CARTERET COUNTY NEW S-TIMES

Carteret County's Newspaper

EDITORIALS

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1960

The Sound of Christmas

What would Christmas be without

Carols telling of the birth of a king. Unrestrained laughter from children watching a toy monkey in the store tumble down a sliding board . . .

Bells from yonder church calling worshippers to the Christmas Eve service; tiny bells tinkling on reindeer harness as Dasher, Dancer and Prancer carry a bulging sleigh through the night.

A Christmas ball as it tinkles in fragments on the floor . . . the impatient click-click of the dog's paws as he paces back and forth on the kitchen floor while Mother stuffs the turkey.

And yes, the tears, too, as Sally, who wants to sit up and wait for Santa Claus, is carried off to bed.

These are the sounds of Christmas. In the towns far north the crunch of boot against snow, the sharp zip of a figure skate against ice in the pond. At home, a pie bubbling in the oven.

The pastor's voice as he reads the second chapter of Luke, "And there arms, amidst all the excitement, smiles were shepherds abiding in the field. keeping watch over their flocks by night . . ."

the Christmas dance, the hellos and best gift there is!"

"Merry Christmas" greetings. The allmusic? The music of many things ... encompassing majesty of the Hallelujah chorus . . . the bleat of a lamb in a reproduction of the manger scene.

> The rip of tissue paper, the snap of ribbons, the squeal of delight, "Oh, this is just what I wanted!"

The snore of Dad after Christmas dinner, catching up on the six hours of sleep he missed the night before.

The deeper sigh of wind through the forest where Christmas trees once stood, trees that now bear on their branches crystals of light, spheres of silver and gold, instead of raindrops and snow.

Little Billy lisping his Christmas recitation in the program at Sunday school; the brush of wings as miniature angels hurry to their appointed places in the school tableau.

All this blends into the symphony of Christmas.

But beauty in music is heightened only by the rest that comes once in a while — when a baby, in his mother's up at her. Does he know what the festivity is for? Hardly, yet his smile seems to say, "You know, it all started The lilting voices of young people at with a baby, and to this day, I'm the

Carelessness is Costly

(Note: Because of the high number of accidents last December, an intensive campaign is under way to make holiday highways roads of life instead of pathways to death. One hundred twenty-four deaths occurred on highways in this state in December 1959, thirteen of them on Christmas Day).

Traffic authorities can name three specific traffic hazards that come with the Christmas season year after year.

They are slippery streets, reduced vision and an increase in the consumption of alcoholic beverages.

All three add to the holiday traffic death and injury toll.

These specific hazards are further complicated by still another that presents a definite problem in itself and intensifies the danger of the other three.

This is a seasonal disability known as "holidaze."

Holidaze is compounded of Christmas cheer, last minute shopping, splendid window displays, crowded streets, bundles and packages, sounds of carols pedestrians and motorists hurrying to get home — all factors resulting in a kind of holiday heedlessness and all calculated to intensify the hazards that are a natural result of the winter season. There are no real statistics on holidaze. But the heedlessness is still there. Therefore at the beginning of this Yule season we want to suggest a simple slogan: "Don't let death take your holiday !"

season causes many people to imbibe more freely than they usually do.

But the Christmas spirit can be made to work in our favor. While it's true that the public is, to a great extent, engrossed in holiday making, it is also true that people are more kindly disposed than you will find than at any other season. Maybe we should appeal to the spirit of good will that prevails throughout the holidays.

Perhaps we should dwell on the theme, "Peace Upon Earth to Men of Good Will," making it clear that good will should be practiced at all timesincluding time spent on the streets and highways.

What will it cost to try it that way? What will it cost not to?

Funeral Service

(Chapel Hill Weekly)

Sur

RAY OF HOPE

Symbolic Plants of This Season

By NELLIE LAZENBY GEER

(Note: The following is the first part of a two-part article presented at the December meeting of the Morehead City Garden and Civic department meeting of the Woman's club).

Of all the plants that are used to decorate at Christmas time, none is more loved than holly. Wreaths of holly on front doors, on Christmas cards and wrappings, all attest to its popularity. There is the old carol

The CENTRE STATE

"Deck the halls with boughs of

holly, 'Tis the season to be jolly . . ." Holly was symbolic to the Romans. They believed that Saturn caused the holly bush to grow in all its beauty at a season when other trees were bare of their fol-



iage, and they sent sprigs of holly to their friends as tokens of good will and esteem.

