of Christmas for you impervious to whatever commercialism does to destroy the meaning of the season.



below, dimly rose the sounds—they —of one of the German small bands

New York. (They, along with the banned by Mayor LaGuardia.) crossed to one of the two windows The blaring of the band playing Faithful," became clearer and or so, with the cold winter air "You know, one of my cousins by playing in a band like this. He strange turn in his life." was of German extraction and man cousins when he did grad-Berlin.

play well if I properly encouraged

and wrapped it around a silver down to the energetic but spirit-play a German carol," he said, *Night*."

over the window ledge, he bellowed attracted the four men's attention.

When the band leader showed the five dollar bill to his fellows, they all waited breathlessly on Paul's request. "*Stille nacht, helige nacht*," he called down.

Frankincense and Myrrh

by G. WATSON JAMES, JR.

SINCE EARLY CHILDHOOD a vivid impression of the manger at Bethlehem and the progress of the Wise Men toward it has persisted in my mind. In this mental picture I have always imagined the Wise Men descending down a long hill toward the manger which is bathed in a blaze of light at the foot of the slope.

My persistent vision includes the Wise Men kneeling before the Christ Child and presenting their gifts, which according to St. Matthew were "gold, and frankincense and myrrh."

Only quite recently did I speculate as to why "frankincense and myrrh" were designated by St. Matthew as "treasures"—comparable to gold.

In a short article I once read in a publication, *The Thread of Life*, I found that "Each of these gifts was considered symbolic of the baby's future; gold for kingship, frankincense for a god and myrrh for the great physician."

So much for symbolism, but the question of the value of frankincense and myrrh when compared with gold, and whence came these aromatic and resinous substances, still persisted in my mind. Dictionaries and encyclopedias didn't provide me with the complete answers in the light of their being treasures, etc., and then in the voluminous library of a friend, I found Schaff's *Bible Dictionary* (published in New York in 1885). At last my search was ended.

According to Schaff: "Frankincense is a dry resinous aromatic substance of a white or yellow color, bitter and acrid to taste, burning for a long time with a clear steady and very odoriferous flame."

"Incisions in the bark of several trees (of the genus *Boswellia*) which grow in India, Arabia and Africa, yield the frankincense gum. Then along the coast of Hadramaut, a district in Arabia, frankincense known as (the olibanum of commerce) is produced. This was substantiated by ancient authors such as Herodotus, Celsius and others; also in the Bible (See Isa. 60, Jeremiah 6:20)."

A resemblance has been noted, this authority states, between the Arabian species (*B. Carterii*) and the mountain-ash when its pinate leaves are young.

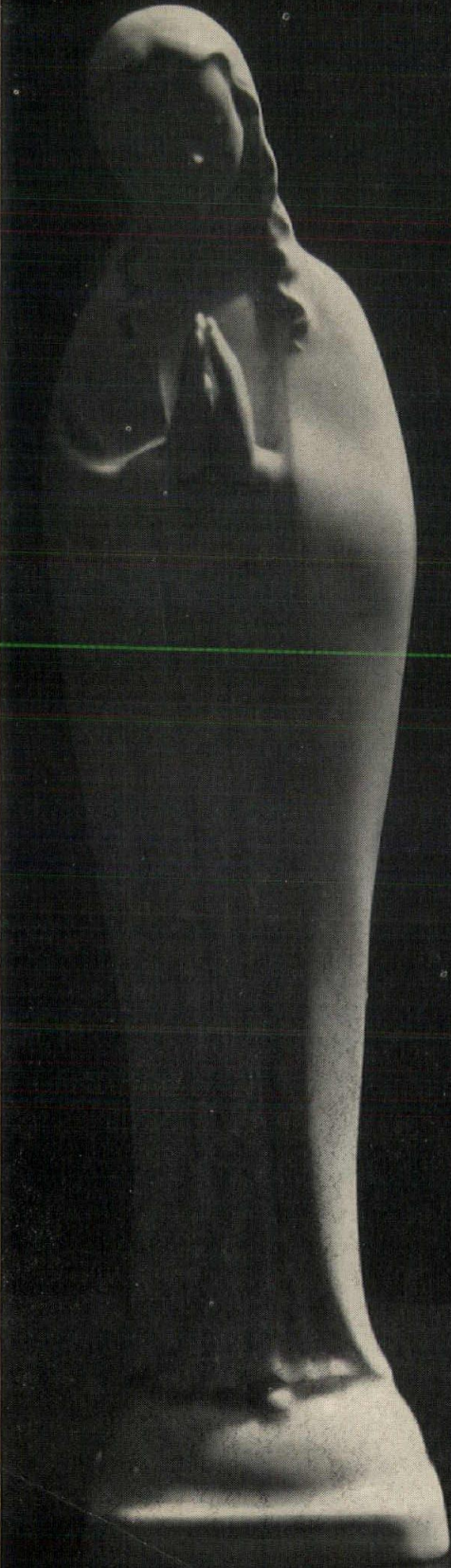
According to Schaff, this gum in the above and in other passages is mentioned simply as "incense." However, it is designated as "frank" because of the freeness with which it burns and gives forth its odors; and pure 'incense' is that which is first obtained and is the freest from foreign admixture."

