

It's Catching

Jill: I'm not going to send any Christmas cards this year. It's silly to send cards to people you see every day, and once you start sending cards, you just don't know where to stop.

Martha: That's exactly the way I feel about it. But George says we have to send Christmas cards, so I'm doing it. But I'll tell you one thing. No tree this year at our house. With the children grown and gone, it's ridiculous to get a tree, drag out all that stuff to trim it, and then the worst part is taking it down again.

Betty: Well, I just can't get enthused about Christmas any more. I've already bought the few gifts I'm going to give. I used to wrap all my Christmas gifts, but now I just let them wrap them at the store.

Susan: I always used to knock myself out over the Christmas pageant at Sunday School. Bill would get so disgusted with me. I was a nervous wreck until that pageant was over and it always took me until after Christmas to recuperate . . .

(The foregoing conversation took place over coffee in Jill's kitchen several days before Christmas. Two days later, the same women happened to meet downtown).

Jill (absorbed in choosing Christmas cards at a store counter): Let's see, I guess I'll need at least 10 more . . .

Martha: Why hello, Jill. You run out of Christmas cards too? Oh, I for-

got, you're not sending . . . why you must be!

Jill (smiling): I'm just an old softy. The cards certainly are pretty this year. Where are you headed?

Martha: Why . . . ah, I saw the prettiest little tree in the window and I thought that it would look nice in our living room. The house looks so empty without a tree at Christmas time.

Jill (laughing): And you were the one who wasn't going to be bothered with a tree! And, do you know what? I saw Betty just a few minutes ago at the Christmas wrapping counter. She was bent under a burden of wrapping paper and ribbon. She was the one who wasn't going to give many presents — and the store wrapped them all!

Susan (rushing up): What are you two doing, just standing chatting? I've got so much to do I can't stop a minute. Do you know anybody who has a dark-colored bathrobe for a boy about 14? We need one for one of the wise men in the Sunday School pageant!

Martha: Well, my hearing must be going bad. I thought you weren't going to have a thing to do with that pageant this year!

Susan: Oh well, you know how it is. See you later, girls, I've got to track down a bathrobe . . . I mean, a wise man's robe!

What is this magic called Christmas?

Labor Rides High

Sen. B. Everett Jordan, in a news release recently, set forth matters on which he thinks the coming Congress will take action.

On labor reform, Senator Jordan commented, "A great deal of time was spent in the last Congress on the serious problem of crime and racketeering in some labor unions. There is a critical need for effective labor reform legislation, and I am confident that the new Congress will enact a constructive law that will include provisions dealing with secondary boycotts, organizational picketing and other unfair practices."

The senator is more confident than we.

How can labor legislation — with teeth — be passed when more than half the Congressmen elected in November are recipients of campaign funds from union treasuries and were backed by union members?

This poses quite a puzzle for democratic, free enterprise America. It looks as though the laboring class will rule, not in the way that Marx predicted but in a way that will be just as real.

The magazine, United States News and World Report states that 17 million workers are in organized unions. Almost three times that number — 48 million other workers — are NOT organized. Yet, union-backed politicians usually win. How come? Couldn't non-organized workers out-vote them?

Yes, but the crux of the matter lies in "organization". A few people working and voting together can prevail over a mass of unorganized humanity. The Committee on Political Education, organized in 1955 by the AFL-CIO, is the political war horse of organized labor.

Although many union members do not vote, this committee works hard to show the people how their pro-labor candidates have at heart the welfare of ALL workers. The committee has met with notable success.

The Committee on Political Education claims now 56 friends in the US Senate (there are 96 senators), 221

friends of labor in the house (436 Congressmen) and of 24 governors elected last November, it is reported that 18 had support of the Committee on Political Education.

The South should watch closely labor developments on a national scale. The South is looking for industry. And where industry goes, there go labor unions. The South can gain much from experiences other sections of the country have had with organized labor. Some experiences are good, others bad.

We doubt that a Congress and Senate controlled by one faction is good. As Postmaster Gen. Arthur E. Summerfield told industrialists recently, businessmen who do not take an active part in politics are only contributing to the destruction of the way of life in which they believe.

