

A New 'Star'

This Christmas a new "star" is in the heavens, the American Atlas satellite.

While the layman is astounded at the scientific achievement, he also experiences a quiet, indescribable thrill in the fact that the satellite has relayed back to earth a Christmas message from President Eisenhower . . . "Through this unique means I convey to you and to all mankind America's wish for peace on earth and good will toward men everywhere."

Last year before Christmas and soon after Russia startled the world with Sputnik I, a weekly newspaper editor in this country suggested that the United States put aloft, if possible, a space traveler that would be a star of promise and peace, as was the Star of Bethlehem.

We regret that we cannot recall the name of the editor or his locale, but his idea remains with us. He took great pains to promote his idea, sending letters to newspaper editors all over the United States and to others in position to bring the idea to fruition.

As we recall, the modern star, as he envisioned it, would be seen from every

country in the world, and when a small Arabian lad clutched his father's hand and asked, "Daddy, what is that bright light in the sky?" the father could answer, "That, son is the new American star that assures the world the United States is looking always for the pathways to peace."

Instead of striking fear into the hearts of men, as did Russia's Sputnik, the "modern Star of Bethlehem" would be a comforting, welcome sight. Perhaps the Atlas missile now in orbit is not comforting to Russia. But nothing exalting the Prince of Peace or furtherance of His teaching finds succor within the realms of the godless Soviets.

The men of science and others responsible for arming the Atlas satellite with a message of good will, merit the gratitude of all who want peace.

Man is taking his first tottering steps into a world known heretofore only by God. His hands will help as we probe His heavens, but we must first stretch forth our hands, remembering always that the Star of Bethlehem — and the Man whose birth it announced — is showing the way.

Love Came with Santa

Miss Ellen stood looking out at the falling snow. It softened the outlines of the old clapboard house against which she had raged for 15 years. The house had been cold and drafty when the Meyers built it 50 years ago, and time had not improved its appearance.

Miss Ellen's thoughts went back to the day when she had seen the old car pulling one of those rental trailers, heavily loaded, into the Meyers place. Surely no one would want to rent that old house! It should have been torn down years ago.

Not only had Miss Ellen been amazed at the new occupants, but she had stood aghast as she had counted seven children, ranging in ages from about two to twelve, as they had piled out of the jalopy and helped their father unload furniture.

But Miss Ellen had become more and more concerned for the family as the days passed. The old house was bad enough — but seven children! The only thing which had made the unhappy event bearable was that John Davis would be as annoyed as she, since he lived right behind the Meyers place.

She was now overwhelmed with shame as she remembered how she had padlocked her front and back gates. Living alone made one selfish, she told herself. She blushed, recalling how she had refused to go and call, and had only nodded in reply to their greetings. John Davis had actually stopped and talked to her about their common problem. She and John had quarreled and broken their engagement twenty years ago, and had spoken only briefly when they met.

But one day John had stopped her, and had spoken of the seven children in their quiet neighborhood, and asked her what she intended doing about it. "Haven't they been bothering you, Ellen?"

"No, John. But I put a padlock on both my gates. I see them looking over them, but so far they have not climbed over." She met his eyes to see him smiling. Flustered by his searching gaze, she hurried past him down the street.

But as the months went on John stopped her every time he saw her and asked her about the Gilmores. In November he had said, "I've let them pick my apples. They're nice youngsters and very careful not to break the branches. Mrs. Gilmore has sent me pies and appleauce cake which she made from the apples."

"That was good of you, John. You also let them pick your roses—"

"How did you know?" His lips held a smile and his eyes had that old twinkle.

"Milly and Patty brought me over a bouquet of your flowers. They climbed over the fence and rang my bell and said, 'We brought you some flowers, since you don't have any little girls.' I asked them to have tea with me. They do have nice manners."

John did not answer, but he was smiling as she left him and hurried off.

Now as she gazed at the old house she wondered if, after feeding and clothing the children, the Gilmores

would have anything left for Christmas gifts. Mr. Gilmore's salary as a clerk at the Mansion House was undoubtedly meager. They seemed to be too proud to accept help, but they couldn't refuse gifts.

By Christmas Eve the bed in Ellen's spare bedroom was covered with gaily wrapped packages, each marked for one of the Gilmores. In the closet hung the brightest red Santa suit you ever saw, and the whitest, curliest set of wigs and whiskers.

After the carol singers had gone, Ellen hurried upstairs, dressed up Santa style, and rouged her cheeks until they glowed like red apples. She drew on the wig, and put on the beard and eyebrows with the liquid provided. She loaded the packages into a large bag and pulled it out the back door and along the path to the gate.

