

A KING IS BORN! WORLD REJOICES

Carolinian Extends Greetings

At this time of the year we pause to observe the birthday of our Lord. The CAROLINIAN looks forward each year to the publication of this special Christmas edition as it gives us the opportunity to greet our subscribers, readers, advertisers and other friends with a special and warm wish for a most joyous holiday season.

In past years it has been the custom of this newspaper to present for your enjoyment a page of stories and other information pertaining to this holiday and centered around the religious significance which it denotes.

On this page may be found The Christmas Story and other stories which relate to the birth of Jesus Christ.

Churches in the area have planned special Yuletide services for Thursday morning, December 25, and Watchnight meetings have been slated for Wednesday night, December 31, at many of the churches in the city and county.

Charitable organizations in the area have made many hearts glad by contributing food, clothing and money to individuals, hospitals and families. One such contribution is made annual to the children at St. Agnes Hospital by a local chapter of a national social organization.

Business in Raleigh will be practically at a standstill for the next few days, most of them having closed Wednesday, December 24, and will reopen on Monday, December 25. Another long holiday weekend looms for many area residents as the New Year holidays will begin on Wednesday, December 31.

Raleigh and Wake County schools closed Friday, December 19, and city schools will reopen on Monday, January 5, giving the school kids more than two weeks to enjoy their gifts from Santa and a vacation from the three R's. Wake County schools will open their doors, however, on Thursday, January 1.

All in all it appears that this will be a Christmas or relative peace throughout the world.

May we again extend to you our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Missing King

BY RILEY HUGHES

Jeff Stuart swung easily to the platform while the train paused in a glare of lights before heading north. Everything looks the same, he thought. It's all as dingy as when I left. Even the snow, ranged in uneven drifts under the train shed, looked dreary.

His sketch pad bulged out of his coat pocket as he walked through the tile-walled tunnel to the street, carrying his battered suitcase. Not much to come back with, he thought to show for two years abroad.

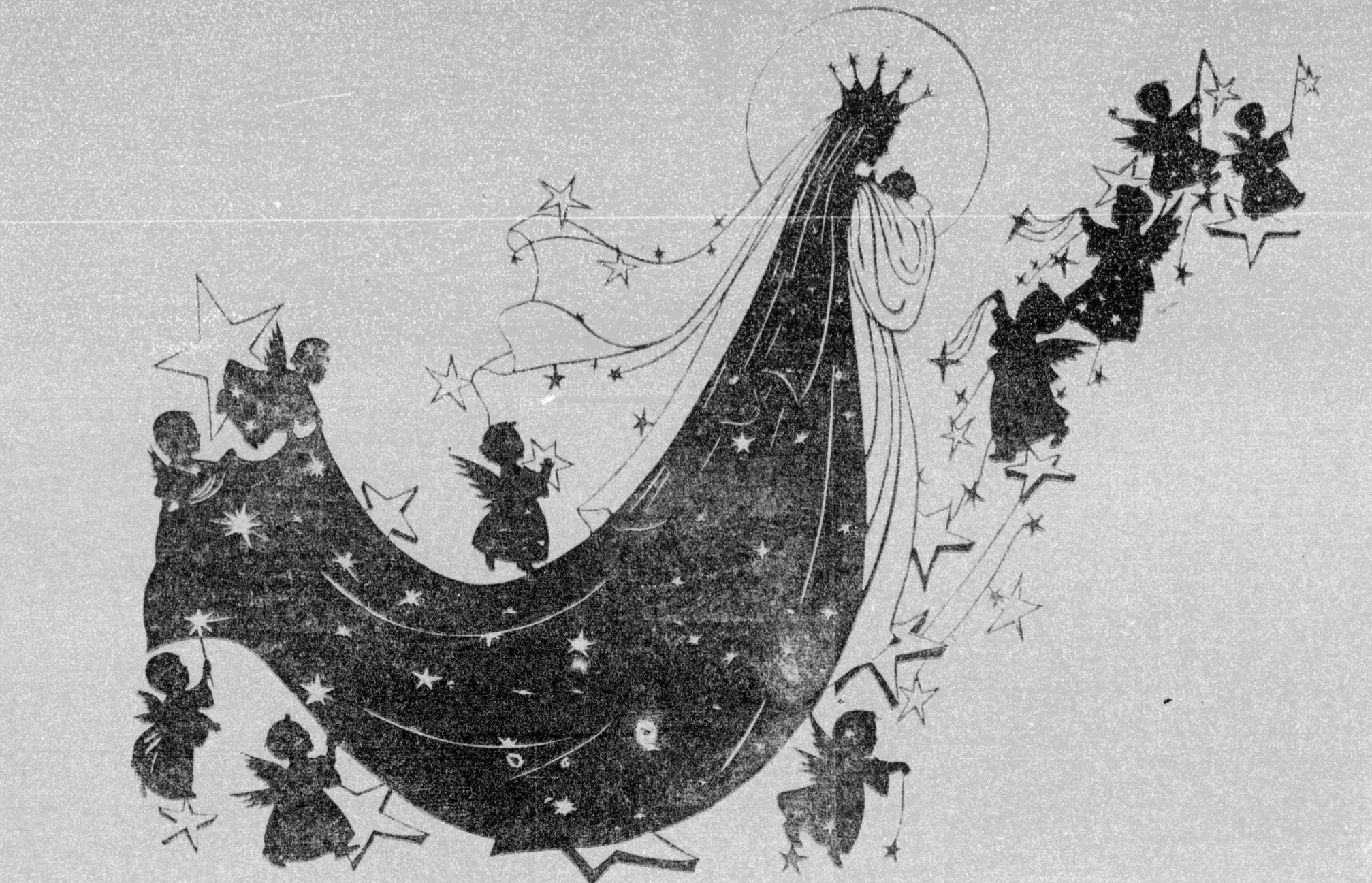
He walked out into the bad part of the main street, among buildings with dark, sullen faces lipsticked with smears of neon lights. In the square he saw a huge fir strung with colored bulbs and topped with a lighted star. A thin-faced, stout-stomached Santa Claus brushed past him, carrying a metal lunch box. He noticed several people carrying gaily wrapped packages, but their faces were tight-lipped and grim.