First Card-Sender

Henry Cole, an Englishman, was the originator of the idea of sending greeting cards at Christmas time. He took an artist's drawing, hand-painted it, and sent it as a greeting to a friend at Christmas time, 1846.

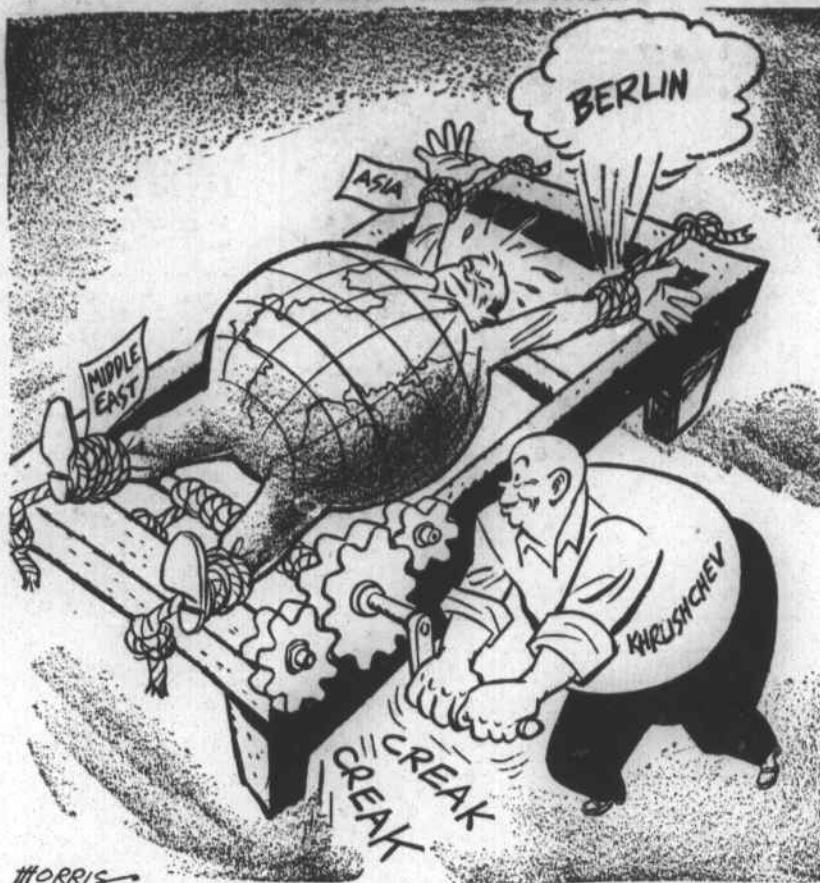
The English royalty took up the idea as a most gracious way to extend greetings to their intimate friends at the Christmas season.

Year after year, the Christmas card, the messenger of joyful remembrance, has grown in popularity, until today it is an integral part of the celebration of the Season.

— Sunshine Magazine

General David Sarnoff, chairman Radio Corporation of America, New York City: "If we are to become the masters of science, not its slaves, we must learn to use its immense powers to good purpose. The machine itself has neither mind nor soul nor moral sense. Only man has been endowed with these god-like attributes. Every age has its destined duty — ours is to nurture an awareness of those divine attributes and a sense of responsibility in giving them expression."

ANOTHER LITTLE TWIST!



Americans Have Done A Lot for Saint Nick!

Comment . . . J. Kellum

It's little wonder that Saint Nick is especially generous to the American people. History proves that the Americans have done a lot for Saint Nick!

According to Donald Ludgin, editor of the holiday articles in World Book Encyclopedia, the Americans have given Saint Nick a new name, a new face and figure, and a new means of transportation.

The original European version of Saint Nick was a tall, angular man who rode on a bony, gray mare. Both the horse and Saint Nick looked as if they hadn't had a good meal in some time. The Saint had deep sunken eyes, and wore a flowing, threadbare cloak and a black skullcap.

The early English settlers in this country started giving Saint Nicholas his "New Look." The English children adopted the legendary Christmas figure from the Dutch, but they had trouble pronouncing "Saint Nickolous." Somehow the name changed to "Santa Kalouf," and finally it was corrupted to "Santa Claus."