As to the third treasure, myrrh, which the Wise Men laid at the feet of the Infant Jesus, Schaff records that it is: "A gum, the thickened sap of a low thorny tree (*Balsamodendron Opsobalsamum*), which grows chiefly in Arabia. Myrrh is sold for medical purposes in small globules of a white or yellow color, of a strong and agreeable smell, but a bitter taste. It was an ingredient of holy ointment, Ex. 30:23, and of the embalming substance, John 19:39. It was also used as an agreeable perfume, Esth. 2:12; Ps. 45:8; Prov. 7:17, and a valuable gift, Matt. 2:1, 11. In Matthew 27:34, it is said that they gave Jesus to drink vinegar mixed with gall which in Mark 15:23 is called wine mingled with myrrh. It was probably the sour wine which the Roman soldiers used to drink mingled with myrrh and other bitter substances, very much like the bitters of modern times."

"The Myrrh of Gen. 37:25; 43:11 represents a different Hebrew word and being brought from Palestine or Gilead, was doubtless another substance—probably *Gum ladanum* obtained from the cistus, a shrubby plant growing in those districts."

When we consider that in those ancient days frankincense had to be secured in far-off regions; its functions in Jewish worship, and that it was of inestimable value for embalming and fumigating—small wonder then that it was considered by the Wise Men as a "treasure" to be brought to the manger.

Likewise was myrrh "a treasure" as an ingredient in holy worship, as well as to be used as an embalming fluid and for medicinal purposes. And both, treasures of more spiritual value than shining, inert gold.



MEN OF THE SOIL

By ROBERT B. WOODWARD

Executive Secretary, Virginia Branch, AGC

"America is a land of pastures, tilled acres, and landscaped hills and valleys. From these pastures, acres and hills rise the steel and stone structures fashioned by today's modern builder. Truly, it can be said that every structure has its beginning in the soil . . . and thus contractors can rightfully be classed as 'men of the soil'."

These preceding words were offered by Julian Hirst, newly-appointed City Manager of Roanoke, as he spoke to the assembled guests at a recent meeting of the *Southwest Virginia District* of the Virginia Branch—Associated General Contractors. Departing from the stereotyped description of today's builders as men of brawn, men of daring, and men of vision, Hirst spoke of the general contractor in more realistic terms.

"In Roanoke, in Richmond, or in any American city," he continued, "we find evidence of the hard-won skills of thousands of contractors. These skills mean efficient office buildings, comfortable apartments, sleek banks, massive libraries, impressive cathedrals, and magnificent commercial structures of every make and description.

"Our general contractor coordinates the esthetic skills of architects, the science of engineers, and the brawn of many trades. He guides and blends these talents until out of the rock, clay, silt and loam of nature there arises the vertical mound of steel, stone and marble that is called a building."

It is a description such as this that adds contrast to the image of today's general contractor . . . and this unique evaluation of construction will be further researched and debated at the forthcoming Annual Convention of the Virginia Branch-AGC which will be held at The Homestead on February 20-23, 1966.

Emphasis of the convention format will center around the "general contractor as a citizen." Speakers, panels and workshops will dissect the contractor by discussing his strengths, weaknesses, ambitions, abilities and business acumen. Featured speakers will include representatives of the State Government; Professor William Favrao (V.P.I.); Ira Hardin, National A.G.C. President; G. R. Olsen, member of the National Joint Board for the Settlement of Jurisdictional Disputes; and panels covering (a) Apprenticeship, (b) Taxes, (c) Labor, (d) Safety, (e) Legislation, and (f) Finances.

