

## The 9th Street Blues

One of the most distressing traffic problems in Morehead City, so far as the motorist is concerned, is 9th Street, from Shepard north to Fisher.

The street is afflicted with a patchwork of problems: the hospital at the south end, a blind intersection at Evans, and churches north of Arendell. The street is narrow and now with construction work under way at the First Methodist Church, the problem is worse than usual.

The churches are no problem traffic-wise, unless something is going on there, and then, of course, there aren't enough parking spaces anywhere.

Ten years ago, sitting in the old newspaper office on Evans Street, we wrote an editorial about the 9th Street problem. It's 1959, almost 1960, and we're sorry to say, the problem is still here.

No parking allowed on the west side has been a slight help. A step farther might be one-way only, probably from north to south. But that is something the police department would have to figure out.

It's surprising that numerous accidents do not happen at 9th and Evans. The only way to find out whether anything is coming on Evans, if going north on 9th, is to stick the nose of the car out into Evans and if it isn't hit, it's

probably safe to keep going.

Cars parked smang-bang up to the corners on Evans make visibility non-existent for the northbound traveler on 9th. The wise driver goes out of his way to avoid that corner.

Trucks have to use 9th Street between Arendell and Bridges while construction on the Methodist educational building is under way. And motorists are willing to put up with some inconvenience for a while. But the whole street is a hodge-podge of one problem aggravating the other, with evidently no effort by anyone to try to bring some order out of the chaos.

This reminds us, however, that two major traffic problems in Morehead City HAVE been tackled this year. Even though there are still accidents at 24th and Arendell, that intersection is much safer, engineering-wise, than it has been. The merging of west-bound Arendell Street traffic into a narrower lane at 11th Street is less hazardous since the state made improvements there. There still remains that problem in front of the yacht basin where Arendell splits into two lanes... but maybe (dare we hope?) 1960 will bring a solution to that.

And 9th Street? That's the town's problem, and no problem was ever eliminated by ignoring it.

## A Fitting Beginning...

As we near the climax of the Christmas season, it's hard to believe that the fine parades which opened it occurred three weeks ago. It seems like yesterday. Perhaps that is because the parades, in both Beaufort and Morehead City, were so good that we still vividly remember them.

Particular tribute should be paid to the civic organizations, churches, schools and businesses which had floats in the parades.

Building of a float takes a tremendous amount of work. For example, 45 persons worked for a week on the float entered by Ann Street Methodist Church in the Beaufort parade. Civic organizations, some of them, were building their floats over a period of weeks.

There is a special art to building a float. But perhaps one of the basic rules

to remember is this: It's not as easy as you think. And the corollary to that: it takes twice as long as you expect it will!

But all those who had a part in building floats for the Christmas parades should feel amply rewarded. The floats brought pleasure to the thousands who saw them and provided a spectacle for these parts that has not been equaled since the Morehead City water parade of 1957.

As more of our people become experienced in making floats, we can expect more and better ones in the parades of the future.

Mrs. Wiley Lewis of Beaufort and Charles Willis of Morehead City, chairmen of the parades in their respective towns, rate a special Christmas star for helping to open this season in a way that will be long remembered.

## Fiddler Crabs, Let's Go!

(The Raleigh Times)

Word comes that a University of Maryland graduate student working at the Duke University Marine Laboratory in Beaufort has been able to put on recording tape the mating calls of a Tar Heel fiddler crab. The story did not state whether the tape was just plain old hi-fi tape or brand-new stereo tape, but there seems to be no doubt but that mankind has at last managed to invade virtually any privacy the fiddler crab may have been able to retain, up until this summer of 1959.

There must be in this some deep and real significance for somebody other than the Maryland crab expert and the crabs themselves. Research is the real basis of mankind's progress, and we all have fine hopes for the future of our own Research Triangle, of which Duke University in Durham is a corner. Perhaps we could make that the Research Quadrangle, with Duke University in Beaufort as the fourth corner.

Just imagine being known far and wide as the Fiddler-Crab State. The athletic teams from Chapel Hill could be known in the future not as the Tar Heels, but as the Fiddler Crabs.