NO PLACE ELSE He remembered then that it was the Christmas season. He had not planned to arrive home then, but when you go by freighter you don't arrive by schedule. Did the 74th, he thought, Christmas Eve. All the day to come back to that house, the very day he had been blotting out of his mind that day he never wanted to remember. Well, there was no place else for him to go.

On his way up the hill to the house he stopped off at the corner Mr. Stuart, the grocer said, carrying a tin of sardines. "The supermarket, maybe?"

"No, not that. I've been away seven. Plans like that. The grocer's stance said plainly that there was no doubt or place like that. He returned to his position at the counter, leaning on an elbow, against the frozen-food freezer. "Merry Christmas," Mr. Stuart, he said to Jeff's departing back. "Merry Christmas." The bell at the top of the door jingled weakly as Jeff went out.

He turned the key in his own door almost with panic. "I should not have come back," he muttered. "What made me do it?" Or perhaps, he thought, but I shouldn't have gone away. It was all he could do to keep from calling Kathy's name as he entered the enormous studio that had made thorough out of a ramshackle old coach house.



"ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH..."

At The Foot Of The Manger

BY JOHN TRAVERS MOORE

There was talk among the shepherds that an angel had appeared and more were to come, but the little shepherd of Bethlehem had no great hope of seeing Heavenly visitors or hearing the angels sing. His favorite lamb was missing again, and he was busy looking for it, which naturally required the attention of both—but mostly that of the little shepherd.

For some reason, his favorite lamb caused him more trouble than all the rest of the flock and kept him continually looking after it to make sure it was here, and not there or someplace else. Perhaps this was because he considered it the finest lamb in all the land of Judea. And perhaps it really was—not that it looked much different from any of the other lambs, except that it was whiter and more lively, and liked to romp and play—and it belonged to the little shepherd.

THE STAR IN THE POOL But there were times when it tired his patience, and tonight was one of them. The little shepherd had wanted very much to stay on the hilltop and watch for the angels and the golden star—the largest ever to shine on Bethlehem, and the one that would guide the shepherds to the newborn King.

Of course the little shepherd knew exactly where he would find the lamb—down at the bottom of the hill, where it always hid, looking at the stars on the pool. And just as he found it there, he tripped, and grumbled slightly and even frowned at it, which was considerable punishment coming from the little shepherd. But he carefully picked it up and carried it back to the fold.

He thought that he had caught a glimpse of a large golden star among the other stars reflected on the pool, and just to make certain—he looked up. There in the sky it was: A Star over Bethlehem—and it must have been there all the time, for the little shepherd had not thought to look for it so directly overhead. It seemed curious that when everyone else was

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A Forgotten Saint

BY REV. RAWLEY MYERS

Of the traditional figures that grace the Christmas crib, St. Joseph is certainly the least known. He stands in the shadows, like part of the background scenery, a forgotten saint. Yet here is the greatest saint in heaven next to the Blessed Mother herself. It is time that the great and noble Joseph be better understood. It is time that fallacious folktales concerning this man among men be put to rest forever.