The bag was heavy, and she was forced to drag it on the snow over to the Gilmores. She was walking backward around the house pulling it, when she collided with someone. She dropped the bag and let out a little cry, for, looking up, she saw that she had bumped into another Santa Claus — a tall, thin one, just like —

"John!" she exclaimed in astonishment. "What are you up to?"

"The same thing you are, I imagine," he said. Then he laughed. "You're more of an armful than I thought."

She began a jolly laugh.

"Ellen, you sound just like you did twenty years ago!" John's eyes were bright and his voice was tender.

"You make a more convincing Santa Claus than I do, so you take in your bag and then come back for mine."

"But John, I can't — I mean it was your idea as well as mine. You go — I'll stay out here."

"Ellen, you're going in! I'll tell you how we'll fix it. I'll run home and get out of these togs, and then bring some candy and nuts, as if making a call. I'll hurry so I won't miss a thing."

"Are you sure you want it this way?" she asked.

"Very sure." He kissed her on the tip of her Santa nose, and said, "Wait until I get around the house, then stomp your feet good and ring the bell."

Ellen touched her nose, and watched John disappear around the house. Then she stomped her feet heavily and rang the bell. She could hear a rush for the door. It came open with a bang, and there was a lusty yell.

At first Ellen felt strange, but when the youngsters began dancing around her, crying "Santa! Santa!" she felt at ease. Very quickly she became exceedingly busy distributing toys, and didn't observe John until he stood close beside her.

Suddenly a strange emotion obsessed Ellen. There stood John, his eyes fixed on her as in former days, and his fetching smile bursting as he whispered softly, "Merry Christmas to you, dearest!" Ellen had never before experienced so sweet a greeting. Her heart leaped for joy. And when she regained her composure, she took John's hand, and whispered, "Maybe 45 isn't too old to believe in Santa Claus!"

— By Ramoncita S. O'Connor

JOY TO THE WORLD



For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.—Isaiah 9:6.

F. C. Salisbury

Here and There

In The Coaster under date of May 14, 1903, is to be found the following article written by the Rev. H. M. North, who was pastor of the First Methodist Church for four years, from the Conference of 1899.

A Municipal Forecast
H. M. North

As I dozed and dreamed over my coffee cup this morning there seemed to come to me a vision of the future renown and prosperity of Morehead City.

A time, possibly some twenty years hence, when she shall have realized her opportunity and have developed her vast resources. To be brief, the vision was in substance as that which follows.

Old dilapidated buildings that had long marred the beauty and symmetry of the town were gone, and a solid brick row of stores appeared on either side of Arendell Street, and handsome houses in other portions of the town.

The wire fence was moved back to the "Y" and stretched from sound to creek, and the choicest residences of the city were along the shell road. The shore from Webb's furniture store to far beyond Sandy Point was terraced and turfed and built up with elegant dwellings facing the sea.

The railroad, immediately after leaving the "Y" entered a tunnel, passed under the town and did not reappear until it reached the depot just to the east of Taylor's fish house. Of course the present track was removed and Arendell street was converted into a broad avenue. In the middle, along its full length of two miles was a grass plot bordered on either side by shade trees, with rustic seats beneath them and here and there a fountain.

The ice factory in a brick building was doing an increased business. With a larger engine it furnished light for the city. All houses of any note were fitted with electric light fixtures. A large reservoir on the northern side of the town was filled with water pumped by engines from a dozen artesian wells supplying the house with water. A brick kiln over by Calico Creek was making glazed sand brick for the market.

On Crab Point was a factory for the packing and sale of yeapon leases, giving employment to a hundred hands. Near where the saw mill now stands was an establishment for the manufacture of barrels to be used in packing fish and oysters.

Not far from the depot was the shipyard with buildings furnished with all modern improvements for making boats. Drydocks, and powerful steam derricks were inaugurated, and railways, for hoisting by steam, boats that need repairing.

The "Inland Waterway" was in

use; the sound had been dredged to a considerable depth and large ocean-going steamers dropped anchor in the channel and used Pier No. 1 as a coaling station.

At Fort Macon the wireless telephone system had its office. A half mile to the west of the fort was the Morehead Life Saving station. Money Island beach was a summer paradise. The Atlantic Hotel had been standing there for some time and was known as the "Royal Resort of the Carolinas." Dozens of convenient cottages dotted the banks and stretched away in lines along the strand.

Large barges lashed together with chains, and allowed to play up and down with the tide furnished a flexible bridge from the mainland to the banks. It was told that a company had just been formed to build a railroad on great iron piles across the narrowest part of the sound.

The surrounding waters were carefully guarded and stocked with fish, oysters and clams, and were becoming more valuable instead of being impoverished as the years went by. The wire grass and black jack plains to the westward flourished as a garden with truck and vineyards.

