

'Twas the Night Before Christmas

It was very cold and snowy, that Christmas Eve in 1822. The hard snow crunched under Dr. Moore's feet as he hurried along the street to the market. Word had just come that there would be extra guests for the Christmas dinner tomorrow, and Mrs. Moore had sent her husband to buy an extra turkey, while she busily set to work baking more goodies to add to the already generous supply.

The city streets were filled with people that night, happy children shouting in the snow, fathers hurrying homeward, bustling shoppers making last-minute purchases. In the lighted windows of the homes he passed, in the bright shop windows, and in the delectable smells of the holiday foods being prepared in the bright warm kitchens of the neighborhood — in all these Dr. Moore felt the heart-warming Yuletide Spirit. As he made his way toward the market, the good doctor's brain was buzzing with the words of a poem, words which seemed to dance and sing with the gaiety of Christmas.

The turkey purchased and delivered to Mrs. Moore, Dr. Moore locked himself in his study. The room was almost foreboding with its shelves lined with books of Hebrew and Greek, for the doctor was a professor of languages at the General Theological Seminary of New York City. But Hebrew and Greek were forgotten this night as the words of a poem began to take form on paper.

Later that Christmas Eve, Dr. Moore gathered his children around him and announced he had a poem for them. In his deep, rich voice he began reading:

"'Twas the night before Christmas,
When all through the house

Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a mouse."

On and on he read through the gay, happy verses, and when Santa's merry voice rang out in the last line of the poem, "Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night," the eyes of the Moore children were dancing with joy. They clapped and applauded heartily, and Dr. Moore knew his poem was thoroughly enjoyed. So he promptly filed it away and proceeded to forget it.

It was not until December of the next year that Dr. Moore had occasion to remember the poem. In a copy of the Troy Sentinel appeared a poem, "A Visit from St. Nicholas," and the dignified Hebrew and Greek scholar recognized his own frivolous composition, although it was unsigned. Greatly disturbed, Dr. Moore learned that his own children had given a copy of the poem to a visitor from New York, some months before.

The editor of the Troy Sentinel was deluged with requests for the author's name, and permission to reprint the poem, and without consulting the doctor, his name was furnished. Promptly the poem appeared in other publications, and within a short time the name of Dr. Clement Clark Moore was famous — not for his brilliant scholarly work in the field of ancient languages, as he would have wished, but for a happy, joyous little poem about St. Nick, which he had written for his own children, and had never intended for any outside eyes to see. In the years to follow, it became a Christmas classic to gladden the hearts of children everywhere.

— Adapted from Marin Dugas

Highway Lullaby . . .

Are you "going home" for Christmas?

Perhaps you aren't traveling far but you probably will be traveling somewhere to visit friends or relatives. And everybody who takes to highways for the holidays shares the responsibility of keeping the highways safe.

With the nation's vast highway building program under way, the old familiar roads are giving way to new highways. Expressways make travel easier — and they also make it more hazardous. They are prime inducers of "highway hynosis".

Driving becomes so automatic, you are lulled into a false sense of calm. Boredom, inattention and dulled reflexes soon follow.

From an article, Dreaming Up a Nightmare, from the AIM magazine come these tips for safe driving on expressways:

1. At the first sign of blurred vision or heavy eyelids, stop your car and rest. You've just been introduced to the highway hypnotist.
2. Change your speed, body position and line of vision frequently. Otherwise your reflexes and judgment can be dulled by the monotony of road sights and car sounds.
3. Make a habit of moving the head and eyes frequently. Don't focus sharply on any object unless necessary.
4. Back seat driving by passengers helps the driver to stay awake. Passengers should stay awake to help keep the driver alert.
5. Instead of eating a big meal just before or during a long trip, stop frequently and eat small amounts.
6. Try not to drive long distances at night because the danger of hypnosis is much greater. Keep instrument panel lights low to reduce hynotic glare.
7. Start a trip well-rested. Fatigue

deteriorates your entire driving ability.

8. Wear loose-fitting clothes and keep fresh air circulating in the car.

9. Don't follow the same car too long. If you find yourself staring or your eyes begin to glaze, pull off the pavement.

10. If your right foot goes to sleep, stop off the pavement and remove your shoe. Vibration from the gas pedal will wake your foot up.