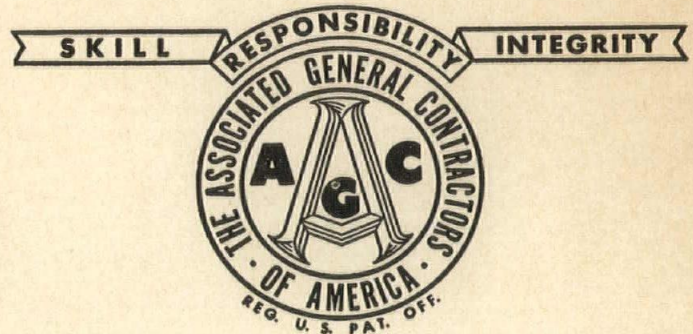
In recognition of his outstanding efforts on behalf of retention of Right-to-Work Laws in the recent session of the Senate, Senator A. Willis Robertson will be the Guest of Honor at the concluding Convention Banquet on February 22nd. Senator Robertson, along with a select group of spirited Senators, led the well-known "filibuster" against repeal of Section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Labor Act. The AGC, the National Right-to-Work Committee, and several other management groups, were in the forefront of the 14(b) battle, and it is expected that they will again be called on to renew their vigorous efforts when the Congress reconvenes in early '66.

The Virginia Branch-AGC's '66 Annual Convention will explore the effect the "soaring sixties" will have on the construction industry during 1966, and it will survey the role of the general contractor as "men of the soil."

to tell the Virginia Story

VIRGINIA A. G. C. REVIEW

OFFICIAL SECTION,
VIRGINIA BRANCH, A.G.C.



- SOUTHWEST VIRGINIA DISTRICT MEETING—ANNUAL CONVENTION
- ROBERT R. MARQUIS, INC.



Marquis Completes Half Million Dollar School in 22 Weeks

WALLER & BRITT, AIA: Architects

DENARD LEE GUSLER
Mechanical Consultant

WILLIAM G. VANSANT, JR.
Electrical Consultant

NORMAN C. EDGE
Structural Consultant

• A "team" push, involving architect, owner's representatives and general contractor made it possible for a nearly half million dollar facility for the School Board of Virginia Beach to be constructed in less than five months. The contract for Kingston Elementary School allowed 210 days for completion, but total co-operation between all parties eliminated the usual delays and the school was ready for opening on September 3, two months ahead of schedule.

The T-shaped, one-story structure, which is Unit I of a three stage building, has masonry and window wall exteriors with interior masonry walls and terrazzo floors. Windows are aluminum awning with Glasweld panels. The metal roof is built-up. The 45,868 square feet were completed at a total cost of \$452,833.

A letter to the Portsmouth construction firm of Robert R. Marquis, Inc., from Frank W. Cox, superintendent of schools reads in part:

"At a meeting of the School Board . . . I especially wanted members . . . to know of your performance in the construction of the Kingston Elementary School . . . urgently needed for the opening of the school term, and it was most gratifying . . . that your firm extended itself in a magnificent way to insure completion of this facility for occupancy September 3.

"I believe our records disclosed that you were engaged in the construction . . . for a period of 22 weeks which is a record for school construction in this city and the former Princess Anne County. In order to accomplish this. I am confident you must have had to put in a considerable amount of overtime. The building is most attractive and the construction appears to be of high quality.

"The Board wishes also to commend your superintendent of construction, Mr. John Milhausen, who evidenced a fine quality and "know-how" of a good construction superintendent."

ROBERT R. MARQUIS, INC.
General Contractor

Excavating, foundations, concrete work,
carpentry, wood flooring.

Subcontractors & Suppliers

(Norfolk firms unless otherwise noted)

TIDEWATER FIREPROOFING CO., Chesapeake:

Masonry

TIDEWATER STEEL CO., INC.:

Steel, steel roof deck

FETT ROOFING CO.:

Roofing

BROWN & GRIST, INC.:

Windows, window walls

WALKER & LABERGE CO., INC.