It is possible that further research on fiddler crabs could turn out a species big enough to be used as mascots

at football games, thus replacing the Carolina ram, which after all now has no real connection with the present nickname of Tar Heel. Imagine the space we could get in the papers and magazines and over the tv with pictures of some pretty Carolina coeds leading oversize fiddler crabs around on leashes at the football games.

This just proves that research indeed is wonderful. And, sometimes, sort of baffling, too.

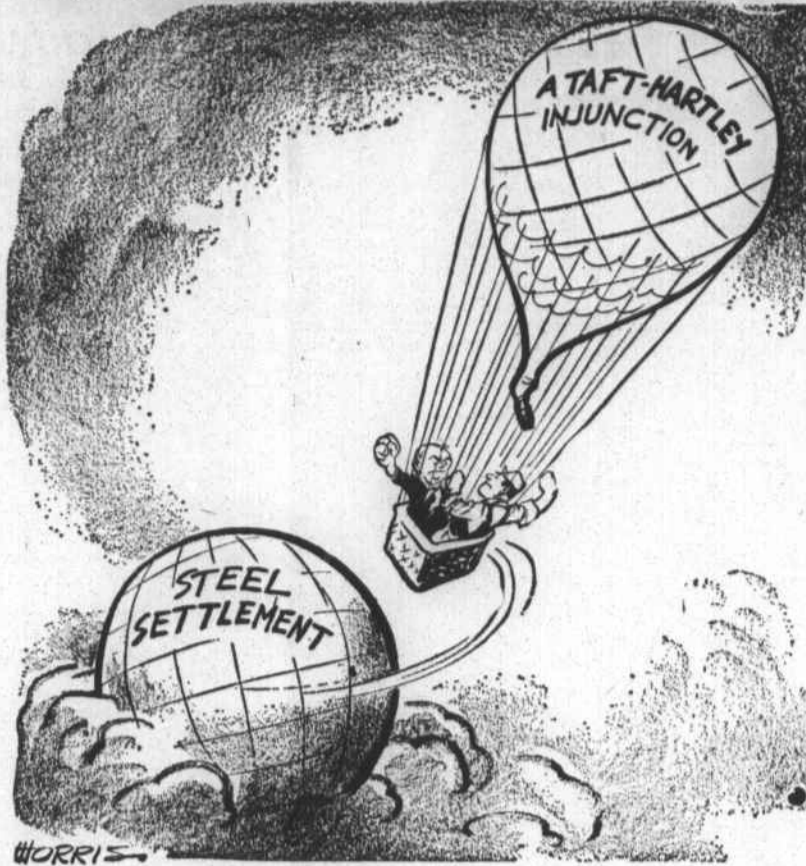
## Celebrating Forbidden

Back in 1659 the colony of Massachusetts passed a law that read, "Whoever shall be found observing any such day as Christmas, or the like, either by forbearing of labor, feasting, or in any other way, shall be fined five shillings."

This law remained in force for over twenty years, and early American history records that numerous persons who refused to work on Christmas, either went to jail or paid fines. It wasn't until late in the first half of the nineteenth century that Christmas was established as a legal holiday throughout the country.

—Sunshine Magazine

## WILL THEY MAKE IT AROUND IN 80 DAYS?



Ruth Peeling

## Wanted: One Scare-Cat for Carport

Anybody know where I can get a stuffed cat?

I want to put it up in the rafters of my carport to scare the sparrows away. Owls are supposed to scare birds, too. Now if I could just get an owl to fly in there every night and nonchalantly sit there and wait for the sparrows to arrive, I think the problem would be solved.

Those sparrows are smart. When it's warm, they stay out and sleep in the trees. When it's cold, they head for the carport. I stand down below and look at them and they sit up there and look at me with their intent, tiny eyes, and their chests puffed out.

Nothing scares them — lights switched on, Indian war dances, shouting... they just sit up there and watch the show. An extra feature thrown in, they suppose, along with the warmth, comfort and shelter.

It was so warm last week, that the crickets were chirping. My bridal wreath has been blooming the past two months and I was picking violets in November.

