

'Resplendent Dawn'

Robert Lee Humber yesterday made his 18th annual report in Beaufort on the World Federation Movement.

At the close of a year, one glances backward as well as forward. Fifteen years ago, an editorial on Mr. Humber's report appeared in The Beaufort News, Miss Amy Muse, editor. The editorial, pertinent today, follows:

Some seventy years ago, Gough wrote, "It is the minority that have stood in the van of every moral conflict, and achieved all that is noble in the history of the world."

For two years now we have had the privilege of listening to Robert Lee Humber make his Annual Report on the World Federation Movement before the small group of humble citizens here who were present when the Movement was launched three years ago. Each meeting has been characterized

by simplicity, but each time we have felt strangely that we were having a part in something significant.

World law in a world order patterned after our own union of states is Mr. Humber's theme. It is not given as an absolute panacea for all the evils of the world but as a stabilizing influence the world needs.

There have been times in our own union when the principal of law has met with difficulties; there have been Huey Longs, there has been organized gangsterism, seventy odd years ago we even had a Civil War, but after 150 years, law is still on top, and all those who listened to Mr. Humber Wednesday afternoon caught something of his faith in a "resplendent dawn in the history of mankind" when there will be a world order and world law.

Happy New Year

As the years go by, as age begins to assert itself, many look upon a new year with the same reluctance as they do another birthday. Another door has closed, they say, and they find themselves pushed nearer that state where they feel old and useless.

But youth, ah, that is different. To be young and carefree, they say . . . and if they were only 20 years younger, then life would be worth living.

Human beings have many failings. Though we have the power of memory we tend to remember, as the years pass, only the pleasures we have known. Tragedies and disaster are recalled, but they are not tucked away in memory and later pulled out to be dwelt upon with pleasure.

And youth is carefree and has no worries? Almost everyone can recall, if he tries, the fear he felt as a child when he committed an act his parents specifically warned him against. In school it was worry about "passing", in adolescent years the agony of get-

ting a date for the special super-duper dance. Six or sixty, there is no "care-free" age.

1959 is another year, but it is a gate swinging open, not a door closing. It is not a year in which each one of us will merely age or one in which the oldest of us will find nothing but misery in being pushed out of the swim of things.

As long as a human being lives, there is a need for him here. When he begins to believe he is of no use, only then will he actually become useless, for he thinks only of himself.

1959, as any new year, offers the opportunity to put to use that vast amount of experience accumulated in the years that went before. Why shun the opportunity?

Wishing others a "Happy New Year" is not a trite and empty sentiment. But making the wish come true lies mainly with the recipient of the greeting. And he who wants to make this new year a happy one is most likely to experience it as such.

The Poet Laureate

(From Greensboro Daily News)

Most of the news stories and editorials on the death of Alfred Noyes, poet laureate of England, emphasized the popularity of his poem, The Highwayman.

Certainly it was popular. Back in the days when schools had annual "declamation and recitation" contests — the boys declaimed and the girls recited — The Highwayman was a favorite. "The highwayman came riding, came riding; the highwayman came riding," we remember those dramatic lines to this day.

No one will ever know how many young ladies committed the rollicking ballad to memory and delivered it, with appropriate gestures, before judges — and to the delight of audiences that loved something familiar.

But for our taste The Barrel Organ was Alfred Noyes' best. The other night we got down our old Modern Lyrics, carefully saved from the seventh grade, to see how that poem went. It begins: "There's a barrel organ caroling across the golden street, in the city as the sun sinks low . . ."

The poet uses the movie technique of focusing on various people who are making their way home as the barrel organ grinds and "La Traviata sighs another sadder song" and "Il Trovatore cries a tale of deeper wrong."

But the part that used to stir the blood was these swinging lines of the refrain, printed in italic:

Come down to Kew in lilac time, in

lilac time, in lilac time; Come down to Kew in lilac time (it isn't far from London!); And you shall wander hand in hand with love in Summer's wonderland, Come down to Kew in lilac time (it isn't far from London!).