Glazing

BURGESS BROTHERS PAINTING

CONTRACTORS, Portsmouth

Painting, plastic wall finish

MANSON & UTLEY, INC.:

Acoustical, resilient tile base

A. C. GORDON & CO.:

Plaster

CLARENCE E. SWAIN TILE CO., Portsmouth:

Ceramic tile

CERAMIC TILE OF FLA., INC., Virginia Beach:

Terrazzo

RICH-LINE MFG. CO., INC., Richmond:

Millwork

DOOR ENGINEERING CORP.:

Steel doors and bucks

WESTINGHOUSE SUPPLY CO.:

Lighting fixtures

J. A. ALEXANDER T/A SERVICE ELECTRIC

CO.: Electrical work, heating

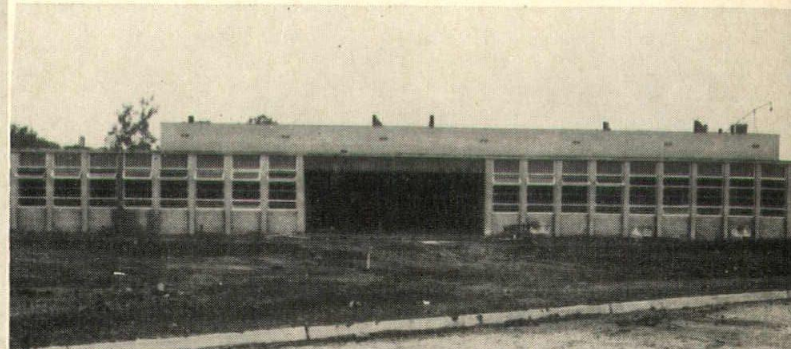
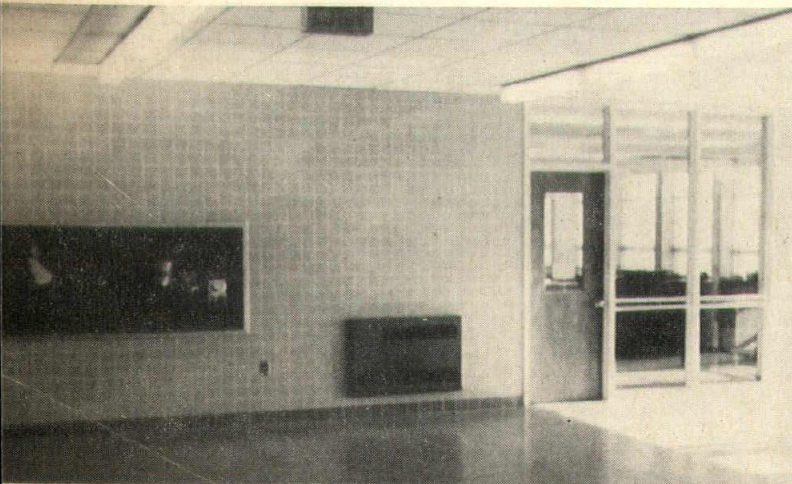
B. R. NELSON PLUMBING & HEATING, INC.:

Plumbing

VIRGINIA SHEET METAL & ROOFING CO.,

INC.: Ventilating

The photo just below shows the condition of the main entrance in August. By September 5, the completed project looked as it does in the photo at the top of the page, with the parking area marked off for recreational games. Left, the full-wall ceramic tile main lobby, with entrance to the office area.



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PLUMBING & HEATING,
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AND
KING, INC.**

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2415 Church Street

Phone 627-8621

NORFOLK 4, VA.

"Santa Claus Is Here To Stay"

(Continued from page 3)

First, I would have the Governor's mansion pulled down; it's too old, not progressive. I would have built a five-sided glass house on stilts, a sort of Japanese ranch-style, with a helicopter-port of solid gold. Drop-outs would be put in a program of attending a barbecue pit, where I would hold press conferences and inform reporters of new groups I had discovered to whom I was going to play Santa Claus. In this way, not only could I have my own wishes granted but I could still any remnants of conscience about "it's better to give than to receive." As long as our wants are all to be granted, we might as well have it both ways.