However, this was only the beginning. In 1809 Washington Irving, in his "Knickerbocker's History of New York," wrote of the Saint as the guardian of New York City. Irving described Saint Nick as a jolly fellow with a broad-brimmed hat and huge breeches. He taught Saint Nick to smoke a long pipe, and, in the story, replaced his shuffling hay-burner with a trim wagon that floated over New York house-tops.

A short time later, Saint Nicholas' transformation was aided by Clement Moore in his famous poem, "The Visit from Saint Nicholas," written in 1822. Moore, a professor of Divinity in a New York Theological Seminary, gave Saint Nick a sleigh, twinkling eyes, cheeks like roses, nose like a cherry, and a round little belly.

Today's Saint Claus is by no means streamlined, but he is a far cry from the lean, acetic, somberly dressed fellow who, for centuries, on Christmas Eve, guided his mare through the streets of Europe.

Security for You . . .

By RAY HENRY

In September—for the first time—100,000 aged parents drew Social Security. Many more will become eligible.

Congress changed the law to make this possible.

The changes are in the requirements a parent must meet to get payments based on the Social Security record of a deceased son or daughter.

Starting last September, a father 65 or over or a mother 62 or over can collect Social Security:

- If a deceased son or daughter—before death—was providing at least half the parent's support and had worked in a job covered by Social Security between 18 and 45 months, the exact amount of time depending on when the son or daughter died (eventually, this work time will have to be at least 10 years) and
- The parent isn't otherwise eligible for Social Security payments at least equal to what he could get from his son's or daughter's Social Security record.

Before the change, a parent couldn't collect payments based on a son's or daughter's Social Security record if a widow or a dependent child of the deceased was getting—or ever could get—Social Security based on the same record.

For a parent to be eligible, the son or daughter could have died anytime since Jan. 1, 1940—the date the Social Security Survivors Benefit Program became effective.

For example: Suppose you're 71 and your son was supporting you on April 10, 1947 when he was killed in an auto accident. You can now get Social Security payments if he had worked at least 18 months under Social Security before he died and you're not otherwise eligible to Social Security payments as high as you can get from his record.

The size of the payments a parent can collect depends on (A) how many other survivors—that is, a widow and children of the son or daughter—are eligible to Social Security based on the same record, and (B) the average monthly earnings on which the son or daughter paid Social Security tax before he died.

These general statements can be made about the size of payments:

The higher the average monthly earnings of the son or daughter the higher the parent's payments. The more survivors eligible for

payments the smaller the payments to a parent.

If no widow or child is or ever will be eligible to payments based on a deceased son's or daughter's Social Security record, a parent's payments now can range between \$30 and \$81.40 a month. On Jan. 1, the range will be \$33 to \$95.30 a month. If a widow and a parent are both eligible, the payments will be within the same range for the parent.

But, if a widow, one or more child and a parent are eligible, the range in payments will probably be affected. Chances are the parent's payment will be smaller because so many survivors are drawing them.

In any case, the exact size of your payments will be figured by your Social Security office when you go in and apply for them as an eligible parent. You do have to apply. The Social Security people have no other way of knowing you're eligible.

When you apply, you should take along some proof that your son or daughter provided at least half your support. This would be bills, bank statements, cancelled checks or any other type of documents.

You should also take along something to prove your age and a copy of the death certificate of your son and daughter.

(Editor's Note: You may contact the social security representative at the courthouse annex, Beaufort, from 9:30 a.m. to noon Tuesdays. He will help you with your own particular problem).

Smile a While

The accident insurance salesman, in his door-to-door canvass of a New England town, had come up against an unusually dour and uncommunicative prospect. The high pressure sales talk finally elicited a laconic reply:

"Got an accident policy?"
"That's fine," enthused the salesman, grateful for even a negative opening. "Is it with our company?"
"None."

And that single syllable of denial greeted the name of every company as the insurance man exhausted the entire list of his known competitors.

"Well, then," he blurted, "it can't be a very good policy."
"Best in the world," the New Englander proclaimed in a spur of veritable loquacity. "My accident policy is not to have 'em."