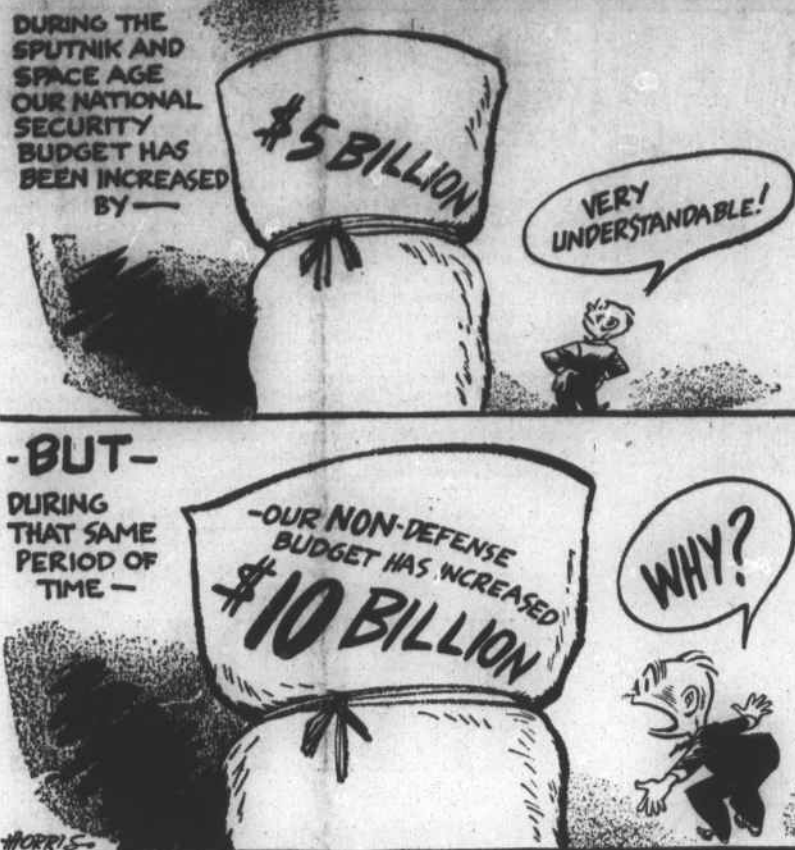
An even greater favorite in Modern Lyrics was Sea Fever by John Masefield. Reciting it, you could almost feel the spray hitting you in the face.

In case we'd forgotten, it's easy to tell the poems we learned by the pages darkened from much handling by sweaty fingers. Jest 'Fore Christmas by Eugene Fields is one. The Soldier by Rupert Brooke is another — "If I should die, think only this of me; That there's some corner of a foreign field That is forever England." So was the first one in the book, Memory by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, which is 10 lines long and all one sentence, and begins with the famous, "My mind lets go a thousand things like dates of wars and deaths of kings . . ."

Significantly the page most begrimed, and the volume practically falls open to it, bears the poem Books by Emily Dickinson. We can hear it now, as one after another seventh grader stood up and struggled to say:

There is no frigate like a book To take us lands away, Nor any coursers like a page Of prancing poetry . . .

DO YOU REALIZE—?



Merry

By E. J. RITTER JR.

He was a small white dog of no particular breed and no remarkable beauty. He was cold, and today he walked a little lame from the weariness of his journey.

His name was Beat-It. At least, everyone called him that. But he knew it was not a real name, for he had never belonged to anyone. And belonging, Beat-It knew, was that proper state of doghood that involved a master, a home, and a name.

Except for those few weeks in the spring when he had lived with his mother in the packing case where he had been born, Beat-It had been alone. Beat-It missed his mother when first she disappeared, and he searched the alleys and the streets, whimpering a little, for days. But soon the problems of eating and finding shelter, and dodging kicks and traffic, drove her from his mind until now she was forgotten.

When it began to grow cold, Beat-It became strangely restless and lonely. One day he heard about the Star.

Two boys on a street corner talked about it first. It was hard for Beat-It to understand everything they said. But he did realize that in a few days a wonderful transformation would occur in the world that would make each man love his neighbor more, and show kindness of spirit which was often concealed on other days throughout the year. There would be singing, and friendliness, and giving of gifts. A symbol would be the Star.

Beat-It did not quite understand about the Star—where it would shine—or just when. And there was no one to tell him. He only knew he would have to find the Star, or the wonderful time might pass without his knowing it had been.

But in the city, the buildings hid the sky. So Beat-It headed for the country, scanning the heavens for the one Star that would shine so brightly that he would know, "That is the one!" On he ran along the open roads and across the fields through the towns dotting the way. He slept by day and ran by night, searching the sky for the light that would tell him the time had come.

Had it not been for the voices, he might have given up. Always they whispered to him—in the wind, "Go on and find the Star." And on Beat-It went, footsore, bedraggled, his coat matted with mud and burrs, his brown eyes on the night sky, his ear listening to the voices in the wind.

And then there came a cold night, the coldest Beat-It had known. It was snowing, and there were no stars overhead at all. Exhaustion filled his legs, cold blanketed his thin white body.

Suddenly the urging voice that was in the wind stopped. The gales still blew, but Beat-It no longer heard the words, "Go on!" The new silence frightened him. He felt alone and lost.

To his right, just off the road, a light filtered dimly through the snow. Limping toward it, Beat-It saw a small white house. Beside it yawned the open door of an unpainted shed into which he dragged himself, and he collapsed in the corner out of the freezing, snow-swept night. And there he fell asleep.

It was a strange sound that awakened him in the pale dawn of a new day. A little boy, filling a wood box from a stack of firewood before him, was sobbing heartbreak into the frosty air.