Since other wishers might get the same idea, the governorship would be put on a rotating basis, though each one to serve would keep his mansion permanently. When Capitol Square grew too crowded, the mouldy old Capitol would be demolished and a thin skyscraper, in layers of white and pink, like peppermint, would symbolize the modernized state, called "The Great Candy Society." Christmas trees would



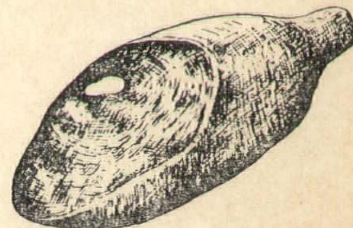
become the state symbol and the state seal would be a jolly St. Nicholas. Huge television screens would be placed at all traffic lights and, while drivers and pedestrians waited, the people could view Santa Johnson beaming, and hear played "The Eyes of Santa Are Upon You" (the new national anthem). The old state song would then be prohibited and using any words like "carry me back" would provoke demonstrations and pickets carrying signs. "Santa Claus Is Here to Stay" will be the new state song.

I only wish old Bill Strother could be here to see it all. He would be in charge of the Santa Corps and direct the War Against Frugality. He would be in his glory, riding in a diamond-studded helicopter and throwing out presents from morning until night. Of course, his old one-man operation would have to go, but, once convinced that he was inculcating the spirit of "giving," he could appoint hundreds of \$30,000 a year assistants in his Corps to help him throw out the presents. If any individuals protested that they

(Continued on page 19)

**GIVE
the
BEST
for
CHRISTMAS**

**HANCOCK'S
Old Fashion Country
HAM**



**For Your
FESTIVE FEAST
Always Ask for
Hancock's**

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**We Ship Anywhere
99¢ lb. F.O.B.**



CHRISTMAS CARDS from YESTERYEAR

(Continued from page 10)

another landscape. A fourth card with Christmas sentiments on its back, if turned to the right brings a harvest scene, and if one raises vertically the fifth card (greetings printed on the back) they see a group of children surrounding an aged couple seated beside a festive dinner table. Finally, with all the cards opened to the left, right, down and up, the easel holds a card decorated with a wreath of flowers surmounted by a crown, and in the center the usual message, "A Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year", which is printed in red. The color scheme of the easel is white trimmed with gold.

Reviewing the collection as a whole, one is struck with the difference between the text of the various "greetings" and illustrations as compared with those of today. As to that text: while it all signifies the sender's desire to express to the recipient that he or she is remembered on Christ's natal day, one associates the wording with the gracious living and refined, even restrained sentiments of the yesteryears, to wit:

"May this day's brightness but an earnest be,
Of the fair future that awaiteth thee".



Why We Celebrate The Birth of Jesus On December 25

(Continued from page 7)

considerable prerogatives to preside over the Saturnalia.

Commenting on this we find that a narrow Puritan author of the *Histro Mastix* lamented: "If we compare our Bacchanalian Christmases with the Saturnalia we shall find such a near affinity between them, both in regard to time and in manner of solemnizing that we must needs conclude the one to be but the very issue of the other."

True today as it was when that straight-laced Puritan wrote the above opinion.



WRITE For free Catalogue and Brochures

Little-Known Role of Lee as Educator Emphasized

• The 100th anniversary of R. E. Lee's inauguration as president of Washington College, as celebrated this fall by Washington & Lee University, stressed a lesser known, but equally important, career of "The General."

The university will celebrate, as the Lee Centennial Years, the five years of Lee's presidency, with its many accomplishments and disappointments for the gray-haired man, who rode into Lexington only five months after the Appomattox surrender.

Dr. Francis P. Gaines, who served Washington & Lee for 29 years as president and five more as chancellor, until his death in 1964, wrote: The five years of his incumbency are characterized by a vigor, a clarity of vision, a wisdom of policy, that constitute one of the notable episodes in the history of American education. . . ."

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (ACT OF OCTOBER 23, 1962: SECTION 4369, TITLE 39, UNITED STATES CODE)

1. Date of filing: October 1, 1965.
2. Title of publication: *Virginia Record*.
3. Frequency of issue: Monthly.
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6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor and managing editor: publisher, Virginia Publishers Wing, Inc., 109 North Eighth Street, (P. O. Drawer 2-Y), Richmond, Va. 23205; editor, Clifford Dowdey, 2504 Kensington Ave., Richmond, Va.; managing editor, Frances W. Dowdey, 2504 Kensington Ave., Richmond, Va.
7. The owner is: Virginia Publishers Wing, Inc., 109 North Eighth Street, (P. O. Drawer 2-Y) Richmond, Va., 23205; S. L. Goodman, Martinsville, Va.; D. E. Goodman, Martinsville, Va.
8. The known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.
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| | Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months | Single Issue Nearest to Filing Date |
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| A. Total No. Copies Printed (Net Press Run) | 4,350 | 4,400 |
| B. Paid Circulation | | |
| 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales | 161 | 182 |
| 2. Mail subscriptions | 3,627 | 3,653 |
| C. Total Paid Circulation | 3,788 | 3,835 |
| D. Free distribution (in- cluding samples) by mail, carrier or other means | 455 | 446 |
| E. Total Distribution (Sum of C and D) | 4,243 | 4,281 |
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"Santa Claus Is Here To Stay"

(Continued from page 17)

didn't need or want the presents, a few threats of demonstrations would quickly show them the way "the law of the land" worked.