It looks as though it will be a warm Christmas—Old Man Winter will probably get his innings in during January and February.

It used to be that Bob Simpson's wife and his boat had first place in his heart, but no more. It's a

duck. Well, DUKW, then. If you see three guys huddled on the ground in the lee of an olive drab monster at the Morehead City yacht basin, they're not shooting dice, they're struggling with a weird part of an amphibian truck that was once part of Uncle Sam's stalwart fighting forces.

Owners of the duck (that's so much easier than "DUKW") are Bob, Ken Newsome and Owen Dail. They seem to think that this new possession is exactly what they need for excursions to the outer banks and little camping trips up and down the inland waterway.

Some fellows tinker with electric trains. But these boys don't go for miniature stuff, no sir. Gary Simpson, who sees her husband, Bob, only when he isn't tinkering with the duck, says he hasn't been so fascinated by a project in years.

And what of the Silver Spray, their lovely little home afloat? Well, the Silver Spray doesn't see much of Bob, either. She's wondering, at this point, if 1960 will see her shelved, and the Simpsons moving aboard the duck!

The Simpsons will soon be taking off for Florida, though, and I believe the Silver Spray will carry them there. Bob regretfully says he'll have to leave the duck, this winter, to its other two owners.

And here is the Silver Spray, before the duck muzzled in on Bob's affections:



## From the Pulpit

Over 1900 years ago a decree went from Caesar Augustus that all people would place their names on roll and pay a tax. This Caesar was one of the mightiest men who ever lived. It was said of him that when he became emperor of Rome, it was a city of brick and he rebuilt it of marble.

One night, in a far off province of his, a baby was born in a poor family. Doubtless the emperor never knew about it, nor would he have cared had he known; for who cared what happened in far-off Palestine? This was just one among several thousand born that night in his kingdom. In comparison to this child born in Bethlehem, who would have any question as to who was the significant figure? Surely Caesar Augustus would tower above the horizons of history.

But phenomenal things were taking place that night that Caesar never dreamed of. Three men began following an unusual star that appeared in the heavens. This star was to them a sign and it led them in a search that ended at the foot of the Christ child. The search of the wise men following the star and their finding the baby Jesus is the real story of mankind.

Just as the wise men followed the star in the East, so there is a longing in every human heart—and this prime need is not for the grocer, or for finer automobiles and clothes. It is for the same thing that drew the wise men to Bethlehem that night. Our need is for a Saviour.

Shortly after World War I, in Melbourne, Australia, A Shrine of

Remembrance was built on a hill near the city. It was a magnificent building and inside was a great empty room with marble pillars. There was only one object in the room—one sheer sheet of marble with words inscribed telling about the power of love. The architect had so designed the building that a small opening was left in the dome overhead.

This opening was so located that at exactly 11 o'clock on the morning of Nov. 11, for a period of 1,000 years to come, the sunshine would pour down and illumine the one word—LOVE. Now this is a noble gesture on the part of man to show his regard for love and his belief that it is one of the greatest forces of life.

But all this is cold and cheerless compared with the ever-living monument arranged by our Heavenly Father that holy night in Bethlehem. This season is to remind us of this love and that through it, and it alone, can man find peace in the world.

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Luke 2:10-14

—B. L. Davidson, Pastor First Methodist Church Morehead City

There are many lovely nativity scenes in front of churches throughout the county this season. If you'd like to make a longer excursion to view Christmas scenes, Wilmington has its famous live oak Christmas tree... the tree is a few minutes' drive from highway 17. Motorists traveling the route can glimpse the tree across the Cape Fear... camellias, too, in Greenfield Park, Airlie gardens and Orton plantation at Wilmington are reported to be putting on a show almost rivaling the Christmas tree.

May your Christmas be shining and bright, with a light that will magnify only your good deeds and happy moments through the year to come.

## You Can't Fight It

(Editor's Note: The following is dedicated to all our readers 'twixt 12 and 20. You may not like this Beatnik lingo, but you can't totally ignore it, especially when it's the only way your teenagers will deign to communicate with you.)