Always before, Beat-It had fled from humans. He knew the sharp pain of stones flying from the hands of little boys. But now he was not afraid. Curiosity, interest, and a warm, unknown emotion flooded his small frame. Beat-It gathered his sore stiff

muscles and stood up. He shook himself and barked.

The dark, boyish head turned toward the corner. The sobs broke off in a gasp. Then, slowly, the boy stretched his hand and rested it on the bedraggled white head.

It was the first time Beat-It had ever felt a caress. It was the first time he had ever been touched with tenderness and love. His tail wagged wildly; his pink tongue darted over the grubby hand; his heart was filled with a bursting ecstasy.

Beat-It was suddenly gathered into two young arms. Two swift feet dashed through the snow and carried dog and boy into the white house.

"Oh, Mother! Mother! Santa did come—he didn't forget me after all! He brought me a dog—a white dog with funny ears and a long tail. Only Santa made a mistake and left him in the shed instead of in the house!"

The tired face of the woman standing in the kitchen was startled, doubtful—then it softened.

"I can keep him, Mother, can't I? He won't eat much—see how little he is? And I'll clean him up and brush him every day, and we'll have such good times together! And he likes me, Mother—truly he does. I'll call him Merry, because it's such a Merry Christmas!"

"All he'll get will be scraps." The woman's voice was hesitant, but the look on her face was a prayer of thanks for a little boy saved from Christmas heartbreak.

"He looks awfully tired," she said. "Of course, Mother! It's a long way from the North Pole, even in Santa's sled."

Her worn, rough hand was gentle as it touched the dog's bruised paws. "He must have done most of the pulling. Well—he's probably hungry. I'll see what I can find." She disappeared through the pantry door.

Beat-It, whose new name was Merry, put his small white head on the little boy's knee and gazed up in adoration—into the eyes in which he saw the warm, bright brilliance of the Star.

Stamp News

By SYD KRONISH

The Republic of China has commemorated the 10th anniversary of United States aid in rural construction work on Formosa by issuing four new stamps. This is the first time a foreign government has issued a stamp honoring a US aid program.

The four stamps are identical in design but range in price from 20 cents to \$3 in Chinese currency.



Featured is a Chinese farmer plowing with a water buffalo.

The background shows a combined land and sea scape highlighting a railroad and rural electrification line. A fishing boat is offshore.

The Sino-American Joint Commission on Rural Reconstruction works primarily in the field of agricultural development but it also has programs in land reform, rural health, fisheries and education.

The Philippines has issued a new 5 cent stamp to mark the inauguration of the newly reconstructed Manila Cathedral in Intramuros. The Cathedral forms the central design.

How seldom Christmas comes—only once a year; and how soon it is over—a night and a day! If that is the whole of it, it seems not much more durable than the little toys that one buys of a fakir on the street corner. They run for an hour, and then the spring breaks, and the legs come off, and nothing remains but a contribution to the dust heap.

But surely that need not and ought not be the whole of Christmas—only a single day of generosity, ransomed from the dull servitude of a selfish year—only a single night of merry-making, celebrated in the slave-quarters of a selfish race!

If every gift is the token of a personal thought, a friendly feeling, an unselfish interest in the joys of others, then the thought, the feeling, the interest, may remain long after the gift is forgotten.

—Henry Van Dyke

Smile a While

The two Waves were being followed by a lone sailor.

Finally one of the gals could stand the suspense no longer, and turning to the sailor, ordered: "Either quit following us or get another sailor."

—USCG Magazine

As the salesman signed the register in the Mississippi hotel lobby, he noticed a mosquito crawling across the register.

"I've been in a lot of hotels," he said, "and I've seen a lot of mosquitos, but this is the first time they ever came down to see which room I was getting."

Captain Henry

Sou'easter

Aren't the Christmas decorations pretty?

Some friends took us to ride the other night just to see them. In the middle of the 400 block of Pollock Street is a most unusual Christmas scene.

Pictures from the life of Christ are illuminated with colored lights and the oblong arrangement is topped with a star.

Of course, the little tree on Pivers Island is back again this year, glittering in air and water. Don't know why I get such a boot (we used to say "kick") out of seeing that tree, but I always look for it. It's like welcoming an old friend back year after year.

Over in Morehead City, the Carteret-Craven people have their electric star up on the radio tower.

Most of the churches have nativity scenes. Dave and Jerry Beveridge, in Hancock Park, like the

Louise Spivey

Words of Inspiration

YOUR JUNK HEAP

Junk something every day, suggests a philosopher. Junk your fears, junk your worries, junk your anxieties, junk your jealousies, envies, and hatreds. Whatever interferes with your getting up and getting on in the world . . . junk it!