Sometimes I read about mossbacked die-hards of the old order warning that Santa Claus cannot exist permanently. These people are simply not in tune with the times: they want to turn back the clock to the old days when Santa Claus came only once a year. Sometimes, as in the Christmas season, I remember when I thought the same way. Sometimes it even makes me a little wistful. Then, I quickly recall that it is very *bad* to think of the past. I look ahead, to the days in the Japanese ranch-style Governor's Mansion —only it will be called the Saint Nick Hilton.

While "Merry Christmas" still has a quaintly pleasant ring, don't let its meaning be restricted to hanging up stockings on Christmas Eve Night: that might call up ghosts that can be hard to banish. Once the faces of those gone reappeared, one might be shaken momentarily in the new conviction that all they stood for is wrong. And they've *got* to be wrong if Santa is here to stay as a year-around operation. If they're not wrong, my address will never be the Saint Nick Hilton, Capitol Square. And I've told my senator I *want* that!

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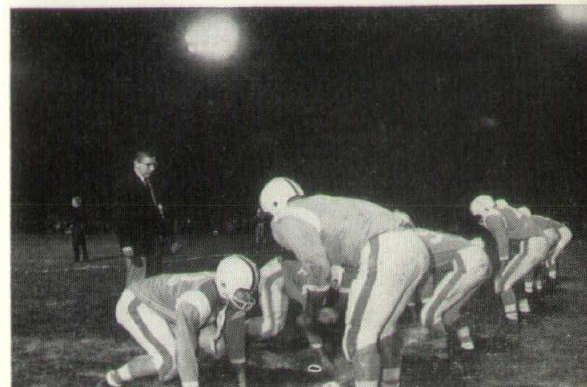
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(W. Hubert Gentry photos)

Rockingham Firm Throws New "Lite" On Sports Events

The Fort Defiance High School field is illuminated by G.E. floodlights, as Rockingham Construction Company "lites" the Shenandoah Valley.



• "We 'Lite' the Shenandoah Valley," is Rockingham Construction Company's motto when it talks about sports lighting installations. During the past few years, many high school athletic fields have been brightly illuminated under the cautious supervision of this Harrisonburg, Virginia firm.

Rockingham Construction began taking an active interest in sports lighting when its own hometown athletic program was lacking, and in community interest they went all out to provide the very best at the least possible cost. Since then, football and/or baseball fields throughout the Shenandoah Valley and surrounding areas have been adequately lighted by the Harrisonburg company.

"Regardless of where it is located, we still maintain our policy of 'the very best at the least possible cost' because of our deep conviction that sports lighting is an outstanding contribution to America's strength through its youth," says Rockingham's Winston Weaver. "Also, because of the family participation it offers, and because of the competition and physical development it provides. Sports lighting makes all these things available to so many more people that we feel it is a privilege to have a part in it. We take considerable pride in systems that work perfectly, yet within reach of the rural community budget."

As a result of this attitude, most of Rockingham's contracts have developed on recommendations from previous installation projects.