America: Materialist or Idealist

In a volume entitled "Character and Opinion in the United States" printed in 1920 by Scribner's, the eminent philosopher George Santayana remarked:

"The American has never yet had to face the trials of Job. Great crises, like the Civil War, he has known how to surmount victoriously; and now that he has surmounted a second great crisis victoriously, it is possible that he may relapse, as he did in the other case, into an apparently complete absorption in material enterprise and prosperity. But if serious and irremediable tribulation ever overtook him, what would his attitude be? It is then that we should be able to discover whether materialism or idealism lies at the base of his character."

It cannot be merely our anxiety for praise which leads our attention to the many instances of individual heroism, during our national crises especially, in which the individual's idealism triumphs over his natural desires for self-protection and comfort.

True, there is always that percentage of the population which is out to gain for itself regardless of the ideals thereby trampled. But even that group gives way here and there as its individuals sometimes evidence the same willingness to suffer for a good reason, such as the welfare of other men.

The nation's "great trials are only the great trials of many individuals, coincidental as to time, place and circumstance, more or less. If our individual citizens, in their personal great trials have often shown a preference for good over comfort or importance, then Santayana is not entirely right, for we have already shown idealism in sharp contrast to the materialism he accurately states is apparent.

Perhaps we cannot escape from the fact that, when we have no trials to take our energies, we occupy ourselves with trivialities, comfort, funds we don't need, luxuries and the emptiness of proving how much we've got. It is possible, and indeed probable, that any other people provided with the opportunities would do the same thing.

It is true that we have, as a nation, done much to abuse Christmas. For example, St. Nicholas was actually a Bishop of Myra in Asia Minor and he died in 342 A.D. He did start it all, doing a great deal for the "temporal needs of his flock" as well as for their spiritual needs. But he would probably be badly embarrassed at the giving of gifts in his name, instead of in God's name. As for the "jolly, old elf" description, it's fun, but is it right? We'd feel pretty silly hamming up our heroes like that; imagine our doing that to Clara Barton or George Washington.

And all this anticipation the children work up for presents, is it really a reflection of that ancient world's anxiety for Christ, or our own hope of His second coming?

Still, for all the gimmicks and the gettars, the churches are full at Christmas. Like the acts of heroism, it is a good sign.

Just in Passing . . .

A sure sign of old age is when you feel your corns more than your oats.

Advice to the thin: "Don't eat fast." Advice to the fat: "Don't eat; fast."

Happy is the man who can enjoy the scenery when he has to take a detour.

Some folks think that traveling around in the best circles makes them big wheels.

Louise Spivey

Words of Inspiration

FIREARM SAFETY

The shooting season has begun. Unfortunately with it comes an increase of firearm accidents. In 1957, fifty-eight North Carolinians lost their lives in firearm accidents. Forty-seven of the fatal accidents occurred in the home and eleven on the farm.

The hunting season does not have to be dangerous. Guns are dangerous; but so are automobiles, sharp tools, or even baseball bats in the wrong hands. The answer to the problem is training . . . not prohibition. The Sporting Arms and Ammunition Manufacturers Institute has developed the following "Ten Commandments of Firearm Safety."

1. Treat every gun with the respect due a loaded gun.
2. Guns carried into camp or home must always be unloaded.
3. Always be sure that the barrel and action are clear of obstruction.
4. Always carry your gun so that you can control the direction of the muzzle.
5. Be sure of your target before you pull the trigger.
6. Never point a gun at anything you do not want to shoot.
7. Unattended guns should be unloaded and stored safely.
8. Never climb a tree or fence with a loaded gun.
9. Never shoot at a flat, hard surface or the surface of water.
10. Do not mix gunpowder and alcohol.

MY PRAYER

Lord, thou knowest how I live,
All I've done amiss, forgive;
All of the good I've tried to do
Strengthen, bless and carry through;
All I love, in safety keep,
While in Thee I fall asleep.

— Henry Van Dyke

SOLITUDE

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For this brave old earth must borrow its mirth,
It has troubles enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh! it is lost on the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasures,
But they do not want your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all —
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train;
But one by one we must file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

— Ella Wheeler Wilcox

F. C. Salisbury

Here and There

The following information is taken from the files of the Morehead City Coaster:

Note: From the papers of the late Mrs. Mary Royal, her son Dr. B. F. Royal gave us the issue of the Coaster from which the following items were taken.