The present bank had grown into a national bank. The gold which had been buried for years in the eastern part of the county had increased its deposits to \$50,000.

The old Atlantic Hotel building was used as a girls college in the winter and as a normal school in the summer. The "Sea-Breeze" had long since given place to a public library and reading-room, open day and night, to be used by the citizens free of charge.

Of course the churches and school buildings were very much enlarged to accommodate the increased population. The teachers and preachers of 1903, having served their generation well, had been honorably retired on full pay.

Compulsory school laws were rigidly enforced and many hidden talents among the young people were being developed; and some mention was being made of the curfew bell.

The town officers whom you knew had retired from public life, and it was a matter of interest to note the names of those who had succeeded them. The commissioners were Stamey Davis, John Webb and Clarence Taylor. The office of mayor had for two terms been filled by Rob Wade; but Jack Williams and John Bell were both to run in the next election; while Charlie Piner held the office of constable.

I was told in a quiet way that Norman Webb would succeed Agnew Lewis as our representative in the state legislature, and that John Willis would follow Kemp

Comment . . . J. Kellum

And Lo, the Star

In her poem of this name, Molly Anderson Haley appeals to the leaders of our world:

"And lo, the Star," the changeless, the abiding,
Across the desert strange new paths are laid
And men who trusted earth-lights for their guiding
Stand shuddering at the things their hands have made.
Is this to be the end of all their dreaming,
This strewing earth with cities of the dead?

O wise men, wise men, see the Christ Star gleaming
And follow it to Bethlehem's manger-bed!

"And lo, the Star!" Shall desert fears dismay you
Who chart your course beneath its certain light?
Shall pride of race or tongue or creed delay you
When all are equal in the Father's sight?
As long ago they journeyed to adore Him,
The while on stable straw the starlight shone,
Oh, wise men, wise men, lay your hearts before him
This Holy Night and make His rule your own!"

Smile a While

The butcher was busy waiting on a customer when a woman rushed in, pushed herself to the front of the counter and cried: "Give me a pound of cat food quick."

"Turning to the other customer whom she had pushed aside, she said: "I hope you don't mind my getting waited on before you."

"Not if you're that hungry," the other woman retorted.

—USCG Magazine

A small town is a place where fans throw foul balls back into the game.

—Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal

Arthur in the Congress of the United States.

It was at this juncture that my landlady waked me from my dream and I noticed that my coffee was cold. If she had allowed me to dream five minutes longer, I would doubtless have seen a railroad constructed from the public school house to the cemetery. The cars would have been nothing more than cow-catchers with brake-rod attachments for the small boys of the town to steal rides on.

And ten minutes more I am sure that I would have seen all the girls above 20 led to the marriage altar, all the bachelors either married or expelled from town, except the two that are here tonight, and these two taxed each \$2.50 per year for the support of an orphan.

Louise Spivy

Words of Inspiration

MERRY CHRISTMAS

The mistletoe's above the door, the mantel's hung with pine,
And every frosted windowpane is bright with candleshine . . .
At last the children are in bed and parents smile to see
The growing pile of dreams-come-true beneath the star-tipped tree.
Far off, the church bells bless the night with wind-blown, silvery chime—
May Joy and Peace be with us all until next Christmas time!
—Maureen Murdock

MERRY CHRISTMAS . . . Magic words, with the power to make the heart beat a little faster . . . Words that bring a song to the heart of the giver as to the person receiving them.

MERRY CHRISTMAS . . . an old familiar greeting . . . that seems to touch our heart strings . . . the Golden Rule applied to every day living.

MERRY CHRISTMAS . . . to all the little homes where small children will be up before the sun to see if Santa really came. May your homes be blessed with well-being, plenty, and happiness.

MERRY CHRISTMAS . . . to all young parents who will share this happiness. Make this day a long-to-be-remembered holiday . . . may you always keep the wonders of this Christmas in your hearts.

MERRY CHRISTMAS . . . to all the wonderful people with whom I work. Rich blessings of love and friendship are mine because of this association.

MERRY CHRISTMAS . . . and Welcome Home . . . to Mr. Ivey Scott of Harkers Island and Mr. Milford Mann, of route 1 Newport. May you and your families share life's richest blessings this Christmastime.

MERRY CHRISTMAS . . . to each and every one who have bought Christmas seals. This shows that you are interested in the fight against tuberculosis, and that you care for your fellowman.

MERRY CHRISTMAS . . . to Mr. H. K. Simmons, of route 1 Newport, who has seen so many Christmases come and go from his sick bed, and to my little "secret pal" Frankie Salter, who has been ill recently. May you both enjoy your good friends, good health, and good cheer all through this holiday season.

