

Thank You!

People would realize how important the postal service is if suddenly, for several days, it would stop — maybe just before Christmas.

The postal service (like your newspaper) is taken for granted. It's there. It has always been there, and you expect it always will be there.

Your mail man, the clerks in the postoffice, the postmasters, everybody in the long chain which comprises the United States postal service deserve a particularly cheery holiday. They earn it!

Think of the distress and turmoil throughout this nation if Christmas packages could not be mailed or delivered, think of the Christmas cards from distant friends which would lie cold and useless if they were not sent on their way. Perhaps the biggest and best Santa in the country at Christmas time is the postal service.

Children read about the little elves that help Santa. Many of those elves are full-sized ones — the mail men and postal clerks. They work extra hours. They put up with sloppily tied packages, loosely-packed fragile things, perishable cookies and candies that sift out through broken box corners. They patiently explain to Uncle Joe that no, he can't mail that bottle. They try to tell Aunt Sue as kindly as possible that no, she can't mail those sealed Christmas cards for just 2 cents each.

No matter how difficult the customer is, or how much work the clerk has staring him in the face, he does his best

to explain patiently to the customer just what can and can't be done.

For this, the postal service gets a lot of abuse and criticism. But its shoulders are broad. It takes it, and still carries on in an efficient manner which defies matching by any other enterprise.

Instead of griping about the postal service and the men and women who make it tick, how about telling your mail man, your postal clerk, your postmaster that you appreciate their efforts? They get paid for their work, certainly, but they don't get paid for a smile, for courtesy, for the extra favors they do, for the frantic rush to get all the Christmas packages and cards out before Dec. 25.

The postal folks we are particularly fortunate to know, right here in Carteret, deserve our sincerest thanks.

Don't Treat It Lightly

Whooping cough — too often considered to be of little importance by many physicians as well as by the general public — is still one of the most deadly of the communicable diseases among children of pre-school age.

For example, in the United States from 1940 to 1948, the United Nations World Health Organization reports that whooping cough caused three times as many deaths among children one year old as did measles, meningitis, diphtheria, poliomyelitis, scarlet fever, chickenpox, German measles, and mumps together.

The Year Re-Born

Something new that is ever old is the new year.

With the new year come the same months that came last year. The days have the same numbers — "thirty days has September, April, June and November . . ." The weeks have the same days.

The new year could be the subject of a brain-racking riddle: What is always the same but never the same?

Because it is never the same, yet has some of the familiar earmarks of the old, the new year is welcomed by most people with hilarity and hope.

Friends wish for one another a new year better than the last.

For the following, we hope these wishes come true: Fishermen — May your holds be just full enough to assure good prices, may your galley always be well-stocked, and may the sea be kind to you the whole year through.

Farmers — May the good earth give forth its fruit under your care and may the returns nurture bountifully you and your families.

Businessmen and Women — Though the clouds look gray, there is a silver lining. That lining may not be visible until the latter part of 1958. Meanwhile, may your bank account stay firm and your hope engender faith in a good tomorrow.

Educators — Teachers and education officials face some tough problems. Every year presents to them a new hunk of the future to be molded. May their will remain strong, their patience continue and may 1958 bring closer the goal of an education system in Carteret worthy of our children.

Coast Guardsmen — May 1958 be ship-shape in every way, at home, on the waves and in the sky, and may the people continue to appreciate the round-the-clock heroic service of the Coast Guard.

Government Officials — May your financial worries grow no bigger, your interest in good government grow

stronger, your courage never waiver, and your will to govern in the best interest of the citizen remain foremost.

Mothers — May you count your days in the kitchen, the nursery, not wasted. Though they may seem monotonous at times, may the hours be as pearls that in the light of the future will shine with a glowing lustre.

Fathers — May you prosper. The new year may not have wealth in store, but may it bring a home sheltered with love — and all those things that dollars cannot buy.

Young'uns — Honor your father and mother; never be satisfied in whatever you do, with "just getting by", and each year will be a good one.

Churches — These institutions are, truly, the hope of the world. There are many faiths, but only one God. May the churches and those who worship there, in body and in spirit, ever be in the vanguard in 1958 and in all the years to come.