Every night before you go to sleep, put upon the junk heap all your disappointments, all your grudges, your revengeful feelings, your malice. Junk everything that is hindering you from becoming a strong, vibrant person. The trouble with most of us is that we have no junk heap of this sort. We pull all our discouragements, our losses, our troubles, and worries and trials along with us. That consumes more than 50 per cent of our vitality and energy, so that we have only the smaller amount left for the great task of making a life a success.

EACH DAY

To those who live in never ending fear Of what may come with every passing year, I, in blissful ignorance, pause to say, "If I can live the life that comes each day, And bravely face its share of joy and sorrow, Then I will be content to wait, and never fear tomorrow."

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Therefore live every day as if it would be the last. Those that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare misspend it are desperate.

—Hall

BETTER TO HAVE POOR BILLFOLD THAN POOR SOUL

A greater poverty than that caused by lack of money is the poverty of unawareness. Men and women go about the world unaware of the beauty, the goodness, the glories in it. Their souls are poor. It is better to have a poor pocketbook than to suffer from a poor soul.

—Thomas Dreier

QUOTES

Live one day at a time. You can plan for tomorrow and hope for the future, but don't live in it. Live this day well, and tomorrow's strength will come tomorrow.

If you blow out another man's candle, it will not light your own.

Character is what a man is while on vacation.

Be not simply good . . . be good for something.

The only preparation for tomorrow is the right use of today.

"When wealth is lost, nothing is lost; When health is lost, much is lost; When character is lost, all is lost."

—German Proverb

The most delightful persons we know are those who are both wise and gay.

Nothing ages men more . . . actually shortens their lives . . . than helplessness and hopeless adherence to the belief that they are old and decrepit. The will to live and to do is the greatest asset which any man may carry into old age.

Some philosophers have even said that old age is largely a matter of will.

From the Bookshelf

Words Are Stones: Impressions of Sicily. By Carlo Levi. Translated from Italian by Angus Davidson. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. \$3.75. Gate to the Sea. By Bryher. Pantheon. \$2.75.

From nearby places rich with an abundant historical store, both these writers—Levi the Italian in essays and Bryher the Englishwoman in a short novel—draw from the past unexpectedly comparable lessons that are pertinent to the present.

Three of Levi's articles are collected in this book about Sicily—a quick hop across the lower Tyrrhenian Sea from Bryher's ancient Paestum. He writes about the visit of former New York Mayor Impelleri to his Sicilian birthplace, and then his own trip to some struck sulphur mines; about the Mt. Etna region; and finally about

the Mafia killing of the peasant leader Salvatore Carnevale. Levi's people, however poor they were, recognized the author of "Christ Stopped at Eboli." Consequently they talked to him freely. He appreciates that they are accustomed to want and hardship but not resigned.

He records the trip, petty but triumphant, too, of New York's mayor; he gives a stunning account of Carnevale's brutal murder, and the way the heroic mother learns of the tragedy that has struck her home.

Bryher rolls time back to the fourth century B.C. when the barbarian Lucanians have enslaved the civilized Greeks of Paestum in Magna Graecia—photos of the ancient center's majestic ruins illustrate the text. Their priestess Harmonia remains faithful to them and to their goddess Hera, but sees little hope for the future. Her brother Archias has gone mad and may no longer be alive; the aged Lykos and his wife Phila will be lucky if they can get the poison henlock to take them out of their misery.

But the missing Greek leader returns and the story concerns the flight of a desperate band to the shore and the ship that can set them free.

Almost two and a half millenniums separate the materials that are of primary interest to these writers—Bryher the remote past which has inspired other books of hers, and Levi the immediate, crushing and inescapable present. You will read them here again for the unique virtues already familiar to you, but there is more.

He writes about Italians in what was once a part of Greece, about Greeks in what has now become Italy, and they draw similar morals and depict similar characters.

Change was brewing in Sicily while Levi collected the incidents for this book, as it was, too, in the Paestum of the Greeks and Lucanians.

In Catania, Levi noticed the Greek nature of the people, the persistent Greek tradition and even, he suspected, the continuation of age-old modes of speech.

The oppressor, an industrialist in the 20th Century, was a victorious lord or noble in Paestum; and as the injured child was penalized for his injury by the modern mine-owner, the injured slave was due to lose his life when he lost his usefulness.

The peoples of olden times as well as today looked to a higher power, god or goddess, for succor. And all of them together had for their fond goal the "freedom and equality" which helped to explain, as the welcoming Italians told Impelleri, his own great personal successes in the New World.

—W. G. Rogers

Food and clothing were given a Morehead City family whose home was destroyed by fire Christmas Day.

Heavy seas off Cape Hatteras broke the Argentine tanker, El Capitan, on Sunday.

The March of Dimes would open its drive this week.

Speaking straight from the shoulder is okay — but be sure it originates a little higher up.

—The Carrier

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