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MERRY CHRISTMAS



IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

By F.P. Church



Virginia O'Hanlon, a child of eight, wrote a letter to the New York Sun. It presented that question which ultimately haunts all childhood: "Is There a Santa Claus?".... Francis (Frank) Church, a thoroughly masculine, yet delicately perceptive member of the Sun's staff, was assigned the problem of answering it in his sympathetic way.... With some trepidation, he produced the answer which was published in 1897.... The piece has been reprinted more times than any Christmas newspaper article in any land. Since it has appealed to so many, it is our hope that this edition may touch your sensibilities and thus enrich your holiday season.... With it we extend to you our most cordial greeting.



VIRGINIA'S LETTER



Dear Editor -- I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.

Papa says, "If you see it in The Sun, it's so."

Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?

Virginia O'Hanlon
115 W. 95 St.



THE ANSWER

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exists, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no child-like faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is, no Santa Claus! The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

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