**A HIPSTER'S COOL YULE**  
'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the pad,  
Not a hip cat was swinging, and that's nowhere, dad;  
The stove was hung up in that stocking routine,  
In hopes that the fat man would soon make the scene;  
The kids had all had it so they hit their sacks,  
And me and the bride had begun to relax,  
When there started a rumble that came on real frantic  
So I opened the window to figure the panic;

I saw a square shadow that was makin' fat tracks,  
Bein' pulled by eight dogs who were wearing hat racks;  
And a funny old geezer was flippin' his lid,  
He told 'em to "make it" and man, like they did!  
I couldn't help diggin' the scene on the roof  
As I stood there just waiting for chubby to goof;

They stood by the chimney in bunches and clusters  
'Till tubby slid down, coming on like Gangbusters.  
Like he was the squarest, the most absolute,  
But face it, who cares when he left all that loot?  
He laid the jazz on me and fled from the gig,  
Wailin', "Have a cool yule and man later, like, dig!"

(Reprinted from Music Views, a publicity booklet published by Capitol Records.)

## IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

**THIRTY YEARS AGO**  
Aycock Brown of Ocracoke had been appointed justice of the peace.

Key Island Inn, on highway 10 between Beaufort and Morehead City, was advertising fireworks for Christmas.

**TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO**  
The communities of Salter Path and Harkers Island would receive one or two milk cows from the FERA.

Carteret County students attending UNC were William C. Barfield, Atlantic; Delfido Cordova, Benjamin F. Royal Jr., Morehead City; Allen S. Hamilton, Sea Level; William A. Mace, Beaufort, and James I. Mizelle Jr., Newport.

The Beaufort Community Club and Young Men's Business Club would give prizes for the most beautifully decorated homes this Christmas.

Julius Spivey

## Words of Inspiration

MAKE IT SAFE

The National Safety Council has asked for church leadership during this Christmas season to point out that accident prevention is practical religion, and that good will toward men can find no finer expression than behind the wheel of a car.

Each Christmas as we again hear this simple truth, it makes me a little sad to realize that men do not take advantage of this opportunity to achieve a long sought goal. We don't need to wait for Christmas Day to have the spirit of good will. With the beginning of each new day, the opportunity is there to start anew.

THOU SHALT NOT KILL, the commandment of our Lord makes the protection of ourselves and others a serious moral responsibility. Have we the right to excuse the responsibility for accidents by saying, "It's God's will?"

LOVE ONE ANOTHER, AS I HAVE LOVED YOU, instructed our Lord. You must protect others as well as yourself. This is an opportunity, also, to serve God, by safeguarding the well-being of others.

Christmas is a sentimental holiday, when loved ones away somehow want to come home and enjoy the holiday.

Then there are those who feel that this Holiest of days must be celebrated while in a drunken stupor. They feel that the spirit of Christmas comes only in liquid form. This deadly combination of the bottle and the throttle has dimmed the radiance of the star of Bethlehem, making Christmas the deadliest holiday of all. I could never understand how anyone could think of celebrating the birth of our Saviour in such a manner.

A MOTORIST'S PRAYER

"Lord, impress upon me the great responsibility that is mine as I take the wheel of my automobile. As I need Thy guidance in all things, so now especially do I when I have life and death in my hands. Give me always a deep reverence for and a desire to protect human life. When I would be careless, remind me of homes where there is sorrow and loneliness, of the hospitals where broken suffering bodies lie in anguish because someone forgot. Write indelibly upon my conscience that each time I take the wheel of my car, I am a potential murderer; that in a few careless moments I could be face to face with dire tragedy, for my own family as well as for others.

"Give me grace to practice the Christian virtues of patience and thoughtfulness at all times. Help me to show the same courtesy and kindness to other motorists that I want to expect from them. When others exceed the speed limit or otherwise break the law, let me not be tempted to do the same. Forgive my stupidity if ever I think it is permissible to violate traffic laws, so long as I do not get caught.