Joseph is often pictured as a tottering old granddaddy. But the best authorities tell us that St. Joseph was about 30 years of age at the birth of Christ. Common sense dictates that he must have been young and strong, God gives to one man an assignment he is able to carry out. For God commissioned Joseph to be the protector of Mary and the Child.

A MAN'S MAN Can you imagine an octogenarian making the arduous trips from Nazareth of the North to Jerusalem and Bethlehem in the South? It would take a virile youth to lead Mary and the Child safely on the flight into Egypt, through desert wastes, amid wild animals and marauding bandits pursued by Herod's soldiers. Then, too, we recall that St. Joseph was a carpenter. This is no work for an old man to do, but in Palestine 1900 years ago, where the craftsman had to cut and hew the wood, carry the planks and transport his bulky products, only the strongest could play the trade.

St. Francis At Greccio

A LEGEND Adapted By Brother Benedict Simon, O.F.M.

On the slope of a high mountain opposite the town of Greccio in the valley of Rieti, Italy, the traveler who goes in search of Franciscan Sanctuaries, will discover from afar a small monastery, whose foundation goes as far back as the beginning of the 13th century. This monastery is associated with a miracle worked by God to show that the life of St. Francis and his followers should be a retired one, and should be passed in peace, secluded from the noise of the world.

Let us first relate this miraculous event before narrating the rest of the institution of the crib, which afterward took place in this monastery.

THE BOY AND THE BRAND Among the many in the town of Greccio who had resolved to the preaching of St. Francis to live a holy life, was a rich man who frequently visited the Saint. This man often held long, holy conversations with St. Francis, and being old and infirm, found it no easy task to defend the steep mountain leading to Francis' solitary abode. Being desirous of not missing those instructions which filled his soul with heavenly consolation, he requested St. Francis to select his abode somewhere near him.

St. Francis assented on condition that a little boy should be placed in the piazza which stands in the middle of the town; that the boy should throw a firebrand; and that, wherever it should strike, that should be the site of his residence. The proposal was readily accepted since the rich man was convinced that the brand would not go beyond the piazza.

The boy was there with the brand, surrounded by the throng of people in a state of eager suspense. St. Francis ordered the boy to throw the brand; but lo! it went onward till it struck a rock a mile distant from the town, on the slope of a high mountain, where it left a black mark which can be seen even today.

God having shown by a miracle where the monastery should be built, and the mountain being the property of the man who accepted the proposal, he donated it to the friars, and there built a monastery for their use.

Being in one of his usual retreats in preparation for the feast of the Nativity, St. Francis was inspired to represent the great mystery in such a way as to bring to the mind of the people the birth of the Saviour with all the attendant circumstances.

He constructed a platform in a little chapel near the door which leads into the monastery. On it he built an artificial grotto, in the interior of which he placed the figure of Mary and of St. Joseph, and the ox and ass representing the two animals that were in the stable at the time of the birth of the Christ-Child. Then he placed outside, here and there, the figures of shepherds in the act of watching their flocks, and on high the heavenly messenger announcing to them the birth of the Saviour.

DIVINE APPARITION On Christmas night a solemn Mass was sung in the chapel. St. Francis serving as deacon. Mass being over the figure representing the Divine Infant, which during Mass had been exposed on the altar, was carried in procession by the brethren of the Mass to the spot, and was placed in the manger by St. Francis.

No sooner had Francis deposited a beautiful infant surrounded with the sacred figure than Christ appeared on his arms in the form of an aureole of glory. The people were overcome with a supernatural joy at the sight of the divine apparition.

The prodigious event was soon spread throughout the surrounding neighborhood, and among the friars who desirous of imitating the devotion of their Holy Father, introduced the pious custom of representing the "Grotto Crib" in the different churches of his order during the holy season of Christmas.

In the course of time the devotion was introduced into other Orders, and later pious people had churches outside the Franciscan great mystery represented in some fitting place within their private homes.

Christmas Gift For Esteban

BY ESTHER MILLER PAYLER

It was dark when in the Andes mountains of Peru, when 14-year-old Esteban slipped on his faded poncho. His father and his brothers were already at the silver mine. His mother laded much for Esteban and his sister, "Vince," after breakfast, hove the beans and potatoes on the terraces. We want food for our Christmas feast!

"Esteban, you cheer the alpacas, so the wool can be shed before the Feast," Baby Carlos on her high chair, mother trudged to the mine sorting sheds.

After he ate, Esteban said to Vince: "When Carlo was back from school he read to me. Wish I could go to school too." "Carlo and Luis have a rich uncle in Lima! Where could you get school money?" asked Vince.

