

# THE HAPPY TIMES

Newspaper for Boys and Girls

### It's Storytime

## The Little School Bell

By EVELYN FORZYWA

The little bell lay in the woods rusty and neglected. He had been scorched by the sun and drenched by the rain. His handle, which at one time had been painted black, was now a dirty gray. It had been a long time since anyone had rung him.

At one time he had been rung four times a day, at the beginning of school, recess, lunch time and dismissal. He had been a school bell and a happy one. Now he was so rusty that even if he were to be rung, his ring would not sound as beautiful as it had a long time ago.

The little bell had been manufactured when country and one-teacher schools were dominant. He had been happy each time the teacher had picked him up and gone to the door. Ding! Ding! He rang. Time for school. It was a happy life for the little bell.

The years passed on and with their passing, modern inventions had come into being. The little bell still sat on the teacher's desk but he was now silent. The children now attended classes by the buzz of an electrical system. The only time the little bell was picked up was when teacher dusted her desk. Life had really changed for the little bell.

Then, one day the children came to school dressed in their Sunday best. Most of the parents and the important school officials were there also. At first the little bell thought there was going to be a celebration until he noticed the sadness on the people's faces. It was on this day the little bell learned there would be no more school taught in the little school house. It was being vacated for a more modern school.

The teacher was cleaning out her desk after everyone had gone. "I won't be needing this anymore," she thought, as she picked up the little bell and threw him in the wastebasket. "My, oh my," thought the little bell, "I must really be out of date." This little bell was carried out with the rest of the trash, where he was found by a little boy. The little boy kept him a few days then lost him in the woods.

The little bell lay in the woods year after year, rusting and neglected. He could always tell when Christmas was near because he could hear the people come into the woods for Christmas trees. Each year he had thought that maybe one of them would find him but no one noticed him. "People don't have any more use for a school bell," he thought, "I may as well get used to the idea."

There was a strong wind and it was very cold a few days before Christmas. Two men came into the woods looking for a Christmas tree. "I want a small tree for Bobby's room," said one of the men. "He is an invalid and has to stay in bed most of the time. I think a little tree will brighten his room."

"It certainly would," replied the other man, pointing toward a small cedar. "This one looks nice," he said. The man cut the tree down and when he bent to pick it up he noticed the handle of the little bell sticking out from under some brush. "What have we here!" he exclaimed as he picked up the little bell.

"Why if it isn't a school bell," he remarked. "Haven't seen one of these in years. I will take it home for Bobby. With a little paint it will make a wonderful present for him. He can keep it on the table by his bed and whenever he needs anything he can ring the bell."

The man carried the little bell home, where he painted its handle a bright black and the rest of it silver. On Christmas Eve after Bobby was asleep he placed the bell on his table.

"What a cute little bell," exclaimed Bobby, upon waking and seeing it on the table Christmas morning. Picking it up he gave it a shake and the bell went ding, ding! "What a beautiful sound," said Bobby to mother, as she entered the room.

"Listen, mother, to the bell. Isn't it beautiful?"

"It certainly is," replied mother. "I wonder what it is really saying when it goes ding, ding?" The little bell smiled happily to himself. If she only knew, he thought. At one time my ding, ding meant time for school. Time for recess, time for lunch, time to go home. Then when I was found by the little boy my ding, ding meant happy playtime.

Right now my ding, ding means Merry Christmas and I am grateful for being found. It was a nice Christmas for Bobby and the little bell.

## Five More Join Birthday Club

Well, isn't this nice! Five new Birthday Club members this week.

They are Louise Gary Piner, Davis; Raymond Lawrence Jr., Bettle; Joseph William Sadler, Oriental; Julia Mae Ellis, and Julia Marice Lewis, both of Morehead City. Happy to have you with us!

It's so much fun to receive a birthday card when your birthday rolls around, why don't you join the Birthday Club too? It costs absolutely nothing. Just fill in the blank on this page and mail it to the newspaper.

If you have a picture of yourself, send it along. It will be run in the Happy Times, free.

We have so many nice boys and girls in the club, let's have some more. We'll be looking for you!



Julia Marice Lewis



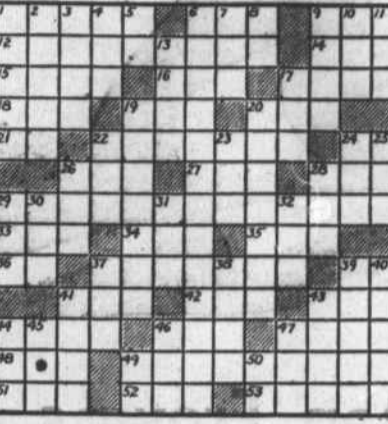
### Crossword Puzzle

#### ACROSS

- 1. Dye
- 6. Girl's name
- 9. To-do
- 12. Troubled
- 14. In what way
- 15. Ceremony
- 16. Part of a play
- 17. Be interested
- 18. Rubber tree
- 19. Coin of Macao
- 20. Sack
- 21. Exist
- 22. Corrected
- 24. About
- 26. Turk title of honor
- 27. Have a chair
- 28. Seed covering
- 29. That which cannot be done

#### DOWN

- 1. Substitute ball team
- 2. Type of sheep linen
- 3. Before: prefix
- 38. Negative
- 39. Turf
- 40. Chest bone
- 41. Not any
- 42. Measured
- 43. Lake
- 44. Ill-bred person
- 45. Staff
- 46. Tuber
- 47. Mind
- 48. Is able
- 49. Border
- 49. Nephew of Abraham
- 49. Motherhood
- 51. Watch closely
- 52. Anger
- 53. Diner



### My Kitten

I am in the second grade. I go to Smyrna School.