Night Before New Year's

'Twas the night before New Year's and all through the house everyone was yelling, even the mouse. We were watching the seconds with lots of heyday, knowing that the New Year was on the way.

Me with my streamers and Mom with her horn, knew that the new one would soon be born. The kids had completely forsaken their beds, with lots of excitement over their heads.

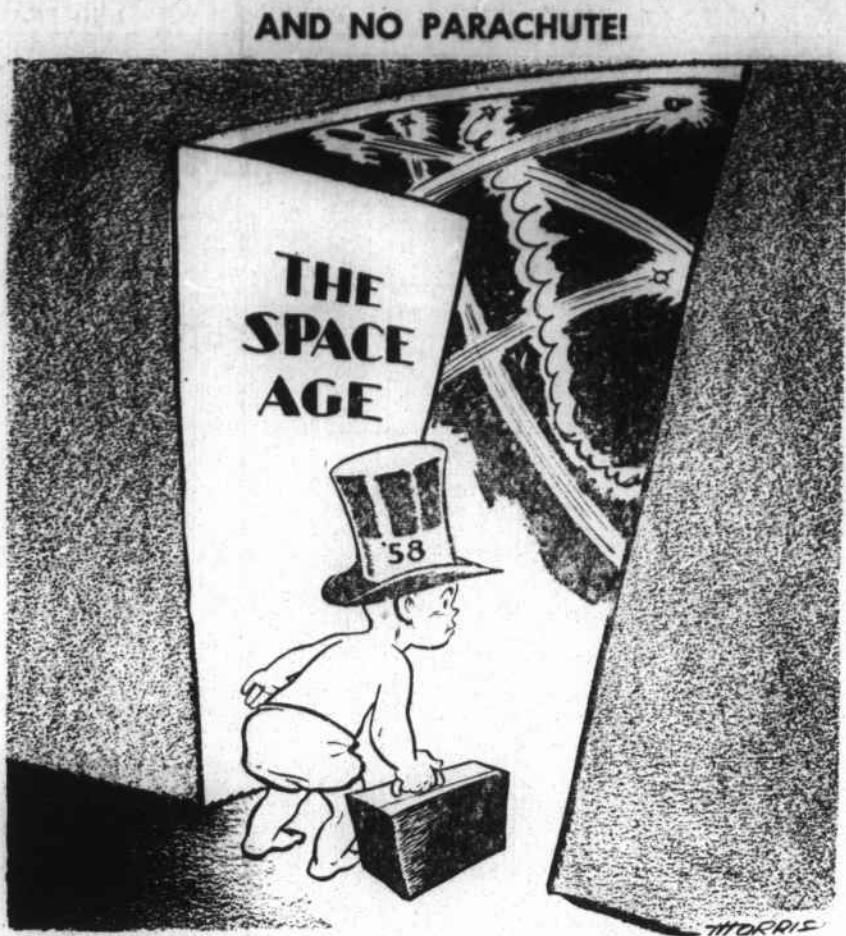
And from the nursery there came such a noise, we knew that the baby was tossing his toys.

Then out on the roof there arose such a clatter — I knew in a minute what was the matter!

The new tv antenna had dropped to the ground, and the dog Rover grabbed it and ran round and round.

I was fit to be tied — no Happy New Year for me, for I knew the Rose Bowl game I would not see!

— Sunshine Magazine



New Year Thoughts

By MRS. J. L. SMITH Bachelor

Many of us are beginning to review the old year, and wondering what the new one will bring. Many are saying, if I had this one to go over again, if it could be handed back to me, I would do thus and so. Of course we cannot have it back, but we can improve the new one, and for this we are grateful. To be given another chance, that is the wonder of it all, so now with this "brand new" start may we have a wonderful New Year.

Day by day we live our year, we start with a fresh sheet every morning. We may check it every evening for blots and, if we find them, be a little more careful the next day. Before we realize it our year will be completed and we will be happier with our record than we were the year before.

We start making New Year's resolutions right after Christmas. Now is a good time to begin. I am not much at making them, but I do think it is good for us, for even if we keep one of them we have accomplished something.