11. Try to avoid sun glare. Prolonged exposure to glare is a major factor in eyestrain fatigue.

12. Keep thinking of emergency situations, such as gauging a safe stopping distance ahead.

Monotony is the age-old tool of the hypnotist. Steer clear of it and you'll be entranced by — but not in a trance from — your expressway driving.

Lions Decked Out

On New York's famed Fifth Avenue, the approach of Christmas is heralded when a garland is ceremoniously placed around the necks of the two marble lions guarding the entrance to the Public Library, a custom started in 1950.

Each wreath uses enough Nova Scotia balsam and hemlock in fashioning the lions' ruffs over the steel frames, which are nine feet in diameter, to make a hundred home decorations. Circlets of white bulbs set in the greens provide illumination after dark, and flaring red bows lend elegance, as the Library Lions look down beneficently on hurrying gift shoppers.

— Sunshine Magazine

The pioneers would have shed big tears and thrown away their axes, if in a dream they'd caught a gleam of what we pay in taxes!

— Carl Helm

IF HE WOULD JUST KEEP WEARING IT



Ruth Peeling

Keys Cause Much Trouble!

Stamey Davis, our faithful weather observer, has a story to tell — if he'll tell it. He and Mrs. Davis Jr. took his grandson, Ethan Davis, to Atlantic Tuesday, Dec. 16, to catch the boat to the Coast Guard station at Ocracoke, where he is stationed.

Ethan drove to Atlantic, farewells were said—and you guessed it. Ethan boarded the boat and sailed off with the keys to the car in his pocket.

Some kind fellows at Atlantic did something with wires to the ignition which got the car going and after a few shoves, the Davis's were headed back to Morehead City!

W. C. Carlton has his key problems too. The other day he was driving along Arendell Street. Somebody kept tooting at him from behind. They finally got his attention and informed him that a bunch of keys were swinging back and forth in the lock on his trunk.

"And you know," Bill says, "I was looking everywhere for those keys!"

Robert Seamon was in the same kind of trouble several weeks ago. He lost a bunch of valuable keys. He kept thinking they'd turn up,

Captain Henry

Sou'easter

'Tis the season to be jolly
Fa la la la la la la la la!

The first mate says I can't sing worth a darn, but I can't resist the Christmas carols. The way I sing sounds pretty good to me, so I'm just going to keep on. As a matter of fact, the way I sing is probably the best—everybody else sounds out of tune.

I guess it's the same old story, you think everybody else is out of step.

They're still talking about J. P. Harris and his horses that were in the Christmas parades. I guess it will be a horsey Christmas. I hear June Teich's horse is getting a new bridle. I'll bet he didn't ask for that!

Here's something slightly off the Christmas beat:

Three old ladies in a mental home were sitting on the porch talking together. Finally, one ex-

claimed, "I wish a big strapping he-man would come along and make love to us."

One of the other ladies leaned over to the third and whispered, "Poor Gerie, she won't be with us long; she's beginning to talk sense."

Well, here it is—almost time to hang up our stockings. You know, men always come out the little end of the horn on this stocking deal. The women have nice great big long stockings and all we got are those little short ones that won't hold a thing.

I'd have to hang up four of my stockings to equal one of the first mate's. But she won't let me do it, says it's not fair. One stocking a piece, she says.

Women.

Oh well, it wouldn't be Merry Christmas without 'em. Hope yours is gay and bright (both your wife and Christmas).

of Marines there from Cherry Point—all with the last name of Wright, an added tribute to the brothers, Orville and Wilbur, who gave man wings.

While Carteret had some snow, it was nothing like the tons that fell upstate. Even Cherry Point golfers were migrating here to keep in trim on the Morehead City golf course. All they had to do was drive a short 20 minutes to get from there to the "Florida of North Carolina": Carteret County.

The killdeer are with us again—those beautiful large birds, white and tan with the two black bands around their necks. Since we don't see them the year-round, I have come to the conclusion they are on their annual migration to South America.

The dogs in my neighborhood love to chase them. The killdeer seem to have great faith in their ability to outfly anything. If they're in the street and a car comes behind them, they fly straight ahead, hoping apparently to outdistance the car, rather than move off to the lawns at the side of the street.

They have a shrill penetrating cry which is supposed to sound like "Killdeer... killdeer!" but it just sounds like a screech to me. And they don't let up at night. Frequently in the cold, still dark, they'll start calling.

On a short ride upstate recently, the sides of the roads where bulldozers had seraped back the snow, were full of birds. The small strip of exposed earth beside the hard-surface was the only place they had to forage for food.