MERRY CHRISTMAS . . . to the butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker, the clerks, waitresses, cooks, telephone operators, policemen, ambulance drivers, patrolmen, and all others who help us from day to day.

MERRY CHRISTMAS . . . to our doctors and hospital personnel who are so good to us, taking care of us when we are ill, and staying on the job even on Christmas.

MERRY CHRISTMAS . . . to our pastors . . . who are doctors of the soul . . . our co-workers . . . friends . . . comrades . . . as they visit the sick and bring comfort to those who suffer in both body and mind . . . who help the aged as they face death . . . and the young to find their way in life. May you find deep contentment as you honor and serve our Lord.

MERRY CHRISTMAS . . . to my neighbors. I do not see you very much . . . but it is a comfort to know that you are there. Among the gifts left under your tree . . . may you find a large helping of health, peace . . . love . . . and family unity.

MERRY CHRISTMAS . . . to the children in my church . . . in my schools . . . and to all the teachers who work with them. May each heart be filled with Peace and Brotherly Love.

MERRY CHRISTMAS . . . to the many people who do little things to help make this county a better place to live . . . whose hearts are filled with Brotherhood. Such as the Rotary Club of Morehead City who sponsors our Crippled Children's Clinic each month . . . the ladies from the Junior Woman's Club who come to assist us . . . The Morehead City Floral Company sends flowers each time . . . and many other helpers who give their time to make this clinic a success.

MERRY CHRISTMAS . . . to our families who are so dear and so close to our hearts. To a very special . . . wonderful guy . . . that we call Daddy . . . a darling daughter . . . son . . . and the girl he married. My love . . . my prayers . . . and my best wishes are with them always . . . in all that they do.

MERRY CHRISTMAS . . . to our Postman who brought so many good wishes for a happy Christmas.

MERRY CHRISTMAS . . . to you Dear Readers of this column . . . and a very special greeting to those of you who have found inspiration in these lines and have given it back to me by telling me so. May each of you have in your hearts on this Christmas Day the Peace and Good Will of which the angels sang on that night so long ago. May God bless you . . . and a Merry Christmas to all.

Security for You . . .

By RAY HENRY

A number of small—but important—changes in the requirements to get Social Security have been made.

The changes involve eligibility for payments for the use of a retired worker; the lump sum death payment paid on the death of a worker; payments for an adopted child of a retired worker; payments for a widow or widower of a deceased worker and retroactive disability payments for a disabled worker.

Take them separately—

Wife's Payments: Now, a woman 62 or over who marries a retired worker getting payments can immediately get payments as the retired worker's dependent. Those eligible must apply.

Before, a woman marrying a retired worker getting payments couldn't get payments as a dependent until three years after the marriage.

Lump Sum Death Payment: Now, for a widow of a deceased worker to get the lump sum payment, she must have: (A) been living in the same household with her husband when he died or (B) paid his funeral expenses. The widower of a deceased woman worker must now meet the same requirements.

Before, a widow or widower could get the death payment only if he or she was: (A) living with the deceased worker when he died or (B) receiving support from the deceased before he died.

The death payment now ranges between \$90 and \$225, the exact amount depending on the average monthly earnings on which the deceased worked paid Social Security tax before he died. After Jan. 1, the range will be \$99 to \$255.

Adopted Child's Payments: Now, an adopted child can get payments if his father is getting retirement payments—no matter when he was adopted.

Before, an adopted child wasn't eligible for payments until three years after adoption.

The payments must be applied for.

Widow or Widower Payments: Now, a widow or widower can con-

tinue to get payments based on a deceased worker's Social Security record if he or she marries a person also receiving payments based on a deceased worker's record.

Before, remarriage automatically stopped a widow's or widower's payments if they were based on a deceased worker's record. Payments stopped in the past because of this may now be resumed, but they must be applied for.

Disability Payments: Now, a disabled worker who meets the requirements for disability payments may collect back payments for 12 months if he fails to ask for payments when they're due him.

Before, no back disability payments could be collected.

Any disabled person who applied for payments after December, 1957, and who was found eligible for them will automatically get any back payments now due him. He need not apply for them.

(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.)

Stamp News

By SYD KRONISH

Switzerland is withdrawing from sale on Dec. 31 three of its recent pictorial issues. The sets are the Publicity Issues, the Pro Patria Issue and the 2nd Atomic Conference stamp. Collectors who save Swiss stamps should contact their favorite stamp dealers for supplies of these issues.

Hungary commemorates the 40th anniversary of its first air mail stamp by issuing two new air-mails. One stamp depicts the Millennium Monument in Budapest as seen from the air, with a view of the Museum of Fine Arts in the background.

An airplane is shown above the monument. The other adhesive illustrates a part of the town of Sopron seen from the air as a plane flies above.

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