In every thing we do I think it well to have a goal, for by having one it saves us from doing things in a haphazard way. Remember the saying, cleanliness is next to godliness. May I add that an orderly life, meaning, of course, a well regulated life, goes hand in hand with godliness.

Have you ever noticed a beautiful garden grow? There is much more to it than planting the seed. Each plant has to be loved and cared for, else it will fade away.

In a rose garden, for example, we may consider the running rose. They have many, many stems running in all directions. They have to be pruned, the dead stems have to be removed, in order for the new ones to come. And then when this is done we have a much lovelier rose.

We are like that. As we live from day to day we need pruning. We need to cut out all bad thoughts. We should put kindness where cruelty has been, understanding where fault-finding has been, generosity where meanness has been, and, above all, we need to put Christ first in our lives.

Thinking of goals again, recently in one of our leading magazines I ran across some wonderful rules written by Marie Hauck Wiegman. I would like to pass these on for in some way they may help us in reaching our goals.

I would start each day with Bible reading, prayer, and meditation. I would read inspirational books. I would strive to be Christ-like in all my attitudes and contacts.

I would attend church regularly and give it my time, talent, and money to it and to its benevolent causes.

I would learn more about my faith.

I would remember to be kind. I would find something beautiful in each day to remember.

I would not forget that God is my Father and that, because I am His child, He loves me and watches over me.

As I have said, we need to put Christ first, and we need to give Him our very best. He has been so good to us all along the way. First He gave us this beautiful world in which to live. He has cared for us so lovingly, but many of us have given so little in return. I am reminded here of a story that has touched the hearts of many. There isn't room for the story in detail, but I will give the gist of it. It is the story of a little boy that gave his most precious possession.

Sonny, we will call the little fellow, came from one of the poorest homes. He came from a home where there was no love. His father

AND NO PARACHUTE!

THE SPACE AGE

Ruth Peeling

Matt Dillon Meets His Match

I've seen cartoons depicting people leaping into tv sets to tackle a football player or join a wrestler. But last week was the first time I saw a news story saying such an incident actually happened. The story: Columbus, Ga., Dec. 26 (AP)— Answering a disturbance call here police last night found a man with a smoldering shotgun trained on his tv set. The set was in shambles. "That's one time," he drawled, "that ole Matt Dillon didn't beat anyone to the draw."

Captain Henry

Sou'easter

The poggy boats sure cut out fast last week.

Someone was commenting the other day about how deserted the waterfront looks. I got a real chuckle out of that story in the paper about a woman so busy looking at the menhaden boats at the postoffice dock that she ran right into the back of the Beaufort police car.

Ann and B. C. Brown's little beagle pup, Skip, did not get to Beaufort for Christmas. Ole B. C. says Skip has an infected lip. They think he got into a fight with another dog and got a bit chewed up. Anyhow, poor Skip had to hang up his stocking at a veterinarian's in Washington, D. C.

Now, could we have asked for a prettier day than the one that was served up on Christmas? Come to think of it, the whole week (with the exception of that miniature hurricane Thursday morning) was Carteret weather putting its best foot forward for the folks home for Christmas.

Our house was quiet this year. My grandchildren are at the age where they are happier being in their own homes and with their own friends. The first mate and I talked about spending Christmas with our daughter on Staten Island

Louise Spivy

Words of Inspiration

WE CAN CHOOSE

We can choose grief or happiness To make tomorrow dark or bright; We can choose joy or bitterness And make each hour like day or night.

We can choose rapture or regret To tint or shade our span of life; We can remember or forget, And either dwell in peace or strife.

We can be led by wild desire Or practice temperance instead; We can choose love or passion's fire To heal the wounds which lie ahead.

We can choose muteness or a song, A smarting weed or garden flower, Disgrace or fame, and right or wrong, For each of us possess that power. — Harold Brown

Some people speak of spiritual qualities as one thing, and material advantages as another thing — contrasting. To me this is not so — the two seem intertwined and inter-related — one and the same, two sides of a coin. The only trouble is, some people fix their eyes on one side of the coin and never turn it over.

There is need of the tiniest candle as well as the garish sun; The humblest deed is ennobled when it is worthy done; You may never be called to brighten the darkest region afar; So fill, for the day, your mission by shining where you are. — Reprinted

A minute and a dollar are as big as the man who possesses them.