"Remind me often that I am responsible to Thee as well as to the state to obey the ordinances of the highway; and when I do not, I sin against Thee as well as against my fellow men, even though nobody else may be watching and no accident may result. Lord, grant me control of my car and myself at all times. Help me to live lawfully and peaceably, to save life and not to destroy it, and so by example to lead others to do the same. Amen."

—Rev. David J. Quill

## Free Wheeling

By BILL CROWELL  
Motor Vehicles Department

**SOFT PEDAL**... Police in some Tar Heel communities are pretty fierce about horn blowing. Many have enacted anti-noise ordinances to stamp out unnecessary horn tooting. On the other hand, not sounding your horn on the open highway is a violation of another little heard about law in the motor vehicle manual, a colorful book of automotive do's and don'ts published by the Department of Motor Vehicles.

The statute says simply that when you're overtaking another vehicle intending to pass you must give "an audible warning with your horn or other warning device."

City ears are saved from horn blasts by a phrase limiting the act's authority to vehicles "not within a business or residential area."

Unfortunately there's nothing in the book to legally knock down the character who blasts away at you two seconds after the light changes.

**SHOES**... "Just you wait till them patrolmen get here and you gonna get a ticket."

It happened last summer. Two old cars had collided on a rural road with negligible damage. In the accident's wake, however, stood one indignant driver loudly insisting the other was going to get a ticket. And what was his offense, aside from obvious carelessness? Why it was plain to see: he was driving barefooted.

When the troopers arrived, the protesting driver pointed toward the other's unshod feet. "You see," he proclaimed, "he ain't got shoe on his feet."

The officers managed a straight face, then went into an explanation of what has become a persistent but inaccurate rumor that shoeless driving is somehow illegal.

Fact of the matter is you may drive quite legally in \$25 oxfords or with wriggling toes in the breeze. It's immaterial to cruising troopers, who are vastly more concerned with how you're driving than with your choice of, or lack of, footwear.

But the question arises again

and again, more often in the summer. And highway patrolmen keep giving the same old answer, "It's no violation of the law to drive barefooted."

**EMBLEMS**... You've always envied your neighbor, the one who for years has been Grand Shaman of the Pea Pickers Lodge. He has a colorful, heavily embossed Lodge insignia fastened to his license plate. You're not a Pea Picker, but golly how you do admire that insignia—what class, what glamour it would add to your old bus. So you manage to get one and that night you carefully affix it to your car.

And right away you're in trouble for the law frowns on such imposters to the tune of a \$50 fine upon conviction.

This little known law is another of several which the Motor Vehicles Department points to by way of relieving them of some obscurity. All are not vital to traffic safety; yet to paraphrase an axiom, "What you don't know can hurt you."

A similar rule prohibits stickers, posters, decals and the like from any auto window. A rule patently ignored by many motorists but a law nonetheless. Only official stickers, approved by the commissioner of motor vehicles, may be attached to "windshield, side wings, side or rear window of any vehicle," according to the manual.

## Christmas Revives Birthday Parties

The celebration of Christmas brought back the birthday party.

To the early Christians, it was unthinkable to celebrate one's birthday—much less the birthday of Christ. Birth meant the assumption of original sin and frequently the beginning of a life of persecution and perhaps martyrdom.

Birthday festivities, moreover, were a pagan custom. The Pharaoh of Egypt and Herod celebrated their birthdays, as the Bible relates. But it was sacrilege even to suggest that a Divine Being had a birthday.

In the 300's, however, this attitude was beginning to change. World Book Encyclopedia reports that in the year 354 the Bishop of Rome declared December 25 to be the anniversary of the birth of Christ.

But it took another pagan ritual to help establish Christmas. The ancient peoples of Europe had been accustomed to celebrating the winter solstice, when the sun seems to return to the Northern Hemisphere, in late December. The pagan feast commemorating the victory of light over darkness was simply replaced by the Christian festival honoring the "Light of Life."

## Smile a While

Three polar bears were sitting on an iceberg. All were cold and quiet. Finally, the father bear said, "Now I have a tale to tell." "I, too, have a tale to tell," said the mother bear.

The little bear looked up at his parents and said, "My tale is told."

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