The Christian tradition of using holly at Christmas time makes the feast of the Nativity more deeply significant. Known as the "Christthorn," the holly with its sharp thorns, and berries resembling drops of blood, are reminders that Mary's son was born to wear a crown of thorns. So the holly has a message all its own at Christmas time. The association of rosemary with Christmas goes back to the early childhood of our Lord, at the time of the flight into Egypt to escape the wrath of King Herod. It is said that the virgin mother placed the little garments of the Christ child upon the branches of the rosemary. and though its flowers were supposed to have been white, the plant changed the color of its blossoms to blue so that they might be identical with the color of the cloak Mary was wearing at the time.

appeared and scattered beautiful white roses in her path.

and hastened joyfully to the manger where she left them as her gift to the infant Lord Jesus.

is the rose of Jericho. This little flower sprang up in the desert during the flight into Egypt, wherever the feet of the virgin mother stepped. This is not a rose at all and is sometimes called the Resurrection plant, because after closing on the first Good Friday, it again opened its blossoms on the first

After it blooms, it dries up and is tumbled here and there by the wind. The moment it touches moist earth, it sends down roots and blooms again.

The bay tree is also associated with the Holy Family. According to tradition, it was a bay tree that sheltered the Holy Family during a thunder storm. As a result, it was believed that lightning would never strike a bay tree.

Many people took its branches and leaves into their homes at Christmas time as a protection against misfortune.

center of most Christmas decorations, is usually spruce or fir. Tra-

Words of Inspiration

KEEPING CHRISTMAS

It is a good thing to observe Christmas day. The mere marking of times and seasons, when men agree to stop work and make merry together, is a wise and wholesome custom. It helps one to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual life. It reminds a man to set his own little watch, now and then, by the great clock of humanity which runs on sun time.

But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas day, and that is, keeping Christmas.

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you, and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, and your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellowmen are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy, to know that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe, and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness . . . are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you, and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear in their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open . . . are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world . . . stronger than hate, stronger than death . . . and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas.

And if you keep it for a day, why not always? But you can never keep it alone.

- Henry Van Dyke

A CHILD'S CHRISTMAS PRAYER Dear Christ-Child I kneel today By my own small bed to pray. How I wish I might have said Prayers beside Your manger bed! Oh, I wish so very much That I could reach out and touch Your small hands, Your little feet . . . Every baby is so sweet: Every baby is so dear! But today I know you hear Children's prayers, and so I pray: Christ-Child, bless us all today; All the children of all lands, Keep us clean, our hearts and hands; Keep us loving, kind and true, So that we may be like You.

- Grace Noll Crowell

Babouscka Seeks the Child

told of Babouscka, a story known and treasured for centuries by the peoples of all the European countries lying between France "and Russia.

In the land that is now Southern Russia, on the night when the Christ child was born, an old woman sat alone in her little cottage, gazing into the flames that danced on her hearth. Outside the shrill, cold winds of winter howled dismally. Snow was blanketing the earth in a white carpet, and the ice-covered branches of the trees crackled in the wind. The old woman was glad that she had a fire,

A beautiful Christmas legend is towns, saying to all whom she met: "I go to find the Christ child. Where does he lie? I bring him some pretty toys." But no one could tell her the way; every one shook his head and said, "Farther

on, Babouscka, farther on!" So she traveled on for years and years, and never found the Child. In Europe they say that she is still traveling, and that, on Christmas Eve, when children are fast asleep, she comes softly through snowy fields and towns, wrapped in a cloak and carrying a basket. Stealthily she enters each house and holds a candle close to the little children's faces. "Is he here?' whispers. "Is the little Christ

and rites of love.' The little girl picked them up Thus did the fear and darkness vanish before the glad radiance of redeeming love. And the pagan oak, whose roots were fed with Another famous Christmas rose blood, fell before the fir tree, which points to the stars.

(Note: The second and last part of Symbolic Plants of the Christmas Season will appear in the next issue and tell of the hawthorne tree, cherry tree, poinsettia and mistletoe).

Easter.