Further Ernesto says he has to save money for school when I'm able to work in the mine. "He's teaching you to read and write," reminded Vince. "That would make you happy." "Father must go to his other church, too. He has little time for me," frowned Esteban. "Vince, look the way I must work on Christmas feast!"

"You're quick! you could earn lots picking pockets, especially when the Christmas Eve crowds are around the Cathedral."

"That's stealing!" "Rich people have more than they need. Working in the mine you'll be old before you earn enough for school. With me it wouldn't be long."

Before Esteban could answer there was a sharp crack and a roar. Esteban's cheeks felt "Mine landslide!" he shouted. "Esteban and Vince ran down to the mine. Luis ran home muttering: 'Why should I get hurt too?'"

Vince gabbled: "Papa, Mama and Carlos." She made the sign of the Cross. "Hope we're in time!" panted Esteban, sweating. "I see Mama and Carlos!" gasped Vince.

"Mama is digging. If only Papa's here!" "Mama came running, sobbing: 'Papa and his bones are buried!'" Mama prayed.

Jesus' Birth, Childhood World's Greatest Story

Editor's Note: THE CAROLINIAN takes particular pleasure in reprinting from the Holy Bible the story of Jesus' birth and early growth. (As taken from the Authorized or King James Version, 2nd Chapter of St. Luke.)

(And it came to pass in those days, there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that the world should be taxed.) (And this taxing was first made when Cyreni-us was governor of Syria.) And all went to be taxed, everyone into his own country of Syria.) And all went to be taxed, everyone into his 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 great with child. And so it was, that while they were there, the days were accomplished that she would be delivered.

And she brought forth her first-born 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.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into Heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying, which was told them concerning this child.

And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

And when eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the child, his name was called JESUS, which was so named of the angel before.

And when they had performed (CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

The Living Tree

BY FLORENCE WEDGE

A decorated evergreen is one of the most delightful non-essentials of the Nativity season. We can keep Christmas without it, for the real wonder of Christmas is a Child born unto us and a Son given to us for our salvation. But the tradition of the tinselled tree is here to stay.

Most of us, at some time or other, have wondered about the first Christmas tree. Who decorated it? When? Where? What is the connection between the birth of a Saviour and the presence of an evergreen in our homes?

LOST IN ANTIQUITY It would seem that the genesis of the Christmas tree is lost in the mazes of antiquity. Some scholars believe it had to do with the worship and invocation of the "Spirit of vegetation," and relate it to other ceremonial trees, such as the Maypole or the St. John's tree around which people of another age danced on the longest day of the year.

Others associate the Christmas tree with the beautiful old legend of the Tree of Life. When Adam lay dying, runs the legend, he sent his son, Seth, to the Garden of Eden to beg for the Oil of Mercy. This was refused; however, the angel who stood in the gate gave Seth a sprig from the Tree of Life with instructions to plant it upon his father's grave. It was long a widespread belief that the sprig grew and produced

the wonder-working rod of Moses. Later it was cut down and cast away; then, still according to the legend, it was recovered and fashioned into the Cross on which Christ was crucified.

There are various accounts of Christmas festivities, dating back to the Middle Ages, but scant mention is made of a decorated tree. A forest ordinance from Ammersweier, Alsace, dated 1561, ruled that "no burgher shall have for Christmas more than one bush of more than eight shotes of Eden to beg for the Oil of Mercy." This was refused; however, the angel who stood in the gate gave Seth a sprig from the Tree of Life with instructions to plant it upon his father's grave. It was long a widespread belief that the sprig grew and produced

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THE CHRISTMAS STAR

BY JACKIE WALLER

Up in heaven, all the stars were twinkling brightly, because they were asked to parade outside the gates of Paradise where one of them would be chosen for a very important job.

The angels met them at the gates, and arranged them into rows, with the smallest ones in front. Saint Peter hustled over and inspected them with a thoughtful gaze. Then he chose the smallest of all the stars, and she was overcome by the honor. "I am very young and stupid," she said. "I am not sure that I will be able to do my job as it should be done. Is it very difficult?"

Saint Peter laughed. "At any rate," he said, "you are frank and modest. The angels will teach you what to do, and if you listen care-

fully I am sure you will do very well."

THE THREE KINGS First of all, the angels had to make her the most beautiful star in all the world, so they blew on her, and then polished her with their sleeves. And as they worked, they told her the story of the birth of Jesus.

It was a very important mission. She listened and was afraid, because it seemed such a big responsibility, but the angels were very patient.

Soon a happy smile spread over their faces, because the little star was word perfect, and knew everything she must do. She was shining very brightly too. There was nothing more for the angels to do. So the star came down to (CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)