

THAT'S RIGHT . . .

Not so many days ago, of a Sunday afternoon, the waves were rippling on the Irish Sea, and as they danced across their emerald floor, they threw a challenge at the shores of Eire. At the instant the challenge came bouncing in from off the water, a group of Irish fairies were clustered, on the land, around the remains of a picnic. This group of little people had arranged, in advance, for a bright day as the time for their celebration. Filled with food and pleasant thoughts, they sat about a circle and finally, after talking about various subjects, they launched into a discussion of the strange ways of human beings.

While fairies have been classified as good and bad it must be admitted that this was a congregation of good fairies. At the time we discovered them they were discussing the plight of two small children named Mary and Jimmie. These two kids, making their home in Ireland's County Westmeath, were orphans. When their father and mother had passed away they had been given shelter, together with many other orphaned children, in a charitable institution. The burdens of this home were many and the money, with which to meet all these burdens, was little. The time had come when some of the children must leave this place and among them were Mary and Jimmy. Mary was two years old and Jimmie was three.

The challenge that the rippling waves threw towards the shore was "What are you going to do about it?" The fairies, seated on the shore, read this message. It was relayed to them in a code they could read, the code of doing something good for others. "What can we do about it?" asked one fair mother who had just pulled her offspring from a patch of briars. "We can't do anything about it," was the reply of a grouch fairy. Even among the nicest people there is always someone who is a grouch. This grouch was really a pretty good fellow but he was experiencing an attack of indigestion.

Then the group all looked to-

ward their queen. She was seated slightly apart from the others and had been listening to them but nothing escaped her sharp ears and bright eyes. It would take a long time to add up the years that she had lived in Ireland and during these years she had acquired much wisdom in the "know how" of doing things. Since she knew that her answer would decide the fate of Mary and Jimmie she gravely considered the matter. Then, with a bit of a brogue in her voice, she replied, "Sure and I'm thinking something can be done for the kiddies and I'm doing it right now."

She lifted her magic wand and gave a funny little wave in the air. "So that's done and now let's dance," she asserted. Her subjects, knowing they had good reason to celebrate, danced out across the stands until, tired out and happy, they all went back to their respective homes. Then something happened in County Westmeath. A great silver bird came out of the clouds and landed in a field close to the home in which Mary and Jimmie were living and a man came out of its side. He went straight to the two tots, picked them up, and carried them back to she shining bird.

Into it all of them went and with an earth shaking roar it rose into the sky and quickly disappeared beyond the horizon. High up in the heavens it flew over a great blue ocean, across a great new land, until it came to the Golden Gate. Then it landed on a long smooth runway, taxied up to a brilliantly-lighted building, and its flight was ended. From out of the great building came a woman. She was just as beautiful as the fairy queen and there was the same twinkle in her eyes. Maybe she was the fairy queen, at any rate Mary and Jimmie thought so when she took them into her arms and hugged them.

The four of them went into a beautiful carriage that went along without horses, through a million lights lining a smooth road, across a miracle bridge and right up to a white house with a red-tiled roof. Then, all the time, surrounded by a great

promise, Jimmie and Mary entered their new home. This Christmas, with their new mother and father, surrounded with their toys, entranced by the colored candles on the tree, these two infants probably will not fully appreciate what has happened to them. But as years go on, as they attend school, as they respond to and take on the speech and custom of America, they shall, some day, come to know the full value of the great gifts that have come to them.

They shall come to know the jolly, white-whiskered gentleman, who rides on a sleigh — drawn by eight prancing reindeer. They shall know of the protection and love and care bestowed upon them by a great and good man and woman. They shall come to know all of this and more. They shall hear skeptics complain to them of the lack of opportunity; they shall listen to the phonies scoff at the heritage that is America; they shall see the ignorant and bigoted at work in the market place of shame and illusion and they

shall observe idiots arguing that this country, under God, should surrender those truths that have been purchased by us with out blood and sweat and tears. Because, God help us, there are such folks abroad in our land...

But we are putting our money on Mary and Jimmie. To them we are throwing the torch that will light the future. We can be eternally content that they will be faithful to the trust that is so bequeathed to them.

So, now, as we leave Mary and Jimmie in their new home we pay our respects to that old fairy queen who lives on the shores of

the Irish sea. Let's give her a big hand!

MERRY CHRISTMAS to all!

Local News Items

Mr. and Mrs. Jens Anderson left late last week for Baker where they will spend the holidays with relatives. Mrs. Anderson (Frieda, who works at the Chad's Fountain) will undergo surgery while away.

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