I have a kitten. He is gray and white. When I want to find him he surprises me when I look for him. He licks me when I want him.

Donna Jo Baldwin

(Donna Jo is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Baldwin, Marshallberg).



Donna Jo Baldwin

### Too Much Hoo-La

Richmond, Va. (AP)—Osteopaths here report that grownup experiments with the new plastic hoops (designed as children's playthings) produced some sprained backs. One physician said he would not recommend anyone older than Elvis Presley experimenting with them.

## Beaufort

Tuesday - Wednesday

"CAMP ON BLOOD ISLAND"

Starring Carl Mohner • Andre Morell

Thursday Only

"PLUNDER ROAD"



### I WOULD LIKE TO JOIN

## THE NEWS-TIMES BIRTHDAY CLUB

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Present Age \_\_\_\_\_

Birth Date \_\_\_\_\_

Month Day Year

(Anyone under 12 is eligible to join. Fill in blanks. Please PRINT. Mail to News-Times, Morehead City, N. C. Include your picture if you have one.)

### Letters to Santa

Dear Santa, I am a little girl 7 years old. Please bring me a tiny tear doll with a play pen, a stroller and some dishes. I love you Santa Claus.

Love, Kay Yvonne Bridgers

Sean O'Casey, the noted Irish playwright, was once a railroad track laborer.



Last Time Today

TOM EWELL  
MICKEY ROONEY  
MICKEY SHAUGHNESSY  
DINA MERRILL

A NICE LITTLE BANK THAT SHOULD BE ROBBERED

Wednesday - Thursday

THE LAST OF THE FAST GUNS  
JOCK MACHONEY  
GILBERT ROLAND  
LINDA CRISTAL

A mosquito has an average life of 1 to 7 months.

## morehead

Now Playing



COMON ALONG to New Orleans to

MARDI GRAS  
BOONE & CARERE  
SINCE NORTH CROSS CLARK

## Members Write

Oriental, N. C. Dec. 2, 1958

Dear Sir:

I am a little boy almost 4 years old. My mother and daddy are Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Keel. My first daddy is dead, but I love my second one very much. My hobby is following him around and "helping" him work.

I have a big brother in the Coast Guard and a big sister in high school. I'll be glad when I'm big enough to go to school.

Joseph (Joey) W. Sadler Box 493

P.S. I was 2 years old when the picture I'm sending you was taken.

Beaufort, N. C. Nov. 28, 1958

Hello!

I am a little boy three years old. I will be four Dec. 27. My name is Raymond Lawrence Jr. My parents are Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Lawrence.

A member, Raymond Jr.

## Happy Birthday

Louise Gray Piner, Davis, 11 years old today  
Julia Lewis, Morehead City, will be 9 years old tomorrow



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J. M. DAVIS Distributor  
Texaco Products Morehead City

LAIRD'S APPLE WINE

75c 4/5 Quart



LAIRD & CO. 9111th, SCOTTSVILLE, N. C. LYONS, N. Y. NORTH GARDEN, VA.

### Letters to Santa

Morehead City, N. C.

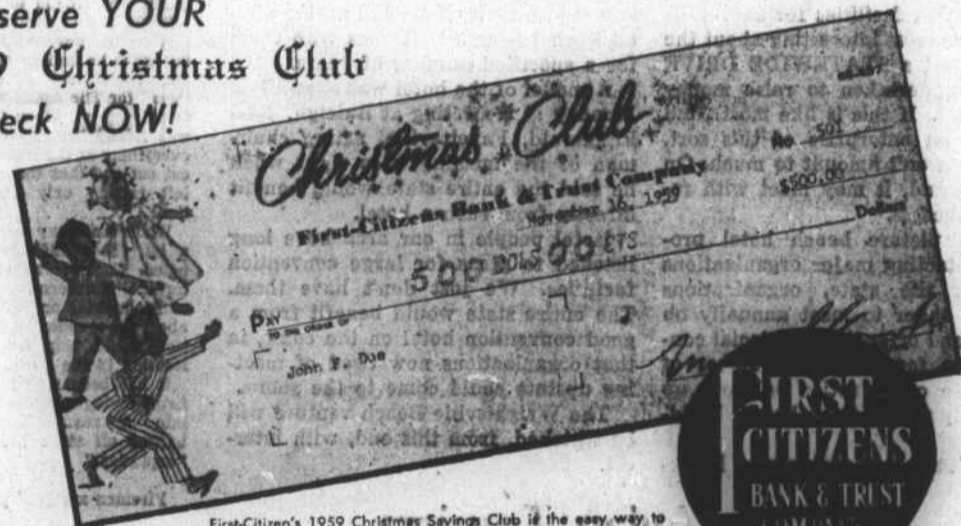
Dear Santa,

I am seven years old and this is what I want for Christmas, a toy truck, truck and boat, battle ground set and a peyope guitar. Merry Christmas!

Marshall Lee

(All letters to Santa are forwarded to the North Pole, so get them in as soon as possible. As many will be published as space allows. —The Editor.)

Reserve YOUR '59 Christmas Club Check NOW!



First-Citizen's 1959 Christmas Savings Club is the easy way to budget-free Christmas shopping. No charge to join. Simply select the amount you wish to save each week from 50c up. Join now!

We never forget to "Thank You!" MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

Conveniently located in Morehead City, Beaufort, Newport, Swansboro, Cherry Point, Havelock and in other fine N. C. communities.

### SCORCHY SMITH



### Help Is On The Way



### OAKY DOAKS



### Man Overboard