The Christmas tree, which is the Come with me to Christmas With spirit live and gay

points to the sky. Let us call it the tree of the Christ child. "Take it up and carry it to the chieftain's hall, for this is the birth night of the wee Christ You shall hereafter keep your feasts at home with laughter and song

On foot or under the wheel, slippery roads multiply the driver's problems and lessen his control of his vehicle. They make pedestrian footing unsure, often precipitating walkers into dangerous traffic situations.

Darkness, too, is a holiday menace. Longer hours of darkness prevail throughout December, so much of the travel involved in getting to and from work, in shopping, in visiting, must be done in dusk or darkness. This adds to the accident toll.

The holiday spirit means an increased amount of drinking at this time of year. At office parties, group celebrations, family gatherings and numerous other get-togethers intoxicants are often served. The festive spirit of the

A pet chicken belonging to the fiveyear-old daughter of a young Chapel Hill preacher ventured into the street the other day and was run over and killed. She and her playmates decided to give it a funeral.

They placed the body in a casket that a grown-up would have sworn was a cardboard cereal box. This they lowered into a little grave dug in the back yard. They covered the grave with a nicely rounded mound of earth which they decorated with wild Michaelmas daisies and marked with a piece of wood for a headstone.

When the chicken's owner was telling her father about the funeral he asked her who preached the sermon.

"We didn't have a sermon," she said, "but we had a prayer. Jimmie read it. He's the only one who knows how to read. He's an Episcopalian and he brought his prayer book and read from that. It was real nice. We sang too."

"What did you sing?"

Willion:

Carteret County News-Times

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"There was only one song all of us knew. So that's what we sang."

"What was it?" the father asked. " 'Don't Give a Damn for Duke Uni-

versity,'" the little girl said.

Many are the legends concerning the rose and its connection with the Lord, who has been called the Rose of Sharon. One of them concerns the moss rose. In the depths of the wooded vale is the moss, demure and pale, a humble plant. It sighed and said, "O that I might bloom like the rose so that people would notice me.'

When the Lord walked through the soft moss, it was cooling to his feet. He said, "Thou hast received thy lot, so bear it patiently." Instantly there sprang roses from the moss.

We do not always think of roses as a decoration for Christmas, but there is the legend of the Christmas rose and the little shepherd girl of Bethlehem.

The little girl followed the shepherds who had received the angels' message. The shepherds all had gifts for the Christ child, but the little girl had nothing, so she lagged behind. Suddenly an angel

The Plotting Public

There's a nation-wide conspiracy afoot.

It's a conspiracy that has its roots deep in the past. It develops, grows and reaches more remote corners with every passing year. Millions of people patricipate in this plotting, most of them unaware that on a mass basis they are carrying out something that psychologists or propagandists could never manipulate or dictate. Guarded whispers, secret maneuverings, concealing of .ideas, and placing of items under lock key play an important part in the plot

you say? But you are! Every human being has a basic urge to plot and plan. Everyone likes to be in on a secret, even though knowing

ditionally, Martin Luther, the great reformer, is supposed to have introduced it into the home during the sixteenth century.

But its use as the "tree of the Christ child," goes back farther

than that. Legend connects it with St. Winfred of Britain, who went into Germany as a missionary in the eighth century. He found a young child being sacrificed by pagans to their god, Thor.

The crowd stood under a great oak tree, the oak being sacred to their god. The hoary priest lifted high his hammer to strike the boy. Saint Winfred turned aside the blow with his cross. He told the crowd the story of Jesus and told them to render service, not human life.

"And here," he said, "his eye falling on a young fir tree, standing straight and green with its top

pointing toward the stars, "here is a living tree with no signs of blood on it, that shall be the sign of your new worship. See how it

acy rotates?

Santa Claus!

-The Carteret County

News-Times December 1959

the secret may put him in an uncomfortable position at times. Frequently, there are some who

try to blast this conspiracy wide open. But it defies destruction. The Nazi underground in its most efficient hour would have had difficulty breaking it up. It's a conspiracy of the old against the young, of believers against the infidels, of the well-adjusted against the abnormal. Things indicate that there is not going to be any end to the plotting. It has the earmarks of perpetual motion. And who's the central figure around which this grand conspir-

You are part of no conspiracy,

Where carolers choose an English tune

Come with Me

By RUTH PEELING

Where the land is green and white

Where snowbells ring in lilting tune

And gingerbread boys chase gum-

Down from the mountain height.

Come with me to Christmas

And stars defy the night.

drop birds

Come with me to Christmas

Where children live in delight

And shepherds sing their lay.