And many a wheel whacked a sparrow that delayed take-off time because he was busy looking for a stray seed.

If you read the time capsule letter from Mayor George Dill to the mayor of Morehead City of 2008, you noticed that Mayor Dill requested the mayor of 50 years hence to have the band play The Stars and Stripes Forever.

"What do you want them to play that for?" I asked the mayor.

"BECAUSE I LIKE IT!" he roared.

And what better reason could there be?

Stamp News

By SYD KRONISH

A front view of the Hermitage, home of Andrew Jackson, seventh President of the United States, will be featured on the 4½ cent postage addition to the regular series. The new green colored stamp will be released March 16, 1959, at Hermitage, Tenn.

Collectors desiring first day cancellations of this stamp may send their addressed envelopes to the Postmaster, Hermitage, Tenn., together with remittance covering the cost of the stamps to be affixed. The outside envelope to the Postmaster should be endorsed "First Day Covers 4½ Cent Stamp."

Austria's 1958 "Postage Day" stamp is a 40 schilling plus 60 groschen adhesive depicting the new post office of the Tyrolean resort town of Kitzbuehel.

The 21st anniversary of the Constitution of Ireland will be commemorated on a 3 pence and a 5 pence stamp scheduled for issuance on Dec. 29.

The design features a young woman seated (symbolizing Eire) with her right hand on a harp and the first words in Gaelic of the Preamble to the Constitution. Also shown is a leetern which incorporates the arms of the four provinces of Ireland.

Louisa Spivak

Words of Inspiration

WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS TO ME

Recently I asked several of the children in our schools (most of them in eighth grade) to write me a short article on the above subject. I am sorry that space does not permit us to print all of their letters. The following will give you an idea about how the children in general really feel about Christmas.

... God sent His Son to the world to save lost souls, so that they would learn more about Him ... Christmas is also a time to help a person in need. — Dorothy Penny

Christmas is an exciting time in the year. During this season most people are thinking of nothing but getting presents and other good things of the season. Like most people I do not think much of the meaning that really goes with the Christmas season. I don't always think of it as Christ's birthday, but I think that all of us would be happier and the world would better if we thought of Christmas as we really should.

— Earl Jones

... Christmas is a time for thankfulness, love, exchanging of gifts and cards and a time of wishing that I could give more to those who are really in need. — Harriet Whitehurst

... Today Christmas has become commercialized. Merchants make more money than at any time of the year. This too is fine, but do you know why we give gifts at Christmas? It all dates back to the Birth of Christ and the three Wise Men bringing their gifts to the infant Jesus. Do you think of them when you exchange gifts?

I am guilty of not understanding the true meaning of Christmas myself, but I hope this paper will enable me and others to remember the actual meaning of our greatest holiday, Christmas. — Doris Young

... On Christmas morning, our family wakes up early to find under the Christmas tree our gifts which Santa Claus left for us. Later on we sit down to a delicious turkey dinner with all the trimmings. This is the festive side of Christmas, but we should not forget that it is the birthday of Jesus. — George Gibbs

... Some fun I get out of Christmas is baking Christmas cookies and cooking candy, gathering holly, pine cones and mistletoe to decorate our house, trimming the tree, and sending Christmas cards. Of course, not to be ignored is the fact of getting out of school — this year, for sixteen and a half days. All of these things make Christmas more joyful. Truly Christmas is a great and wonderful holiday for all.

Let us never forget the real meaning of Christmas, the birth of Jesus ... As we read the Christmas Story and sing carols, let us renew our spirit of Christmas. Let us give our gifts as the Wise Men, and as God gave His Son, through love. — Mary Jane Merrill

... God gave to the world a gift of love, His Son, who later died to save the world.

So on Christmas this year remember to stop and think of the true meaning of it, remembering the greatest gift ever given to anyone — Jesus — a gift of love. — Anne Clemmons

To some people, Christmas means presents, fun, and good food. To me Christmas means so much more than this.

The spirit of Christmas is peace. The joy of Christmas is God's Son, the beauty of Christmas is the Virgin Mary. The promise of Christmas is life everlasting. — Brenda Dewitt

Christmas to me is a time of love and joy ... I feel very joyful because now I am able to run and play like other boys. For nine years when Christmas came ... I couldn't enjoy my toys because I was too tired to play with them ... I had a bad heart and could not run or get excited.