The shortest way to do many things is to do one thing at a time.

He was hustled off to jail on a charge of drunkenness.

The Morehead City police department decided that their Christmas card with the following verses was worthy of wider distribution:

Santa Claus Writes to Children . . .

I'm sending this message to tell you That taxes have taken away The things I really needed, My workshop, my reindeer, my sleigh.

Now I'm making my rounds with a donkey. He's old, he's crippled, he's slow. So you'll know if you don't see me Xmas, I'll be with my donkey in the snow.

Vivian Brown, Associated Press columnist, has done a pretty good job of classifying gift givers and recipients.

Gift givers: Gifts fall into many categories: (1) The true giver who means it (2) one who gives because it is expected (3) one who gives to pave the friendship path (4) one who feels the gift is required.

Gift recipients: 1. One who looks crestfallen after opening the gift, tries to be brave about it all, fighting back the tears. 2. Gushy Gertie whose effusiveness over a little present makes you want to say, "Aw, turn off the oil."

3. The type who rushes right off to the store to exchange anything for new color, different style. They believe they have better taste than anyone. 4. The cruelly critical type who says, "What's this supposed to be, anyway?"

5. The sister who says plaintively, "Mary was the one who wanted this."

6. The spoiled type who says, "Couldn't you get the watch with diamonds?"

7. The outright-disappointed-don't-care-who-knows-it type, "I'm never going to say what I want for Christmas again. Nobody pays any attention to it."

8. The I-like-this-but type who squeals with: "You should have seen the ski suit Joan is getting from her parents."

9. The jolly girl who laughs hysterically saying "Ho, ho, here's a scarf again, I'll bet", before she even opens the box.

10. The little martyr who has spent a year's allowance on every one's gifts, who sits quietly estimating that she has been far too generous for what she got back.

My wish to each of you for the new year: may your troubles be little tiny ones and your joys mountainous!

Stamp News

Speaking of famous men, France has issued seven new stamps in its "World's Famous Men Series." The 8-franc bears a portrait of

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Beaufort town commissioners voted to buy a new fire truck with a capacity of 1,000 gallons of water a minute.

A Wilmington man was drowned when his car went through the railing of the Trent River bridge at New Bern.

A hearing on the issuing of a \$300,000 bond issue by the county commissioners was to be held next week.

Halsey D. Paul was building a new house on East Front Street near Gordon Street.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

The North Carolina Bank and Trust Co. was considering opening a bank in Beaufort.

Sound Chevrolet in Morehead City was advertising a sport roadster for \$485, a coupe for \$495, and a sedan for \$565.

County commissioners were expected to establish a county court for the first of next year. The court would have both civil and criminal jurisdiction.

The I. E. Ramsey store on Front Street, Beaufort, formerly the C. A. Clawson store, was being remodeled.

TEN YEARS AGO

The Carteret County USO building was having a closing party, after having been open to service men for the past six years.

A tri-county dental society, including dentists of Carteret, Craven and Onslow counties, was formed.

Dr. H. F. Prytherch was successful bidder for the state oyster experimental farm which was offered for sale last week.

Fish returns for this year in the county were \$800,000 less than last year.

FIVE YEARS AGO

A Morehead City police car was wrecked when chasing a fleeing bootlegger in Morehead City.

Wetherington's boat yard, on Shepard Street, Morehead City, was razed by fire.

Dr. W. L. Rudder had moved his office from Turner Street to 510 Ann St., Beaufort.

The menhaden boat, Doswell S. Edwards, which had sunk in Beaufort inlet, had washed up on the bathing beach at Fort Macon.

Morehead City town commissioners voted to extend the zoning authority one mile beyond the present town limits.

REPUBLICAN

Copernicus, 10-fr Michelangelo, 15-fr Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, 15-fr Rembrandt van Rijn, 18-fr Isaac Newton, 25-fr Wolfgang Mozart, 35-fr Johann Goethe.

An additional city has been added to the first day list for the 3-cent whooping crane stamp on Nov. 22. It is New Orleans, because its Audubon Park Zoo was the home of the first whooping crane born in captivity.

The other cities already announced are New York and Corpus Christi, Tex.

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