It's not far to this land of Come-Again.

It's easy to reach, you see, For Christmas is not a thing apart It lives for you and me.

Come with me to Christmas Where fact and fable blend Where wonder in a small child's face

Tells The Story Without End.

Come with me to Christmas Where colors wink and shimmer Where elf folk sing of the mistletoe ring

And worldly cares grow dimmer.

Come with me to Christmas A land that spins with cheer. Christmas is my island, Floating on a mundane year.

Educating Young Ladies in 1837 . . .

Among the rules being enforced at Mount Holyoke college in 1837 were the following:

No young lady shall become a member of Mount Holyoke seminary who cannot kindle a fire, wash potatoes, repeat the multiplication table, and at least two thirds of the Shorter Cathechism.

Every student shall walk a mile a day, unless a freshet, earthquake, or some other calamity prevents.

No young lady shall devote more than an hour a day to miscellane-

ous reading. No young lady is expected to have gentlemen acquaintances unless they are returned missionaries, or agents of benevolent societies. -The Woman

Smile a While

A man on a visit to a friend had overstayed his welcome. It was approaching Christmas, and the host thought a kindly hint would have the desired result. "Don't you think," he said, "that

your wife and children will want you to be with them at Christmas?"

"Friend," replied the guest, "I elieve you're right. It's real coughtful of you. I'll send for

that she could sleep warm and child here?" Then she shakes her snug in her bed, that she did not head and turns away sorrowfully, have to go out into the cold.

"We have traveled far, Babousc-

ka," they said, "and we stop to

tell you of the Baby Prince who

has been born this night in Beth-

lehem. He comes to rule the world

and to teach all men and women to

be loving and true. We carry Him

gifts. Come with us. Babouscka!'

But she shrank back as she

heard the storm beating merciless-

ly upon her little cottage, and

would not leave her cozy room.

So the old men journeyed on alone

through the snow and the wind and the cold. Babouscka could not

sleep that night for thinking of

what the men had told her, and at

last she decided that, when the

dawn came, she would set out alone

to find the Babe, and perhaps on

the way she would come upon the

In the morning she put on her heavy cloak, took up her staff, fill-

ed a basket with gold balls, wood-

en toys, brilliant trinkets, and set

out to find the Christ child. But

she had forgotten to ask the three

old men the way to Bethlehem, and they had journeyed so far through the night that she could

Up and down the roads she hur-

ried, through woods and fields and

not overtake them.

F. C. Salisbury

head City Coaster:

tage.

old men.

sighing, "Farther on, Babouscka, Suddenly came a rap on her farther on!" But she leaves a toy door, and when she had opened it, from her basket for each sleeping three stately old men, with flowlittle one-"For His sake," ing white beards, wearing regal whispers, and hurries on through robes and bearing expensively the night. wrapped packages, entered her cot-

And next morning, on Christmas Day, when the children find toys in their beds, they are told that Babouscka must have been there while they slept.

-Sunshine Magazine

Christmas Everywhere

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!

Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine, Christmas in lands of the palm-

tree and vine,

Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white Christmas where cornfields stand

sunny and bright, Christmas where children are

hopeful and gay, Christmas where old men are

patient and gray,

Christmas where peace, like a dove in his flight Broods o'er brave men in the

thick of the fight; Everywhere, everywhere, Christ-

mas tonight! For the Christ-child who came

is the Master of all; No place too great, no cottage

too small.

-Phillips Brooks

Here and There

hands of the Newport school team

FRIDAY, DEC. 15 and 22, 1922

The following information is taken from the files of the More-

Plans for the new school building at Smyrna have been accepted by the county board of education and bids will be called.

The County Health department informs the public that smallpox has broken out in the county in the Newport section and advises vaccination.

The Beaufort High School bas-ketball team suffered defeat at the

with a score of 18 to 12. The Rev. J. S. Bell, at the con-ference held at the AME Zion church the past week, was made a presiding elder of the Beaufort

district. The death of Mrs. Isadora Lang-dale, wife of D. E. Langdale of Beaufort, occurred Dec. 17 at age

Recent marriages: Chester M Mears and Laura E. Mans both of Newport; Thomas T. Potter of Beaufort and Allie Guy of Smyrna; Joseph Fulcher and Carrie Guthrie, both of Morehead City.