THE COASTER

Morehead City, N. C.
Vol. 2 May 14, 1903 No. 39

LOCAL

Prof. C. R. Ross left Tuesday for a vacation. He will take a special course at the university summer school.

Huggins & Moore, paper hangers from Kinston, are decorating the interior of A. H. Webb Jr.'s residence.

The Misses Louise Norcum and Sudie Dixon of Beaufort, spent Sunday night here, the guests of Miss Amie Klein.

Capt. Duffy Wade, with the Columbia, took a party of 32 young people to Harlowe school commencement Tuesday night.

J. B. Davis left Tuesday for Wilmington to attend the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows.

Ballance, Dill & Co., have just put in a beautiful \$600 fountain. It is of Mexican onyx, with mirrors on each side and surmounted with another.

While a party of ladies and gentlemen were on T. D. Webb's dock

getting ready to embark on boats for a sail, a portion of the dock gave away precipitating Mays Swindell and Leslie Moore, Dave Wade Jr., and Derwood Willis into the water. It only caused much merriment for all.

For the past week the devoted family of Joe Lane Willis have been wrestling with the death angel that has been hovering over him. His disease defies the skill of physicians.

James M. Arthur has purchased the fish business of Tom Daniels in this city and we wish him success. He has had over 20 years of experience in handling ocean products.

Rumor Says

That the finest looking man and best catch in town is a skittish Buck.

That Randolph must get lots of mail from the time he spends at the postoffice.

That the man who knows how to twirl a cane is stuck on music.

That Bug's new house will cage a beautiful bird.

That it is not love-sickness afflicting our druggist, but his liver.

That an old maid is on O. G.'s track, and he will have to drown himself or leave town.

That Stacey thinks only a man capable of dealing with love affairs.

That Duffy's sand-hill property does not attract the fair sex.

From the Bookshelf

Niki. By Tibor Dery. English version by Edward Hiyams. Doubleday, \$2.95.

Janos Anca, distinguished engineer, early Communist, and civic-minded worker in Hungary, according to this short novel, has a job in Budapest but for lack of room must live in a distant suburb.

There a small female dog, mostly terrier, likes the smell of him, the sound of his voice, the way he lives, and adopts him.

Of course the Ancas think they adopt her. But recognizing the female wiles of Niki as being fundamentally common to females of all species, Mrs. Anca knows Niki is flattering them and acting coy out of innate wisdom, and realizes it is not they who decide to admit the dog, but the dog herself that decides to move in.

Anca, in his 50s, is an uncompromisingly honest individual who has not the tact to cover up for a party official who cheats. This gets him into trouble.

He and his wife settle in a small city apartment, he is sent to jobs less and less important and farther and farther away, and one day he does not return.

He has been arrested—Dery himself is now in prison for his role in the Hungarian revolution, and his story about a prisoner's return home, published in this country a few months ago, was an unear-

ably beautiful expression of this tragic experience.

But along with Anca and his wife, Niki suffers. She has been free. The Ancas believe she has as much right to independence as man. There is a magnificent condemnation of tyranny:

"The abuse of power, baleful vice of kings, leaders, dictators, directors, heads of departments, secretaries, shepherds, cowherds and swineherds, heads of families, pedagogues, elder brothers, of old and young in whatever, this stench, this sickness, this source of infection, peculiar to man and unknown in any other carnivore, even the bloddiest, this curse and blasphemy, this war and cholera, was a thing unknown in the Ancas' house."

We see little Niki's happiness, we see her pine away. "It's the want of liberty that's killing her," Mrs. Anca believes. The dog that leaped so frenziedly, loved her master and mistress beyond all reason, chased the hare and played with the ball, at last must wait too long at the door for the familiar step she will never hear again.

Dery is so wonderfully unselfish, and so deeply moving. This little masterpiece as a dog story, and a little masterpiece as a legend of the liberty cherished by all living things.

— W. G. Rogers

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