Thanks to the same God who gave us the Christmas Babe, I am able to play without getting tired. Thanks, too, to the nurses, doctors and my parents who made it possible for me to go to Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore in 1956 and have an operation which helped me breathe better and made me well. — Louis Johnson III

Comment . . . J. Kellum

What His Mother Said

We know little about the birth of Jesus. Even what we translate as "stable" was probably no more than a barren, shallow cave serving to shelter the shepherds' flocks from severe storms. Yet this lack of comfort is ignored in the Bible, that book of all books and best seller of all times. The magnificence of the event, the announcement by angels, completely overshadow the details.

Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, had finally answered the fervent prayers of faithful Jews for their Messiah. He had made one woman pure enough to be His mother, surely the greatest honor that has ever been given a mortal.

And she, in responding to the greetings and inspired praise of her cousin Elizabeth, gave forth a song which is also a prophecy. This is what she said of the Gift God had given her to give the world, in the poetry of the King James version:

My soul doth magnify the Lord
And my spirit hath rejoiced in
God my Saviour.

For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden: for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For he that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is his name.

And his mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation.

He hath shewed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree.

He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away.

He hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy; As he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed for ever.

—Luke 1:46-55

This is the Law

By ROBERT E. LEE
For the N.C. Bar Association

LOTTERIES

What is a Lottery?

A lottery is any scheme for the distribution of prizes, by lot or chance, by which one pays money or something else of value, and obtains a token which entitles him to receive a larger or smaller value, or nothing, depending on chance.

The courts refuse to give a precise definition of lottery, because no sooner is a lottery defined, and the definition applied to a given state of facts, than some legal mind is at work to evolve a scheme of evasion.

There are three essential elements of a lottery: the offering of a prize, the awarding of the prize by chance, and the giving of something of value for the opportunity to win the prize.

Are Lotteries Illegal?

Yes. It is a criminal offense for any person to carry on or promote a lottery. Its name, style, or title is immaterial.

It is also a crime for any person to play a game of chance at which any money, property or other thing of value is bet.

The paying of a price for the privilege of winning something of greater value by chance by means of a slot machine, a raffle, the spinning of a wheel of chance, cake walk or the playing of the game

of "bingo" and similar games of chance are generally classified as lotteries and a violation of the law.

One who pays for the operation of a machine for amusement only, no prizes being offered, is not participating in a lottery.

Is one who pays to participate in a "turkey shoot" violating the law?

No. This has been said to be a game involving skill and not chance.

Are schemes involving chain letters or other forms of mathematical progressions lotteries?

Although there are no North Carolina Supreme Court cases, in the opinion of the writer they would be. The fact that the United States postal system is not used is immaterial.

Similar schemes have in several states been held to be lotteries.

Is it a violation of the law for a lady giving a bridge party to offer a prize for the most successful player at cards?

Neither the hostess nor her guests are violating the law if they pay nothing for the privilege of playing and bet nothing. They lose nothing if unsuccessful and pay nothing for the chance of winning. One may decide who is to be the donee of his property by either a flip of a card or the toss of a coin.

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IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Morehead City school had reopened. Grammar grades were meeting in the school annex and in Sunday school rooms, and high school students were using the old Beaufort school building on courthouse square.

Beaufort school closed early for the Christmas holidays because of a flu epidemic.

Duncan and Willis were giving away chances on a \$50 kitchen cabinet with every \$2 purchase.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

The Confederate veterans and widows of veterans had received their pension checks from the state treasury. In all, 15 checks were sent in the county.

The Beaufort Furniture Co. was advertising floor lamps for \$2.95, three-piece bedroom suits for \$39.50 and bridge tables for \$1.

Taylor O'Bryan and Borden Mace rode their bicycles to Smyrna

and returned home within the record time of two hours.

TEN YEARS AGO

Morehead Garment Company was closing for a week so the employees might have their annual week's vacation.

The National Geographic magazine photographer left after spending the past nine days here taking pictures of the menhaden fleet, fishing and the processing of fish.

The county donated six tons of food to Europeans in the recent Christian Rural Overseas program.

FIVE YEARS AGO

Graham's Chapel at Newport burned.

Members of the Core Creek Methodist Church were presenting the nativity scene in the churchyard.

George W. Ball of Harlowe was elected president of the Carteret-Craven Electric Membership Corp.