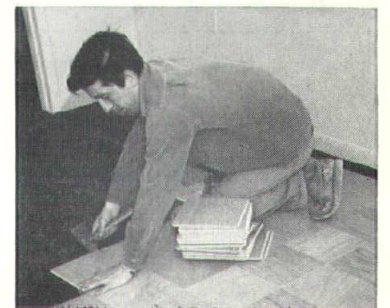
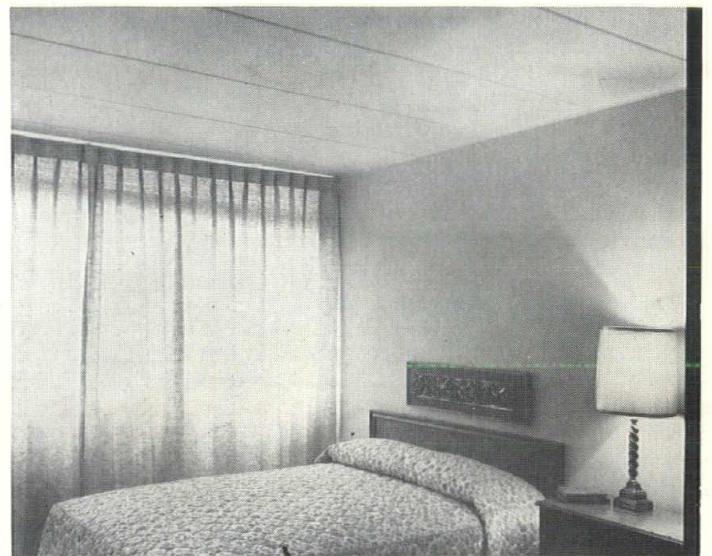
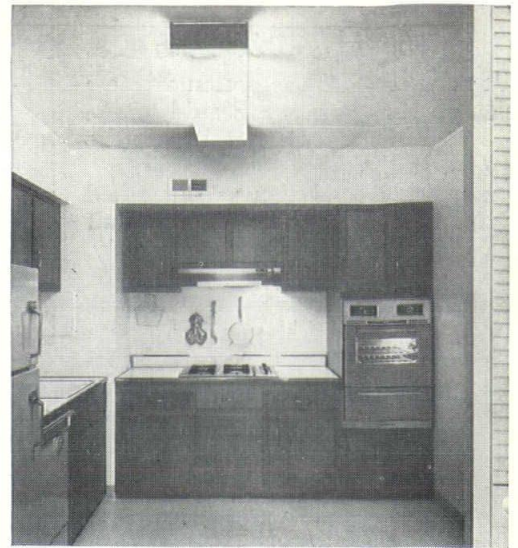
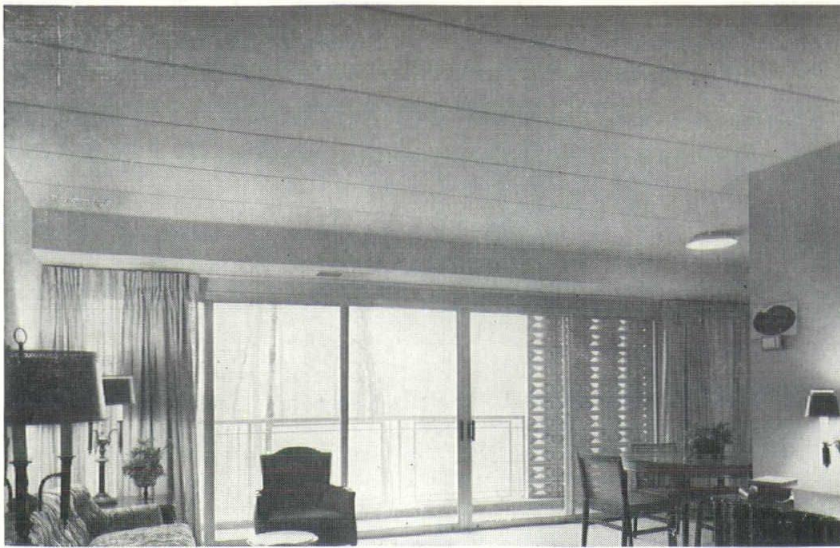
At these high school athletic fields, where nearly 1,000 General Electric floodlights have been installed, Rockingham Construction Company sent representatives to the scene during first games played under the lights. Any corrections necessary were hastily attended to, and the firm stressed that it stands behind its work long after the project is paid for.

With such an attitude, and because of its close relationship to the community, Rockingham is able to boast, "We 'Lite' the Shenandoah Valley."

TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL LILY SHOW

The Garden Club of Virginia will present the Twenty-fourth Annual Lily Show, sponsored by the Lynchburg Garden Club at Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Wednesday, June 22, 1966 from three to nine p.m., and Thursday, June 23, 1966 from ten a.m. to four p.m.

This show is the largest Lily Show in the United States and the only non-professional one. The hostess club will be assisted by the North American Lily Society and the American Horticultural Society. There will be exhibits by well-known commercial growers, entries from the test gardens of member clubs in Virginia, and exhibits and arrangements by individuals.



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